The First Folio at 400

Proceedings from the Thirteenth Graduate Conference of the Italian Association of Shakespearean and Early Modern Studies

WITH A FACSIMILE OF THE FIFTH FOLIO

The British Institute in Florence, 22 April 2022

Edited by
Rory Loughnane and Sonia Massai

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Selected Papers
"'True Originall Copies'? 400 Years from the First Folio"
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Contents

PREFACE

This collection of essays gathers the proceedings of the thirteenth conference of Italian Association of Shakespeare and Early Modern Studies (henceforth IASEMS). This conference was organized by our colleague, Iolanda Plescia (Associated Professor at Sapienza, University of Rome and current President of IASEMS), together with Luca Baratta, Manuela D'Amore, Maria Luisa De Rinaldis and Gilberta Golinelli of the IASEMS Executive Board, and took place at the British Institute in Florence on 22 April 2022. Entitled 'Four Hundred Years since the First Folio', and in keeping with the format of previous IASEMS graduate events, this conference brought together established and emerging scholars interested in sharing original work about the (then) forthcoming quatercentenary of the publication of the First Folio.

The cross-generational ethos that informs graduate conferences is especially central to IASEMS events, since the Association has also benefited from the generosity of one of Italy's best known and most cherished Shakespearean scholars, Mariangela Tempera (late Professor of English Literature at the University of Ferrara), whose bequest to the Association came with the express wish to support the training and professional development of young Italian scholars specializing in Shakespeare and Early Modern Studies. The organizers of the Florence 2022 IASEMS conference accordingly invited keynote speakers and younger scholars to present papers which where then expanded into essays, with ourselves as two of the keynote speakers and co-editors of this collection offering mentorship and advice to the authors of the three graduate contributions that were selected for inclusion in it.

The IASEMS ethos seems especially fitting for a collection of essays about the First Folio because the intergenerational dynamics that have produced the scholarship gathered in it shaped the working relations among the early modern stationers who planned, financed, printed and published it. The making of the First Folio required visionary entrepreneurship as well as trade experience in handling the printing of a large book that included both previously published and unpublished works whose rights had to be sought out and negotiated with a host of other London stationers. The ambitious publication venture that gave rise to the First Folio brought together, like the making of this collection, experience of and a fresh take on what might appeal to the early modern reading public. It is telling that the Folio was advertised at the spring Frankfurt Book Fair in 1624 as 'printed for *Edward Blount*' (STC 11330.2; sig. D4v) but an earlier advert, published in the 1622, also in catalogue of the Frankfurt Book Fair, describes the book as 'printed by *Isaack Jaggard*' STC 11329.8; sig. D4v). Blount was a prestige publisher of literary works who brought clout (and probably additional capital) to the publication of the Folio. Isaac Jaggard is also associated with literary publications, though not on the same scale as Blount, but it is remarkable that it was his name, rather than his father, William, who was mentioned in the presale advert of 1622. Much has been written about Isaac's role in his father's printing business. What seems pertinent, in the context of this anniversary collection, is the fruitful collaboration between established and emerging members of the London booktrade, whose efforts produced a new type of book, the first publication of exclusively dramatic literature in English in an imposing and expensive format that required strong financial backup and well-honed professional skills.

This collection of essays accordingly taps on established fields of research interest while subjecting the First Folio to new and exciting lines of critical enquiry. The collection begins with an essay by Christopher Fell which describes the paratextual features of the landmark

Oxford Shakespeare, general edited by Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor, published in 1986. Fell outlines how that edition departed from tradition in various ways, including foregrounding the 'theatrical' over the 'literary' and rearranging the works in chronological order rather than by genre as established by the First Folio. Francesca Forlini takes the idea of the 'Shakespeare brand' and applies it to an analysis of the First Folio. Using modern brand and marketing theory to inform this study, Forlini identifies in the First Folio's paratexts an effort to attract both elite and common readers. Moving to issues of textual studies, Rory Loughnane reminds us that for many of Shakespeare's plays there long existed early alternative versions in the market place before the posthumous publication of the First Folio. Narrowing in on differences found between *The First Part of the Contention* and the Folio text of *2 Henry VI*, Loughnane draws questions of authorship into the fold to explore how such variation could be introduced. Sticking with textual studies, Sonia Massai directs our attention to the Folio text of *Richard III* and some of the changes introduced in that version from the quarto copies it was based upon. Massai identifies an early editorial hand in the preparation of the Folio version and outlines its implications for our study of the transmission of the Shakespearean text. Allison L. Steenson shifts our attention to a specific copy of the First Folio: the Padua copy held at the Biblioteca Universitaria, the only copy of the book held in Italy. Steenson describes and works through the various forms of early annotations found in this copy, focusing in particular on how certain plays have been marked up with cuts for performance. The special issue concludes with a groundbreaking new study by Eric Rasmussen and Michael Stapleton which, drawing upon careful bibliographical analysis of copies of the Fourth Folio, identifies a 'Fifth Folio' of the collection of Shakespeare's plays. Cumulatively these essays point to exciting new directions in the study of the First Folio, its legacy, and history.

Rory Loughnane and Sonia Massai

Designing Paratexts: A Case Study of The First Folio (1623) and the Oxford *Complete Works* (1986-7)

Christopher Fell

Introduction

In the autumn of 1986, a long-awaited Oxford Shakespeare Complete Works began to appear on shop bookshelves throughout the world. A scholarly edition to succeed W. J. Craig's (1843-1906) Oxford Shakespeare (1891) had been long in gestation, with the project passing through several hands before Wells was appointed as General Editor by Oxford University Press (OUP) in autumn 1977.[1] Ten years after Wells's appointment, the project was complete. Browsing through the long-expected volume weighing 3.9 kgs and comprising 1432 pages within its hard-cover binding, a prospective buyer would be forgiven for wondering how the edition might be different from the many other Shakespeare editions that had been appearing steadily throughout the twentieth century. Turning a few leaves to the contents page, such a reader would likely have begun to feel a sense of disruption to their own sense of Shakespeare.

Firstly, the expectation of finding the plays organised into their traditional arrangement by genre would be unsettled by finding that the plays had been arranged into a chronological order that followed from the editors' rethinking of the dating of the plays. Browsing the contents page, the reader might feel a further defamiliarising effect through the retitling of many plays, including, for example, changing the conventional Folio title *Henry VIII* to *All Is True*, based on three documentary references to the title in the Jacobean period. To add further pinpricks, the two lost plays *Love's Labour's Won* and *Cardenio* were also included in the contents, although in place of these plays only a brief account of their history is given.

What, the reader might ask, is going on here? Reflecting on his preparatory work for the edition, Stanley Wells has observed that he was "determined from the start that it wouldn't just be duplicating other editions" (2008). The firm resolve to depart from editorial tradition is further indicated in Taylor's reminiscence of his 1978 interview with Wells for the Assistant Editor role:

> [t]owards the end of the interview, I asked him whether we would "act" […] upon our own conclusions, and do something that no previous edition had done, if we decided that all previous editions were wrong. Wells said "yes". Neither of us, then, had any inkling of how different our edition would be from its predecessors (2022: 109).

Clearly, Wells and Taylor were determined that their edition would be different,and were unabashed in their ambition to challenge the long-standing assumptions of the historical

[1] Walter Raleigh (1861-1922) inaugurated the project in 1904 with a proposal to OUP for an affordable Folio-faithful edition (1904). R.B. McKerrow (1872-1940) moved the project forward with a preliminary study for his anticipated edition, *Prolegomena for the Oxford Shakespeare* (1939). Responsibility then passed to Alice Walker (1900-1982) following McKerrow's death in harness before Wells's appointment.

editorial tradition. While editors often have little say in the design and layout of their editions, the Oxford edition appears to provide a special case in that its first General Editor was able to influence the design and layout of the edition. As Taylor has reflected:

> [i]t is no surprise that most modern editors have paid little attention to design. They regard accepting a publisher's house design as the price of admission to play the editorial game. But unlike most editors, some general editors may be able to influence a publisher's design of the container. Stanley Wells is one such general editor (2022: 108).

In this paper, I argue that the Oxford paratexts express the edition's radical arguments through being placed in dialogue with the First Folio. The Oxford paratexts, I argue, work as authorising arguments that challenge the dominant assumptions of an inherited editorial tradition that had its origin in Heminges and Condell's First Folio. In seeking to cut through the accretions of its interpretive cues, the Oxford paratexts thus return to the origins of a long-cherished tradition, building on and reshaping the Folio's original paratexts to reflect their own cultural moment.

Andrew Murphy (2006) has argued that many of the Oxford edition's most radical interventions can be situated unproblematically within conventional editorial practice. Many of its controversial aspects, Murphy observed, "have more in common with the concerns of nineteenth-century Shakespeare scholarship than with the concerns of postmodern literary theory" (2006: 169). Where it is possible to identify certain traces of postmodern theory, the editors "fall short of pursuing that agenda in a fully rigorous manner and may, in any case, be open to interrogation more generally" (2006: 169).

This viewpoint comes close to echoing a broader point made by Tanselle in his 1986 essay "Historicism and Critical Editing: 1979-1985":

> The basic issues that confront textual critics and scholarly editors are unchanging, and the attitudes that may be taken toward those issues, though occasionally appearing in altered guises, remain the same (1986: 45).

In Tanselle's case, however, he was writing at a time when there had been a long-established critical consensus on the methodological approach to Shakespearean texts. But to extend this view to include the Oxford edition is to blur the radical nature of its intervention. Moreover, it is to suggest that the cutting-edge textual theories rising to prominence in the 1970s and 80s were little more than reworkings of earlier ideas and could be fitted *mutatis mutandis* into previous models of editorial thinking that were more socially and materially oriented in their approach. As I will argue, however, the Oxford paratexts were put into service for a larger challenge to the authority of the 1623 First Folio as the authorised point of origin for the modern editorial tradition. Rather than an edition based on conventional editorial practice, the Oxford edition claimed to be, in Stanley Wells's words, "a work of deconstruction, an attempt to see Shakespeare afresh, to cut through the accretions of the centuries" (quoted in Taylor 1989: 316).

In order to "see Shakespeare afresh", Wells and Taylor were able to draw upon the shifting intellectual climate of the time, to which they were active contributors in the build-up to the edition's release. This critical climate opened up and sanctioned alternative ways of thinking about Shakespearean texts, and, following D.F. McKenzie and Jerome McGann, drew attention to the social and material context in which those texts were produced. The shifting paradigms of editorial thinking inspired Wells and Taylor and lent ballast to their challenge to the assumptions of the modern editorial tradition. As Wells reflected in a conference paper delivered in 1986:

> My colleagues and I on the Oxford Shakespeare have been laboring to create fertility where before there was barrenness […] we have had a few ideas of our own […] many (though not all) of them emanating from the fertile brain of my colleague Gary Taylor. I hope the results of our efforts will be an edition that, though it may be accused of 'arrogance and eccentricity', will visibly display the courage of our convictions and will come to be seen as an attempt to present readers with a truer image of Shakespeare's texts than would have been possible had we not garnered and planted the seeds sown by our predecessors and colleagues (1988: 312-13).

It is the contention of this paper that the evidence of that "fertility" and the source of those ideas in the Oxford *Complete Works* are most clearly discernible in the edition's physical dressing. The Oxford paratexts serve to subtly recalibrate the reader's expectations and bring them in line with the new ideas put forward that were in dialogue with contemporary developments in textual theory. Aiming to naturalise the critical arguments that laid down the gauntlet to its contemporary editorial tradition, the edition's physical dressing authorised fresh new ways of thinking about Shakespearean texts that have continued to influence subsequent editions ever since.

'London from Southwark' and the Droeshout Portrait

Before the book was lifted from the shelf, the Oxford edition's spine was the only surface visible to the prospective buyer. The narrow space was dominated by one part of a horizontal painting which was centred on a contemporary rendering of Shakespeare's Globe. Curious to learn more, in taking the book from the shelf the reader would then be confronted with a prospect of "London from Southwark" which dominated the edition's front cover. The painting, attributed to an unknown Dutch artist, offers an expansive view over London around the year 1600. In contemplating this view, the reader stands outside, and is invited to step further inside, turning the pages to begin imagining the unfamiliar world in which Shakespeare's works were produced and performed. The process of reorienting the reader's expectations thus begins before the reader has glanced beyond the front cover, where the process of attuning the reader to Taylor's injunction is continued:

> We can -- and indeed should, if we wish to gain the most from our encounters with his art -- familiarize ourselves with the conditions of Shakespeare's time, try to think like Elizabethans; but we will always remain moderns, acting the part of Elizabethans (1987: 3).

Taylor's injunction here draws on the new historicist thinking of the 1980s in seeking to loosen the hard fence separating literature and history that had been a fixing point of the New Criticism. Moreover, an investment in history may have surprised the edition's early readers, who were likely accustomed to a preceding critical idiom that separated literature from the slime of history. The idea of the "literary" text as floating free from its determinate historical conditions, however, is disrupted in Taylor's approach, which was invested in removing the boundaries between literature and history. As Lindenberger observed in 1984, noting the distinction between the "old" and "new" histories:

> The older history could take for granted the integrity and autonomy of the work of art; the scholar's task was to provide a suitable background of sources, details of publication, and biographical materials, as well as an accurate text, to enshrine the work within its appropriate tradition. By contrast, the new history has no illusions about a work's unity, autonomy, or, for that matter, its need for enshrinement (1984: 17).

The "scholar's task" in the old history can be seen as beginning with the literary text as an historical document divided and to some extent sealed off from social and cultural documentation. This way of thinking is usefully expressed in a 1970 essay by Harold Brooks, the longest serving general editor of the Arden 2 series. Reflecting on the editor's task, Brooks remarked that it was "obvious that literature must be approached at first-hand, in the texts, and not primarily through literary historians and critics" (1970: 97). In contrast, the hard fence between literature and history collapses in Taylor's conception of the editor's task:

> Like biography, historiography, or archaeology, the editing of works of literature is an attempt to understand the past, and to make that past more accessible to our own contemporaries. And the necessary first step in understanding the works of an author is to understand the circumstances in which and the means by which those works were first composed and then transmitted to us (1987: 3).

In this approach, the editor is no longer primarily concerned to recover the self-sufficiency of autonomous texts, but rather to position those texts as products of historical contingency. As David Scott Kastan observed in 1988, reflecting on the wave of influence of New Historicism in North America and Cultural Materialism in Thatcherite Britain:

> A putatively disinterested formalism has been succeeded by a charged contextualization that seeks, instead of formal unity, the gaps and contradictions testifying to a text's immersion in a history that crucially affects its production and reception (1988: 694).

One of the most compelling ways in which this critical shift from formalist principles to a "charged contextualization" was played out in the Oxford *Complete Works* was through its mise-en-page design. Once the reader had passed by the defamiliarising view of early modern London presented on its front cover, curiously turning the first few pages, they were soon confronted by Martin Droeshout's familiar engraving of Shakespeare, which would begin to set the Oxford edition in dialogue with the First Folio. If the reader had been tempted at this point to compare how the frontispiece is presented in both editions, they may have noted how the surrounding text is contrastingly arranged around the portrait, a modification which appeared to satisfy certain critical assumptions.

In the Folio arrangement, resting above the portrait are three familiar components of text, which advertise the edition as "Mr William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies", while on the facing page is Ben Jonson's accompanying poem "To the Reader". In a significant interpretive move, the headline titles are all notably absent in the Oxford edition. In the empty space left over, the Droeshout engraving is raised to the top of the page, while Jonson's poem moves from the facing page to fit tightly beneath the portrait, bringing that poem into a closer dialogic relation. The reader thus appears to be invited to look *once again* on Shakespeare's book.

As an interpretive cue for the edition's readership, the absence of the Folio's headline title "Published according to the True Originall Copies" authorises a radical shift from an investment in hypothetical "Originall Copies" to the prompt-book as a socialised script that was "communally prepared for communication to a wider public" (Taylor 1987: 15). Moreover, the absence of the Folio categories "Comedies" and "Tragedies" distances Shakespeare from the grand literary tradition in keeping with the editorial argument for Shakespeare as a man of the theatre, while the removal of the Folio's label "Histories" authorises the call for "a proper sensitivity to the individuality of the eight plays huddled in this anachronistic chronological ghetto" (Taylor 1987: 38).

The Contents Page

Turning a few further pages to the contents page, above the chronological ordering of Shakespeare's works, the reader of the first edition is presented with four preliminary sections: a "List of Illustrations", the "General Introduction", "Contemporary Allusions to Shakespeare", and "Commendatory Poems and Prefaces". As this section will argue, what is most noteworthy about the three sections hedged around the General Introduction is that they serve to naturalise and reinforce the editorial argument which the General Introduction sets in motion. In other words, the three sections aim to reorient the reader's expectations to naturalise and authorise the arguments put forward in the General Introduction and the accompanying volume *A Textual Companion* (1987).

What makes that reorientation process necessary is the way in which the Oxford edition both objects and responds to the dominant critical assumptions of modern standard editions. A discomfort with the received tradition is clearly expressed by Taylor's observation in the edition's *Textual Companion*:

> The gradual elevation of Shakespeare within the hierarchy of English and then of world literature has transformed him into the central exemplar of literary permanence and perfection, an artist somehow apart from all others (1987: 19; see Taylor 1989).

Much of the disruption to the reader's expectations in approaching the Oxford edition can be explained in the way that it departs from this starting point. Rather than presenting a solitary Shakespeare whose works were patterns of "literary permanence and perfection", Wells and Taylor aimed at what they believed was a truer image of Shakespeare: a man deeply engaged with and dependent on the social context in which his works, far from permanent and perfect, bear witness to indeterminacy and historical contingency. To fine-tune the reader's expectations to match the new paradigm, the three preliminary sections which accompany the edition's General Introduction carry out crucial interpretive work.

The list of illustrations, for example, which heads the four sections above the chronology of Shakespeare's works, turn readers' attention to the physical locations in which Shakespeare's plays were originally performed. Interspersed within the edition's General Introduction, the reader encounters images of original sites of performance, such as the Hall of the Middle Temple in London, and Johannes de Witt's copied sketch of the Swan Theatre made around 1596. The face of Richard Burbage in portrait also encourages readers to imagine the plays as they were first performed in the London playhouses, written not with an eye on futurity but rather to please theatre audiences and rooted to their historical circumstances.

The two sections between the General Introduction and list of "The Complete Works" again serve to ground Shakespeare within his historical context. "Contemporary Allusions to Shakespeare" draws attention to major events in Shakespeare's life, the effect of which is to chip away at the notion of a solitary genius whose works sprang from spontaneous acts of organic creation. The list notes such documentary evidence as the record of Shakespeare not having paid his taxes in 1597, and also having been named as storing grain and malt (purchasing and holding it to resell at increased prices) in his native Stratford in 1598. In the same way, the "Commendatory Poems and Prefaces" (1599-1640) draw readers' attention to how Shakespeare was perceived by his contemporaries. The chosen poems and prefaces included selections from both Folio and quarto sources, which raised the authority of and directed readers to the other surviving witnesses to what Shakespeare originally wrote for the early modern stage.

Placed immediately after the General Introduction, these two sections appear as the final tuning pieces to enable the user to take an imaginative leap into the circumstances in which Shakespeare's plays were produced:

> Shakespeare's work is firmly rooted in the circumstances of its conception and development. Its initial success depended entirely on its capacity to please the theatre-goers (and, to a far lesser extent, the readers) of its time; and its later, profound impact is due in great part to that in-built need for constant renewal and adaptation that belongs especially to those works of art that reach full realization only in performance (Wells 1986: xiii).

The message to the reader was clear: a full appreciation of Shakespeare's art was only possible through an experience of his plays in performance, so that to read a text as a literary artefact was somehow to misrepresent him. In emphasising Shakespeare's work as "firmly rooted to the circumstances of its conception and development", however, Wells was also objecting to the way he believed that the modern editorial tradition confusingly mixed together those works as both theatrical *and* literary artefacts. As Wells later remarked in an essay on the issue of editorial intervention:

> In the attention that editors have given to the staging of plays by Shakespeare and his contemporaries they have, to a greater or lesser degree, treated the texts as theatrical artefacts; but at the same time they have often treated them simultaneously as literary artefacts, presenting them as texts for reading rather than performing (1991: 40).

Thus disrupting the status of Shakespeare's plays as "literary artefacts", Wells was also challenging a critical tradition that was associated with the establishment of English as an academic subject, and it is worth noting that at no stage of Wells's career has he been part of an academic English department. The rise of new socio-textual theories inspired by D.F. McKenzie and Jerome McGann further authorised Wells and Taylor's emphasis on Shakespeare as a man of the theatre. Whereas the play understood as a "literary artefact" presupposed a concern with the author's foul-papers, an interest in plays as "theatrical artefacts" shifted attention to the company prompt-book, which Taylor described as "a socialized text, one which has been communally prepared for communication to a wider public" (1987: 15). In Wells's Introduction, Shakespeare's own papers were described as "including loose ends, duplications, inconsistencies, and vagueness", whereas certain prompt-books represented "the play as close to the state in which it appeared in Shakespeare's theatre as we can get" (1986: xxxiii).

Chronological Order and The Complete Works

The Oxford Shakespeare was the first edition to depart from the Folio's division of the plays into genres and present readers with a list of Shakespearean works in presumed chronological order. Both the preceding major complete-works editions, Blakemore Evan's Riverside Shakespeare (1974) and Alfred Harbage's Pelican Shakespeare (1956-1967), were happy to follow the standard practice of organising the works into the traditional Folio categories. But the reader who had grown accustomed to the Folio distinctions would likely have been surprised when confronted with Wells and Taylor's chronological arrangement. Why the sudden change?

To answer this question, it is worth turning to Edmond Malone (1741-1812), who was the first editor to attempt to produce a chronological arrangement of Shakespeare's works. Malone's first contribution to Shakespeare scholarship "An Attempt to Ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were Written" appeared in volume one of Johnson and Steevens' ten-volume *Plays of William Shakespeare* (1778). His choices were eventually revised and republished in 1790, with a further revision published posthumously in 1821 (see Stern 2023). In his first version, Malone observed that

> while it has been the endeavour of all his editors and commentators to illustrate his obscurities, and to regulate and correct his text, no attempt has been made to trace the progress and order of his plays (1778: 270).

The reason why there had been no such attempt was soon made clear: "[t]he materials for ascertaining the order in which his plays were written, are indeed so few, that, it is to be feared, nothing very decisive can be produced on this subject" (1778: 271). It is worth noting here that Malone's method of gathering and combining internal and external data about the plays serves to illustrate the continuing uncertainties about the evidence and methodologies used to date the canon. As Tiffany Stern has observed, following his three contributions, "[w]e have been using Malone's chronological methodology, and often his results, ever since" (2023: 1).

Edward Dowden (1843-1913) later turned to the problems of chronology in his *Shakspere, His Mind and Art* (1875), and added a speculative chronological table in his *Shakspere Primer* (1877). Dowden's arrangement was invested in Shakespeare's artistic development, and it is notable that the plays are arranged in generic clusters. E.K. Chambers' later *William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems* (1930) also offered a proposed chronology, which acknowledged Dowden's own "admirable treatment" of the subject (1930: 251). The evidence Chambers called upon for dating the plays included: Francis Meres' *Palladis Tamia* (1598), used "to segregate a considerable group of comparatively early works"; entries in the *Stationers' Register*; the title-pages of printed editions; Philip Henslowe's "Diary", as well as independently recorded performances at the Inns of Court and in public theatres.

Chambers shared with Dowden an interest in generic categories as well as Shakespeare's artistic development. The plays *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives*, for example, were grouped together as sharing "a common vein of realistic comedy", and *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night* similarly possessed "a common vein of courtly comedy". As with Malone, Chambers acknowledged the provisional nature of a chronological arrangement, but nevertheless believed that "it is possible to arrive at an outline conception of Shakespeare's development, as regards both dramatic temper and the use of language". Dowden and Chambers' approach to chronology was thus based on a critical investment in Shakespeare's temperament, and the generic categories offered evidence for the nature of his artistic development.

In contrast, and coherent with the Oxford editors' principle of rooting Shakespeare to his historical conditions, Taylor observed in the *Textual Companion* that the early Oxford chronology was influenced by three interlocking factors, all of which were related to the plague and the closure of the theatres in mid-1592: the change in company size, Shakespeare's turn to rhyme, and Henry Chettle's famous attack on Shakespeare. The size of the company was significant for Taylor, as he noted that the early plays *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Titus Andronicus*, and the three *Henry VI* plays all required large casts, and "all were performed, or at the very least might have been written in whole or part, before the closure of the theatres in mid-1592" (1987: 95). From this and other detailed stylistic evidence, Taylor concluded that these plays were likely written before company structures were reduced after the "devastating effects on the London acting profession of the long interregnum caused by the plague" (1987: 124).

In addition, Taylor argued that the plague and the closure of the London theatres (1592-3) were likely to have inspired an upturn in Shakespeare's fondness for rhyme. Focusing attention on the plague poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, Taylor argued for a sudden increase in Shakespeare's use of rhyme from 1594-7 (the so-called "lyric period"), which then diminished with temporal distance from the plague poems. Turning from the study of internal evidence to the wider historical context, Taylor challenged Malone's findings that the use of poetry was a conspicuous stylistic feature of Shakespeare's early career. Unhappy with Malone's suggestion that Shakespeare's earliest plays contain the most rhyme, Taylor shifted the axis to the plague as a watershed moment in Shakespeare's use of rhyme. Produced around the years 1594-5, for

Taylor, were *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, and a cluster of "lyrical" plays with a high verse content – *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Richard II*, *Romeo*, *Dream* -- indicating Shakespeare's turn to poetry at the time of the plague and the suspension of theatre performances.

Taylor also floated the conjecture that Henry Chettle's famous attack on Shakespeare encouraged a shift from collaboration to sole-authorship. With varying degrees of certainty, Taylor proposed that the plays which antedated *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (1592), *The Shrew*, the three plays on *Henry VI* and *Titus*, were suspected collaborations. As there is "no good evidence of *any* collaboration for a full decade after", Taylor concluded that "by abandoning collaboration, and writing a serious classical narrative poem, Shakespeare demonstrated that he did not need to adorn himself with anybody else's feathers" (1987: 97; see Loughnane 2016).

Andrew Murphy has noted that R. B. McKerrow, after accepting the general editorial mantle of a putative Oxford Complete works project in the 1920s, tentatively proposed a chronological order in a letter to Kenneth Sisam, in which he asked: "Would you be horrified if I suggest [*sic*] that it is time to abandon the Folio order and print the plays chronologically?" (1929). McKerrow's suggestion and Sisam's positive response led Murphy to observe that arranging the works chronologically appeared an entirely conventional editorial practice. For Murphy, reflecting on the critical reception of the Oxford edition twenty years after its publication, the central objection to its chronological arrangement related to issues of practicality – the ease of navigating the texts – rather than of theory.

This seems, however, to elide the way the Oxford contents page built its own argument, acting as a guide to interpretation and encouraging a way of thinking which fundamentally disrupted conventional editorial practice. The break with the Folio's divisions, for example, underscored a dissatisfaction with an atemporal order of Shakespeare's works. To be sure, the reasons for their objection to the Folio categories were later made clear by Taylor:

> The First Folio's failure to date Shakespeare's work did not so much reshape his canon as unshape it. Upon the resulting shapeless assortment the editors then imposed an artificial tripartite division which itself obscured rather than illuminated the structure and nature of the plays (1987: 37).

In short, the problem for Taylor was that the Folio's "malaise of classification" (1987: 38) uprooted Shakespeare from his cultural moment and cued his place within a grand literary tradition. As the first collected edition of his works, the First Folio was the foundation on which centuries of criticism had been shaped by its assumptions of a literary dramatist somehow floating beyond the urgencies and contradictions of his own cultural moment. For Taylor, the Folio categories had "surely contributed to the subsequent fruitless centuries-long critical preoccupation with decorums of genre" (1987: 38). Pairing these words with the Oxford contents page, it is possible to see the chronological order as not so much a navigational device as an expression of its editorial argument. As Joseph A. Howley has argued, in relation to the historical shift in purpose of the table of contents:

> Although the table of contents becomes a conventional element of Western books, its role shifts: supplanted as a navigational device [by the index], it now functions also as an advertisement, not only of the book's content, but of the hierarchies, structure, and intent of the author's project (2019: 76, 78).

More than an instructive signpost, the Oxford chronology worked to breach the seemingly transparent narrative presented by the Folio's presentation. In doing so, it authorised and drew attention to new interpretive vistas which followed from a simple rearrangement of the mis-en-page. In other words, a simple change of title or a grouping of certain plays to exploit their perceived connections disrupted the historical editorial tradition and provided fertile routes for critical re-evaluations.

Perhaps the most significant outcome of the Oxford chronology was its removal of the Folio's event-based historical sequence of Shakespeare's history plays. E. M. W. Tillyard's (1889-1962) influential book *The Elizabethan World Picture* (1944), which drew on the work of Tudor mythographers such as Edward Hall and Polydore Vergil, had argued for Shakespeare's two tetralogies as forming an eight-part epic that pictured history as a repeating cycle of sin, punishment, and redemption. This conservative view, however, was to be the subject of a major revision effort in the 1980s, and the Oxford editors were quick to integrate their own editorial response to Tillyard's rapid fall from favour. Instead of approaching the histories as a Tillyardian eight-part epic, to break them apart and separate them within a chronology of composition was to destabilise their customary unity and point to their value as independent plays. Indeed, for Taylor, the two tetralogies created from the Folio arrangement's "accident of juxtaposition" inhibited a critical appreciation of the eight plays' separate artistic integrity, which had been occluded by their enclosure within an "anachronistic chronological ghetto" (1987: 38).

It is worth observing here that John Jowett, voicing the same unease with the Folio's tripartite division, dedicated a section of his later monograph *Shakespeare and Text* to "The Folio as Representation and Misrepresentation" (2007: 84-92). Discussing the Folio's arrangement of the plays, Jowett observed that "the Folio organized the range of Shakespeare's plays in an arbitrary way that remains familiar today and yet creates difficulties in seeing some of the plays for what they are". For Jowett, "what they are" was misrepresented by the Folio's narrowly confined categories "Comedies" and "Tragedies" which masked Shakespeare as an experimental playwright to promote the marketable idea of his totality and sole-eminence. Moreover, unhappy with the Folio's arrangement of the "Histories" by chronology of reign, Jowett further argued that

> A grand narrative transcending the individual play is implied by the organization of the plays in the order of the events they portray, and in the standardization of titles to display the individual plays and 'parts' of sequences as centred on the figure of the king (2007: 87).

In this way, a posthumously imposed order of royal succession augmented the view that each play was a smaller tessera of a larger mosaic. For Jowett, the Folio presentation of the histories thus imposed a grand récit that sowed the myth of Shakespeare as the grand poet of the English nation. Moreover, the titular emphasis on the king left little space for "the local, the demotic, the anti-heroic, the comic, the conscience-stricken, all aspects of the history plays as we encounter them individually" (2007: 87). A good example of the way that the Folio's arrangement of the histories had been internalised by centuries of editorial practice can be found in A.R. Humphreys' Arden 2 edition of *1 Henry IV* (1960). Offering a summative statement of the play, Humphreys observed that

> Serious and comic themes are entwined by many other echoes and links. They unite in a vision of national life both broad and deep, and are expressed in a style of extraordinary energy, whether in serious verse or comic prose. This vision of national life has its comprehensive geographical range and its long perspectives of time […] The great idea of England is woven from all these themes (1960: xlix).

For the Oxford editors in the 1980s, a chronology of composition fractured this sense of Shakespeare as the national poet and encouraged readers to experience the histories rather as a disparate cluster of independent plays. By drawing attention to the demands placed on Shakespeare to cater for his own repertoire, the Oxford chronology notably disrupted the customary order of the first tetralogy, placing *Titus Andronicus* between *2, 3 Henry VI*, and *1 Henry VI* and *Richard III*. In the same way, the second tetralogy was disrupted by both *The Merry Wives*

and *Much Ado*. As they appeared on the contents page, the reader was thus encouraged to see the scattered histories as independent plays that Shakespeare had little interest in presenting as smaller pieces of a larger whole. When consulting the contents page for direction to plays, readers would thus have been reminded of the place a play occupied in Shakespeare's order of composition, a reminder which would reinforce the assumption of the plays as independent from any grand récit that elided the individuality of each text.

Conclusion

The Oxford Shakespeare began with the desire to depart from an ossified editorial tradition. Part of what drove a determination to be new was that in the late 1970s a gap was emerging between the traditional expectations of a standard edition of Shakespeare's works and the surrounding intellectual climate which was growing weary of and even antagonistic towards their fundamental critical assumptions. Through a focus on the paratextual notations and interface design of the Oxford edition, this paper has explored some of the ways in which the edition challenged the dominant assumptions authorised by the 1623 First Folio's paratextual elements, and in doing so allowed the Oxford editors to open up new windows for editors of Shakespearian texts.

One of the most significant departures from the modern tradition was the edition's primary focus on the plays as they were performed on the early modern stage. But to take the imaginative leap back to the plays in performance was only to reconfigure the hypothetical ideal as an original performance rather than what the author originally wrote. According to the Oxford editors, the Folio paratexts celebrated Shakespeare as a literary figure floating beyond his historical circumstances, so that the paratextual genuflections of the Folio distorted the reality of Shakespeare as a man firmly rooted to his cultural moment.

One of the most striking ways in which the break with tradition was announced was through the use of the Folio's Droeshout portrait. By removing certain components of texts and bringing others into a clearer dialogic relationship, the Oxford edition challenged the modern tradition at its source, suggesting that the Folio's paratextual materials had presented a transparent surface to futurity. The Oxford editors drew attention to this sense of the Folio as authorising a narrative of literary cachet that distorted Shakespeare as a man of the theatre rooted to his historical circumstances. No longer a man who forged works which sprang from spontaneous acts of organic creation, Shakespeare was to be recognised as a man living under the pressure of writing for the theatre, forgetting on occasions to pay his taxes, and storing corn and malt in his native Stratford.

An interest in Shakespeare and the mundane was significant in the way that it aimed to cut away the cultural accretions of the Folio tradition. For Wells, the subsequent editorial tradition had confusingly mixed Shakespeare's works together as both literary *and* theatrical artefacts. If the Folio was the springboard for the lofty heights that Shakespeare had achieved, then the Oxford edition served to redress the balance in favour of a quotidian dramatist under pressure to please the early modern theatregoers of his time. It would be hard to overestimate the impact of the Oxford edition's theatrical force as it objected to a tradition of seeing the plays as literary artefacts. The twentieth-century emphasis on Shakespeare as primarily a poetic genius had of course been bolstered by the drive to establish English as an academic subject in higher education. But the new emphasis on the theatre in a prominent complete-works edition was to begin the editorial fracturing of Shakespeare as the celebrated artist of literary permanence and perfection.

For the Oxford editors, one of the most influential and misguided assumptions that the Folio's divisions had encouraged was an insensitivity to the individuality of the eight plays

labelled as 'Histories'. Puncturing the Folio's seemingly transparent narrative of a chronology by reign, in its chronology by composition the Oxford edition opened new windows for critical re-evaluations of the histories, not as smaller tesserae of a larger mosaic, but as independent plays to be considered on their own terms. If the Folio categories had imposed a grand récit serving to bolster Shakespeare's reputation as a national poet, then a chronology by composition offered an effective tool to begin destabilising the idea of Shakespeare as the poetic totem of the English nation.

Rather than serving as an aid to support the reader's navigation of the edition, the chronology by composition aimed to subtly recalibrate the readers' expectations when it came to a major edition of Shakespearian works. Readers were immediately discouraged from seeing Shakespeare as a classically inflected genius and were instead invited to picture a man responsive to his immediate historical circumstances. The Folio's categories, it appeared, were little more than a posthumously imposed container that had elevated Shakespeare above his quotidian circumstances. Just as Wells and Taylor were interested in "getting back" to the play in performance, so too a chronology by composition offered a way of moving beyond the material distortions of the Folio's paratexts and back to the historical circumstances in which Shakespeare's plays were performed.

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"Whatever you do, buy": Investigating the Role of the First Folio in Co-Producing "the Shakespeare Brand"

Francesca Forlini

In a 1969 lecture on literary theory, Michel Foucault first introduced the notion of the author as a function of discourse. An author's name - he observed - does not refer to a specific historical person more than an indication, a gesture, a finger pointed at someone might be considered the equivalent of a description (Foucault 1986: 105). The point that Foucault was making bears interesting affiliations with the phenomenon of branding, which can be seen in some ways as the popular counterpart of the critical operation that Michel Foucault was describing. Much like a sign or an icon, an author's name retains great semantic autonomy from the author as a biographical entity and can be used as a tool for reshaping the associations of objects that become linked with it (Holland 2011). When clusters of functional and emotional values are formed around a specific name, then a new brand is created.

In recent years, "the Shakespeare brand" has offered scholars and marketers a compelling notion with which to acknowledge Shakespeare's commercial and cultural value. In 2007, Douglas Lanier provocatively referred to Shakespeare as to "the Coca-Cola of canonical culture" (2007: 93), alluding to the possibility of situating Shakespeare within the field of brand studies. The idea was most recently contested by Kate Rumbold, who denied the possibility of recognizing 'Shakespeare' as a brand, as it is neither the result of a corporate effort nor the work of an individual in control of the name 'Shakespeare' (Rumbold 2011). Nevertheless, the term has proved particularly useful in illuminating the productive tension between Shakespeare's name as a marker of authorial identity and its commercial and cultural deployment. The notion of brand provides scholars with the opportunity to reflect on aspects that are quite close to their personal experience, such as Shakespeare's unusual leverage in academic publishing, employment and student recruitment. Taking up on this discussion, this paper examines some of the different ways through which the 1623 First Folio has contributed to the creation and the expansion of the impression of an overarching 'Shakespeare' brand. The aim is to show how different aspects of the First Folio have led to the creation of a cultural icon whose worth transcends the content and the literary value of Shakespeare's works, underwriting his currency in popular culture and securing his commercial value.

"What's in a name?" Brand experience and Shakespeare's cultural iconicity

A traditional view of branding defines a brand as a "name, term, design, symbol, or any other feature that identifies one seller's good or service as distinct from those of other sellers" (Rowles, 2022). Originally, the word brand was derived from the Old Norse word *brandr*, meaning 'to burn', and was used to refer to the practice of marking cattle by burning the owner's brand onto them. Throughout the years, this idea of branding has been developed to factor in a

far more extensive set of considerations. Namely, the thoughts, feelings and perceptions that come to be associated with a brand. This set of considerations builds up a brand's image, as well as what is often referred to as brand experience, that is how people feel when engaging or interacting with a brand. In a recent study, Daniel Rowles draws an interesting parallel between brand and personality, framing brand experience as the process through which consumers can experience the "personality" of a product (Rowles 2022: 7). I am here highlighting this idea of personality because much of what has been written about Shakespeare the author, and the way he has been perceived since the very start of the myth-making process that has led him to become a cultural icon, has been built by strengthening brand experience.

Surely, when it comes to assessing brand perception and brand reinforcement strategies, it is important to understand that today's world is very different from what it was in Shakespeare's time. For one, brand experience in the 21st century is almost entirely digitally mediated. Indeed, our ability to engage with and research into a brand has been boosted by the advent of social and digital media, which have acquired a crucial role in the decision-making process behind brand engagement. As a result, marketing strategies have evolved towards increased customer interaction. Today, consumers are offered several opportunities to deeply experience a brand through the increasing exposure to marketing materials and to the assessment of customer satisfaction. Branding literature has recently developed many useful constructs and tools to assess the effectiveness of these strategies, which include brand personality, brand community, brand trust and brand attachment (Carroll and Ahuvia 2006; McAlexander et al. 2002; Thomson et al. 2005). Surprisingly, what these studies all seem to be agreeing on is that many brand-building and brand-developing strategies date quite far back in time. So, for example, the idea of refreshing brand experience through the regular introduction of new products to attract new customers as well as keep existing customers engaged and provide them with continuous opportunities for brand experience is a strategy that we would have quite easily found in Shakespeare's time. This is indeed the case of the First Folio.

One of the ways the Shakespeare brand has achieved continuity and increasing engagement is indeed through the printing of several different editions of Shakespeare's work, that are in themselves also a precious indicator of the increasing solidity of the brand. Traditionally, the solidity of a brand is measured by assessing the general opinion that consumers hold of its products, in order to work out what this means in regard to potential sales. This is a procedure that we can try to apply to the Shakespeare brand in order to evaluate how its popularity has evolved over time. Nevertheless, as we delve deeper into history, the process becomes increasingly challenging. Indeed, even if we do have sources that can help us determine the general consensus among the reading public and the audience of Shakespeare's plays at the time the First Folio edition of his work was issued, it is important to acknowledge that these sources offer a partial and often disputed view of public opinion. Indeed, even what might initially seem like a straightforward task, that of drawing a distinction between the readers of Shakespeare's work and the audience attending his plays, can prove particularly complex and challenging. In marketing terms, it is very difficult to distinguish the users of a product, the Folio, from those of another product from the same brand, like the quartos. Our tools of investigation, thus, cannot rely on the assessment of customer experience, at least not from an age which it is impossible for us to analyse comprehensively. What this study will do, instead, is look at how the Shakespeare brand was constructed and expanded by increasing the opportunities for brand experience.

How do consumers experience a brand? The answer to this question is partially the same both for a contemporary audience and the audience in the Elizabethan and Jacobean Age: through the bridge of iconicity. Whether a person, an object, or a company either real or fictional, icons provide us with anchors of meaning to rely on in our everyday experience of society (Hirschman 2010). According to Douglas Holt (2004), who has elaborated the first

systematic model explaining how brands are transformed into icons, cultural icons are as old as civilization. Yet, their mode of production has undergone significant transformations since the mid-19th century (Holt 2004). In premodern times, icons, usually religious, were often disseminated through oral storytelling and limited written documents. Shakespeare himself lived in an age in which iconography and iconoclasm were significant elements of religious disputes, reflecting the broader theological and cultural conflicts of the Protestant Reformation in England. These issues influenced not only religious practice but also the political and social dynamics of that age, and they found resonance in some of Shakespeare's works.

However, the advent of modern mass communication, starting with the proliferation of books, magazines, and newspapers in the 19th century, followed by the rise of films in the 1930s and television in the 1950s, has led to a world where the circulation of cultural icons has become a central economic activity. The market now gravitates toward producing what people value most. Today, the culture industries encompass fields such as film, music, television, journalism, books and advertising, all of which are dedicated to cultivating and capitalizing on these cultural icons. But what sets a cultural icon apart from the vast sea of cultural content generated by these industries? Beyond the confines of business studies, academic disciplines like anthropology, sociology, history, mass communications, and film criticism have delved into the reasons why cultural icons hold such profound and widespread significance in society. Consistently, these studies have revealed that icons tend to represent a particular kind of narrative—a myth of identity—that individuals use to address their desires and anxieties about identity.

Icons hold immense value because they carry a heavy symbolic load for their consumers. To put it into Holt's words: "Icons perform the particular myth society especially needs at a given historical moment" (2004: 189). Take, for example, James Dean, whose body of work, personal life, distinctive style, and tragic demise in a car crash all contributed to creating a mysterious narrative of rebellion against societal norms. Considering the etymology of the term, from the Greek *eikṓn* meaning image, icons reveal a long history of shifting conceptions and approaches represented in different areas of academic literature. This is to say that the concept of icon from cultural studies differs, for example, from the way that the term is used in semiotics. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines a cultural icon as "a person or a thing regarded as a representative symbol, especially of a culture or a movement" (OED, *Add. sense*[1]). The dictionary provides a comprehensive definition but not an explanation. How do cultural icons acquire their status of symbols for valued ideals? To address this question, we must first identify where icons originate and subsequently dissect the precise mechanisms through which icons earn their symbolic value. This brings into focus two aspects of cultural iconicity: cultural iterability and cultural legibility.

Cultural iterability and legibility mainly describe the capacity of icons to circulate and remain readable even in the absence of the 'living present' of their context of production or their empirically determined set of reference. This is a feature that cultural icons share with brands. Indeed, much like branding, the process that leads to the creation of cultural icons is citational. But citational of what and how? The term 'citation' in modern English is generally used to denote instances of spoken or written discourse that reference some other act, usually linguistic. However, in its legal usage, citation acquires a further layer, as it presents that which is cited in an authoritative position. In the legal context, to cite is the equivalent of providing a set of directions pointing to another event or discourse considered exemplary. This is a connotation that is completely lost in the more general and abstract usage of the word, but which is crucial when it comes to framing iconicity. Cultural icons are exemplary symbols that people recognize as a shorthand for a set of ideas or values. Take for example the Beatles, who epitomised the spirit of youth rebellion and creativity, capturing the optimism and experimentation of the

[1] *Oxford English Dictionary*, "icon, n.", Oxford University Press, September 2023, https://doi.org/10.1093/OED/1180364177.

1960s. Their music was innovative and transcendent, and their image represented a break from traditional norms so much that they became synonymous with the counterculture movement and the cultural revolution of the 1960s. This example shows how the way icons function has very much to do with the legal connotation of the word citation. The process through which icons are created, however, is better understood through the lenses of its most traditional meaning.

In contemporary philosophical discourse, most notably in the work of Jacques Derrida (1988), and Judith Butler (1993), citationality is a product of iterability, which stands for "the reproducibility of a form and the norm that governs its intelligibility and producibility over distinct discursive time-spaces" (Nakassis 2012: 626). Citationality is ultimately what makes us accept cultural icons as symbols for valued ideals. Yet, the process that leads to the creation of cultural icons is extremely complex and needs to be isolated from the function they perform to earn their hallowed place in society. As Holt discusses in his ground-breaking work on branding strategies, today, due to the elevated circulation typical of mass media, broadcasting and the digitally networked culture of the internet, cultural icons have acquired a heightened malleability, to the point of being nearly granted the status of biological entities (Mitchell 2007). Yet, research consistently indicates that the process that leads cultural icons to take on such intensive and pervasive meaning in society has not changed. Icons acquire their privileged position by performing a particular myth that is relevant to society at a given historical moment. The capacity for creating "identity myths" is thus what elevates people or objects to the immortal status of icons, enabling them to function as a repository of collective values. According to Leslie de Chernatony, another crucial aspect to the creation of icons is that this process is not triggered by a product or a person's unique features but rather by their capacity to address acute cultural contradictions through myth (De Chernatony 2001). As we will see, these characteristics are easily identifiable when it comes to examining Shakespeare's rise as a pre-eminent British icon.

Scholars usually trace back the beginning of this process to the creation of the myth surrounding his authorship (Shellard and Keenan 2016). In *The Making of the National Poet* (1992), Michael Dobson examines the construction of William Shakespeare as a national poet in England. The book explores how Shakespeare's reputation evolved from his lifetime to the present day, and how he came to be seen as a central figure in English national identity. Dobson delves into various factors that contributed to the establishment of Shakespeare as a cultural icon, including historical context, political agendas, and literary trends. He discusses the roles of different institutions in shaping Shakespeare's status as a national symbol, highlighting how Shakespeare's plays were adapted and promoted to align with changing social, political, and artistic priorities. Throughout the book, Dobson presents a nuanced view of the complex processes and motivations that contributed to the elevation of Shakespeare to the status of a "national poet". He emphasizes that this construction was not a straightforward or linear process, but rather a result of multiple factors converging over time. Ultimately, Dobson's comprehensive analysis reaches similar conclusions to those evidenced by Gary Taylor in his 1989 daring, provocative and irreverent history of Shakespeare's reputation through the ages: Shakespeare is not a fixed, unchanging entity, but a malleable figure that continues to be reinvented by each generation of readers, performers, and creators.

The creation of Shakespeare's myth as the supreme example of literary genius and creative imagination is a perfect exemplification of this statement. In the late eighteenth century, Shakespeare's reputation as a natural genius started spreading in the wake of the Romantics' embracing and mythologising of his status of literary master. One of the major consequences was that Shakespeare the Author began to be stripped of some the known facts of his life. According to Douglas Lanier (2007), the main result of this process was that it failed to address the fear of the predominantly biographical orientation of nineteenth-century literary criticism that

Shakespeare the man and Shakespeare the Author could turn into two irreconcilable entities. Be it a gain or a loss, Shakespeare the Author started growing into a separated entity and gained increasing semantic autonomy from his biographical self and his work. Yet, what if there was more to this process? What if it was the work that we all refer to when we seek to learn more about Shakespeare the man that initiated this change? If we come back to the idea of a Shakespeare brand, is it really that unlikely that it was the posthumous publication of the First Folio in 1623 rather than the beginnings of the Shakespeare tourist industry to initiate the process of brand-making?

The organization of David Garrick's inaugural Stratford Jubilee festival in 1769 is often regarded as a first sign of the emergence of Shakespeare as a brand. Yet, my contention is that the process that led to the creation of the impression of an overarching Shakespeare brand had already been in place for some time by the moment the idea of the festival came around. If we were to look at the First Folio without the mystic aura of cultural significance it holds, what would we see? The next section sets out to explore this unusual path, approaching the First Folio as a literary object and a commercial product.

Canonizing the commodity – a commercial perspective on the First Folio

Despite contrasting opinions - most notably the one voiced by Kate Rumbold in her essay on "Brand Shakespeare" in 2011 (Rumbold 2011) – this study has already suggested that the Shakespeare brand does, indeed, work as a brand even if it does not strictly qualify as such. By brand, I am here subscribing to the definition that Leslie De Chernatony provides in the revised edition of his 2001 monograph, where he affirms that: "A brand […] represents a dynamic interface between an organization's actions and customers' interpretations. It can be regarded as a cluster of functional and emotional values which promises a unique and welcomed experience" (De Chernatony 2001: 8). As shown in the two following sections of this study, one of the main advantages of adopting the brand frame is that it instantly leads us to acknowledge the commodity status of the First Folio. Once we frame the First Folio as a commercial product, then the first step to better understand its position in the market and the significance it might have hold for potential buyers is to conduct a competitive analysis. Competitive product analysis is a widely used tool in marketing that enables to assess competitors' products in order to plan appropriate strategies to outperform them. Here, the process we are trying to reconstruct is exactly the reverse as we do know that, somehow, Shakespeare's First Folio ended up being much more successful that other literary products published in the same years (West 2001)[2]. What we do not know or, at least, what we are trying to investigate is what features of the Folio were so prominent to result in his transformation from one the most successful writers of his time into long-term cultural icon.

Just in order to understand the context within which the first edition of the Folio is issued, it is important to mention that, between 1591 and 1622, versions of about half of Shakespeare's plays had already been published in small, cheap quarto or octavo editions (Murphy 2007). Then in 1623, a large, costly folio edition collecting 36 of *Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies* was published. Perhaps because of the unusual choice of format, most

[2] In his sales and price history of Shakespeare's First Folio, West points out that the kind and number of sales and price information as well as the sources of information available differ greatly according to the period investigated. From the First Folio's date of publication to the date of the first recorded English book auction in 1676, the sources are a small number of individual references to early purchases and the amount of information is scarce. Yet, the documentation available is still helpful in shedding light on the marketing of the First Folio and provides a more comprehensive view of the emergence and ever-widening prevalence of Shakespeare's cultural presence across the centuries.

accounts of the First Folio instantly referred to the volume by drawing an analogy with Ben Jonson's *Workes*, published earlier in folio in 1616 (Connor 2012). The two works retain some crucial differences. Jonson, for one, was personally in charge of collecting and remastering the work included in the collection, which he conceived as a totalizing and canonizing book.[3] Much of the criticism of Jonson's Folio does indeed treat the *Workes* as a unique text, whose intent is perhaps closer to King James's *Workes* - published in the same year - than to Shakespeare's Folio (Riddell 2000). One of the most interesting points of difference that competitive analysis leads us to discover is that the two texts display a very different relationship to the marketplaces of the book trade and the theatre. Economists think of markets in terms of substitutability. That is, markets consist of those products that consumers view as substitutes based on their functionality (Holt 2004: 39). A market is comprised of products that consumers consider interchangeable due to their similar functionality. For instance, a smartphone competes with other smartphones based on factors like performance, display quality, camera capabilities, battery life, operating system, build quality, price, ecosystem integration, innovative features, and customer support. These factors, along with unique selling points, influence consumers' purchasing decisions in the competitive market. In contrast to the totalizing ambitions of Jonson's *Workes*, the First Folio canonizes Shakespeare only insofar as it returns its buyers to the theatre to see his plays. Instances of this approach can be traced in the prefaces to the First Folio, where a great emphasis is put on the interdependency of these two aspects (Smith 2016).

In Shakespeare's time, publishing plays was not considered as crucial as it might be today. In fact, the limitations of the printing industry, censorship, patronage systems, and the prevailing cultural emphasis on theatre as the primary medium for entertainment all contributed to relatively diminish the importance of publication. A further investigation on the choice of the folio format also adds to the possibility that the First Folio had rather more modest ambitions than Jonson's *Workes*. So, for example, Francis X. Connor's monograph charting the publication of literary folios reveals that, even though theology, history, and ancient authors did usually appear in folio format[4], this was generally out of convenience rather than the result of a conscious attempt to signify the gravity of the subject matter.[5] This would explain why, even by 1623, relatively few classical folio editions had been published in England and why romances - hardly the genre of "highly regarded authors" – had been on the rise as a popular folio genre since the 1590s. Regardless, conventional accounts reading the folio format as a prestigious code persisted even in the face of evidence that Shakespeare's Folio was primarily conceived as a commercial product. A possible explanation of this persistence can be traced to Richard Burt's idea that "mass culture narratives rely on dated scholarship" and that scholars view Shakespeare's writings "as timeless monuments, as literary texts in which Shakespeare was working toward a final draft, rather than as thriving, continuing sites of cultural production and

[3] "Jonson began the preparation of this definitive edition in 1612. He used the quarto texts whenever available, but scrupulously and systematically revised them, cutting out many marginal notes, altering the spelling, typography and punctuation in accordance with a consistent if somewhat pedantic plan introducing considerable editorial matter. The result is that this Folio edition may be regarded as authoritative. Moreover, Jonson attended the press while it was being printed and introduced many corrections and alterations at that time" Pforzheimer cit. inf. on vol. 1.

[4] According to Francis X. Connor (2014), books of classical authors in England tended to be published in octavos or smaller formats, perhaps in conscious imitation of the Aldine model. Virgil was never published in folio in England during Shakespeare's lifetime while Chapman's Homer would be published in folio, but apparently sold poorly: most "editions" are thus editions of unsold sheets of previous editions. Ovid and Lucan, too, were published in folio - albeit small folios, probably produced from smaller sheets, not appreciably larger than a quarto.

[5] Steven Galbraith (2010) uses the term "folios of necessity" to categorize books that had to appear in folio because their contents could not be easily contained in one smaller format volume. Similarly, he identifies some folios as "folios of economy" that would have been cheaper in folio than in a smaller format. Only some folios count as "folios of luxury", folios made without regard to cost. While Galbraith limits his essay to literary folios, these concepts are useful for all early modern genres.

revision" (2000: 216). That is, the conventional origin story that reads the choice of the folio format as the result of a fundamental shift in authors' perception of their profession, may well be rooted in outdated interpretations. One example of this is found in Paul Collins' *The Book of William* that provides the following:

> Then as now, publishing had an unspoken sumptuary code in which certain sizes, fonts, and papers implied certain genres. For folios that meant a work of reference, theology, or highly regarded ancient authors […] To print a work in folio implied a certain gravity, a confidence in the greatness of one's subject. For mere poets and playwrights to use a folio was unheard of, with one crucial exception […] [Ben Jonson] had the temerity to [publish his Workes] in folio and while still alive. Though poked at the time for vanity at puffing mere theater into Work […] Jonson's bold act signaled a fundamental change in how authors understood their profession (2009: 25-26).

In his account, Collins brings forth the idea that the publication of the First Folio was meant to monumentalize Shakespeare. This leads him to deny the commodity status of the publication and ends up echoing Park Honan's statement that the printing of the First Folio "was not undertaken chiefly for profit" (Honan 1999: 404).

Other accounts downplay the marketing aspect of the book and instead present a narrative of the immediate popularity of the First Folio, suggesting that "foliomania" was rampant in 1623. In the catalogue accompanying the Folger Shakespeare Library's 2011 exhibition titled "Fame, Fortune, and Theft: The Shakespeare First Folio", Steven Galbraith affirms that John Heminges and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's actor peers who assisted in collecting the plays for the First Folio, "need not have worried about sales," and that the nine-year gap between the First and the Second Folio "suggests that the First Folio sold quite well" (2011: 3). Of course, Galbraith might here be suggesting that Heminges and Condell were not investors in strictly technical terms. Still, as Connor reminds us, it is important to challenge the assumption that the number of editions was necessarily correlated with actual sales or popularity (2012). Such a notion sometimes leads us to overlook that the First Folio's editors and publishers were, in fact, concerned about how it would be received and sold. Its success at the time of publication was uncertain, as David Scott Kastan aptly reminds us, emphasizing that "the commercial context of the Folio must not be forgotten," and that, despite the book's high regard today, "all that was clear to [Edward] Blount and his partners [who published the Folio] was that they had undertaken an expensive publishing project with no certainty of recovering their considerable investment" (2001: 78).

Another aspect that may have contributed to the prestigiousness of the First Folio, is what Pierre Bourdieu's calls "popular aesthetic" (Bourdieu 1984). The popular aesthetic in Bourdieu's framework refers to the way individuals from different social backgrounds approach and appreciate cultural products that are considered popular or mass-produced. According to Bourdieu, intellectuals can be said "to believe in the representation […] more than in the things represented, whereas the people chiefly expect representations and the conventions which govern them to allow them to believe 'naively' in the things represented" (1986: 5). While Bourdieu's work primarily focuses on distinctions between high culture and popular culture, his broader sociological framework can help elucidate why - for some - the folio format has become synonymous of cultural prestige. So, for example, Bourdieu's concept of cultural capital emphasizes that individuals possess varying degrees of cultural knowledge and exposure. Those with more cultural capital are more likely to appreciate high culture. In this context, the folio format represents a manifestation of high culture due to the historical significance acquired by Shakespeare's work and its association with literary excellence. Bourdieu's framework speculates on the existence of cultural hierarchies within society. High culture is typically considered superior to popular culture. The folio format, being an authoritative collection of Shakespeare's

works, is firmly entrenched in the realm of high culture. Its perceived prestige derives from its position in this hierarchy, setting it apart from other formats.

Also, according to Bourdieu's idea of "habitus", which supports the idea that socialization and life experiences shape individual perceptions and preferences, people who have been exposed to Shakespeare's works or have received an education that emphasizes their literary relevance are more likely to perceive the folio format as prestigious. This exposure contributes to their habitus, influencing their interpretation of cultural artifacts. In short, Bourdieu's concepts of cultural capital, cultural hierarchies, and habitus can help elucidate why the folio format of Shakespeare's plays has come to be perceived as a prestigious code. Its association with high culture, its role as a marker of cultural distinction, and its appeal to an audience with a particular cultural habitus contribute to its prestigiousness. Whatever reason we decide to read behind the choice of the folio format, the fact that it proved to be particularly successful in enhancing Shakespeare's mythic stature is undeniable. However, no matter the side we decide to be on, we need not to lose sight of the fact that the publication of the First Folio was first and foremost a commercial venture.

If compared to Jonson's *Workes,* whose prefaces show little sign of acknowledging its commodity status, concerns about the marketability of the First Folio permeate the prefatory texts attributed to John Heminges and Henry Condell.[6] So, for example, in "To the Great Variety of Readers" the authors write:

> From the most able to him that can but spell: there you are numbered; we had rather you were weighed, especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities, and not of your heads alone, but of *your purses*. Well, it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges, we know: to read and censure. Do so, but *buy it first*. […] Judge your six-penn'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings' worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But *whatever you do, buy* ("To the Great Variety of Readers" 2005:lxxi – emphasis mine).

An earlier trace of this preoccupation can be also traced in Isaac Jaggard's choice to advertise "Playes, written by M. William Shakespeare, all in one volume" in an English-language addendum to the 1622 English printing of the Frankfurt Book Fair catalogue (Connor 2014: 221). Even before publication, it appears that the necessity to establish a sales strategy for the Folio had already come into play. Together, the prefatory texts initiate the work of grounding the book within the commercial context of the theatre. The first preface, an "Epistle Dedicatory" to the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery, presents a rather conventional dedication and acknowledges the Earls for elevating the plays from "trifles" to a "dignity greater" (2005: lxx), crediting them with inspiring the transition from the stage to the page. The book's creation and existence are attributed to their favour, and as such, the remains of its author, Shakespeare, are "most humbly consecrate" to the Earls in the hope of enhancing his reputation ("Epistle Dedicatory", 2005: lxxi). Despite being rather conventional, the dedication plays an important role in casting the First Folio as a desirable commodity. A similar intent is pursued in the subsequent text. Yet, "To the Great Variety of Readers" takes a markedly different approach and rhetorically bestows upon the marketplace of book buyers and theatregoers the same power previously bestowed upon the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. A possible way to read the word variety is indeed as a direct challenge to the notion that nobility holds the exclusive power to bestow dignity upon Shakespeare's work by expanding the anticipated readership of the Folio.[7] This reading is supported by the title, which addresses a wider audience, and its opening

[6] Heminges and Condell's authorship of these essays has been questioned by W. W. Greg 1955: 17-18.

[7] Francis X. Connor (2012) notes that it may be worth questioning whether the juxtaposition of these essays responds to Shakespeare's own critiques of the patronage system in the plays and poems, suggesting that *Timon of Athens* could be a particularly rich text upon with to base such an argument. In a similar spirit, Coppelia Kahn

line, which meaningfully addresses "the most able, to him that can but spell" ("To the Great Variety of Readers", 2005: lxxi). The text ultimately identifies two distinct markets for the Folio, prefiguring the reach of the symbolic and cultural value of the commodity we have come to identify as Shakespeare. On one side, there is the elite marketplace of the court, on the other is the more heterogenous market of the common reader. This is perhaps best exemplified in the passage:

> Censure will not drive a trade or make the jack go; and though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars or the Cockpit to arraign plays daily, know, these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation ("To the Great Variety of Readers", 2005: lxxi).

Another aspect to the prefatory texts is that they introduce the idea that Shakespeare's reputation is co-produced and depends on the contribution of a non-stratified audience (Connor 2012). Thus, while the first preface, offers a fairly conventional dedication, the following one broadens the anticipated audience, appealing to the marketplace of book buyers and theatregoers with the claim that "the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities" ("To the Great Variety of Readers", 2005: lxxi). The publishers' blunt appeal then moves on to define the role of the buyer, casting the potential reader as a "magistrate of wit", and drawing a connection between the purchase of the Folio and the chance of gaining public recognition and approval ("To the Great Variety of Readers", 2005: lxxi). From a rhetorical perspective, the publishers adopt a sophisticated strategy that must have been common to veterans used to advertising their theatrical performances to a playgoing audience. Thus, the choice to mention the capacity audiences at the Blackfriars and the Cockpit to increase the commercial appeal of the Folio as well as to provide further evidence of the quality of the plays collected. The failure to mention The Globe - the theatre most closely associated with Shakespeare and the King's Men – is in this sense quite telling and may be motivated by the publishers' intention to appeal to a more prosperous audience.

As Connor notes, in advertising terms, the effort to reach a wide audience mirrors the approach one would take to attract a playgoing audience who might consider purchasing a Shakespeare quarto: "these veteran King's Men pitch their folio just as they would have advertised their theatrical performances in order to maintain the steady clientele necessary to render the public theaters profitable" (Connor 2012: 228). In this perspective, Heminges and Condell's text anticipates an overlap between audiences and playbook buyers, appealing to those who had previously purchased unauthorized copies.[8] This practice is not exclusive to the Folio. Printed play quartos often acknowledged the interdependence of the theater and the book trade simply by mentioning the performing company's name (Connor 2012). However, it is worth noting that the costly folio employs a similar strategy, suggesting that it may not have primarily targeted an exclusive, elite market. Instead, the Folio might have been marketed to both readers and playgoers as an improvement over earlier pamphlet publications, all while emphasizing that Shakespeare's plays originated and continued to be performed in the theatre. Indeed, as Lukas Erne points out discussing the Pavier quartos, we need not forget that, at the time of their publication, cheap quarto pamphlets and the expensive copies of the First Folio competed for customers in the same marketplace (Erne 2003). One way to read the second prefatory essay, thus,

affirms that through "the grammar afforded by patronage […] Shakespeare voices the appeal and the peril of largesse, magnificence, and royal gifts" (1987: 35).

[8] As Emma Smith points out in *Shakespeare's First Folio*, the overlap between audiences and playbook buyers in this period has not been definitely analysed, but recorded purchases and accounts such as Sir Edward Dering's strongly suggest that the two activities were aligned (2016).

might be as a reminder to readers and potential buyers that mere claims of cultural significance in the preface have little value without success in the marketplace to substantiate them.

If the prefatory address "To the Great Variety of Readers" is central to the Folio's marketing strategy because it defines the Folio as part of an ongoing theatrical marketplace, other aspects of the book concur in establishing this work as an extension of Shakespeare's theatrical career. When discussing the nature of brands, Leslie De Chernatony (2001) elaborates on the distinction between the visible part of brands - the name or logo - and the unseen value-adding processes that build up their competitive advantages by using the "branding iceberg" (see Figure 1).

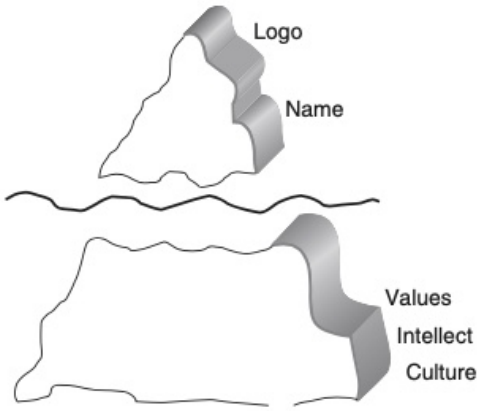

Figure 1. *The branding iceberg (in de Chernatony 2001: 11)*

The branding iceberg is a visual tool that proves particularly useful in highlighting the interrelation of material and immaterial aspects of brands. Here, it is used to highlight how the Folio simultaneously constructed the impression of a larger 'Shakespeare brand' by creating the image, both visually, in the Droeshout portrait, and verbally, in its numerous dedicatory prefaces and poems, of an author presiding posthumously over his work (Rumbold 2011).

If we take the aspects discussed so far as unseen features of the Shakespeare brand, then the Droeshout portrait found on the frontispiece can be seen as acting as a logo or a trademark. Except for the engraving introducing the first four Folios, few portraits of Shakespeare have survived, most notably the bust on the Stratford funeral monument and the dubious revisions of the Chandos portrait (Honan 1999; Orlin 2021). This relative scarcity, which is easily extended to details concerning Shakespeare's biography, has ended up endorsing the image of a coherent 'Shakespeare', whose body of work coincides with his more physical entity. The identification of the First Folio with Shakespeare's material body is indeed reinforced through the use of metaphor as evident in Heminges and Condell's claim that:

> Before, you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them ("To the Great Variety of Readers", 2005: lxxi).

In the essay, proximity to Shakespeare's own intentions is constantly restated. Heminges and Condell's contrasting accounts of their work as editors, however, makes the nature of the Folio quite elusive, casting it at once as product and a symbol of an overarching Shakespeare image.

When it comes to the Droeshout engraving, this sense of elusiveness is further reinforced. There's a modesty to the First Folio, especially if we compare it with the elaborate title page illustrations of the Philip Sidney or Ben Jonson's folios, which makes it difficult to frame it into a single category. On the frontispiece, no laurel wreath crowns Shakespeare's portrait, unlike, for example, the portrait of Thomas Middleton in *Two New Plays* (1657). Instead, Ben Jonson's prefatory poem laments the inadequacy of the illustration, affirming that the Folio portrait could not "have drawn his wit", but this may be rectified if the reader "look / Not on his picture, but his book" ("To the reader", 10). If we consider it as a trademark, the iconic status of the Droeshout portrait is further challenged by the verbal imagery adopted in the poem, in which Jonson evokes a more protean Shakespeare described at once as the "Swan of Avon" and the celestial "constellation" and "star of poets" ("To the memory of my beloved", 155). Together, the poem and the portrait add a transcendent quality to the Folio, moving the discussion away from monetary concern to cast it as a monument to Shakespeare. The monumental image is indeed reiterated in Hugh Holland's prefatory contribution and in Leonard Digges' prefatory poem. Nonetheless, the Folio is the result of a commercial enterprise in no way different from Garrick's jubilee. In *Big-Time Shakespeare,* Michael D. Bristol elaborates on this paradox affirming that "it is the belief in Shakespeare's transcendent worth that underwrites his currency in popular culture and secures his commercial value" (Bristol 1996: 82). Yet, as Kate Rumbold observes, transcendence is created in the market. Thus, the process of elevating Shakespeare to the status of cultural icon and the creation of a 'Shakespeare brand' are both rooted in the publication of the Folio and actually happened in tandem (Rumbold 2011).

To conclude, this paper has examined different aspects of the First Folio, drawing upon notions of brand studies to reflect on the significance that this work had on the creation of an overarching Shakespeare brand. Despite the controversies surrounding this definition, "brand" is a helpful term with which to understand Shakespeare's cultural purchase. Indeed, by framing Shakespeare's work through the notion of brand, it is possible to develop in newly profitable ways a whole range of associations that 'Shakespeare' bears in today's society – from excellence to Englishness. This study has just suggested a few examples of how this approach could lead scholars to shed new light on the Folio as well as to better understand the process that led Shakespeare to acquire a symbolic function in the world quite separate from - if partly rooted in - the facts of his existence and the content of his work.

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Error and Authorship in the First Tetralogy: Marlowe and Shakespeare

Rory Loughnane

The version of *2 Henry VI* widely available in print during Shakespeare's lifetime is not the version we read, teach, and perform today. All modern editions are based upon the version found in the 1623 Folio edition of Shakespeare's *Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies*. The version available before that landmark publication was about one third shorter in length, and printed once per decade in the 1590s, 1600s, and 1610s. It was first printed anonymously in 1594 by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington, bearing the title *The First Part of the Contention Betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster* (hereafter Q1 or *Contention*). For modern readers familiar with the Folio text, it would be instantly recognizable in terms of its overall plot and there is also considerable verbal overlap between the two versions. Of course, this means that for early readers familiar with the quarto text, the Folio text would have been similarly recognizable; that is, the two versions are recognizably versions of each other. The relationship between the two versions, their provenance, and their priority in composition, are all much debated. In my edition of *2 Henry VI*, based upon the Folio text, I proposed that some of the Folio text post-dates *Contention*, suggesting that its underlying manuscript had "been lightly revised and annotated for performance" (Loughnane 2017, 2473). I further argued that "It seems most likely that these alterations were made in preparation for a revival by the Lord Chamberlain's Men in the mid-1590s" (*ibid*.). That is, at least part of the Folio text represents a later stage in the genesis of the text than that transmitted by the 1594 quarto. Any variation between both versions might then originate in either the earliest stage of composition or later revision. This essay considers how such variation might also be connected to the underlying authorship of each version, heretofore overlooked in scholarship about the texts.

A short summary of the play's early print history may help explicate some matters further. In 1600 a second quarto edition, derivative of Q1, was printed by Valentine Simmes for Millington (hereafter known as Q2). Two years later, on 19 April 1602, Millington transferred his rights to the play to Thomas Pavier. And seventeen years later, in mid-to-late 1619, William Jaggard printed a third undated quarto for Pavier. This edition, hereafter Q3, was set principally from Q1, although its compilers appear to have had recourse to some chronicle materials in lightly revising the text (see Montgomery 1987). Q3 was printed as part of a set with the early alternative version of *3 Henry VI*, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* (henceforth, also *True Tragedy*). Then, four years later, in 1623, *2 Henry VI* was published (as "The Second part of Hen. The Sixt"), set uncomplicatedly in its historical chronological order between parts one and three in the First Folio. Yet this arrangement itself belies a rather complicated textual situation, in that the prequel *1 Henry VI* appears to post-date the composition of at least some versions of parts two and three. Part two is, then, actually the first "part" of those plays later forming the tetralogy. Yet the version of part two that we most often read today, based upon the Folio, appears to have been completed in a revision for revival that took place *after* both the prequel (*1 Henry VI*) and second sequel (*Richard III*) were completed.

Drawing issues of authorship into this discussion, Gary Taylor and I (2017) have proposed that the Folio text of *2 Henry VI* shows clear evidence that an original version of this play (which may or may not be represented by *Contention*) was co-authored, and we identify the hands of Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, and an as-yet-unidentified author in the play. Our "best guess" for this original version is 1590. The textual situation is similar for *3 Henry VI*. An original version (which may or may not be represented by *True* Tragedy, published in octavo in 1595) was co-authored by Shakespeare, Marlowe, and anonymous other, probably in late 1590. For *1 Henry VI*, which is only preserved in its Folio text, the hands of Marlowe, Thomas Nashe, Shakespeare, and another unidentified author are evident. Shakespeare's contribution to the play may post-date its original composition – that is, that he did not have an original hand in the prequel – which appears to have been before March 1592. Taylor and I argue that Shakespeare revised all three parts after the 1594 formation of the Chamberlain's Men's playing company, with our "best guess" of 1595 for these revisions, with the company dramatist creating, in effect, a tetralogy of playable histories running from *1 Henry VI* to *Richard III* for the new company.[1] The textual history of these history plays is then one of writing and revision.

Much bibliographical analysis has focussed on the sequence of composition for (a) the manuscript underlying *Contention* (hereafter MSQ) – and hence Q2 and Q3 which are largely derivative of Q1 – and (b) the manuscript underlying the Folio text (hereafter MSF). Until Peter Alexander and Madeleine Doran independently contested the theory, it had been generally accepted by editors that MSQ preceded MSF (see Kreps 2000: 155). Alexander and Doran instead argued that *Contention* represents a memorial reconstruction of the Folio text. Alexander proposed that the text is a memorial reconstruction sold by unscrupulous actors. Any corruption in the text, Alexander hypothesized, was due to the faultiness of the actors' memories. Doran, meanwhile, proposed that the text was a memorial reconstruction of an abridged and possibly revised version of the play, produced out of necessity by a company for use as an acting version while touring the country to escape an outbreak of plague in London.

Central to Alexander's memorial reconstruction theory was the garbled version of York's lineage speech in *Contention*. Whereas in 2.2 of the Folio text, York correctly lists "*Edmond Langley,* Duke of Yorke" as the fifth son of Edward III, *Contention* includes the following factual error: "Edward the third had seuen sonnes . . . The second was Edmund of Langly". As Alexander observes:

> York had to prove that, although descended from the fifth son of Edward III, he was, because of his father's marriage with a descendant of the third son, more in direct line of succession than the heirs of the fourth son. The quarto writer by making him declare his ancestor the Duke of York to be the second son to Edward III renders further argument superfluous; he had now no need to claim the throne through a daughter of the third son as he proceeds to do (1929: 62).

Alexander's principal findings – that this passage in *Contention* contains genealogical errors that must somehow be explained – have generally been accepted.[2] However, the memorial reconstruction theory has not met with universal approval. An early dissenter, Charles Tyler Prouty, argued that the Folio text instead represented an expanded form of *Contention* (Prouty 1954). This thesis was rejected by James McManaway (1957) – who pointed out that the stage

[1] See the entries for *2 Henry VI*, *3 Henry VI*, and *1 Henry VI* in Taylor and Loughnane 2017.

[2] For example, William Montgomery proposes that "once having established that part of Q is clearly a report, it is natural to suppose that the rest of the text – which is open to alternative explanations – is also a report" (1987: 175). Montgomery found Doran's theory that the version underlying *Contention* was an abridged and revised version of the Folio text "more probable" than Alexander's (who thought *Contention* represented a report of a performance of the Folio text) but argued that the "production reported was a London one, and not . . . one given on a provincial tour" (1987: 176).

directions in the Folio text seemed likely to originate from a pre-theatrical manuscript – and G. Blakemore Evans – who argued that Prouty's evidence could equally demonstrate that *Contention* is a contracted form of the Folio text.[3]

Steven Urkowitz moved to cast doubt on the thesis emerging from Alexander's findings about the lineage speech, noting that, "In neither Quarto nor the Folio does York in the dialogue mention his own lineal descent from Edmund of Langley" (1988: 237), and that, therefore: "Alexander had shown only that the errors in the historical genealogy exist in the Quarto. He has not shown that a memorizing pirate was responsible for them" (1988: 239). However, though Urkowitz may be correct in asserting that this does not offer an incontestable proof for who is responsible for producing these errors, his reasoning here has been noted to be flawed. While Urkowitz is correct to say that York traces his title claim through his matrilineal side, this does not affect Alexander's argument. As Ronald Knowles observes, "the logical redundancy of the whole genealogical speech after the placing of 'Edmund [. . .]' as the second son remains, though Urkowitz seems to believe that his observation renders it insignificant" (1999: 129). Thus, it was argued to be implausible that a play was originally written with such an obvious error included, and that the text of *Contention* offers overwhelming evidence of some non-authorial mediating hand; a compiler who is seemingly ignorant of the implications of what he is including. Grace Ioppolo proposed that "Shakespeare most likely cut "his" play extensively shortly after its composition to suit Pembroke's Men, and this cut version was altered by memorial reporting when printed in the Quarto" (1991: 128). Her theory was an expanded and slightly altered version of the work of Alexander, Doran, and Greg, with each assuming that MSF is earlier than MSQ.

Two twenty-first century articles, which offer widely divergent views on the relationship of the versions, but which each cast doubt on the possibility of the quarto text representing a memorial reconstruction, give pause for thought. In an article published in 2000, Barbara Kreps argues that: "it would be naive to think that either text now represents with total fidelity the words that Shakespeare wrote" (2000: 180). Kreps begins by noting how Margaret's character alters significantly between *Contention* and the Folio text and does so in a consistent manner. Describing several instances where Margaret acts (and reacts) differently across the two versions (in the Folio text the queen is found to be "a greatly diminished figure" politically), Kreps argues that "these changes are obviously not of the local type accounted for in the memorial-reconstruction narrative of the actor-reporter who fails to remember his words" (2000: 175). Kreps argues that "the author of *The Contention* gives no sign of knowing *The true Tragedie* [that is, the alternative octavo version of *3 Henry VI*, published in 1595], whereas the characters, events, and political themes of that play appear to have influenced the writing of *2 Henry VI*" and that therefore "Shakespeare was revising *The Contention* in light of what he knew about Margaret in the sequel" (2000: 176, 178).

Another study based on "change-in-character" reaches quite a different conclusion. More explicitly countering the theory that *Contention* is a memorial reconstruction of a performance of the Folio text, Lawrence Manley (2003) focuses on the altered characterisation and fate of Eleanor between the versions, drawing in part on Scott McMillin's work on this subject (who had argued that *Contention* reflects arrangements by the Pembroke's Men to adapt the play to fit the company's personnel). Unlike Kreps, Manley argues that *Contention* derives from an abridged or revised version of the Folio text, and proposes that such revisions can be explained in part because of a change in the company who performed the play (as his article title suggests – "from Strange's Men to Pembroke's Men") and in part because of political caution on the latter company's part. Manley argues that Pembroke's Men switched from MSF to MSQ in 1592-3: "at the very least, the quarto reports a version that systematically revises *2 Henry VI*

[3] See also Blakemore Evans's "Review" of Prouty's book (1954).

where Eleanor Cobham is concerned" (2003: 281). He suggests that after the formation of the Chamberlain's Men in 1594, this new company then reverted to the earlier version (meaning the MSF): "*2 Henry VI* probably replaced *The First part of the Contention* on the boards, since some of the Folio text's differences from the Quarto [. . .] would seem to reflect censorship appropriate to performances later than 1594" (2003: 287).

Using Margaret for her case study, Kreps proposes that the Folio text represents a revised and enlarged version of the earlier *Contention* version. Using Eleanor, Manley claims that *Contention* represents a revised and abridged version of the earlier Folio text. Both studies, focusing on the motivations and development of female roles, choose to focus upon the affective qualities of such variants: for Kreps, identifying a contrast in temperament and emotional register, Margaret is "timid, submissive, and anxious to please her husband" in Q1 while she is more assertive in F (2000: 164); while for Manley, the Folio text offers a "balancing of emotion" by, at the same time, mitigating "the seriousness of the charge against Dame Eleanor (conjuring to know the monarch's future rather than attempting murder through magic, as Hall's [Chronicle] version and others had it)" while still "distinguishing between her husband's loyal virtue and the duchess's dangerous ambition, pride, and curiosity" (2003: 277). Both scholars identify a historical past that is being remembered selectively in variant ways.[4]

It might be instructive to use the theories of Kreps and Manley to consider some of the barriers to a conciliatory theory about the relationship between *Contention* and the Folio text. One is the concept of memorial reconstruction, with which both scholars took issue. We should be as specific as possible about the problems Kreps and Manley had with this theory. Kreps's argument against memorial reconstruction is that it cannot explain the fundamental differences in the narrative logic between the two versions. That is, Kreps does not object to the theory that *Contention* is a reported text, but rather objects to what is understood to be the underlying text forming that report. In other words, though memorial reconstruction (or another form of report) cannot explain the narrative differences between *Contention* and the Folio text, Kreps has no real objection to memorial reconstruction being used to explain many of the textual difficulties of *Contention*. Manley's account massages away the issue of memorial reconstruction. He is more interested in how local changes reflecting topical concerns reveal the temporal relationship between the two versions. So, while Manley seeks to demonstrate that *Contention* represents a revised and abridged version of the Folio text, he does not actually investigate the nature of the copy underlying *Contention*. Both scholars thus refute the idea of memorial reconstruction, but neither theory fully denies the possibility that MSQ is a corruptly transmitted version of a performed text (the nature of the transmission being uncertain).[5]

Another barrier is the temporal relationship between the two versions. Here any account discussing the findings of both Kreps and Manley may seem to be circling around a potential impasse. Kreps claims that the author of *Contention* demonstrates no awareness of what is included in *True Tragedy*, whereas the author of the Folio text appears to respond to the sequel, building upon the characterization and themes of *True Tragedy*. Manley, imagining a different sequence of writing and revision, claims that the differences in *Contention* represent changes made to the version underlying the Folio text.

How can both theories be reconciled? First, might we need to consider that *both* extant texts bear witness to multiple stages of revision, and that one set of changes between the two versions need not necessarily counteract another? Manley's theory, after all, allows for the possibility that the "earlier" Folio text was also altered when it replaced the quarto version onstage. Second, and related to this issue of authorial revision, is the issue of the plays' plural, differing forms of co-authorship. Neither Kreps nor Manley engaged with the possibility that either or

[4] For more on the selective remembrance of the historical past in *Contention* and *2 Henry VI*, see Loughnane 2023.
[5] For an exploration and synthesis of the case against memorial reconstruction for most corruptly transmitted early modern plays, see Maguire 1996.

both texts were co-authored. If the evidence for the play's co-authorship and revision is correct, then the Folio text belongs to at least two temporal strata: a time pre-May 1593, when Marlowe contributed to it, and a time post-late 1594 when Shakespeare revised it, along with the other *Henry VI* plays in the tetralogy. The quarto text appears to belong only to the former of these two strata, published as it was in 1594. But this does not mean that the text underlying the quarto was itself not subject to some alternative form of revision over this period. In other words, seeking a line of transmission from quarto to Folio or from Folio to quarto may be wrongheaded, as both texts may bear witness to discrete authorial activities of revision from an *ur*-text which does not survive. This narrative does not explain the corrupt nature of *Contention* or the nature of the disruption to its transmission, but it does not require us to imagine scenarios about revision with the other version in mind (always connected), *à la* Kreps, or a company switching between versions because of political imbroglio, *à la* Manley. What Kreps and Manley actually demonstrate is that the characters of Eleanor and Margaret belong to a different authorial vision for these characters across both versions, but in believing in an underlying solo authorship and therefore believing in discrete acts of textual creation (however corruptly transmitted *Contention* is) they do not allow for the possibility that these acts of writing could be by different authors or could bear witness to multiple stages of revision. In other words, it is apparent that both plays, in following the same outline and very often similar or matching dialogue, belong to a common source, but we need not believe that either version is directly derivative of the other as it is preserved in its present state.[6]

§

Our study of the textual histories of Shakespeare's histories alerts us to how what we study and read, the version of history memorialized through a play, including its characters, themes, tone, and affective qualities, are mediated by the circumstances and agencies of textual production. Let us return briefly to the lynchpin of Alexander's argument for memorial reconstruction in the light of these points of discussion about co-authorship, revision, and temporal stratification.

Version A 1594 Q1
Then thus my Lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second was Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.
The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.
William of Winsore was the seuenth and last.

[6] William Montgomery demonstrated that "Q3 was set principally from a copy of Q1, but that its compilers had recourse on perhaps six occasions to some other authority, possibly a chronicle for the defective genealogy and some form of supplementary report for the five other extensive variants" (1987: 176-7). The Folio text in several passages agrees almost perfectly with Q3, suggesting that the compilers for the Folio text were compelled or inclined to take recourse to Pavier's 1619 printing. One obvious reason for the availability of Q3 is that both it and the Folio text were produced at the Jaggard printing house. Why they had to consult Q3 for these passages is less clear, but it is possible that the manuscript underlying the Folio text was close to thirty years old at this point and was simply damaged. For a critique of Montgomery's proposal about the Folio text being dependent on Q3, see Egan 2008. For further discussion of F-Q3 relationship, see Loughnane 2021.

Version B 1619 Q3
Then thus my Lords,
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Prince of *Wales*.
The second was *William* of *Hatfield*,
Who dyed yonng.
The third was *Lyonell*, Duke of *Clarence*.
The fourth was *Iohn of Gaunt*,
The Duke of *Lancaster*.
The fift was *Edmund of Langley*,
Duke of Yorke.
The sixt was *William of Windsore*,
Who dyed young.
The seauenth and last was Sir *Thomas of Woodstocke*, Duke of Yorke.

Version C 1623 F1
Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had seuen Sonnes:
The first, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, *William of Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *Iohn of Gaunt,* the Duke of Lancaster;
The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The sixt, was *Thomas of Woodstock*, Duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seuenth, and last.

In Version A, we see the lineage speech as included in *Contention*. Version B gives the speech from the 1619 Q3, and Version C gives the speech from the Folio text. Turning to Q1 first, there are three errors in this passage.

(1) Note first in Q1 the famous error: "The second was Edmund of Langly, Duke of Yorke'; Edmund of Langley was Edward III's fifth son.
(2) Q1 identifies "Roger Mortemor, Earle of March', who was not a son of Edward III, as his fifth son.
(3) And Q1 incorrectly mixes up the order of the sixth and seventh sons.

As one may then further note, Q3 and F do not contain the first error witnessed in Q1. But note then also how the later printed texts do not simply swap around the fifth and second sons. Rather, we can see that Roger Mortimer, becomes, correctly, William of Hatfield. Observe then also how the order for the sixth and seventh sons changes from Q1 in Q3. These changes are historically correct—the compilers of Q3 fix the chronology and make it perfect in order. Turning to the Folio text, however, we can observe that while it correctly identifies William of Hatfield as the second son, it makes the same error found in Q1 in placing William of Windsor last.

The lineage speech in Q1 misplaces in order three of the seven sons and misidentifies a fourth, a disastrously poor effort. But it is the placement of Edmund of Langley that most confounds belief. This placement introduces, as Knowles describes, a "logical redundancy" (1999: 129): there is no reason for the speech by York to continue after the second son; indeed, there would be no need for speech at all because his claim for the throne would be so abundantly obvious. Whosoever corrected the version of the speech for Q3 appears to have checked Holinshed: as R. B. McKerrow observed back in 1933, the phrase "died young" is often found in Holinshed but does not occur in Hall (1933: 164, reported in Warren 2003: 179n.). That same compiler observed the other error, too, and switched around the sixth and seventh sons. They

were not flawless in their corrections, however, introducing the absurdity that both Langley and Woodstock were Dukes of York. (The introduction of this error suggests to me that the compiler of Q3 marked up a copy of Q1, perhaps striking a line through "William of Winsore was" and inserting, after "last", "was Sir *Thomas of Woodstocke*, Duke of Yorke". Perhaps their note read "Duke" or "D" "of G." which was misread as "Y" for Duke of York or caught through eyeskip or misremembered from the earlier usage.) The Folio version then provides the key information about the second son, or, more to the point, sufficiently distances York's claim to the fifth son, but has the same ordering for the sixth and seventh sons.

The lynchpin of the memorial reconstruction case has been that the error is so obvious, so implausible to counter, that it cannot be authorial. If we think the Folio text is less corrupt, more authorial, then we must also acknowledge that another, separate, error was also included. Now, we could say that the ordering of the sixth and seventh sons is irrelevant, a throwaway error compared to the ordering of the second and fifth sons, but, if we think the Folio text, as most do, more authoritative, then it establishes at least that we should not equate authority with unerring accuracy in matters of genealogy. Most importantly, however, the witnessing of the same lineage error for the sixth and seven sons in Q1 and F cannot be mere coincidence – it is too randomly incorrect to assume that two separate authorial agents made the same error – and this strongly suggests that this error originated in the *ur*-manuscript that underlies both versions.

Can attribution evidence help explain any of these errors? In 2009 Hugh Craig produced a statistical analysis of the distribution of function words and lexical words in the Folio text of *2 Henry VI*, outlining the division of authorship between Shakespeare and Marlowe. His study used 2000-word segments of text within the play and therefore his methods do not align perfectly with scene division, but the table here offers the representative results (Table 1). In 2016 Segarra *et al.*, using function word adjacency analysis, and working scene-by-scene, gave the division of authorship as presented in the last column. More research is clearly required but the two studies agree, broadly speaking, on Shakespeare's authorship of the middle and final scenes, whereas Marlowe is most present at the beginning of the play and the Cade scenes. The two studies disagree about the authorship of scene 6 (2.2), however, which includes the lineage speech: Craig's cluster analysis gives it to Shakespeare, while Segarra *et al.* ascribe it to Marlowe (see Table 1).

The lineage speech with its frequent use of proper names is particularly resistant to the sort of micro-attribution n-gram and collocation study of language use employed elsewhere in studies in the *New Oxford Shakespeare: Authorship Companion*. The lineage speech is also somewhat tedious: it aims to offer a remembered historical record to support, if not compel, action. But the lineage speech is part of a longer scene – that which helps substantiate the authorship attributions – and we might usefully compare aspects of it here. I am particularly interested in what follows the lineage speech in both substantive versions. Here is that subsequent passage as it appears in Q1 and F:

Both [meaning Warwick and Salisbury]. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.
Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil
this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster
War. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time,
Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,
And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
Inuiron'd wit ten thousand Ragged-staues
To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,

Scene	Craig	Segarra *et al.*
1	?	M
2	?	Sh
3	Sh	M
4	Sh	M
5	Sh	Sh
6	Sh	M
7	Sh	M
8	?	M
9	Sh	Sh
10	Sh	Sh
11	Sh	Sh
12	Sh	Sh
13	Sh	M
14	M	Sh
15	M	M
16	M	Sh
17	M	M
18	M	Sh
19	M	M
20	M	Sh
21	M	Sh
22	M	Sh
23	Sh	Sh
24	Sh	Sh
25	Sh	Sh
26	Sh	Sh
27	Sh	Sh

Table 1. Scene attributions to Shakespeare and Marlowe.

For why my minde presageth I shall liue
To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.
Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and York doth hope to see;
The Earle of Warwick liue, to be the greatest man in England
but the King. Come lets goe.

Q1 *Contention*, C4^{v}-D1^{r}

Both. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.
Yorke. We thanke you Lords: but I am not your King.
Till I be Crown'd, And that my Sword be stayn'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and silent secrecie.
Doe you as I doe in these dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride, at *Somersets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue snar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they seeke; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.
Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.
Warw. My heart assures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
Yorke. And *Neuill*, this I doe assure my selfe,
Richard shall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the King.

2 Henry VI, 2.2/Sc.6.63-82

As can be quickly observed, there are points of obvious overlap between the two passages, both verbally and thematically. Salisbury and Warwick, who are father and son, acclaim York as their King, to which York says, "I am not your King". York says he will strike a blow to the "heart-blood of the House of Lancaster". And it ends with York saying he will make young Warwick "the greatest man in England, but the King". But consider the variant material which falls in between. In *Contention* Warwick delivers an extended speech advising York to "take [his] time", using arresting animal imagery of what will happen next – "will I rouse the Beare, Invironed wit ten thousand Ragged-staues" – and insisting upon his own agency in winning York's right. Compare this with the Folio text, where Warwick is mostly silent, and it is York who insists that they must perform in "silent secrecie", until they have "snar'd" Gloucester, Duke Humphrey. In Q, Warwick comes to the fore, but sets out his ambitions for York in such a way as he has the greater goal in mind. In the Folio, Warwick is a diminished figure, while York fixates on Gloucester as his opponent. The scene ends the same way but the action it sets up, and the characterization revealed, are much different. Both versions have merit in terms of plotting, characterization, and emotional register; they offer up two different visions of clandestine political action: one based upon the assertion of political right; the other, which is much more revealing about York, spurred on by personal feuds and rivalries. The latter offers foreshadowing for the events of *3 Henry VI* and *Richard III*; the former focuses more upon the validity of the present action. Both have emotional and political heft, but they are dissimilar in the history they represent.

Further attribution work may help determine who is the primary author of one or both passages, which may in turn help to explain the lineage speech that precedes it. In my concluding section, which is not a study in micro-attribution but rather a broader consideration of the

evidence, I want to think through the authors' respective candidacy for the *ur*-versions of the lineage speech and this passage. Marlowe seems less likely than Shakespeare to have been responsible if the major error in Q1 originates with a dramatist (rather than via transmission). The identification of the fifth son as the Earl of March, Roger Mortimer (the fourth Earl of March), seems implausible for the author of *Edward II*, where an ancestor (Roger Mortimer, the first Earl of March) is such a major character. But, of course, *Edward II* may not have been written by the time this passage was first composed, so perhaps that tells us rather little. That is not, however, the only odd connection with *Edward II*. The murder of Gloucester may also share affinities with the death of Edward in Marlowe's play; after all, in Hall and Holinshed, the sources for both plays, it is suggested that both Edward and Gloucester die by fatal penetration in their rectum, an oddity that has largely evaded critical attention (see Loughnane 2023). But, again, the order of composition is not helpful in terms of establishing authorship.

But who of the two dramatists is more likely to have erred in placing Woodstock before Windsor, the error that has been largely overlooked? And which does not depend upon any theory about transmission? While Windsor died in infancy in 1348, Woodstock, the youngest child of Edward and Philippa, was a major historical figure, and the fallout from his murder was later dramatized in Shakespeare's *Richard II*. Curiously, Shakespeare fails to ever mention Woodstock's status as Edward's youngest son, despite his widow's extended angry appeal to John of Gaunt for vengeance (1.2 or Scene 2) on the grounds of his fraternal relationship with Woodstock. Indeed, Shakespeare seems to imply that Edmund Langley Duke of York was the youngest, a more grievous error yet:

> *Yorke* […]
> I am the last of noble Edwards sonnes,
> Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was first (*Richard II*, 2.1.172-3)[7]

Of course, "last" here might also mean "the last surviving", but the overall impression from Shakespeare's works is one of uncertainty. Perhaps, quite simply, Shakespeare did not know, or did not remember, that Woodstock was the youngest. This would seem to point towards Shakespeare as the originator of some version of the faulty lineage speech, but it is hardly conclusive.

And, indeed, there are some other considerations which point in a different, Marlovian, direction. Returning to Warwick's speech in Q1, we might usefully dwell upon its vivid imagery about rousing the bear to guard the white rose, environed or surrounded by ten thousand ragged staves or wooden rods or weapon shafts. Warwick's speech, which appears only in the quarto, is remarkably measured and crisp. It is metrically regular, poetically imaginative, and supplies a profoundly different character profile for Warwick.[8] It is implausible that this passage represents a report of the version represented by the Folio text, and indeed there its

[7] I am grateful to Gabriel Egan for this point.

[8] Heejin Kim (2019) has also recently narrowed in on this passage in their refutation of the Memorial Reconstruction hypothesis for *Contention*: "Moreover, the corresponding lines are lexically and syntactically different, and the previous eight lines that do not show signs of textual corruption are completely absent in the Folio. If the actor playing Warwick was the reporter, as the memorial reconstruction hypothesis suggests, it is difficult to explain the presence of eight regular verse lines unique to the quarto. Doran's hypothesis of actor-improvisation is also implausible, considering the poetic quality of the quarto-only lines. The cause of the factual error in the genealogy is not certain, but memorial corruption is less plausible when the evidence is combined with the following sequence of textual disruptions. It is possible to postulate that untidy, damaged, illegible, or lost parts of the manuscript might have introduced corruptions and disruptions. It is not impossible to suspect that the passage was reconstructed by a non-authorial agent. The fluctuating quality of the extant text surrounding these errors might suggest a scribe or a compositor might not be the agent of corruption" (374).

measured nature would suggest its intrinsic authorial authority. Let us consider the speech's central image:

> And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
> And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
> Inuiron'd wit ten thousand Ragged-staues
> To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right

In studies of the textual relationship between *Contention* and *2 Henry VI* little consideration has been given to authorship. Edmond Malone (1790) thought *Contention* was an early version by Marlowe but did not pursue these consequences. This particular image finds echoes in striking ways with similar passages in the Marlowe dramatic corpus. In particular, the use of the word "environed" to imply some militaristic strategy is suggestive. For example, in *1 Tamburlaine*, we have a strikingly similar image when the Messenger describes to Soldan of Egypt "what power hath" the invading Tamburlaine:

> Fiue hundred thousand footmen threatning shot,
> Shaking their swords, their speares and yron bils,
> Enuironing their Standard round, that stood
> As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood. (D2^{v}) [9]

Or in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, Aeneas recounts:

> By this I got my father on my backe,
> This yong boy in mine armes, and by the hand
> Led faire *Creusa* my beloued wife,
> When thou *Achates* with thy sword mad'st way,
> And we were round inuiron'd with the Greekes:
> O there I lost my wife: and had not we
> Fought manfully, I had not told this tale: (C2^{r})[10]

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[9] Further examples from Part One could have been included. Two scenes later, as Soldan marches with the King of Arabia, Capolin, and their soldiers to face off against Tamburlaine, the Egyptian says:

> ME thinks we martch as *Meliager* did,
> Enuironed with braue Argolian knightes:
> To chace the sauage Caldonian Boare,
> Or *Cephalus* with lustie The bane youths.
> Against the Woolfe that angrie *Themis* sent.
> To waste and spoile the sweet Aonian fieldes. (D5^{v})

And in Tamburlaine's final speech in Part One, he addresses his followers who he says have now "purchac'd kingdomes by [their] ma[r]tiall deeds" and tells them they should:

> Cast off your armor, put on scarlet roabes.
> Mount vp your royall places of estate,
> Enuironed with troopes of noble men, (F1^{r})

[10] A similar image of being surrounded militarily occurs in *The Jew of Malta*. Ferneze appoints Martin del Bosco as Malta's general to attempt to defeat the invading Turks, Bosco recounts:

> So shall you imitate those you succeed:
> For when their hideous force inuiron'd *Rhodes,*
> Small though the number was that kept the Towne,
> They fought it out, and not a man [s]uruiu'd
> To bring the haplesse newes to Christendome. (D3^{v})

And, later Calymath describes the island of Malta as:

> Thus haue we view'd the City, seene the sacke,
> And cau[s]'d the ruines to be new repair'd,
> Which with our Bombards shot and Basiliske,
> We rent in sunder at our entry:

In the much longer Shakespeare canon, there are comparatively few examples that are similar. And Shakespeare's usage of forms of "environ", in particular, is surprisingly specific in terms of chronological range: it is a word which belongs firmly to the early canon. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, for example, Proteus says to Valentine that he will support him when environed with danger:

> When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
> (If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
> Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
> For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*. (1.1.15-18)

And in *Titus Andronicus*, the protagonist explains how he feels after Lavinia's assault:

> It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
> Hath hurt me more than had he kild me dead:
> For now I stand as one vpon a rocke,
> Inuirond with a wildernes of sea,
> Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
> Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
> Will in his brinish bowels swallow him. (5.91-97)

In *Richard III* Clarence describes his troubled dream as follows to his keeper:

> With that (me [thoughts]) a Legion of foule Fiends
> Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
> Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noise,
> I (trembling) wak'd, and for a season after,
> Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
> Such terrible Impression made my Dreame. (1.4.58-63)

In the latest example given here in terms of chronology, Falstaff describes the effects of sherry on the brain in *2 Henry IV*:

> a good sherris sacke hath a two fold operation in it, it ascendes mee into the braine, dries
> me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which enuirone it,
> makes it apprehensiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and
> delectable shapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce, the tongue, which is
> the birth, becomes excellent wit. (12.79-84/4.2.79-84)

None of these Shakespearean examples, each lacking the implications of battle, compare all that usefully with the passage in *Contention* until we move to consider examples from other plays in the early tetralogy. Thus, in *3 Henry VI*, we find Margaret's remarkable admonishment of Henry after he has promised away the inheritance of the crown:

> *Warwick* is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
> Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
> The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
> And yet shalt thou be safe? Such safetie findes

> And now I see the Scituation,
> And how secure this conquer'd Iland stands
> Inuiron'd with the mediterranean Sea,
> Strong contermin'd with other petty Iles; (I4^{r})

> The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
> Had I beene there, which am a silly Woman,
> The Souldiers should haue toss'd me on their Pikes,
> Before I would haue granted to that Act. (1.238-245)

And, in *1 Henry VI*, in a stirring speech bearing a partial militaristic context, we find the following in Joan la Pucelle's final speech before her execution:

> Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.
> May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
> Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
> But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
> Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
> Driue you to break your necks, or hang your selues. (5.7.86-91)

While the parallels are inexact, we see that the passages from the other *Henry VI* plays find greater resonance with that found in *Contention*. On such a basis we might be tempted to think this passage belongs in Shakespeare's early canon. The problem, as some readers will have already suspected, is that the passages in *3 Henry VI* and *1 Henry VI* just cited are now attributed to Marlowe (Taylor and Loughnane 2017). Thus, in concluding, we have some unexpected Marlowe noise in the early alternative version, *Contention*. This does not explain away the errors in the lineage speech, or the transmission of the text or the nature of MSQ, but it does alert us to the possibility that substantive variation between *Contention* and *2 Henry VI* may owe as much to authorship as corrupt textual transmission. Only further attribution work on *Contention*, the sort thus far confined to the more "authoritative" Folio text, will help lift the veil on the authorial share in the only printed version of the play during Shakespeare's lifetime. My growing suspicion is that *Contention* is more Marlovian than Shakespearean, but more research is required. Ironically, then, we have a situation where some have decried the presence of non-Shakespearean hands in the Folio text, but it may well be that that version, because of its subsequent revision, is the most Shakespearean version of the play to have been preserved.

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Hidden in Plain Sight:
The Editor(s) of Shakespeare's First Folio

Sonia Massai

In October 2022, following the sale of a copy of the First Folio for the staggering amount of $9,978,000, Margaret Ford, Christie's international head of group, books and manuscripts, made the following announcement: "Christie's is delighted to have established a new world auction record not only for a work by William Shakespeare, but for any work of literature".[1]

The quatercentenary of the publication of the First Folio in 2023 is likely to lead to yet another increase in its monetary value. But what about its value to other communities beyond private collectors, rare books libraries and a range of other cultural institutions, who, by owning copies of the First Folio, collectively bolster its financial value and in turn derive cultural credit from it?

It is well known that roughly half of the dramatic works attributed to Shakespeare were first printed in Folio in 1623. *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night* or *The Tempest* might have reached print in smaller format at some point after 1623, had the syndicate of stationers who invested in the publication of the Folio decided against embarking on such a large and financially risky project.[2] However, the fact that these plays, like most of the others that were first printed in Folio in 1623, had first been composed and performed from the early 1590s (e.g., *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*) to the early 1610s (e.g., *Henry VIII*) suggests that most of Shakespeare's Folio-only plays may not have reached print at all. In this respect, one can safely claim that the First Folio has played a central role for other communities who regularly use Shakespeare – among them, theatre artists, film makers, the secondary and tertiary education sectors, and a whole host of cultural and creative industries worldwide. One can also argue that we would not have "Shakespeare" or a "Shakespeare industry", were it not for the fact that most of his attributed works were gathered in a collected edition as early as 1623.[3]

Other contributors to this issue of the IASEMS Proceedings consider the value of "the First Folio at 400" for these communities. In this essay, I am going to focus more specifically on

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[1] https://www.christies.com/about-us/press-archive/details?PressReleaseID=9826. Last accessed on 29th May 2023.

[2] The stationers responsible for the publication of the First Folio were William Jaggard and his son, Isaac Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwick and William Aspley. Their contribution to the planning, financing and making of the First Folio, is the focus of Ben Higgins, *Shakespeare's Syndicate: The First Folio, Its Publishers, and the Early Modern Book Trade* (2022). See also relevant essays in Straznicky (2013) and Smith (2016), and relevant chapters in Erne (2013) and Hook (2016).

[3] Thomas Middleton is a good example of another early modern dramatist who is not as well-known as Shakespeare beyond academic circles because his works were only first published in a collected edition in 2007. In the words of one of the editors of this edition, "[o]ur other Shakespeare has been, for centuries, scattered in a half-buried debris field" (Taylor 2007: 58). See also, Massai (2011b: 318): "Middleton was only available to readers of early modern English drama either in single-text editions of his most popular plays or in Dyce's imperfect edition first published in 1844. It was only in 2007, with the publication of the *Oxford Middleton*, that his works were finally re-membered into an imposing scholarly edition which makes it possible for students, scholars, and theatre practitioners to experience the full range of Middleton's achievements as a major writer and playwright".

what makes the First Folio valuable to editors and textual scholars, highlighting important shifts in the textual value that has been attached to this iconic book over time. For reasons of space, but also due to significant differences in the quality and provenance of copy from which the Folio texts were set, I am going to discuss a selection of examples drawn from just one Folio play, *The Life & Death of Richard the Third*. These examples, though limited to one play, can help us reflect on how differently we understand the impact of early modern printing practices on First Folio from earlier generations of editors and textual scholars and how current views about the textual value of the First Folio in turn affect how Shakespeare is edited and (re)presented to the modern reader.

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Historical views about the textual value of the Folio have been informed by the various degrees of confidence with which scholars have interpreted the bold claim made by its titlepage: placed right underneath the title ("M^{R}. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES") and on top of Martin Droeshout's engraved portrait of the author, the Folio claims to have been "Published according to the True Originall Copies" (πA1+1^{r}).[4] The qualifier "Originall" supports two related meanings which bestow dual textual authority on the Folio, textual and theatrical. According to its primary meaning, "Originall" indicates a point of "origin or source … from which something springs, proceeds, or is derived" (*OED adj.* A.1 a). In this case, as the portrait makes visually clear, the point of origin of the texts preserved in the Folio is the author; this advertised, direct link with the author in turn validates the texts as "authentic". This sense of "Originall" is reinforced by Ben Jonson's poem "To the Reader" printed opposite the portrait: since Droeshout's engraving can capture "His face" but not "his wit", Jonson urges the readers of the Folio to "looke / Not on his Picture, but his Booke" (πA1^{v}). However, as Margreta de Grazia has pointed out, "Originall" also "denoted proximity to the script regulating performance" in its variant forms associated with "regenall" (from the Latin *regere*, meaning "to rule", "to govern", "to regulate") (1991: 88-9). "Originall", in other words, promises unmediated access to the dramatic works of Shakespeare as conceived and composed by the author *and* as performed by his company of players, whose validating agency and authority are also amply advertised in the front matter prefaced to the First Folio.[5] The address to the reader ups the stakes by denying any authority to earlier, single-text editions of Shakespeare's plays: signed by Heminge and Condell, this address warns its readers that they had previously been "abus'd with diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors". It also assures them that "euen those [i.e. those "surreptitious copies"] are now offer'd to [their] view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thē[m]" (πA3^{r}).

Editors started to question the reliability of the Folio as a textual authority when increasing attention to versions of plays previously printed in quarto revealed that some of the latter had in fact been used to set up the former.[6] Out of the thirty-six plays included in the First Folio,

[4] This claim is repeated in the heading printed at the top of the list of "The Names of the Principall Actors": "The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truly set forth, according to their first ORIGINALL" (πB2^{v}).

[5] Some readers may have identified the signatories of the dedicatory epistle, "IOHN HEMINGE" and "HENRY CONDELL" (πA2^{v}), as Shakespeare's fellow actors and company shareholders; other readers may have found their identity confirmed by the list of "The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes" or they may have inferred it from the fact that they refer to the author as "our *SHAKESPEARE*" and that they, like the dedicatees, were familiar with the plays as "they were acted as before they were published" (πA2^{v}).

[6] Among them, Lewis Theobald was the first to claim, as early as 1733, to have carried out "a diligent and laborious Collation … of all the older Copies' (I.xlii). Only later in the eighteenth century, though, did Edward Capell and Edmond Malone establish the need to determine the relative authority of all early editions of Shakespeare's play.

sixteen plays had never been printed before,[7] four plays were set from manuscript copies that varied substantially from the versions first printed in smaller formats,[8] four other plays were set from much fuller manuscripts,[9] and one other play was set from a variant manuscript.[10] However, eleven plays were reprinted from the earlier quarto editions that Heminge and Condell seemingly condemned as "maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors". Pessimism about the reliability of the Folio's claim to textual authenticity peaked when the editors of the 1863-4 Cambridge edition, whose conventionally abbreviated textual notes offered the first systematic survey of the variants preserved in all known early editions, complained that "[a]s the 'setters forth'" of Shakespeare's dramatic works "are thus convicted of a *suggestio falsi* in one point, it is not improbable that they may have been guilty of the like in another" (Clark and Glover 1863-66: I.xxiv-xxv).

One of the main paradigmatic shifts that accompanied the rise of the New Bibliography in the early twentieth century stemmed from Alfred Pollard's influential distinction between "bad" and "good quartos", that is pre-Folio editions that had been set from "maimed" and "surreptitious" copies, as opposed to authoritative and legally procured scripts that had been regularly acquired and set into print (Pollard 1909). This distinction allowed Pollard to exonerate Heminge and Condell from reproach, since, as a corollary of his theory, he went on to assume that their reference to previous, unauthorized editions must have only applied to the "bad quartos". Symptomatic of the wave of optimism ushered in by Pollard's theory is the following remark by John Dover Wilson, whose British Academy lecture of 1923 marked the Folio's tercentenary:

> [I]f I were asked to say how the new criticism chiefly differs from the old, I should not think first of bibliographical methods, or the way in which our accumulated knowledge of the Elizabethan theatre has been brought to bear upon textual problems; I should single out something much simpler and more fundamental. It is that belief in the essential integrity of ordinary human nature which, like the English law, regards a man innocent until he has been proved guilty. Acting on this faith, Mr Pollard has refused to believe … that Heminge and Condell were either knave in league with Jaggard [the printer of the First Folio] to hoodwink a gullible public, or else fools who did not know how to pen a preface (Dover Wilson 1924: 76-7).

The wave of optimism ushered in by the founders of the New Bibliography strengthened even as the tenets of this important bibliographical movement began to be called into question by scholars who began to value the collective agency that produced early modern playhouse manuscripts. As Stanley Wells and Gary Taylor put it in the "General Introduction" to their 1986 Oxford edition of *The Complete Works*, "the theatrical version" of Shakespeare's plays "is, inevitably, that which comes closest to the 'final' version of the play" (Wells and Taylor 1986: xxxvi). Accordingly, they chose to base their edition on Folio versions of plays previously published in quarto, even when the provenance and quality of the earlier quartos were regarded as "good", because they valued the theatrical authority that the Folio versions accrued, when they could be shown to have been annotated with reference to independent playhouse manuscripts in preparation for the Jaggards' press.

Malone, for example, argued that "till it be established which of the ancient copies is entitled to preference, we have no criterion by which the text can be ascertained' (1790: I.xii).

[7] The sixteen plays that were first printed in the First Folio from manuscript are: *The Tempest, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, The Comedy of Errors, As You Like It, All's Well That Ends Well, Twelfth Night* and *The Winter's Tale* among the "comedies"; *1 Henry VI* and *Henry VIII* among the "histories"; and *Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Julius Caesar, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cymbeline* among the "tragedies".

[8] These four plays are *The Taming of the Shrew, King John, 2 Henry VI* and *3 Henry VI*.

[9] These four other plays are *Romeo and Juliet, Henry V, The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Hamlet*.

[10] Most recently, editors and textual scholars have established that *Othello* was printed in quarto in 1622 and in Folio in 1623 from two independent manuscripts.

However, even as the Oxford editors championed the more "socialized" versions of Shakespeare's texts because they reflected how they "came to be modified in performance" (Wells and Taylor 1986: xxxvii), most editors and textual scholars have since continued to regard the process by which Shakespeare's texts were prepared for the press as corrupting interference. In the rest of this essay, I'd like to consider an emergent, alternative view according to which the transmission of Shakespeare's works into print represents a further stage in their socialization, as they transitioned from the stage to the page and were prepared for consumption by a reading audience. As I explain elsewhere, early modern stationers "routinely committed themselves to the perfection of dramatic copy as annotators or procurers of annotated copy" (Massai 2007: 35). Perfecting the printer's copy of an early modern play did not involve *restoring* what its author(s) may have originally intended; it meant *improving* copy by "(1) the occasional addition or correction of stage directions; (2) the occasional addition or correction of speech prefixes; and (3) the occasional correction of nonsensical readings in the dialogue" (Massai 2007: 14). The perfection of dramatic copy aimed to transform theatrical scripts into reading texts. Despite mounting evidence about the widespread practice of preparation of (dramatic) copy for the press,[11] most editors and textual scholars continue to resist the notion that the printing house was a site of collaborative textual (re)production within which Shakespeare's texts were "socialized" for the benefits of readers, in a similar way to how Shakespeare's texts are now believed to have been (and are valued for being) "socialized" in the theatre for the benefits of play-goers.

This blind spot is especially impervious to scrutiny when the authorial agency being considered is Shakespeare, and especially so when the textual artifact that one can assume was prepared for the press is the First Folio.[12] Interestingly, while the preparation of Shakespeare's later Folios for the press is well documented, and mostly thanks to the foundational work of Matthew W. Black and Matthias A. Shaaber (1937; see also Massai 2002; Rasmussen and Stapleton in this issue), the notion that the First Folio must also have been *perfected* in preparation for such an ambitious publishing venture is rarely posited even as a remote possibility. While other New Bibliographical tenets have been effectively contested, John Dover Wilson's conclusion that "[i]t is safer for us to assume that the First Folio is an unedited text" remains by and large unchallenged (1924: 77).[13]

[11] The perfection of dramatic copy for the press is also discussed in Massai 2011a and Farmer 2015. For an overview of extant printed copies of early modern playbooks that were alternatively annotated for performance, see Mayer 2018: 106-136.

[12] Even as they championed "theatrical versions" as the "final versions" selected as preferred base-texts for their 1986 edition of *The Complete Works*, Wells and Taylor continued to value Shakespeare's authorial agency: "we know that Shakespeare was an actor and shareholder in the leading theatre company of its time, a major financial asset to that company, a man immersed in the life of that theatre and committed to its values. The concept of the director of a play did not exist in his time; but someone must have exercised some, at least, of the functions of the modern director, and there is good reason to believe that that person must have been Shakespeare himself, for his own plays. The very fact that those texts of his plays that contain cuts also give evidence of more 'literary' revision suggests that he was deeply involved in the process by which his plays came to be modified in performance" (1986: xxxvi-xxxvii).

[13] The work of the scribe Ralph Crane, who is believed to have prepared the printer's copies for five (or possibly more) Folio plays, namely *The Tempest, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, The Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, and the transcript from which *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was set in the Folio, has been thoroughly investigated (see, for example, Howard-Hill 1972 and Haas 1989). However, studies focused on how copies of Shakespeare's dramatic works (print and manuscript) were modified as they entered (or just before they entered) the Jaggards' printing house are still sparse: see Massai 2007, where I argue that Wells and Taylor's theory of annotation of printed copy for Folio *Romeo and Juliet* and *Love's Labour's Lost* should be revisited in light of the possibility that these copies were in fact prepared for the press by an annotating reader; and Rasmussen 2017, where he considers John Florio and Leonard Digges as potential candidates for the role of "First Folio editors".

The failure to question this enduring assumption seems especially conspicuous when one re-reads the Folio dedication and address to the reader while bearing in mind what we now know about the preparation of dramatic copy for the early modern press. Why shouldn't one take Heminge and Condell at their word, when they inform their readers that they have not only "collected & publish'd" Shakespeare's dramatic works but that they have also made "the present worthy" of its dedicatees by its "*perfection*" (πA2^{v}; my emphasis)? We now know more about what the process of *perfecting* early modern dramatic copy for the press involved in practice. And closer inspection of Folio plays like *Richard III*, which had been previously printed in smaller formats and were then reprinted in the Folio, provides suggestive evidence to argue, as I do in the final part of my essay shows, that great care was indeed taken in preparing it for the press. The following selection of examples from *Richard III* sheds light on what the preparation of the First Folio for the press practically involved. The evidence may be too scant to establish editorial attribution, that is for us to establish the identity of those tasked with preparing the Folio for the Jaggards' press; but the evidence is suggestive enough to prove that the First Folio was indeed carefully edited prior to being printed between early 1622 and late 1623.

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The Folio text of *Richard III* (F) was set from two copies of the third and sixth quartos (henceforth Q3 and Q6) that had been annotated with reference to a different manuscript (FMS) from the printer's copy used to set up the first quarto (QMS). It is therefore generally impossible to decide what Folio variants derive from FMS and what variants are the product of editorial preparation of copy. Exceptionally, though, the sudden drop in the number of QF variants at the beginning of Act 3 and in the last three hundred lines of Act 5 suggests that F was set straight from Q3 (these two sections of the play may have been damaged or were missing from FMS). QF variants in these sections of the text give us a rare opportunity to watch over the Folio editor's shoulder, as *Richard III* was being prepared for the Jaggards' press.

An interesting intervention occurs when Prince Edward and his younger brother, Richard, Duke of York, exit to be escorted to the Tower of London. The stage direction in Q3 reads "*Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Hast. Dors. Manet, Rich. Buc.*' (F2^{r}); in F the same direction reads "*A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset. / Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby*' (TLN 1664). The expansion of the abbreviated character names in Q3 serves a readerly function; and so does the sound cue. The Folio editor also correctly adds "*Catesby*' to the second part of this direction. Two aspects of the Folio editor's intervention are especially significant. First, sound cues used to be associated with theatrical provenance, in keeping with Greg's influential distinction between early modern dramatic manuscripts that reflect authorial and pre-performance characteristics (the so-called "foul papers") and early modern dramatic manuscript that bear evidence of playhouse use (what Greg calls "prompt books"). Anywhere else in the text of Folio *Richard III* one would indeed be fully justified in assuming that additional sound cues come from FMS. It is therefore all the more instructive to find that, in a section of the text for which the Folio compositors were relying on an unannotated copy of Q3, a sound cue in fact reveals the presence of an editorial agent.

The simple addition of this sound cue has important implications, because it reinforces a post-Gregian understanding of how functions previously associated with specific agents (bookkeepers added sound cues, for example) were in fact carried out by a variety of agents (in this case a sound cue is added by the Folio editor).[14] One might in turn wonder on how many other occasions in the Folio text of *Richard III* stage directions might stem from editorial intervention rather than from reference to FMS, or on how many other occasions editors who have

[14] See, for example, Paul Werstine's discussion of what extant playhouse manuscripts can tell us about how bookkeepers, authors, and scribal (editorial) annotated them (2013); on sound cues, see especially p. 139.

previously detected the presence of a fresh theatrical authority in the printer's copy for other Folio plays have in fact overlooked the work of the Folio editor. Late twentieth-century scholars showed how Greg's categories of "foul papers" and "prompt books" were the product more of desire for the lost authorial manuscript than of empirical evidence by returning to the archive. A re-assessment of textual features of the First Folio, including the editorial addition of this sound cue, should make us wonder whether reference to fresh theatrical authorities as posited by editors since the Oxford Shakespeare might similarly reveal a desire to recover lost theatrical manuscripts which in turn occludes the intervention of the Folio editor from view.

This desire can also have a practical impact on an editor's ability to evaluate the provenance and function of aspects of the text that are too readily associated with an underlying theatrical authority. Many editors of *Richard III* for example follow the Folio stage directions that regulate complex stage action towards the end of Act 3. Returning from the Guildhall, Buckingham explains to Richard that the mayor and the citizens responded "with wilfull silence" (TLN 2126) to his allegation that both King Edward IV and his sons were illegitimately conceived outside wedlock. Buckingham also explains that they have nevertheless agreed to meet him at Baynard's Castle, Richard's residence in London, where Richard is to pretend indifference towards Buckingham's renewed request that he should accept the crown. As the citizens arrive, Richard exits, and Catesby enters and exits twice to report that Richard is at prayer and that he will not be distracted from his "holy exercise" (TLN 2162). When Richard finally enters "*aloft*" (TLN 2192), he refuses the crown twice. Buckingham pretends to give up on Richard and starts to leave, vowing to "entreat no more" (TLN 2318). F directs Buckingham, the mayor, and the citizens to exit, and has them re-enter six lines later (TLN 2324). This sizeable group of characters would have to move at a ludicrously fast pace, were they to leave the main stage and re-enter in the time Catesby and Richard take to exchange the intervening lines. The other alternative is equally unfeasible, as Catesby and Richard would have to pause and wait for this group of characters to exit and then re-enter, when in fact their exchange suggests the need for Richard to decide quickly and on the spot whether he is willing to accept the crown or not. These directions are unstageable and were clearly added to the Folio to enhance the reader's experience. The early staging of this moment in the play was probably closer to Q1, whose lack of directions suggests that Buckingham, the mayor, and the citizens only *start* to walk off before they are called back. Q1, in other words, rightly signals that this group of characters have no time to exit and re-enter in performance. More generally, this moment in *Richard III* can help us reconsider what it is that we value about the First Folio, which, paradoxically, may have less to do with its closer link to how Shakespeare's plays were originally staged than how they were originally meant to be read and enjoyed by Shakespeare's first readers.

The second noteworthy aspect of the editorial direction introduced in the Folio text of *Richard III* at TLN 1664 is the expansion of Q3's "*Dors.*" into F's "*Dorset*". Q3's "*Dors.*" is itself an expansion of "*Dor.*" in Q1. Dorset has no lines in this scene and his presence is not only superfluous but also unlikely, since all of the Queen's kinsmen are noticeably absent, as the Prince's complaint about "want[ing] more Unkles … to welcome [him]" to London makes clear at TLN 1518. Most modern editions avoid considering the implications of Dorset's presence in this scene by opting for the shorter and more conventional phrasing of exit directions that prompt some characters to leave the stage while others stay on (e.g., "*Exeunt all, but*"). Some editors, though, retain Dorset (see, for example, Hammond 1981), while others take "*Dor.*" in Q1 to stem from a compositorial misreading of "*Dar.*", that is Stanley, Earl of Derby, in MSQ, which was then presumably mistakenly expanded to read "*Dors.*" in Q3 and "*Dorset*" in F (see, for example, Jowett 2000). I believe that "*Dor.*" in Q1 is in fact more likely to be a compositorial misreading of "*Car*" in MSQ, since capital "C" and "D" look quite similar in early modern secretary hand, and, unlike the Cardinal, who plays a significant role in this scene, Stanley, like

Dorset, has no lines in it.[15] In short, this direction in the Folio once again shows how editorial decision can be affected by a tendency to adopt its stage directions in plays like *Richard III*, which are believed to draw their authority from fresh theatrical authorities, even when, as in this case, there are reasons to believe that their provenance is in fact editorial.

§

To conclude, the *Richard III* stage directions discussed in this essay should give us reasons to pause and reflect, on the occasion of this important anniversary, on what we think we value about the First Folio as editors and textual scholars who routinely work with it as the main (or, for sixteen plays, the only) textual authority of Shakespeare's dramatic works. Does the presence of an editor make the First Folio more or less valuable to those scholars who rely on the textual evidence it preserves in order to re-present Shakespeare's dramatic works to modern readers? The lack of paratextual materials signed by Shakespeare in the front matter of earlier printed editions published during Shakespeare's lifetime suggests that, although he could have taken care of their impression himself, as other early modern dramatists like Ben Jonson did, he seems to have decided not to. The fact that Shakespeare seems to have entrusted the early modern stationers who oversaw the transmission of his works from the playhouse to the printing house with the realisation of his works on the page, as much as he must have entrusted his actors with the realisation his works on the stage, should encourage us to value (and find out more about) the First Folio as the first *edited* collection of his dramatic works.

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[15] I am grateful to Noriko Sumimoto for drawing my attention to manuscript annotations in a Folger copy of the Second Folio (Folger 2, 24), which strike out "*Dorset*' and add "*Archbishop*' above. For further details about early attempts to edit this stage direction, see my Arden 4 edition of *King Richard III* (London, Bloomsbury, forthcoming).

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The Shakespeare First Folio in Padua and its Manuscript Annotations

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The Padua Folio[1]

Shakespeare's First Folio has recently regained prominence among textual and book scholars, thanks to the celebrations on the occasion of the fourth centenary of Shakespeare's death in 2016, which prompted a series of cultural initiatives and gave rise to several scholarly articles and essays (see, for instance, Smith 2016a and 2016b). Moreover, significant advancements have recently contributed to a renewal of interest in the volume on the part of the general public, such as the discovery of two previously unknown copies of the precious volume (one in St Omer, France, and the other on the Isle of Bute in Scotland; Mayer 2015a; Smith 2016c), and the attribution of several manuscript notes in a First Folio copy housed in the Free Library of Philadelphia to the hand of John Milton (Scott-Warren 2019). This essay discusses the exemplar of Shakespeare's First Folio preserved in Padua, Italy, among the volumes belonging to the Biblioteca Universitaria. The Biblioteca Universitaria was founded in 1629 by the Venetian Republic, for the "comfort, decorum and greater ornament" of the Studium of Padua. The library's holdings have been continuously expanded during its almost four hundred years of continuous activity, through several donations (from professors in the university, travellers, local scholars, etc.) and bulk acquisitions (for instance of the books belonging to the Natio Germanica, the corporation of German students in Padua, and of the books belonging to the monastic foundations suppressed under the Napoleonic rule). The holdings of the library include more than 100,000 printed books dating from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century: among these is an almost complete copy of Shakespeare's First Folio. Part of the library's holdings have been digitised and are now freely accessible to the public, including a complete digital version of the Padua First Folio.[2]

The first collected edition of Shakespeare's dramatic works was published in London by a syndicate of stationers, including Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, two London printers and publishers. The production of the book took place over about two years, and the Folio was sold to the public starting from 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death. The 950-pages volume includes thirty-six plays. The Folio is a fundamental text for Shakespeare scholarship, as it represents the earliest textual witness for half of Shakespeare's traditional dramatic canon, including canonical plays such as *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Caesar* and *The Tempest*. The volume is entirely devoted to Shakespeare's dramatic works and does not contain any of his non-dramatic poetry, which was published separately in less prestigious editions. The texts were collected by John Heminges and Henry Condell, two fellow-actors in

[1] The first paragraph of this essay has been published under the title "An Introduction to the Padua First Folio", in Alessandra Petrina (ed.), *"Fair Padua, nursery of arts": Shakespeare and Padua*, *Cahiers Élisabéthains* 112 (2023) forthcoming.

[2] http://www.internetculturale.it/opencms/opencms/it/viewItemMag.jsp?id=oai%3Awww.internetculturale.sbn.it% 2FTeca%3A20%3ANT0000%3APUVE029331 (accessed September 2022).

Shakespeare's company, The King's Men, and were prepared for print by several scribes and compositors, some of whom have been identified by modern scholars (Egan 2016). The first print run of Shakespeare's Folio is estimated to have numbered about 750 copies and represented "an unprecedented venture": an edition in the prestigious and expensive folio format, devoted entirely to plays by a single dramatist, and printed in relatively high numbers (Rasmussen 2016: 18). Of the original 750 copies, about 230 are known to be still extant, of which only 40 copies are complete (Smith 2017: 82); one third of the total existing copies, about 80 exemplars, is preserved among the holdings of the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington DC, while the remaining two thirds are the property of several different institutions and private collectors around the word. After the United States, the country with the most copies is the United Kingdom, housing about fifty copies of the First Folio. Only seven copies are known to exist in continental Europe (in Paris, Saint Omer, Berlin, Cologne, Stuttgart and Padua, plus one copy belonging to a private owner; Rasmussen and West 2012). The Padua copy of the First Folio is the only extant copy in Italy; it has been registered among the Library's holdings since around 1840, and, until recently, it was thought to be the only copy of the First Folio known to have reached the Continent before modern times (Cottegnies 2017). This essay focuses on a major aspect of the Padua folio, i.e., the presence of numerous early contemporary manuscript annotations, and offers a reappraisal of the notes, as well as new insight on their nature and function.

The Padua copy of the First Folio (Padova, Biblioteca Universitaria, Rari N.S.1) has been known to scholars for some time; however, as Gwynne Blakemore Evans pointed out in his survey of Shakespearean prompt-books, despite the volume having been "discovered" multiple times by different scholars over the years, not much progress had been made about its history until very recently (Evans 1960, "General Introduction"). The first published account of the Padua First Folio is an article published on 11 July 1895 in the magazine *The Scotsman*; the author, John Robertson, wrote that the Folio was found in Padua "amongst a number of uncatalogued books" (Robertson 1895: 10). Robertson also gave a brief account of the annotations, correctly identifying them as prompt notes and connecting the copy to the milieu of theatre performance; he read an annotation (*Macbeth* 5.3; p. 151) as the Italian word "ritirata", suggesting that the volume might have originally belonged to an Italian company. The Padua Folio was then listed in Sidney Lee's *Census*, published in 1902; its presence in Padua was signalled to Lee by Emilo Teza, a professor of Sanskrit and comparative literature at the University of Padua, who highlighted the prompt notes and identified the presence of two different hands in the annotations (possibly with the addition of a third hand; Lee 1902a: 722; 1902b: 33).[3] In his census, Lee briefly described the notes in the Padua Folio as: 'early MS. notes, made apparently by an acting manager' (Lee 1902b: 33). Starting from two decades later, and coinciding with the third centenary of the publication of the First Folio, a series of Italian articles witnessed a renewed interest in the Padua Folio, describing the copy and suggesting possible explanations for its presence in Padua (Gargano 1923; Brunelli 1923; Orsini 1932). The next scholar to look into the Padua Folio, Leslie Casson, was not aware of these developments; he examined the Padua copy and in 1936 published an article that appeared in *Modern Language Notes*, focusing on the manuscript annotations in the volume, describing the two hands that wrote them and correcting Robertson's reading of 'ritirata' in the English 'retreate' (Casson 1936: 418), thus invalidating Robertson's hypothesis regarding the volume's provenance.[4] Casson suggested several plausible connections between the annotated names of actors in the Padua Folio and theatre companies active on the Restoration stage, but could not connect the volume to any specific company (Casson 1936: 422-23).

[3] The original letters are contained in: BUP, Rari NS 1, *Documenti*.

[4] The page numbers in this article are reported as they are in the Padua copy of the Folio. For a list of paginations issues in this copy, see: Rasmussen and West 2012, 794-99.

Three decades later, Blakemore Evans dated the two hands in the annotations to the early part of the seventeenth century, and more precisely to the period between 1625 and 1635. If his dating proved correct, he wrote, "the Padua *Macbeth* and the other Padua prompt-books represent the only pre-Restoration Shakespearean prompt-books now extant" (Evans 1960, "Introduction to Macbeth"). Evans moreover highlighted how the cuts in the Padua Folio displayed some continuity with established theatrical practices, which points to the volume belonging to a professional company, rather than to a gentleman amateur (Evans 1967: 240). Anthony West's 2001 work detailing the history of the First Folio and Rasmussen's survey of First Folio copies, published in 2012, added several details about the Padua copy, including a full transcription of annotations and a detailed description of the volume's material state, including information on watermarks, printing errors and stages of production (Rasmussen and West 2012: 794-99; West 2001: 262-63). Others who have offered appraisals of the Padua Folio are Emma Smith, who dedicated some pages of her 2016 book to the Padua copy, and Jean-Christophe Mayer, who investigated the annotations in the Padua copy as part of his survey of Shakespeare's early modern readers (Mayer 2015b; Smith 2016b: 239-241; Mayer 2018: 118-122). Recently, Lavinia Prosdocimi has at least partially solved the puzzle of the Padua folio provenance, proving that the volume was in the possession of the English consuls in Venice; from their collection, the Folio was then transferred to the library of the Natio Anglica, the corporation of English students in Padua, and then to the Discalced Carmelitans, ending up among the holdings of the Bilbioteca Universitaria when the monastic foundation was dissolved in 1810 (Prosdocimi 2023).

Marginal Annotations and Scribal Hands in the Padua Folio

The "special title of interest" of the Padua Folio, as Casson wrote, resides in the presence of several manuscript annotations to the text of three plays: *Measure for Measure* (pp. 61-84), *The Winter's Tale* (pp. 277-303), and *Macbeth* (pp. 131-151; Casson 1936: 418). The manuscript annotations in the Padua Folio are of three main kinds: there are several cuts to the original text of the plays; annotations relating to performance, such as stage calls, notes signalling the end of single acts, the presence of sound and music (both songs and "flourishes") and stage props; and, lastly, several actors' names (more often indicated only by initials) in the text of *The Winter's Tale* and *Macbeth*. Other reading marks and smaller annotations are present throughout the volume, such as several crosses in pencil, plus a few pen-tries and ink blots, a common occurrence in contemporary books (Smith 2016b: 166). These reading marks are clustered around the first section, containing the "Comedies", while they seem to be rarer in the "Histories" (a section which is almost devoid of either reading notes or thumb marks; Casson 1936: 417) and "Tragedies". These marks are found for the most part in a small number of texts (mainly *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*). According to Casson, thumb marks prove that the plays that were read most often are *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and *Cymbeline* (Casson 1936: 417). Pencil crosses, evidently intended to signal notable passages, are only present in the "Comedies" section, where they seem to highlight sententious phrases and otherwise memorable material, possibly for the purposes of commonplacing (Mayer 2018: 147-48).

Other significant annotations include the addition to the "Catalogue of plays" at the beginning of the volume of the title of *Troilus and Cressida*, which has been added as the first of the "Tragedies", as it happens in several other exemplars of Shakespeare's Folio. The text of *Troilus and Cressida* was added to the volume after the page containing the "Catalogue" had been already printed, apparently due to some difficulties in obtaining the rights to the text; as a consequence, the pages containing *Troilus* are unpaginated in the First folio. The title of this play does not appear in the table of contents of the volume, and has been penned in by readers in

several of the existing copies (Smith 2015: 9-10). Furthermore, the Padua Folio presents several scribblings that look like pen-tries at various point, some of which are barely legible. The text of *Measure* (3. 1; p. 72) displays an annotation on the left margin of the page reading: "B Fox", followed by a series of two "f" and one "b", and by what looks like "foh .", "foh . B" (however the ink in the last two scribblings is badly smudged, making it difficult to identify single letters with certainty). More pen-tries and small annotations are present in the text of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (3.3; p. 51, possibly the word "minimum" repeated twice), and of *The Taming of the Shrew* (4.1; p. 224, which is however very faded and almost impossible to read). A line in *Twelfth Night* (1.3.164, p. 256) is correctly reassigned to the character of Andrew, while in another speech in the same play (3.4.145, p. 268), the name of the character of Sir Toby has been crossed out. More pen-tries are found in the text of *Titus Andronicus* (5.2; p. 50). Finally, the last page of the volume, after the end of the last of the "Tragedies", *Cymbeline*, contains a phrase that is again quite difficult to decipher. The Padua copy presents quite a few repairs, which have been exhaustively documented by Rasmussen; moreover, the left and right edges of the volume were trimmed after some of the marginal annotations were written, as is evident from several leaves, leading to a possible loss of information (Rasmussen and West 2012: 797-98). Traces of trimming are evident, for instance, on pp. 78-79 (*Measure*) and pp. 138, 150 (*Macbeth*), where the text of the annotations is partially cut out.

The main type of marginal note in the Padua folio is systematic annotation of the text of the plays themselves. The manuscript annotations to the text of *Measure*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Macbeth* have been long identified as related to theatre practice. According to Smith, the annotations on the Padua folio represent the earliest extant example of manuscript performance notes in a copy of the First Folio, and as such are extremely interesting to modern scholars trying to understand the contemporary production and staging conditions of Shakespeare's plays in the pre-Restoration context (Smith 2016b: 239). The use of such a heavy (not to mention expensive) edition as the First Folio as a prompt-book for Shakespeare's plays might seem strange; however, this may be explained by the absence of contemporary quarto editions of the three plays at issue, making the Folio arguably a relatively easily available copy in the case of these texts (Berger 1996: 325). This also explains why these plays were the only ones to be annotated for performance, as a hypothetical theatre company could have used other, more manageable editions to stage other popular Shakespearean dramas such as *Hamlet*.

The topic of the annotations in the Padua Folio was investigated in detail for the first time in an article written by Gian Napoleone Orsini, published in 1932 in the literary magazine *Civiltà Moderna*. In addition to offering a summary appraisal of the volume, Orsini listed cuts to the plays in an Appendix to his article (Orsini 1932: 544-46). The annotations were considered again by Casson, who however was unaware of Orsini's work, and finally by Blakemore Evans (Casson 1936: 418-21; Evans 1960; Evans 1967: 239-42). Robertson had already identified them as performance annotations in 1895, suggesting that the plays might have been annotated by 'some Italian actor or theatrical company' (Robertson 1895: 10). However, as mentioned above, Robertson's suggestion was based on an erroneous reading, and was later unanimously rejected by scholars (Gargano 1923: 1; Casson 1936: 418). Bruno Brunelli, in an article published in the literary magazine *Il Marzocco* in 1923, suggested instead that the volume might have belonged to a group of "scolari inglesi" (English students) in Padua, who might have been staging Shakespeare's plays in Italy (Brunelli 1923, 4).

In his survey of Shakespearean prompt books, Blakemore Evans suggested that the copy might be connected with Sir Edward Dering's residence, Surrenden Hall in Kent, known for having hosted theatrical performances in the early modern period. Dering, one of the first named owners of a copy of the First Folio, had a keen interest in the theatre, both purchasing play texts and staging plays in his house, among which were Shakespeare's (Evans 1960, "General Introduction"; Rasmussen and West 2012: 794; Smith 2015: 160-161). Evans connected

the initials and names of several actors mentioned in the annotations to a number of people "who took part in an amateur performance of Fletcher's *Spanish Curate* produced by Sir Edward Dering between 22 October 1622 and the summer of 1624" (Evans 1960: "General Introduction"). Later, Blakemore Evans rejected his own hypothesis, in light of the evidence offered by a copy of the quarto edition of James Shirley's *Love Cruelty* that can be dated to "1640 or later" and that was annotated for performance by the same "prompter-reviser" that had worked on the Padua Folio (Evans 1967: 239-242; Shattuck 1965: 236, 269, 495). According to this evidence, Charles Shattuck, in his descriptive catalogue of Shakespearean prompt books dated the prompt notes to around 1640, a dating that is now generally accepted as accurate (Evans 1967: 240). The several annotations connected to names of actors, which can be found in *Macbeth* and *The Winter's Tale*, as they have been listed by Orsini, include only two complete surnames, "Mr Carlile" and "Mr H(e)wit", and a series of initials: Mr K., Mr G., and T.S. (Orsini 1932: 541). The presence of the annotated names of only some of the actors, and specifically of those playing minor roles, might be due to the fact that the same actor performed more than only one role in each play, and as such their presence on stage needed more specific indications: for instance in *Macbeth*, "Mr Carlile" apparently played the roles of both one of the murderers (4.2; p. 145) and a messenger (5.5; p. 150), while "T.S." played the minor role of a "servant" in *The Winter's Tale* (both 3.2; p. 287 and 5.1; p. 299). This would back up Evan's remarks concerning the fact that the book belonged to a professional company, as employing the same actor to play several minor parts was an established practice then as it is today, rather than be connected to amateur performances of Shakespeare's plays, such as took place at Surrenden Hall. The initials "T.S." occur in both *Macbeth* and *The Winter's Tale*, suggesting this might be the same actor. Moreover, the hands annotating the two plays can convincingly be assigned to two different scribes (as described in more detail below), which suggests that the volume may have been used by two different stage managers, possibly belonging to the same company.

Another series of stage directions concern practical aspects of theatre performance, including calls for characters, notes indicating props, sounds and music, and finally notes signalling the end of acts and the presence of music (indicated as "flourish"). Stage calls are of two types, including both mass and detailed calls: a "mass" stage call, listing all characters in the next scene, can be found in *Measure* (1.2; p. 62); a few lines later, a more detailed stage call is added, for only the characters of "Lucio" and a "Gentleman". The text of *Measure* (4.3; p. 77) contains an advance stage call reading "ready Abhorson", which calls for the actor playing the hangman to get ready to enter the stage later in the same scene. Several indications concern noises and sounds, for example the two instances of a "knock" in *Measure* (4.2; p. 76) and *Macbeth* (II, 3; p. 137) and the many instances in which lines are indicated as being spoken from "within". Additionally, several times throughout the three plays, a "song" or a musical "flourish" is explicitly added, both as a break between acts and at the end of single plays, a fact that undoubtedly reflects contemporary theatrical practice. Kathryn Roberts has described flourishes in Elizabethan theatre as "boisterous fanfare played by the brass players" associated specifically with the entrances of royal characters (Roberts 2013: 8). The use of musical flourishes in the Padua Folio seems to be coherent with the practices described by Roberts, and therefore suggest a link with a professional company rather than amateur performers. *Measure for Measure*, a comedy, only features one instance of a manuscript "florish", coinciding with the beginning of Act 5 (5.1; p. 79). *The Winter's Tale* features several such flourishes, signalling Perdita's entrances on the scene (5.1; pp. 298, 299), the ending of scenes (5.2; p. 300; 5,3, pp. 301, 302) and the end of the entire play (5.3; p. 303). In this case, the trumpet sounds may have been intended to cue in the audience to the royal lineage of Perdita as Leontes's daughter, thus aurally anticipating the play's denouement. *Macbeth* is the single play that presents the most musical cues of this type. Several such flourishes are present, which are unanimously and significantly

associated with the entrances and exits of King Duncan and clustered in the first act of the play (1.2; 1.4; 1.6; pp. 132, 133, 134, 135). On the contrary, these flourishes are never, remarkably, associated with the title character himself, whose role as a usurper is thus reflected in the use of music (Roberts 2013: 12). The next flourish in *Macbeth* is found only at the end of the play (5.7; p. 151), making it clear to the audience that political order is eventually restored, and the legitimate king instated. *Macbeth* contains several other aural cues, which however tend to repeat the printed indications, including 'thunder' for the witches' scene (3.5; p. 142) and songs (4.1; p. 144). The same play also calls for 'alarum' sounds, which have been described as sounds played by 'various instruments, especially trumpets, drums or bells' and 'connected with military atmospheres'; as such they are 'most frequently called for in historical plays and tragedies' (Knickerbocker 1937; Wilson and Calore 2014: s.v.). In these instances, the prompter of the Padua copy accordingly indicates the presence of a 'chardge', clearly referring to military music being played (5.7; pp. 150, 151).

Among the annotations concerning props, which are few, two are of particular interest. The first is the explicit request for a 'head' in *Measure for Measure* (4.3; p. 78), which is clearly necessary to add theatrical effect and spectacular value to the head trick in the fourth act of the play. The other is the addition of a 'cauldorne' to the witches' scene in *Macbeth* (4.1; p. 143). According to Orsini, the annotation in the Padua Folio may represent the first example of such an object to appear in a Shakespearean prompt book, and as such could document the early appearance of this iconic prop on the contemporary theatrical stage (Orsini 1932: 541).

The most numerous annotations in the Padua Folio are cuts to the texts of the plays. The continuity between the cuts in the Padua Folio and established theatrical practices in pre-Restoration theatre has been highlighted by Blakemore Evans, pointing to the volume having been the property of a professional theatre company, rather than to a gentleman amateur (Evans 1967: 240). Several substantive cuts are represented by a line on the left margin of the text of the three annotated plays; this method of annotating cuts to the text leaves the original material visible, allowing a stage director to recover part of the elided text if needed (Mayer 2015b: 164). More extensive cuts concern entire scenes or parts of scenes, that were seemingly found to be inessential to the plays' dramatic action. Examples can be found in the texts of *Measure for Measure*, where almost the entire first scene has been cut, save for those lines of dialogue which are essential to understand the action (*Measure* 1.1; p. 61). In the third Act of *Macbeth*, where the whole sixth scene is elided (3.6; p. 143), cutting a scene that is not essential to the action and bringing forward the ending of the act. Shorter cuts concern single speeches and even single lines of dialogue, often represented by parenthetical statements, which are quite common in the text of *Measure* (Mayer 2018: 120).

Accordingly, neither major nor minor characters have been left out of the performances, although the number of extras is often reduced (Mayer 2018: 119). These minor characters include, for instance, Mistress Overdone, the 'Bawd' in *Measure*, who is still present albeit with a reduced number of lines. Secondary characters are often retained only in those instances where they specifically serve the purposes of theatrical action and elided elsewhere. Mistress Overdone's character is elided from the street scene in the third act of the play (*Measure* 3.2; p. 74), where she is simply carried away to prison, however, her part is retained in full in *Measure* 1.2 (p. 62), where her lines announce Claudio's arrest. Similarly, the character of the Porter in *Macbeth* 2.3 (p. 137) is retained, as his presence is necessary to tie together the scenes featuring the murder and the discovery (*Macbeth* 2.2 and 2.3), which are connected by the repeated knocks on the door. However, the Porter's initial monologue is wholly cut out, leaving only the most functional lines in the scene.

The cuts to the plays in the Padua Folio, and especially the shorter cuts of single lines or speeches instead of whole scenes, have elicited puzzled responses from critics, noting how often is the more sententious and indeed most poetic material that has been elided. This is

especially evident in the case of the cuts to the text of *Measure*, where, for example, most of the Duke's speech about death in the third act (*Measure* 3.1; p. 70), which is generally considered one of the poetic high points of the play, has been left out. In *Macbeth*, the anonymous annotator cut out the long dialogue between Macbeth and the murderers in the third Act (3. 6; p. 143) and, perhaps more surprisingly, part of Macbeth's famous speech in the fifth Act ("Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow", *Macbeth* 5.5; p. 150; Mayer 2018, 119). Again, this is probably dependent on the practical needs of the performing company, that chose to keep most of the action and, conversely, cut most of the longest speeches and sententious or moral material, without consideration for their purely aesthetic value. Another hint of this is the limited cuts to the text of *Macbeth*, which is already one of the shortest of Shakespeare's plays and the shortest tragedy overall, and as such does not need much cutting to be brought to a manageable performance length. In *Macbeth*, most of the cuts concern the title character, who has the longest part and the most lines (Mayer 2018: 119).

The cuts to the text of the plays in the Padua Folio, however, maintain the poetic qualities of the original text when it comes to their metrical arrangement. Casson, examining the cuts in *Macbeth* in more detail, showed how the metrical structure of Shakespeare's lines is preserved, even when speeches are cut, by cutting speeches at the half-line (Casson 1936: 418). Occasionally, small changes to the text are made necessary. For instance, in *Measure*, the Duke's speech at the end of the third act has been replaced by a "Song" (3.2; p. 74). More generally, insertions and changes are functional to smoothing out the dialogue after a section has been elided. For instance, in the third act of *Macbeth* (3.1.49; p. 139) the line "Bring them before us", spoken by the title character, is replaced by "Bid them stay there for me", since the following scene between Macbeth and the two murderers has also been cut, signalling that the dialogue between the murderers and Macbeth will be happening off-stage.

As far as the hands that performed the cuts and wrote the marginal annotations to the plays are concerned, Casson correctly identified two different scribes in the Padua Folio, which he named conventionally "scribe A" and "scribe B". Teza, in his letter to Sidney Lee alerting him to the presence of a first folio exemplar in Padua, identified a third hand, but sadly did not provide much detail. The first hand annotating *Measure for Measure* and *Macbeth* is described as "easily legible, regular script in the Italian style", while the second, occurring only in *The Winter's Tale*, is characterized by Casson as "older-fashioned, thick, and untidy". The hand of scribe A can better be described as a mixed hand: despite its predominantly Italian features, this scribe displays a consistent preference for the older, secretarial form of "closed" or "looped e" that remained popular in the British Isles until the first part of the seventeenth century. This hand occasionally also displays other older features, such as the use of the 'backwards looped' form of 'd' (*Measure* 2.2; p. 66). Scribe B is undoubtedly untidier with his marginal annotations and especially with his longer cuts, which are signalled by uneven marginal lines (*Winter's Tale* 1.1; p. 280); they are also less interested in annotating calls for actors, which are often omitted.

Several features of hand B point to an older scribe or possibly to a slightly earlier period. These older-looking features include the square form of "c" resembling a small "t" (*Winter's Tale* 1.1; word "Act" on p. 281, which can be compared with the same word in *Macbeth*, p. 135, showing a more decidedly Italian shape in the letter "c"), the "boxed" form of "r" (in the words "gaoler" and "officer", *Winter's Tale* 2.2 and 3.2; respectively pp. 283, 286), plus his consistent use of a doubled "ff" to signal the presence of a capital "F" ("flurrish", *Winter's Tale* 3.2; p. 286 among others). The most prominent secretarial feature displayed by the hand of scribe B is undoubtedly the form of "long H" (see the word "sheapheard" in *Winter's Tale* 3.3; p. 288), a tell-tale sign of secretarial handwriting; on the contrary, scribe A consistently makes use of the Italian form of H (*Macbeth* 1.1; word "Chardge", p. 131 and 1.2, "Thunder"; p. 132). The shape of the letter X, going below the writing line (*Winter's Tale* 4.1, word "Polixines"; p. 289, and compare with the letter X by scribe A, in *Macbeth* 1.2, word "Lenox"; p. 131) is also

indicative of a more antiquated writing style. All these features allow us to side with Casson in affirming that the hand that annotated *Winter's Tale* might be either earlier or belong to an older scribe than the hand that worked on both *Measure for Measure* and *Macbeth*. However, palaeographical analysis cannot be more conclusive on this specific point, especially given the compressed time frame involving a period of only about thirty years, from the publication of the Folio in 1623 to his arrival in Venice before 1655 (according to the detailed information that has been provided in Prosdocimi 2023).

Another difference between the two scribes concerns the amount of material that has been cut from each play: the cuts performed by scribe B in *Winter's Tale* are much less extensive compared to what happens in the other two annotated plays, involving only about a hundred lines out of a total of more than three thousand and amounting to about 3% of the play, while *Measure for Measure* and *Macbeth* suffer reductions of, respectively, about 15% and 10% of their total length. The text of *Measure for Measure*, in particular, is cut extensively, 'no scene having avoided cutting' (Brunelli 1923: 4). The person who annotated the *The Winter's Tale* also tends to cut entire speeches or scenes, such as the entire opening scene in the play, instead of surgically removing single lines from a character's speech as it happens instead in *Measure* and *Macbeth*. This is even more significant as *The Winter's Tale* itself is one of the longest of Shakespeare's plays; as such, we would expect this play would need more cutting than both *Macbeth* (an unusually short tragedy) or *Measure for Measure*. Finally, scribe B is also noticeably more restrained in his annotations, often omitting character calls and not providing as many additional stage directions.

Conclusions

A re-evaluation of the hands that annotated the Padua Folio reveals more details on the early owners and users of the volume. The language and handwriting of the annotations in the Padua Folio confirm that the owners of the volume may have been an English acting company, active between 1623 and roughly 1650, when the book apparently arrived in Venice. Such dating would agree with Shattuck, who dated the marginal annotations to *c*. 1640. Cumulative evidence (from the use of stage music to the practice of doubling, i.e., using the same actor for multiple minor characters, to the nature of the cuts in the text) points in the direction of professional performers, rather than amateurs, as suggested by previous scholarship on the Padua copy. The presence of two different hands in the stage annotations clearly indicates that at least two people were involved in the performances based on the Folio texts as acting managers. At the same time, the fact that the initials 'T.S.' appear in plays annotated by both scribes A and B might indicate that both acting managers belonged to the same company.

If the people behind hands A and B belonged to the same environment, their practices were undoubtedly different, as testified by their respective annotating habits. Scribe B does not tend to operate the kind of 'surgical cuts' to the text that only involve a line or half a line and seem to have limited themselves to cut entire scenes or speeches. They were also less interested in noting stage calls and props, something that Scribe A diligently does. This may reflect slightly different performance practices associated with specific locales or time periods and may depend on the fact that one scribe was considerably younger than the other, as suggested by the differences in their handwriting. More generally, annotations relating to stage calls and props help us better understand the practical realities of the early stagings of Shakespearean plays, adding precious information on the workings of Caroline theatre, involving actors playing several minor roles at once and a limited use of props, which were reserved for significant moments in a play, such as the all-important head-trick in *Measure for Measure* and the scene that sees the witches in *Macbeth* take centre stage.

Finally, and while scholarship on the Padua Folio has almost entirely focused on the stage directions, the different types of annotations found in the Padua folio are also revelatory of different practices enacted by Shakespeare's early readers. In doing so, they provide evidence of very distinct, and sometimes opposite uses of First Folio copies and attitudes to the text of the plays. First, the opposition between the pencil crosses and ink notes speaks of two different uses of Shakespeare's texts. The person who put crosses on the margin of sententious speeches was undoubtedly a reader, and most probably experienced Shakespeare's work as text on a page, reading it alone with an eye for its literary value and rhetorical facility. On the contrary, the acting managers who annotated *Measure*, the *Tale* and *Macbeth* did so in the context of an acting performance. For the latter, Shakespeare was meant to be acted out, not read, and the text was mainly a means to achieve a practical end, represented by the staged play. This is evident not only in their different systems of annotations, but also in their choices of the kind of textual material they find relevant, which are significantly different. The reader who left the pencil crosses in the Padua copy favoured the comedies, while the prompter who annotated the three plays for theatrical use chose both comedies and a tragedy. If the common-placing reader preferred sententious and poetic material, which he diligently crossed in the margins for future reference, the stage managers consistently cut this kind of sententious material out in favour of dramatic action, which was more useful for their specific aims. Overall, the annotations in the Padua folio provide us with several pieces of information that shed more light on the ways early readers of Shakespeare's plays engaged with the Folio text, offering fresh insight into the different uses the text was put to by different categories of users.

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The Shakespeare Fifth Folio
A Facsimile Edition

by
ERIC RASMUSSEN and M.L. STAPLETON

Introduction

M.L. Stapleton

In two publications, Eric Rasmussen (1998; 2017, with Lara Hansen) validated and amplified a discovery that Giles Dawson had made a half-century earlier (1951-2).[1] Six known and examined copies of Shakespeare's Fourth Folio contain between one and fifteen of seventeen sheets that differ from the original publication of 1685. Their placement and binding resulted in sixty-six of sixty-eight possible signatures, each displaying evidence of consistent editorial intervention.[2] These variations occur in the second of the book's three sections, affecting leaves from ten plays: *King John* (4), *2 Henry IV* (0.5), *Henry V* (6.5), *1 Henry VI* (4), *2 Henry VI* (10), *Henry VIII* (6), *Troilus and Cressida* (12.5), *Coriolanus* (6.5), *Titus Andronicus* (12), and *Romeo and Juliet* (4).[3]

Modifications were numerous, approximately 680, from orthographic modernization and the introduction of apostrophes for possessives to the correction of punctuation and more substantive emendation that modified meaning.[4] The number of alterations in individual plays varies widely as well, from three in *2 Henry IV* to 131 in *Titus Andronicus*. It is easy to identify the irregular pages in these texts of F4 because they lack the side and bottom ruled lines that completed the text-boxing effect characteristic of some early modern books, including the four

[1] See Dawson (1951-2: 93-103); Rasmussen (1998: 318-22); Hansen and Rasmussen (2017: 55-62). A **sheet** or **leaf** is the physical piece of paper on which a book's pages are printed, **recto** (right-hand side) and **verso** (the back left-hand side). A **signature** is the section or **gathering** of the pages in a sheet under the **signature mark**, the technical term for the letter, number, or both found at the bottom of the recto. This page notation is often described as a signature as well.

[2] I.e., in the Folger F4 copy 28, the only examined folio that includes the revised gathering 2N1:6, the pages are not entirely **contiguous**, or part of the same sheet. Signatures 2N6 and 2N6v were supplied from another copy or section of a Fourth Folio that might have been considered even more fragmentary or defective than the one Wellington's crew repaired. This is why seventeen sheets produced only sixty-six pages rather than the usual sixty-eight. The four Folger copies are Copy 7 (Wing S2915), Copy 13 (Wing S2915), Copy 28 (Wing S2915), and Copy 33 (Wing S2915). The New York Public Library copies are Astor (Wing S2915) and Lennox (Wing S2917). Folger copy 13 was not collated because it contains only a single reprinted page, an **inconjugate leaf**, signature 2O4, not part of the same sheet. A seventh copy (Wing S2915) has been identified, unknown to Greg, Dawson, Rasmussen, and Hansen, having sold by auction at Sotheby's to a private collector in 2007. It contains ten of the seventeen reprinted sheets (the number of which the auction advertisement misidentifies as nine) with passages from *King John, 2 Henry IV, Henry V, 1 Henry VI, 3 Henry VI, Coriolanus,* and *Titus Andronicus*. For a description, see https://www.sothebys.com/en/auctions/ecatalogue/ 2007/english-literature-history-childrens-books-and-illustrations-l07411/lot.28.html.

[3] Three printers produced F4: the first, Robert Roberts, was responsible for the comedies, the second for the histories and the first four of the tragedies through *Romeo and Juliet*, and the third for the remainder of the tragedies and the apocryphal plays. The re-edited F5 pages appear in the second section, suggesting that perhaps that printer short-sheeted the publishers. Bowers (1951: 241-46) identified Roberts as the printer of the first section, a judgement with which Greg agreed (1957: 1120). The identity of the two other printers remains unknown. The numerical halves (.5) in the page count occur because, unlike the three preceding folios, the printers of F4 did not always begin a new play on a new leaf. *2 Henry IV* ends on 2I2 recto, *Henry V* begins on 2I2 verso. *Troilus* ends on 2Z3 recto, *Coriolanus* begins on 2Z3 verso.

[4] The project began in 1993 with Rasmussen's original apparatus in which he collated five of the six F4 copies with F5 pages against the established text of F4, *The Shakespeare Fifth Folio (c. 1700)*.

standard Shakespeare folios.[5] This occurred because at least one of the three publishing houses that the stationer Henry Herringman (1628-1704) had originally enjoined to produce F4 was unable to print enough of these very segments for inclusion. This unfortunate occurrence compelled him to store the remaining incomplete stacks of ungathered sheets. Without the unavailable portions of the second section that included the aforementioned histories and tragedies, the unassembled pages could not be converted into completed units suitable for a customer to have bound into a folio volume as was the usual practice. As a result, argued Hansen and Rasmussen, another stationer, Richard Wellington (d. 1715) likely financed the production of the missing material, including its re-editing. He had purchased the rights to the bookseller Richard Bentley's stock of "One third part of Shakespeeres playes" after his death in 1697, which included Herringman's stockpile, in order to salvage and make saleable the defective 1685s. Dawson posited that this editorial activity essentially comprised a Fifth Folio, one that he surmised was published circa 1700. Rasmussen and Hansen confirmed this date by demonstrating that the watermark for the recreated sheets is not only one of Wellington's but consistent with those he used in his publications in the year 1700.[6]

Since many of the emendations anticipated identical corrections either silently made or adopted or openly proposed in later texts, their significance lies in the implications of their very existence. There was a market that book dealers, in business to make money, recognised and sought to exploit. Wellington's considerable investment in the time-consuming and expensive resetting and reprinting of sixty-six folio pages indicated a demand by an existing readership for Shakespeare plays in folio (Depledge 2017: 15-16; Connor 2017: 26-37; Depledge 2018: 9-10). Clearly, he and his fellows thought the most recent collected opus of a playwright who had been dead since the distant reign of James I worth preserving. As Don-John Dugas has written, 1679-84 was a period of fecund publication of Shakespeare quartos. The stationer Richard Davis's recorded sales of F4 in 1686 show that it was the most expensive folio volume on the market at eighteen shillings. Auction records from 1685-99 reveal that a large number of 1685s were resold (Dugas 2006: 114-16; West 2000: appendix 1.3)[7] Therefore, in the case of the imperfect stock missing the sections in question, the consortium of those involved in the F5 project was neither checked nor stopped by the effort it would require to recreate the missing sheets and include them in the otherwise defective tomes for eventual binding, sale, and readerly consumption, an update to a book that had been out of print since Mary Stuart's Catholic great-grandson had succeeded to the throne in place of his elder brother.

As Rasmussen noted, the F5 alterations have not been included in the textual notes for modern texts of the plays except by coincidence. That is, they happened to be identical to those previously attributed to Nicholas Rowe and his successors in their parallel editorial efforts (1998: 19). It might be problematic, then, to include changes unique to those unboxed and re-edited F4 pages in the standard line of eighteenth-century Shakespeares. At the same time, since Wellington's editors and Rowe made similar types of revisions, the F5 modes of emendation can be said to provide a virtual continuum between 1685 and 1709, along with those in quartos issued in that time period, such as Bentley's *Othello* (1681, 1687, 1695; and Wellington's,

[5] The earliest published account of this anomaly occurs in *Contributions to a Catalogue of the Lenox Library*, *no. V.* In the Lenox copy of F4 Wing S2917, "pages 145 to 156, in the second part of *Henry the Sixth*, has probably been reprinted [. . . .] On pages 149, 150, and 151, 152, in one copy, there are rules at the sides and the bottom as upon all the other pages—in the other these rules are omitted, leaving those at the top and between the columns" (1880: 41).

[6] See Mandelbrote (1997: 56, 94; 55-94); Dawson (1951-2: 100-1); Rasmussen (1998: 320); Hansen and Rasmussen (2017: 56-59).

[7] See Hansen and Rasmussen for a list of advertisements for Shakespeare folios by Richard Bentley, Richard Wellington, Joseph Knight, and Francis Saunders (2017: 58).

1705) and *Hamlet* (1683, 1695; and Wellington's, 1703).[8]

The idea of a Shakespeare Fifth Folio has not been sufficiently explored in textual studies, mostly because scholars have not been afforded the opportunity to examine the re-edited pages and analyse the material for themselves. Now, for the first time, we present a facsimile edition of these anomalous Fourth Folio sheets, photographed from two Folger Shakespeare Library copies, 28 and 33. With them, we have supplied an apparatus containing all the F5 alterations that includes the readings of the same textual loci from the four standard Shakespeare folios and the three Nicholas Rowe editions produced by Jacob Tonson (1709, 1709-10, 1714). He was, of course, the celebrated publisher who produced the first illustrated *Paradise Lost* (1688) and who eventually held the major copyright for Shakespeare. The user or reader might thereby compare the effort of Wellington's revisers with the editorial choices of the preceding four folios and with those of Rowe to determine if, how, and why F5 links seventeenth-century Shakespeare with the Enlightenment traditions that Rowe helped initiate.

Though the Fourth Folio has been more maligned than praised, it is essential for understanding the reception of Shakespeare. For one thing, it preserved most of 1623 unaltered. Gary Taylor commended it as an "elegant and readable volume comparable in appearance to the best products of Continental printing or English eighteenth-century bookmaking" (1989: 31). Yet his positive assessment has hardly reversed or muted its otherwise negative critical history. Matthew W. Black and Matthias A. Shaaber (1937: 320-78) categorised four classes and over a dozen subcategories of misprints in their landmark study of the three "lesser" folios, the Fourth heading this parade of error. Dawson's judgement was harsh: "we do not often meet with such gross carelessness as these sheets exhibit" (1951-2: 93). Rasmussen and Hansen concurred, calling this unloved text "one of the most ineptly printed books published in the seventeenth century" (2017: 55). Regardless of which of these general assessments might be more accurate than another, F4 was undoubtedly a major link between the first three folios and the 1709 Rowe-Tonson production.[9]

Most writers, booksellers, and stationers in late seventeenth-century London held the man responsible for producing the Fourth Folio, Herringman, in high regard. He had been John Dryden's first publisher and might have employed him as an assistant or consultant. Sonia Massai speculated that the poet-playwright-critic helped with the editing of F4 (2002: 257-70). Herringman, in fact, became master of the Stationers' Company in that climactic year of 1685, which marked the death of one monarch and the coronation of another. He brought out the third Ben Jonson folio (1692) and the second Beaumont and Fletcher (1679), the writings of Thomas Killigrew (1664) and William Davenant (1673). He, along with John Martin, acquired some of the rights to Shakespeare in 1674 from Ellen (also Eleanor) Cotes, widow of Richard and sister-in-law of Thomas, he who had inherited half the Jaggard-Blount rights, including those to the Pavier quartos, and who had published the Second Folio of 1632 (Murphy 2021: 79; Mandelbrote 1997: 56-94; Belanger 1975: 195-209).

Andrew Murphy, in his landmark survey *Shakespeare in Print*, contextualised the quality of F4 and, by implication, Tonson and Rowe's use of it as authoritative, by noting its singularity among the four folios. It was not truly a reprint of F1 featuring largely identical pagination or columns with textual emendation, as F2 and F3 were. For F4, all forty-two plays had to be reset,

[8] See Hansen and Rasmussen (2017: 58). Since this editorial business was anonymous, and it is not known how many people Wellington employed, we refer to them as "the editors" rather than "the editor". We also sometimes use F5 as a noun with agency in the singular form.

[9] Rowe was likely encouraged to use F4 as his copy text since his publisher and paymaster, Tonson, owned the copyright to Shakespeare via this edition. He was awarded two assignments of copyright, 20 May 1707 and 22 October 1709, which gave him dominion over almost every Shakespeare play. In turn, he used the first edition with Rowe (1709) to establish his claim fully. See Seary (1990: 133) and Dawson (1946: 11-35). For the record, there were three Jacob Tonsons: the Elder (1655-1736), who collaborated with Rowe; his nephew and business partner, the Younger (1682-1735); and his great-nephew and the Younger's son (1714-67).

which must have been an enormous and perhaps unwelcome undertaking. Herringman likely had access to the two versions of F3 as copy-text, which might have been scarce because of the depredations of the Great Fire in 1666, an event that could have occasioned a Fourth Folio in the first place.[10] Again, this stationer contracted with three separate print shops at the production stage, since the book's divisions are tripartite, each with a discrete set of signatures and page-numbers. The trio of printers each produced his own title-page, each containing the names of several booksellers along with Herringman's in varied combinations. Furthermore, there are textual differences not just between this triad of Fourth Folios, but among copies with the same title-page, which suggests that gathering sections of sheets for binding was not always precisely calibrated by those who did the job.[11] As W. W. Greg noted, "This is the only edition of the collection in which each play does not begin on a fresh page" (1957: 1120).

It probably did not occur to Rowe and Tonson that the 1685 folio was not the best possible in existence from which to create their own in 1709. Surely, they believed, this newest imprint, albeit a quarter-century old, would serve them better than those from forty, seventy, or even ninety years earlier. Accordingly, the F5 editors that Wellington employed in 1700 anticipated Rowe's generally tacit and conservative methodology. Their practices have more in common with those of their folio predecessors than these three volumes can be said to share with the increasingly annotated Shakespeares of Alexander Pope (1725, 1728), Lewis Theobald (1733, 1740, 1752, 1757, 1762), and William Warburton (1747). And though some of these editors spoke slightingly of Rowe, it should be observed that their productions ultimately derived from his eight-volume duodecimo of 1714. Textual scholars have claimed that this poet, playwright, and translator used F4 exclusively as his primary text because he adopted some of its unique, and in their opinion, problematic emendations, for which they have soundly chastised him.[12] However, the majority of solid 1685 readings he kept are not only identical to those of the first three folios but have also been retained by subsequent attendants to the text. Peter Seary noted that the *Riverside Shakespeare* recorded 1063 of Rowe's emendations, most of which subsequent editions have continued to accept (1990: 60n42). Also, as his publisher, Tonson knew the future laureate's worth as a possible "reviser" of Shakespeare since he was certainly a reader of the plays and was most likely the main overseer of his own dramatic writings for printing, such as *The Fair Penitent* (1702), *The Tragedy of Jane Shore* (1714), and *The Tragedy of Lady Jane Grey* (1715). In turn, both Rowe and Tonson benefited from the logical divisions into acts and scenes for their three Shakespeare editions together (1709, 1710, 1714), a worthy advertisement of the Tonson "house style", duplicated in the publication of the three-volume *The Works of Mr. William Congreve* (1710), as Robert B. Hamm has shown (2004: 179-205).

Rowe was capable of making informed editorial decisions and, in most instances, chose wisely. The same can be said for Wellington's revisers for the F5 pages. Of the approximately 680 F4 words or punctuation marks that F5 emends, 364 are exclusive to the sixty-six reconfigured pages under consideration, unparallelled in the folios or by Rowe's Shakespeare triumvirate with Tonson. From that tandem's three multivolume efforts, Wellington's assistants anticipated 271 emendations, 146 of these exclusive to F5 and Rowe. That many of these

[10] "The Fourth Folio differs from the Second and Third in that it is not a page-for-page reprint of the 1623 original". Murphy makes this statement in the first edition of *Shakespeare in Print* (2003: 55). He omits it from his second edition (2021). The first edition of the Third Folio was published in 1663, the second in 1664, which included seven plays not previously attributed to Shakespeare. F4, Rowe, and Alexander Pope included these spurious texts in their editions, though *Pericles* is now thought to be mostly Shakespeare's.

[11] The three variant title pages, distinguished by their Wing Catalogue notation: "Printed for *H. Herringman, E. Brewster,* and *R. Bentley*" (Wing 2915); "Printed for *H. Herringman, E. Brewster, R. Chiswell,* and *R. Bentley"* (Wing 2916); "Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be sold by *Joseph Knight* and *Francis Saunders*" (Wing 2917).

[12] Rowe consulted other editions such as the Second Folio (1632), which he owned, the 1608 quarto of *King Lear*, and the 1600 quarto of *Henry V*. D. Nichol Smith made this claim as early as 1928 (1928: 32-33).

emendations have survived into the twenty-first century testifies to the acumen of those who made them and suggests that those modifying texts in 1700 informed their practices with techniques that moderns would recognise. Since F5 restores 121 readings that occur in the first three folios as a unit that F4 omitted, its overseers likely had access to one or all of these.[13] By comparison, in the same F4 passages that F5 revises, Rowe follows the quartet of folios 253 times, F4 exclusively in 86 readings, preferring F1-F3 in 167 instances.

Like anyone thus employed, Wellington's team discovered words and lines its members thought deserved emendation. In *Henry VIII*, the Surveyor explains to King Henry that the Duke of Buckingham, his former master, had believed a friar's dubious prophecy that he would one day be king. In the first four folios, the Surveyor claims that he counselled the duke that "'twas dangerous for this / To ruminate on this so farre" (1.1.179-80 / 528). F5, just as Rowe did a decade later, supplied "him" for the first "this". In a change less obviously in need of making, the same editors, perhaps with hidden political motivations, thought Titus Andronicus should invoke Jupiter Capitolinus as a presiding deity who should "Stand gracious to the rights that we intend" (*Tit*. 1.1.78 / 99), as opposed to the religious funerary "rites" the hero mentions in this line in all four folios. The twofold issue of "rights" / "rites" had, to put it mildly, convulsed England for an entire century just as it had in previous times, such as the competing rights and ceremonies of Parliament and the monarchy that led to the Civil War, and the feared endangerment of the rites and privileges of the established Church of England by the Catholicism of James II, the heir to his brother, Charles II. These issues were still current in 1700 during the reign of William III, when work on the Fifth Folio was in progress. Similarly, in the same foursome of folios, Menenius Agrippa continues his body-state analogy by appearing to address one citizen: "Note me this, good friend" (*Cor*. 1.1.127 / 134). However, F5 emends to "friends", perhaps keeping the play's opening stage direction in mind: "*Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons*". It is possible that Menenius's earlier "Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbors" (62-3 / 63-4) and consistent use of the plural form of address influenced the editors as well.

F5's more subtle interventions in the F4 text demonstrate a level of care that is easy to miss. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Pandarus mocks his niece's physical attraction to a notoriously louche figure rather than appreciating the young man whom he would prefer to be her mate: "O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him" (*Tro*. 1.2.238 / 394). Since the hero of his diatribe has been "brave Troilus" (231 / 387), the folios and Rowe imply by their exclamation point that the title character deserves admiration and that Paris, the subject of a scornful question mark, embodies the foolish alternative. Yet the F5 amenders shift this punctuation one word to the left and supply a comma in its original place, heightening the risibility, and eliminating Troilus from the comment: "O admirable man? Paris, Paris is dirt to him". Helen's abductor, implies Pandarus, deserves contempt, which the iteration of his name in a pair of scornful plosives underscores. This second divergence from the earlier texts and Rowe allows for further contrast by another slight repetition. Perhaps the F5 crew noted that earlier in the speech, Cressida's uncle refers to Troilus as "admirable youth" (234-5 / 390-1) truly worthy of unqualified praise, unlike Paris, his elder brother, the carpet knight who has visited calamity upon his tribe.

Some of the F5 emendations suggest that Wellington's revisers had access to other Shakespeare folios besides the Fourth. As Henry V, the mirror of all Christian kings, prepares to invade France, his former tavern companions ruminate on the ailing Falstaff. As part of the jocularity that masks the group's concern for him, the Boy says, "Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan" (*H5* 2.1.84 / 584), a jibe at their friend's

[13] F5 followed F1 exclusively sixteen times, F2 exclusively once, and F3 exclusively nine times. F5 emended F4 to follow F1 and F2 but not F3 twenty times, emended F4 to follow F2 and F3 but not F1 six times, and emended F1 and F3 but not F2 4 times. These totals have been calculated from study of the critical apparatus we have provided.

disastrously florid complexion. F1, F2, and Rowe considered the concluding compound to be authentically Shakespearean because it seemed more plausible than the "warming-man" of F3 and F4. Rowe owned a copy of F2 with the logical reading but was probably able to intuit it without resorting to comparison. A long-handled rasher of coals to heat a cold bed was surely nothing new to him. Perhaps F5 had the same access to the earlier folio or was equally able to emend, based on a knowledge of this common household convenience. Similarly, in Juliet's histrionic interrogation of the Nurse as to whether Romeo has been slain, she concludes a series of puns on "I", "aye", and "eye" with "makes thee answer ay" (*Rom*. 3.2.49 / 698). F2, F3, and F4 read the direct object pronoun as the definite article "the" instead. Yet the First Folio and Second Quarto (1599: G2) versions of the play preferred the pronoun, as did F5. Since both readings are plausible, Wellington's editors were possibly privileged to choose between available variants. Similarly, Lavinia implores the psychopathic Chiron to intercede for her with his mother, Tamora. The four folios render the plea to spare her from the imminent sexual assault she dreads, "Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty" (*Tit*. 2.3.147 / 890). In this instance, "woman" is the implied indirect object of "shew". However, F5 either had access to the First Quarto of *Titus* or anticipated its genitive adjective "womans" (1594: D3v) and so chose it: i.e., that Tamora, as a member of Lavinia's sex, should by her shared feminine nature therefore show pity.[14]

In the mode of Rowe and his successors, F5 subjected the text to nuanced and perceptive grammatical modification, sometimes in the lines of impassioned women such as Lavinia. As the doomed Joan la Pucelle realises that conventional bargaining for her life will not convince her English captors to spare her from the stake, she desperately reconsiders her strategy. The First Folio reads: "Then *Ione* discouet thine infirmity, / That wartanteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge" (*1H6* 5.4.61-2 / 2701-2). Not until the Third Folio does "r" unseat the erroneous "t" of "discouet". Yet F2, like F3, F4, and Rowe, replaced a second rogue "t" to correct the other nonsense term in the couplet to "warranteth", though this edition missed the first of "discouet". Shakespeare seems to have been using "warrant" in the older sense of "protect" or "cover in armor", as in *As You Like* It: "Your features, Lord warrant us: what features?" (3.3.4 / 1618). In the present tense, then, Joan could be telling herself to reveal her "infirmity", pregnancy, that itself generates lawful protection for her peculiarly feminine right to life, regardless of her crime. Her condition creates an essential law that shields her. However, F5, in addition to adopting "discover," preferred the past tense in the form of a perfect passive participle, "warranted". In that case, the editors might have reasoned, the time-honoured statute that Joan invokes obviously existed before the bodily transformation that she alleges to have occurred: "Then *Joan* discover thine infirmity, / That warranted by Law, to be thy priviledge". Similarly, Juliet summons the personified night so that she might consummate her marriage. In the folios, she invokes its black mantle to hood her "vnman'd" blood "till strange Loue grow bold, / Thinke true Loue acted simple modestie" (*Rom*. 3.2.15-16 / 1659-60). Rowe, like many of his successors, found the grammar unsatisfactory. He emended "grow" to "grown" and "Think" to "Thinks" so that the precocious adolescent bride ruminates that the inexperienced or diffident sort of love personified (Cupid) actually understands what "true loue acted" really means, whatever that may be. F5 simply renders "grow" as "grows", perhaps concluding that no further emendation was necessary, desirable, or helpful in decoding Juliet's paradox.

Punctuation comprises the majority of the F5 emendations, which bears more significance than traditional textual scholarship has usually assigned to it. Early and mid-twentieth-century critical trends divided themselves approximately into halves on the subject. Some scholars maintained that the matter was of no importance because compositors could not be reliably

[14] Other quarto readings that F5 reproduces include Q1 *Henry V*, "Warming-pan" (2.1.84 / 584) and "loyalty" (2.2.5 / 632); Q1 *Troilus*, "Parallels" (1.3.168 / 628); Q1 *Titus*, "them" (3.1.115 / 1258); Q2 *Titus*, "them^" (2.3.140 / 883); and Q2 *Romeo*, "*Tybalt*'s" (3.2.106 / 1760).

credited with fulfilling the intentions of playwrights regarding such minutiae. Pointing should therefore be regarded, in the formulation of W. W. Greg, as an accidental rather than something substantive that directly affected meaning. Commentators who have argued for its importance have further subdivided themselves. Some have said that authors or compositors plotted their stops for mostly grammatical reasons, for the eye and the page. Others have made a more controversial claim. They contend that those who have denied the significance of punctuation risk blundering into anachronism by adopting such a position because contemporary practise was much more nuanced and sophisticated than moderns have heretofore realized. The sequence of gradually more concrete pauses—comma, semicolon, colon, and period—were intended for deliberate emphasis and pacing in texts from antiquity to the nineteenth century, often in plays. Alfred E. Thistleton (1900) and Percy Simpson (1911) were strong adherents of such views, followed by Alfred W. Pollard (1916, 1920), John Dover Wilson (1939), and Richard Flatter (1948). R. M. Alden (1924), in a somewhat savage refutation of Simpson, epitomised the dissenters from this hopeful view of printing-house practices regarding authorial intention. "Not proven", he concluded.[15]

In spite of those commentators who distrust theories of punctuation that emphasise meaning in Shakespeare, few scholars would claim that pauses are insignificant or naively inserted into the pentameter of the plays for the same reason. As Douglas Bruster (2015) has shown, an entire subfield of the discipline devotes itself to the statistical analysis of caesura placement. Some critics such as MacDonald P. Jackson (2002) have based their authorship attribution studies on pause patterns said to be characteristic of various playwrights. George T. Wright's *Shakespeare's Metrical Art* (1988) devotes over sixty passages to the issue, analyzing it as an important part of the prosody he dissects. Therefore, if a consensus exists that pauses are significant, and pointing contributes to or accentuates this crucial poetical device, then punctuation certainly matters.[16]

The position that F5 deliberately emended with a conscious knowledge of intermediate stops such as commas, colons, and semicolons can be buttressed by the scholarship of Anthony Graham-White (1995) and others.[17] He demonstrated that playwrights and grammarians throughout the early modern period tended not to practice the strictly syntactic practical punctuation familiar to moderns, but the "rhythmic" variety, instead, based on a strongly oral component of the text that is mostly invisible to us as silent readers. M. B. Parkes (1978) stressed the concern that scribes had to adapt their pointing to a particular audience, rather than observing absolute grammatical correctness. George Puttenham (1589) distinguished between commas, colons, and periods "as severall intermissions of sound", that is to say, pauses. Ben Jonson (1640) described the same reading practice as essential to speaking, "whereas our breath is by nature so short, that we cannot continue without a stay to speake long together; it was thought necessarie, as well as for the speaker's ease, as for the plainer deliverance of the things spoken, to invent this meanes, whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole might never the worse be understood". The grammarian Thomas Sheridan (1781) was one of the first to comment on the dichotomy between the written and spoken uses of punctuation, which he noted arose from different sources for different purposes, with the former somewhat at odds with the latter. For him,

[15] Thistleton, *Some Textual Notes on "All's Well That Ends Well"* (1900); *Some Textual Notes on "A Midsummer Night's Dream"* (1903); *Some Textual Notes on "Measure for Measure"* (1903); Simpson, *Shakespearean Punctuation* (1911); Pollard "The Improvers of Shakespeare" (1916: 265-90); Introduction to *A New Shakespeare Quarto: The Tragedy of "King Richard II"* (1916: 5-104); Introduction to *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates* (1920: vii-xxviii); Wilson (1939: lviii-lix); Flatter, *Shakespeare's Producing Hand* (1948); Alden (1924: 555-80).
[16] See Bruster (2015: 25-47); Jackson (2002: 37-46); Wright, *Shakespeare's Metrical Art* (1988); Oras (1960); and Tarlinskaja (1987).
[17] See Graham-White, *Punctuation and Its Dramatic Value in Shakespearean Drama* (1995); Ong (1944: 349-60); Hammond (1994: 203-49); Sherman "Punctuation as Configuration" (2013); and Jowett (2015: 317–31).

pauses should depend on oral emphasis, and that the notation generated for written discourse "cannot be represented by so small a number as four or five marks".[18]

So, the frequency with which the F5 editors modified what they saw in the Fourth Folio while rebuilding its missing pages suggests that more than the simple rectification of error mattered to them. That so many of these modifications anticipated those of Rowe, a practicing playwright, underrated editor, and overseer of his own dramatic texts who punctuated for rhythmic and rhetorical emphasis further supports the idea that Wellington's amenders were of the same mind. No matter what the result, the revisionary activity is significant in itself. The storied opening to *Henry V* concludes with "Admit me Chorus to this history; / Who, Prologue-like, your humble patience pray, / Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play" (Pr. 32-4 / 33-35). The Fourth Folio ends the first of these lines with a comma. Yet F5, in the manner of the first three folios before and Rowe afterward, prefers the semicolon, a heavier pause that allows emphasis on this dramatic spectacle as reliably chronicled truth. This small emendation exemplifies Jonson's statement that such pretty pauses might help one understand the whole, and never for the worse, at that.

F5's most common type of punctuation modification is replacing a strong dramatic pause with one less forceful. In several instances, the effect is that the speaker, in a state of excitement, simply runs on and boils over in his or her expression. *King John* demonstrates this type of emendation frequently. The title character exclaims: "Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads, / I like it well" (*Jn*. 2.1.104; 718). The four folios and three editions of Rowe place the comma after "heads", but F5 eliminates it, preferring to imitate the rush of agitated speech in place of a more correct grammatical isolation of a set-off prepositional clause. Similarly, later in the scene, Hubert enthusiastically commends the good looks of Blanch of Spain to the king as a means of creating an alliance with France, based on sexual chemistry: "Look upon the years / Of Lewis the Dolphin and that lovely maid. / If lusty love should go in quest of beauty, / Where should he find it fairer, than in Blanch?" (2.1.424-7 / 739-42). Again, the folios and Rowe differ from F5 in that those editors wanted a full stop after "Maid" and a pause following "fairer". Yet F5 preferred once again to use lighter punctuation to convey the speaker's excitement, substituting a comma for a period. It eliminates the pause after "fairer", an emendation that, by the way, most moderns have reproduced, since current syntactical practices, along with the effect of animated discourse, would recommend it. Appropriately, Blanch, in validating her uncle's desire to see her wed to Lewis, explains that her passions can be bent to please the king. The folios and Rowe, again, apply a full stop at the end of her first line: "I will enforce it eas'ly to my love. / Further I will not flatter you, my lord" (515-16; 832-3). Yet F5 substitutes a comma for the period, heightening the passion of her speech, showing her directness to her intended, and imitating, by punctuation, her ability to enforce her love to her will. There is, here, no stopping it.

Conversely, F5 provides strong stops when the occasion beckons. Dramatic emphasis seems to have been the motivation, since a punctuation mark, if used in oral delivery, tends to emphasise the words before or after. *Henry V* features this technique, perhaps to heighten a character's speech patterns or sensibility. For instance, the four folios agree that this line in Canterbury's analogy of the kingdom to a beehive should run, "They have a king, and officers of sorts, / Where some, like magistrates correct at home" (*H5* 1.2.190-1; 337-8). However, F5 substitutes a period for the comma after "sorts" and supplies another comma after "magistrates". Perhaps this re-pointing was intended to insert breaks to emphasise the simile that the churchman uses, making it easier for the auditor to apprehend. It is also possible that these pauses operate as hitches in this oily speaker's glib rhetoric, hinting at his bad-faith motivations in priming his king for war, an attempt to divert him from the appropriation of church lands and money that

[18] Parkes (1978: 127-42); Puttenham (1904: 2:77); Jonson (1947: 551); Sheridan (1781: 104-05).

Canterbury so fears. This same principle could be operative in his description of the "emperor" bee who "surveys" his drones: "The singing masons building roofs of gold" (198; 345). The four folios and Rowe agree that a comma should follow the last word in the line, but the F5 editors insist on a full stop, thus subtly underscoring the substance that Canterbury truly cares about, regardless of his high-sounding motivations. And their repunctuation of the king's response to the French ambassador and his insulting gift at the play's beginning suggests just how mistaken this gesture will turn out to be. "We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with us, / His present and your pains we thank you for" (259-60; 409-10) did not seem to require any modification to the folio editors or to Rowe. But F5 deletes the comma after "us" and inserts a period, and then another full stop after "present". The pauses subtly accentuate Henry's tacit but deadly anger, implying just how disastrous this gratuitous insult will turn out to be for France. Furthermore, the unexpected and seemingly ungrammatical full stop also underscores that the device of the tennis balls, the "present", registered more with the king than the "pains" for which he facetiously thanks the ambassador, in a way that the French will surely regret.

F5's pointing emendations often heighten a speaker's character and habits of discourse, and the same phenomenon can be surmised in more noticeable editing. Canterbury's analogy of the bees, "Creatures that by a rule in nature teach / The act of order to a peopled kingdom" (H5 1.2.189-91 / 336-8), suggests how a king such as his might govern and, in an unintended bit of self-revelation, how the churchman sees himself as a ruler or policy-maker. Rowe and the four folios represent this principle of order as an "act", probably in the sense of "process", equivalent to the Latin *in actu*. Yet F5 supplies "Art" in its place, which enables an entirely different level of meaning, with other connotations, also derived from the Latin, *ars*. Namely, a monarch might consider the creation of a well-run kingdom as a skill or craft. Or, in the case of Canterbury, supersubtle and crafty beyond measure, such art as he uses in manoeuvring Henry V into assuming the title of Warrior King could be described as the stuff of illusion and guile, produced by avaricious self-interest.

Henry VIII demonstrates this same interplay of conversational subtleties with equally adroit speakers regarding the self-destructive Buckingham and the soon-to-be-deposed Wolsey. In some instances, the F5 consortium might have consulted the rest of the Shakespeare canon to inform its decisions to emend. For that matter, its members might have looked at plays from the very pages they were re-editing to compare the usage of identical words. The Duke of Norfolk grudgingly compliments the "spider-like" Cardinal who shuttles his influence from the loom to create "his self-drawing web" in arranging the Field of the Cloth of Gold for the English king and François Premier. "There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends; / For being not propt by ancestry", i.e., Wolsey, with "The force of his own merit makes his way" (*H8* 1.1.60-8). Though "propt", signifying "supported", seemed a legitimate F1 reading worth preserving for the overseers of the next three folios and Rowe, F5 emends to "prompt", perhaps in the obsolete sense of "inclined" or "disposed" (OED *adj*. and *adv*. A.2.b). For this, Wellington's editors could have been prompted by Troilus's exchange with Cressida regarding the Greeks, "most prompt and pregnant" (*Tro*. 4.4.88 / 2479).

In a similar echo between the two plays in F5, Troilus implores Pandarus not to exacerbate his youthful despair that he will never consummate his passion for Cressida: "When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd, / Reply not how many fadoms deep / They lie indrench'd" (1.1.50-1 / 84-5). F5 follows the first three folios by preserving the unusual last word, though F4 and Rowe afterward prefer "intrench'd", another possible nautical reading. So, it should not surprise that the F5 editors chose a form of that watery word in, again, *Henry VIII*. There, Buckingham assures Norfolk that Wolsey bamboozlled Henry into "this last costly Treaty", the Field of the Cloth of Gold, "th'interview, / That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass, / Did break i'th'wrenching" (1.1.164-7; 239-42). Though the four folios and Rowe keep "i'th'wrenching", F5 emends to "i'th'drenching". Once again, the revising cadre preferred the

image of overflowing, soaking liquid based on the hero's diction in *Troilus* instead of the awkward twisting or turning of the drinking vessel in F4. In this case, it could be surmised that the editors chose this expression as a way of emphasizing Buckingham's conceit of imbibing to excess, enhancing his exaggeration of what he claims to be the decadent wastefulness of Wolsey's pageant. In F5's version, the cardinal's ravenously self-consuming spectacle gulps money, bursting its bounds in the flooding process. History records that after this brief respite from hostilities between England and France, Wolsey attempted to engineer an alliance with Charles V in the secret Treaty of Bruges (1521), diplomacy that would wrench the principals into the same conflict after the emperor made war on his French neighbor, drenching one and all (Gwyn 1980: 755-72).

The F5 editors, in the manner of Shakespeare's seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century predecessors and peers, attended to the texts with the care and precision that their previous experience had afforded them, along with sharp eyesight and good memory and recall. Their obvious knowledge of other editions allowed them to collate or consult from them when possible. This extends to punctuation, which mattered to these overseers for Wellington, just as it did for their contemporaries. Their unusually minute attention to the F5 sheets argues that they were not simply re-casters of missing Fourth Folio sections in a rush to help their masters sell books, but the owners of a distinct and distinguishable editorial sensibility. Indeed, given the 271 instances in which Wellington's team anticipated Rowe's three editions for Tonson, nearly 40%, suggests that someone at least as good as the future laureate was on the job, one whose efforts were requested to serve a reading public.

This project began thirty years ago. In its earliest form, Eric Rasmussen compared the unboxed F5 pages that Giles Dawson had identified against standard editions of F4. This resulted in a detailed critical apparatus, noting all differences in punctuation, spelling, and capitalization, along with standard verbal emendations. To repeat, we have supplemented the original with an updated document that includes the four standard Shakespeare folios and the three Rowe-Tonson productions, along with the photographed sheets that contain the variations so recorded. In this way, the accomplishments of Wellington's editors can be seen in context with that of his predecessors and of their nearest chronological successor, Rowe, who probably knew nothing about their activity.[19]

Again, since three different printers issued the Fourth Folio, which included three different title-pages, we have striven to collate as many of these copies as have been available to us, each in digital form, though this activity presented unexpected difficulties. Not every issuing of F4 agrees in its particulars with its fellows, even those which have been assigned the same Wing catalogue number because of the aforesaid title-pages, so it is not quite possible to discern which text or texts the F5 editors deployed in their employment for Wellington. For example, the 1904 Methuen F4 facsimile features most of the readings that differ from those of the F5 sheets, which makes the 1685 copy that the actual printer photographed, William Brendon & Son of Plymouth, a likely candidate for the copy-text that the 1700 editors used. However, this publication has no introduction, nor does it identify the copy's library.[20] In addition, in each of three Wing-numbered digital texts of F4 that we used for the project, i.e., Boston Public Library (S2917), Cambridge University (S2915), and the Folger Shakespeare Library (S2915), there are some readings that the F5 editors emended that differ in their particulars from one another and from the facsimile. Such differences are also the case with digital copies we consulted but that we did not collate, one from the Bodleian Library, Oxford (S2917) and another from the Folger (S2916).

[19] F5 not only anticipated 271 of Rowe's emendations, but Alexander Pope's in *2 Henry VI*, "Counsellor" (4.2.172 / 2491) and Lewis Theobald's in *Titus Andronicus,* "fault" (2.3.291 / 1049).

[20] *William Shakespear's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, Faithfully Reproduced in Facsimile from the Edition of 1685* (1904). Its title page identifies it as Wing S2915.

Our notation is standard. Act, scene, and line-numbers and play abbreviations are those of the *Riverside Shakespeare*, 2nd. ed., ed. G. Blakemore Evans et al. (1991). Through line-numbers are from the *Norton Facsimile of the First Folio of Shakespeare*, ed. Charlton Hinman (1968).

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Critical Apparatus

Eric Rasmussen and M.L. Stapleton

1. Copies of F5, Fourth Folio collations with revised sheets

Each **quire** (collection of leaves) of F4 contained three sheets of paper folded in half and gathered so that the outer sheet enclosed the second sheet which, in turn, enclosed the third sheet, which is known as a **folio in sixes**. With this arrangement, signature A1 would be **conjugate** (connected) with A6 on the same sheet of paper, as would A2 with A5, and A3 with A4. The reprint would necessarily have been of an entire sheet, one containing both A1 and A6, for example. The nomenclature to represent this is A1:A6. For the tripartite folio in sixes such as F4, the printers used the letters A to Z for the signatures in the first section, then began again with 2A to 2Z for the second, and then *3A-*3Z for the third. In the table below, for example, the entry for 2B3:4 means that the Fifth Folio reprinted sheet contains the two conjugate leaves of quire 2B, both signature 2B3, recto (right-hand page) and verso (left-hand page), and signature 2B4, recto and verso. Similarly, *3C2:5 means that the F5 sheet contains signatures *3C2 and *3C5. The table below shows which of the reprinted signatures were in each of the five collated copies, marked with an x.

Signatures	Folger 28	Folger 33	Folger 7	NYPL Astor	NYPL Lenox
2B3:4	x	x	x		
2I2:5	x	x			
2I3:4	x	x		x	
2M1:6	x				
2N1	x				
2N2:5	x	x		x	
2O3:4	x	x	x		x
2T3:4		x			
2X2:5	x				
2X3:4	x	x	x		
2Y1:6	x	x	x	x	
2Z2:5	x	x	x		
2Z3:4	x	x	x		
*3B2:5	x	x	x		
*3C2:5	x	x	x	x	
*3C3:4	x	x	x		
*3E3:6		x			

2. Overview of F5, the reprinted Fourth Folio pages

sig.	pg.	Text affected (Evans)	TLN (Hinman)
2B3	5	*Jn* 2.1.228—3.1.184	534-677
2B3v	6	idem	678-825
2B4	7	idem	826-971
2B4v	8	idem	972-1172
2I2	87	*2H4* Ep. And DP	3324-50
2I2v	88	*H5* Pr.—2.4.75	1-85
2I3	89	idem	86-231
2I3v	90	idem	232-379
2I4	91	idem	380-523
2I4v	92	idem	524-671
2I5	93	idem	672-819
2I5v	94	idem	820-967
2M1	121	*1H6* 3.1.51—3.2.103	1257-1404
2M1v	122	idem	1405-1542
2M6	131	*1H6* 5.4.43—5.5.108	2683-2826
2M6v	132	idem	2827-2931
2N1	133	*2H6* 1.1.1—1.3.147	1-101
2N1v	134	idem	102-249
2N2	135	idem	250-393
2N2v	136	idem	394-540
2N5	141	*2H6* 2.3.59-3.1.110	1115-1262
2N5v	142	idem	1263-1410
2°3	149	*2H6* 4.1.129-4.9.10	2297-2439
2O3v	150	idem	2440-2581
2O4	151	idem	2582-2721
2O4v	152	idem	2722-2862
2T3	209	*H8* 1.1.33-1.3.66	77-223
2T3v	210	idem	224-366
2T4	211	idem	367-514
2T4v	212	idem	515-657
2X2	231	*H8* 5.2.199-Ep.	3236-3376
2X2v	232	idem	3377-3460
2X3	233	*Tro*. Pr.-1.3.351	1-76
2X3v	234	idem	77-224
2X4	235	idem	225-373
2X4v	236	idem	374-523
2X5	237	idem	524-671
2X5v	238	idem	672-818
2Y1	241	*Tro*. 2.2.124-2.3.199	1113-1260
2Y1v	242	idem	1261-1406
2Y6	251	*Tro*. 4.5.26-5.1.1	2578-2723
2Y6v	252	idem	2724-2871
2Z2	255	*Tro*. 5.2.169-5.5.57	3166-3309
2Z2v	256	idem	3310-3459
2Z3	257	idem	3460-3592
2Z3v	258	*Cor*. 1.1.1-1.6.46	1-94
2Z4	259	idem	95-242

2Z4v	260	idem	243-382
2Z5	261	idem	383-520
2Z5v	262	idem	521-659
*3B2	279	*Cor*. 4.6.66-5.2.23	2975-3120
*3B2v	280	idem	3121-3261
*3B5	285	*Tit*. 1.1.205	1-90
*3B5v	286	idem	91-235
*3C2	291	*Tit*. 2.3.73-4.3.90	812-957
*3C2v	292	idem	958-1098
*3C3	293	idem	1099-1239
*3C3v	294	idem	1240-1383
*3C4	295	idem	1384-1529
*3C4v	296	idem	1530-1669
*3C5	297	idem	1670-1813
*3C5v	298	idem	1814-1957
*3^{E}3	317	*Rom*. 3.1.93-3.3.107	1638-1781
*3E3v	318	idem	1782-1923
*3E6	323	*Rom*. 4.3.7-5.1.29	2486-2616
*3E6v	324	idem	2617-2754

3. Apparatus

This apparatus is designed to compare the F5 variants from the Fourth Folio with the standard texts of the four folios and the three Rowe-Tonson editions. Notation is standard for each edition of *Mr.William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies* with their various publishers. F1: First Folio (1623); F2: Second Folio (1632); F3: Third Folio (1663-4); F4: Fourth Folio (1685). Hence the conventional notation for the complete agreement of these four texts in a lemma is Ff. Since F5 was outside the editorial tradition, we classify it as its own entity. A common term for such textual abbreviations is **witness**, editions of the same work that an editor sets in chronological order of publication to demonstrate agreement or disagreement with the original reading, and so a reader can see which came first.

Rowe's editions are ROWE1 (1709); ROWE2 (1709-10); ROWE3 (1714). When all editions of Rowe agree, the notation simply reads ROWE. The first and second Rowe editions are titled *The Works of Mr. William Shakespear; in Six Volumes, Adorn'd with Cuts* (London: Printed for Jacob Tonson, 1709). The third is *The Works of Mr. William Shakespear; in Nine Volumes: With his Life, by N. Rowe Esq., Adorn'd with Cuts* (London: Printed for J. Tonson et al., 1714).

For those unfamiliar with scholarly textual notation, we have provided these guidelines. Scholars traditionally build a textual note with the following components. It comprises the locus of the variation in the **copy-text**, often the oldest edition of a work from which its successors derive; followed by the **lemma** (plural **lemmata**), the word or punctuation mark about which editors have speculated or disagreed; a right-hand square bracket to indicate its extent; and the witnesses, abbreviations for the editions consulted that read the same as the lemma, followed by a semicolon to mark the divergence between those witnesses agreeing with that particular reading and those that differ. The variant word or punctuation mark follows, with the ensuing shorthand for the edition that proposes the differing reading. A swung dash (~) indicates a reading that accords with the copy-text. A caret (^) indicates omission of punctuation that occurs in other editions in the note.

We have made two changes to this conventional notational system for the reader's convenience. First, though an apparatus customarily identifies its edition's copy-text at the outset without including it in the progression of witnesses in the lemma, we decided that the notes would be easier to decode for those new to textual scholarship if we instead explicitly included our copy-text, the First Folio (F1) in this list. As a result, this allows us to deploy the aforementioned Ff abbreviation, an efficient way of demonstrating the concord of the four folios in a lemma. For example, in the case of such agreement, with F1 understood as the copy-text, **word] Ff** seemed preferable to the standard form **word] F2-F4**.

The second change we have made to traditional notation is that we have added two sets of numbers to the left of the lemma that indicate the precise locus of the editorial activity indicated in standard Shakespeare editions. For example, here is a textual note from *King John*:

2.1.231 537 accordingly^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE

First, the three joined Arabic numerals **2.1.231** indicate act, scene, and line numbers from G. Blakemore Evans' *Riverside Shakespeare* (1974), which William George Clark and William Aldis Wright established in the *Globe Shakespeare* (1865). Second, the number **537** represents the Through-Line-Numbers (TLN) that Charlton Hinman introduced in his First Folio facsimile (1968) which account for every line of text, such as scene breaks and stage directions, without reference to act or scene. Since the varied pica sizes for prose formatting in twenty-first-century Shakespeare texts means that lineation will vary widely between editions, the TLN number represents an attempt to standardize textual loci. *The New Variorum Shakespeare* editions use both forms of lineation for just such reasons. Next, in the lemma itself, the first witness, F1, for the word **accordingly** contained no following punctuation, hence the caret (^). After the right-hand bracket separating the word from its witnesses, Ff indicates that all four folios read

accordingly in exactly the same way, with no punctuation following. After the semicolon, the mark editors use to separate different readings by various witnesses, the swung dash (~) and the comma (,) signify the variation, **accordingly,** (i.e. with a comma following). That is, **F5** and **ROWE** represent the witnesses that follow, indicating that these texts adopted this change from the original. Since the Fifth Folio was published earlier than the Tonson-Rowe editions, the apparatus credits it for the new reading, with **ROWE** indicating that the three versions of Rowe's *Shakespear* read the same way as F5.

Hence, in the above example of the lemma, **accordingly^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE** seemed more comprehensible and efficient than **accordingly^] F2-F4; ~ , F5, ROWE**

King John

Evans	TLN	
2.1.228	534	Walls,] Ff, ROWE; ~. F5
2.1.231	537	accordingly^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
2.1.291	598	Lioness] F1, ROWE; Lyonnesse F2, F3; Lyonness F4; Lionness F5
2.1.311	621	*Englands*] Ff;*England's* F5, ROWE
2.1.311.s.d.	622	*Trumpet*] Ff, ROWE; *Trumpets* F5
2.1.319	630	those] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; thos F4
2.1.320	631	marcht] F1-F3, F5; marche F4; march'd ROWE
2.1.334	648	France,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.1.365	679	Deputy,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.1.368	682	this,] F1-F3, F5; ~ ^ F4; ~; ROWE
2.1.373	687	Heaven]Ff; Heavens F5; Heav'n ROWE
2.1.373	687	*Angiers*] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
2.1.376	690	death.] Ff; ROWE; ~ , F5
2.1.397	711	heads,] Ff; ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.1.404	718	ours,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.1.425	740	Maid.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
2.1.427	742	fairer,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.1.465	781	*France* :] F1, F2; *France*^ F3; *France*; F4, F5, ROWE
2.1.487	803	*Poyctiers*] Ff, ROWE; *Poictiers* F5
2.1.495	811	Ladies] Ff; Lady's F5, ROWE
2.1.510	827	vnckles] F1; Vncles F2; Uucles F3; Uncles F4; Uncle's F5, ROWE
2.1.515	832	love.] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
2.1.552	873	*Richmond,*] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.1.561	881	Composition:] F1, F2; ~; F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
2.1.562	882	*Arthurs* ^] Ff; *Arthur's* F5, ROWE
2.1.566	887	Souldier,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.1.582	903	all-changing world] F1-F3, F5; all changing world F4; all changing-world ROWE
3.1.12	933	fears,] F1, F5, ROWE2, ROWE3; ~. F2-F4, ROWE1
3.1.15	936	fears;] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
3.1.44	965	Mothers] Ff; Mother's F5, ROWE
3.1.57	978	pluckt] Ff, ROWE; pluck'd F5
3.1.92	1017	Sea-men] Ff; Seamen F5, ROWE
3.1.93	1018	made;] Ff; ROWE; ~: F5
3.1.94	1019	day^] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
3.1.97	1022	day:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
3.1.107	1033	Heavens,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
3.1.115	1041	spoil:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ; F5
3.1.115	1041	bloudy] Ff; bloody F5, ROWE
3.1.115	1041	Coward,] Ff, ROWE; ~ : F5
3.1.123	1049	blooded] F1, F5, ROWE; blouded F2-F4
3.1.147	1074	interrogatories] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Interrogarrorories F4
3.1.162	1089	Christendom] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Cristendom F4
3.1.171	1098	Foes.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
3.1.177	1104	worship'd] F1; worshipp'd F2, F3, F5, ROWE; woshipp'd F4

2 Henry IV

Evans	TLN	
Ep. 12	3334	home,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ; F4
Ep. 29	3346	any thing] Ff, ROWE; anything F5; any thing Ff
Ep. 33	3349	good night] Ff, ROWE; goodnight F5

Henry V

Evans	TLN	
Pr. 1	2	O ^] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; ~, F3, F4
Pr. 1	2	*ascend* ^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
Pr. 7	8	*Fire* ^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
Pr. 22	23	*asunder*.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
Pr. 32	33	*History*;] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
Pr. 34	35	*heare*] F1, F2, F4; *hear* F3, F5, ROWE
1.1.20	59	all.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
1.1.34	74	scowring] Ff, ROWE; scouring F5
1.1.42	83	study:] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
1.1.46	87	Gordian] Ff, ROWE; Gordion F5
1.1.55	96	rude,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.1.61	102	holesome] F1, F2; wholesome F3, F5; wholsom F4, ROWE
1.2.29	176	speak^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.35	182	Throne.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
1.2.39	186	succeed] F1, F2, F4, ROWE; succed F3, F5
1.2.40	187	Which] Ff, ROWE; Wich F5
1.2.43	190	Authors] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; Authours F3, F4
1.2.46	193	*Saxons*] Ff, ROWE; *Saxon* F5
1.2.72	215	Title] Ff, ROWE; Titles F5
1.2.110	257	Forrage] Ff; Forage F5, ROWE
1.2.124	271	Lyons] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; Lions F3, F4
1.2.136	283	onely] Ff; only F5, ROWE
1.2.143	290	onely] Ff; only F5, ROWE
1.2.146	293	read,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.2.148	295	unfurnisht] Ff, ROWE; unfurnish'd F5
1.2.155	302	bin] Ff; been F5, ROWE
1.2.159	306	onely] Ff; only F5, ROWE
1.2.174	320	then,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.2.187	334	Obedience:] Ff; ~ ; F5, ROWE
1.2.189	336	Act] Ff, ROWE; Art F5
1.2.190	337	sorts,] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
1.2.191	338	Magistrates^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.196	343	Emperor] Ff, ROWE; Emperour F5
1.2.198	345	Gold,] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
1.2.201	348	gate:] Ff, ROWE; Gate; F5
1.2.220	367	policie] Ff, policy F5, ROWE
1.2.226	373	Ruling] Ff, ROWE; Ruleing F5
1.2.250	399	Sayes,] F1, F2; Sayes^ F3; Says^ F4, ROWE; Says, F5
1.2.259	409	us,] Ff; ~ . F5, ROWE
1.2.260	410	Present,] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
1.2.261	411	matcht] F1, F2, F5; match'd F3, F4, ROWE
1.2.266	416	Chaces] Ff, ROWE; Chases F5
1.2.294	444	*Dolphin*,] Ff; ~ . F5; *Dauphin*, ROWE
1.2.295	445	savour] F1-F3, F5, ROWE3, ROWE3; savor F4, ROWE1
1.2.299	450	hope^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
2.Ch.22	484	Crowns,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.Ch.26	488	*France*^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE

2.Ch.32	494	of] Ff, ROWE; o’ F5
2.Ch.35	497	Gentles] Ff, ROWE; Gentiles F5
2.1.29	534	Hoste,] Ff; ~ ? F5, ROWE
2.1.50	553	worse,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.1.84	584	Warming-pan] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; --man F3, F4
2.1.89.s.d.	588	*Exit*.] Ff, ROWE; *om*. F5
2.1.94	592	floods] F1, F2, F5; Flouds F3, F4, ROWE
2.1.96	596	slave^] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
2.2.5	632	loyalty] F1-F3, F5; Royalty F4, ROWE
2.2.18	647	them.] Ff, ROWE; ~ ? F5
2.2.19	648	Liege,] F1-F3, F5; ~: F4; ~ ; ROWE
2.2.20	649	not^ that,] Ff, ROWE; ~ , ~ ^ F5
2.2.29	658	Enemies,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Enemies^ F4
2.2.53	681	heavy] F1, F3, F5, ROWE; heavie F2, F4
2.2.73	701	change:] Ff; ~ , F5; ~! ROWE
2.2.76	704	apparance.] F1, F2; appearance. F3, F4, ROWE; ~? F5
2.2.90	719	*France* ^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
2.2.141	770	me thinks] Ff; methinks F5, ROWE
2.2.143	772	Law,] F1-F3, F5; ~ ^ F4, ROWE
2.2.166	795	quit^] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
2.2.166	795	sentence^] F1, F2, F4; ~. F5; ~: ROWE
2.2.167	796	Person,] F1, F5, ROWE; ~. F2-F4
2.3.26	847	stone.] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.3.55	875	leeches^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
2.4.15	903	Foe:] F1-F3, ROWE; ~. F4; ~, F5
2.4.49	939	look^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
2.4.63	953	fear^] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5

1 Henry VI

Evans	TLN	
3.1.53	1260	over-born] Ff, ROWE; overborn F5
3.1.56	1263	Me thinks] Ff; Methinks F5, ROWE
3.1.63	1270	Lords?] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
3.1.70	1277	ye^ should] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ye, should F4
3.1.83	1295	knockt] F1-F3, F5; knock't F4; knock'd ROWE
3.1.98	1312	Common-weale] F1-F3, F5; ~ ^~ F4, ROWE
3.1.101	1315	slaughtred] Ff; slaughter'd F5, ROWE
3.1.105	1321	perswade] F1-F3, F5, ROWE2, ROWE3; persuade F4, ROWE1
3.1.130	1345	But] Ff, ROWE; Bul F5
3.1.131	1346	King:] Ff; ~; F5, ROWE
3.1.145	1361	ioyne] F1, F2; joyn F3, F5; join F4, ROWE
3.1.193	1413	envious] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; envyous F4
3.2.4	1427	Market men] Ff; ~ - ~ F5, ROWE
3.2.21	1446	Now she is] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Now is she F4
3.2.27	1454	joyneth] F1-F3, F5; joineth F4, ROWE
3.2.43	1475	againe] F1, F2, F4; again F3, F5, ROWE
3.2.64	1500	speake] F1, F2, F4; speak F3, F5, ROWE
3.2.69	1505	Pesant] Ff; Peasant F5, ROWE
3.2.79	1515	Either] Ff, ROWE; Eeither F5
3.2.93	1530	perswade] F1-F3, F5; persuade F4, ROWE
3.2.97	1534	Me thinkes] Ff; Methinks F5, ROWE
5.4.49	2689	misconceived,] F1-F3; ~ ^ F4, ROWE; ~ ; F5
5.4.61	2701	wartanteth] F1; warranteth F2-F4, ROWE; warranted F5
5.4.115	2756	thereby.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
5.4.127	2769	breath] F1, F2, F4, ROWE; breathe F3, F5
5.4.128	2770	Crown.] Ff, ROWE; ~: F5
5.4.140	2782	King.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
5.4.150	2792	Comparison.] Ff; ~ ? F5, ROWE
5.4.164	2806	it, when] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~ F5
5.5.6	2827	mightiest] Ff, ROWE; mightest F5
5.5.17	2838	choyce] F1, F2, F4; choice F3, F5, ROWE
5.5.19	2840	command:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ; F5
5.5.22	2843	otherwise,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~; F4
5.5.50	2872	choose] F1-F3; chose F4; chuse F5, ROWE
5.5.53	2875	Pezants] Ff; Peasants F5, ROWE
5.5.87	2909	*France*,] F1, F2, ROWE; France, F3, F4; *France*^ F5

2 Henry VI

Evans	TLN	
1.1.28	35	Soueraigne] F1-F3; Sovereign F4, ROWE; Soveraign F5
1.1.36	43	cheerful] Ff, ROWE; chearful F5
1.1.36	43	voice] F1-F2, F5, ROWE; voyce F3-F4
1.1.75	82	England] Ff, ROWE; Englaud F5
1.1.77	84	Land.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.78	85	What?] Ff, ROWE; ~ ! F5
1.1.87	94	Normandie:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ? F5
1.1.91	98	to[o] and fro] Ff, ROWE; to fro F5
1.1.96	103	*Bedfords*] Ff; *Bedford's* F5, ROWE
1.1.106	113	ours;] Ff, ROWE; ~ : F5
1.1.139	146	mind.] Ff, ROWE2, ROWE3; ~ , F5; ~; ROWE1
1.1.150	157	fear me^] F1, F2; I fear me, F3, F4, ROWE; I fear, me^ F5
1.1.162	169	With^ God] Ff, ROWE; ~ , ~ F5
1.1.167	174	me,] F1-F2, F5, ROWE2, ROWE3; ~ . F3, F4, ROWE1
1.1.191	199	house-keeping] F1-F3; Hous-keeping F4; House-Keeping F5, ROWE
1.1.202	210	*Buckinghams*] Ff; *Buckingham's* F5, ROWE
1.1.208	217	hast] F1, F4; haste F2, F3, F5, ROWE
1.1.212	223	I meant] Ff, ROWE; I ment F5
1.1.235	247	*Calidon:*] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.238	250	*Englands*] Ff; *England's* F5, ROWE
1.1.240	252	*Nevils*] F1, F5; *Nevills* F2-F4, ROWE
1.1.253	265	iarres:] F1; jarres. F2, F3; Jarrs. F4; Jarrs, F5 F5; Jars. ROWE
1.2.25	299	Me thought] Ff; Methought F5, ROWE
1.2.36	310	Me thought] Ff; Methought F5, ROWE
1.2.60	335	presently.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.71	346	saist] Ff; say'st F5, ROWE
1.2.72	347	*Humes*] Ff; *Hume's* F5, ROWE
1.2.82	357	Questions:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.84	359	Wee'le] F1, F2; We'll F3, F5, ROWE; W'ell F4
1.2.95	371	Suffolk;] Ff, ROWE; ~ : F5
1.2.97	373	*Elianors*] Ff; *Elianor's* F5; *Eleanor's* ROWE
1.2.105	381	*Humes*] Ff; *Hume's* F5, ROWE
1.3.17	402	Cardinals] Ff; Cardinal's F5, ROWE
1.3.38	423	Protectors] Ff; Protector's F5, ROWE
1.3.47	433	*Glosters*] Ff; *Gloster's* F5; Glo'ster's ROWE
1.3.61	447	Colledge] F1-F3, F5; College F4, ROWE
1.3.78	464	*Humphreyes*] F1, F2; *Humphreys* F3; *Humphrey's* F4; *Humfrey's* F5; *Humphry's* ROWE
1.3.79	465	Queen:] Ff; ~ , F5; ~; ROWE
1.3.82	468	on] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ou F4
1.3.92	478	rest:] Ff; ~; F5, ROWE
1.3.93	479	this;] Ff, ROWE; ~ : F5
1.3.96	482	*Humphrey*] Ff; *Humfrey* F5; *Humphry* ROWE
1.3.114	504	preferr'd] Ff; ROWE; prefer'd F5
1.3.142	534	Commandements] Ff; Commandments F5, ROWE
2.3.66	1121	you] Ff, ROWE; ye F5

2.3.82	1143	more?] Ff, ROWE; mor^ F5
2.3.90	1152	downe-right] F1, F2; down-right F3, F5, ROWE2, ROWE3; down right F4; downright ROWE1
2.4.13	1184	Chariot-Wheeles] F1, F2; Chariot-Wheels F3, F4, ROWE1; Chariot Wheels F5, ROWE2, ROWE3
2.4.26	1202	griefe.] F1-F3; G reif^ F4; Grief. F5, ROWE
2.4.32	1208	reioyce] F1, F2, F5; rejoice F3, F4, ROWE
2.4.33	1209	deep-set (or –fet)] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^~ F4
2.4.35	1211	start, the] F1-F3, F5; ~ ^ ~ F4, ROWE
2.4.40	1216	day.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.4.42	1218	say, I am] F1-F3, F5; ~ ^ ~ ~ F4, ROWE
2.4.58	1234	awry.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.4.69	1245	dayes] Ff; days F5, ROWE
2.4.77	1254	*Stanly*] Ff, ROWE; *Stanley* F5
2.4.80	1256	Grace.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.4.84	1261	her.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.4.85	1264	farewel?] F1-F3, F5; ~. F4, ROWE
2.4.89	1269	afear'd] Ff, ROWE; afraid F5
2.4.94	1274	Why, Madame,] F1; Why, Madam, F2, F3; Why Madam, F4, ROWE
3.1.8	1300	himselfe.] F1-F3; himselfe^ F4; himself? F5; himself! ROWE
3.1.11	1305	Immediately] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Immediatly F4
3.1.27	1321	Councelle] F1; councell F2; councel F3; Councel F4; Council F5, ROWE
3.1.32	1326	now,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
3.1.32	1326	o're-grow] Ff;; o'regrow F5; oe'r-grow ROWE
3.1.32	1326	Garden,] Ff, ROWE; ~. F5
3.1.35	1329	Duke.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
3.1.61	1355	summes] F1-F3; summs F4; sums F5, ROWE
3.1.78	1372	enclin'd] Ff; inclin'd F5, ROWE
3.1.86	1382	Gods] F1, F2, F4; God's F3, F5, ROWE
3.1.106	1405	By means] Ff, ROWE; By the means F5
4.1.134	2302	Bezonions] F1; Bezonians F2; *Bezonians* F3, F4, F5, ROWE
4.1.137	2305	Islanders^] Ff, ROWE1, ROWE2; ~, F5; *om*. ROWE3
4.1.141.s.d	2311	*rest*.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
4.1.142	2313	lye,] F1, F2; lie, F3, F5, ROWE; lie. F4
4.2.4	2322	to sleep now then] Ff, ROWE; then to sleep now F5
4.2.8	2327	it was] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; it was it F4
4.2.15	2333	Councell] F1-F3; Councel F4; Council F5, ROWE
4.2.30	2349	let's] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; lets F4
4.2.51	2370	hedge] F1-F3; Hedg F4; Hedge F5, ROWE
4.2.63	2381	i'th'] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; i'th the F4
4.2.67	2385	and I wil] F1; and I will F2, ROWE; and will F3, F4; and we will F5
4.2.70	2388	be.] F1-F3, F5; ~ ^ F4; ~-- ROWE
4.2.73	2391	drink^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.2.76	2394	let's] F1-F3, F5, ROWE2, ROWE3; lets F4, ROWE1
4.2.90	2408	Ha's] Ff, ROWE1; H'as F5, ROWE2, ROWE3
4.2.108	2424	Villain^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.2.122	2442	Rebellious F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Rebellous F4

4.2.139	2459	birth.] F1, F2, F5, ROWE2, ROWE3; ~, F3, F4, ROWE1
4.2.160	2480	*Sayes*] F1-F3; *Says* F4; *Say's* F5, ROWE
4.2.165	2485	Commonwealth] Ff, ROWE; Common-wealth F5
4.2.172	2491	Councellour] F1, F2; Councellor F3, F4, ROWE; Counsellor F5
4.2.174	2494	words^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.2.178	2598	flye] Ff; fly F5, ROWE
4.2.185	2505	shooen^] F1, F2; shoon^ F3; Shoons^; Shoons, F5; Shoone, ROWE
4.3.2	2514	Here^ Sir] Ff; ~ , ~ F5, ROWE
4.3.17	2528	let's] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; lets F4
4.4.5	2537	brest] Ff; Breast F5, ROWE
4.4.21	2554	now^] Ff; ~, F5, ROWE
4.4.26	2562	haste] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; hast F4
4.4.27	2563	Flie^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
4.4.31	2567	*Westminster*.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.4.50	2587	him^] *om*. F1; ~ ^ F2-F4; ~, F5, ROWE
4.4.53	2590	spoyle] Ff; spoyl F5; spoil ROWE
4.5.2	2601	No^ Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
4.5.11	2611	Countrey] F1, F2, F4; Country F3, F5, ROWE
4.7.13	2646	Away,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.7.24	2658	ties:] F1-F3; ~ ^ F4; ~. F5, ROWE
4.7.34	2667	where-as] F1-F3, F5; where^as F4; whereas ROWE
4.7.63	2697	wealthy,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4

Henry VIII

Evans	TLN	
1.1.34	78	(For] Ff; ^~ F5, ROWE
1.1.56	104	o'th'] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; oth' F3, F4
1.1.59	108	propt] Ff, ROWE; prompt F5
1.1.60	109	Successors] Ff, ROWE; Successours F5
1.1.97	154	Ambassador] Ff, ROWE; Ambassadour F5
1.1.113	173	wholesome] Ff; wholsom F5; wholsome ROWE
1.1.113	173	Loe] Ff; Lo F5, ROWE
1.1.129	199	follow, and] Ff; ~ ^ ~ F5, ROWE
1.1.133	204	full^hot] Ff; ~- ~ F5, ROWE
1.1.135	207	me^ like] F1-F3, F5; ~,~ F4, ROWE
1.1.146	219	again^ there]F1, F5; ~,~ F2-F4, ROWE
1.1.147	220	stronger] Ff, ROWE; strong F5
1.1.149	222	allay^ the] F1-F3, F5; ~,~ F4, ROWE
1.1.165	240	enterview,] Ff, ROWE; interview^ F5
1.1.167	240	ith'] Ff; i'th' F5, ROWE
1.1.167	242	wrenching] Ff, ROWE; drenching F5
1.1.169	245	o'th'] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; oth' F3, F4
1.1.171	247	cride] F1, F2; cri'd F3, F4; cry'd F5, ROWE
1.1.182	258	this] Ff, ROWE; the F5
1.1.189	265	Kings] Ff; King's F5, ROWE
1.1.189	265	course,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.1.190	266	know^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.198	278	Sergeant] F1, F2, F5; Serjeant F3, F4, ROWE
1.1.202	284	Lo] F1, F5, ROWE; Loe F2-F4
1.1.203	285	falne] F1, F2; faln F3, F4; fallen F5; fall'n ROWE
1.1.213	297	Tower, till] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^~ F4
1.1.220	307	o'th'Plot] Ff, ROWE; o'thPlot F5
1.1.221	308	o'th'] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; oth' F3, F4
1.1.221	308	O^] Ff, ROWE1, ROWE2; ~, F5, ROWE3
1.1.222	309	ore-great] F1, F2; o're^ great F3, F5; o're-great F4, ROWE
1.1.223	310	spand] F1, F2; spann'd F3, F4, ROWE; span'd F5
1.2.3	323	full-charg'd] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~ F5
1.2.5	325	*Buckinghams*] Ff; *Buckingham's* F5, ROWE
1.2.29	354	appears,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ; F5
1.2.50	381	th'load] Ff, ROWE; the load F5
1.2.89	425	fear:] F1-F3; ~ ^ F4; ~. F5, ROWE
1.2.96	432	o'th'Timber] F1, F2, ROWE; oth' timber F3, F4; o'th'timber F5
1.2.109	447	sorry,] F1, F2, F4; ~ ^ F3, F5, ROWE
1.2.116	455	corrupt,] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F3, F4
1.2.134	474	hee'l] Ff; he'l F5; he'll ROWE
1.2.135	475	Scepter^] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
1.2.150	496	know'st] Ff, ROWE; knowest F5
1.2.179	528	this . . . this] Ff; him . . . this F5, ROWE2, ROWE3; Him . . . this ROWE1
1.2.182	531	damage] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; dammage F3, F4
1.2.186	535	[2] ha,] Ff; ~ . F5; ~ -- ROWE
1.3.13	585	halt^reign'd] F1-F3, F5; halt-reign'd F4; Spring-halt, reigned

1.3.57	644	dews fall] Ff; dew falls F5, ROWE
5.3.9	3266	heads;] Ff, ROWE; ~ : F5
5.3.15	3272	May-day] F1-F3; *May*-day F4, ROWE; *Mayday* F5
5.3.21	3279	nothing] Ff, ROWE; not F5
5.3.51	3310	far,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
5.3.53	3312	quartered] Ff; quarter'd F5, ROWE
5.3.80	3341	Fines] Ff, ROWE; Finds F5
5.4.5	3370	pray^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
5.4.31	3401	Corn,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~. F4

Troilus and Cressida

Evans	TLN	
Pro. 25	26	conditions,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
Pro. 30	31	Like,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.1.17	55	I^ the] Ff; ~, ~ F5, ROWE
1.1.46	80	will] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; wil F4
1.1.50	85	lye] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; lie F4
1.1.50	85	indrench'd.] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4; intrench'd. ROWE
1.1.62	96	me,] Ff, ROWE; m e^ F5
1.1.68	102	ha's] Ff; has F5, ROWE
1.1.68	102	hands.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
1.1.69	103	now^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
1.1.103	137	self^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.112	149	gor'd] Ff, ROWE; gorg'd F5
1.1.112	149	*Menelaus*] Ff, ROWE; *Menelaus's* F5
1.2.12	170	this;] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
1.2.21	179	Lyon,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
1.2.54	212	here.] Ff, ROWE; ~ ? F5
1.2.58	216	*Troilus;*] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.76	234	himself:] F1, F5; ~; F2-F4, ROWE
1.2.83	239	me.] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.2.84	240	too't] Ff; to't F5, ROWE
1.2.85	241	others] Ff; other's F5; th'others ROWE1; the'other's ROWE2, ROWE3
1.2.121	276	dimpled,] Ff; ^ . F5, ROWE
1.2.152	307	And^ t'had] F1, F2; And^ 'thad F3; And 'had F4, ROWE; And't had F5
1.2.163	318	she,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.2.166	320	*Paris*^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.174	378	*April*.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
1.2.1.89.1	344	*Enter Antenor*] Ff, ROWE; *om*. F5 **error**
1.2.204	359	mans] Ff; Man's F5, ROWE
1.2.210	365	thing^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
1.2.218	373	Whose] Ff; Who's F5, ROWE
1.2.238	394	man!] Ff, ROWE; ~? F5
1.2.238	394	*Paris?*] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.240	398	come] Ff, ROWE; comes F5
1.3.8	463	Pine,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
1.3.15	470	Bias] Ff, ROWE; Byas F5
1.3.15	470	aim:] F1; ~. F2; ~, F3, F4, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.3.83	542	Hony] Ff, ROWE; Honey F5
1.3.93	552	Command'ment] Ff, ROWE; Commandment F5
1.3.105	564	dividable] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; dividible F4
1.3.143	603	sinew] Ff, ROWE; Sinews F5
1.3.153	613	Player,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.3.165	625	*Nestor*;] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ~-- ROWE
1.3.165	625	stroke] Ff, ROWE; stroake F5
1.3.168	628	paralels] F1-F3; Parallel F4; Parallels F5, ROWE
1.3.169	629	cries^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE

1.3.205	665	Mapp'ry,] Ff; ~ ^ F5, ROWE
1.3.209	669	that^] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
1.3.229	689	morning,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.3.230	690	*Phœbus* :] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
1.3.273	737	*Hector,*] Ff; ~ ^ F5, ROWE
1.3.288	752	love:] F1-F3; ~; F4, ROWE; ~, F5
2.2.127	1116	forbid^] Ff' ~, F5, ROWE
2.2.163	1153	*Paris*^] F1-F3, F5, ROWE
2.2.193	1183	joynt] F1-F3, F5; joint F4, ROWE
2.2.211	1202	advertis'd,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.3.23	1227	Who's] Ff, ROWE; Whose F5
2.3.42	1244	into] Ff; unto F5; up to ROWE
2.3.45	1250	me^] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
2.3.45	1250	*Patroclus*,] Ff; ~ ^ F5, ROWE
2.3.49	1255	(2)*Patroclus*,] F1, F4, ROWE; ~ ^ F2, F3, F5
2.3.57	1259	proceed^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
2.3.68.s.d.	1269	*Chalcas*.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~: F4
2.3.75	1278	Lecherie] F1; Lechery F2-F4, ROWE; Letchery F5
2.3.88	1292	head,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ; F5
2.3.88	1292	pride;] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
2.3.115	1320	outflye] Ff; out-flye F5; outflie ROWE
2.3.124	1329	self-assumption]F1, F2, F4, ROWE; ~ ^~ F3, F5
2.3.125	1330	himself^] F1, F5; ~. F2-F4; ~, ROWE
2.3.132	1337	add,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~; F4
2.3.137	1342	Dwarf,] Ff; ~ ^ F5, ROWE
2.3.168	1375	Ayr] Ff; Air F5, ROWE
2.3.168	1375	us?] Ff, ROWE; ~. F5
4.5.57	2614	joynt] Ff; joint F5, ROWE
4.5.61	2618	Reader:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ; F5
4.5.72	2632	heele] F1; hee'l F2; he'l F3, F5; he'll F4, ROWE
4.5.78	2639	little:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.5.89	2650	*Æneas*^] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
4.5.94	2655	already.] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.5.98	2660	deeds,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.5.99	2661	calm'd;] Ff; ~ , F5; ~. ROWE
4.5.101	2663	has,] Ff; ~ ^ F5, ROWE
4.5.103	2665	Breath:] Ff; ~ ; F5, ROWE
4.5.135	2699	*Ajax:*] Ff, ROWE; ~ ; F5
4.5.136	2700	thunders,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.5.154	2720	me:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.5.166	2733	huskes] F1, F2; husks F3, F5, ROWE; husk's F4
4.5.174	2741	greeting,] Ff, ROWE; ~; F5
4.5.195	2763	lockt] Ff; lock'd F5, ROWE3; stock'd ROWE1, ROWE2
4.5.200	2769	Warriour] F1, F5; Warrior F2-F4, ROWE
4.5.202	2770	Chronicle,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5 ~.
4.5.209	2776	I'ld] Ff; I'd F5, ROWE
4.5.210	2777	welcom,] F1-F3; welcome. F4; welcome, F5, ROWE
4.5.239	2810	thou'lt] Ff, ROWE; thoul't F5
4.5.245	2816	breach,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^
4.5.270	2844	Night,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5

4.5.275	2850	blow,] F1, F5; ~. F2-F4; ~; ROWE
5.2.184	3183	Guard,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
5.3.16	3215	Vows;] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
5.3.21	3220	For we would count give much to as violent thefts] Ff; For we will count give much to as violent thefts F5; For us to count we give what's gain'd by Thefts ROWE
5.3.43	3246	*Hector*.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5 ~.
5.3.111	3326	feeds;] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
5.4.9	3340	O'th'tother] Ff; O'th'other F5; O'th t'other ROWE
5.4.17.s.d.	3349	*Diomed*] F1-F3; *Diomede,* F4; *Diomede*^ F5, ROWE
5.4.20	3353	miscall] Ff, ROWE; miscal F5
5.5.18	3391	snail-pac'd F1, F3, F5, ROWE1; snaile-pac'd F2; Snail pac'd F4; snail'd-pac'd ROWE2, ROWE3
5.5.25	3398	him, like] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~F5
5.6.4	3432	should'st] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; shoul'dst F4
5.6.22	3457	be?] Ff, ROWE; ~ : F5
5.6.26	3461	not, though] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~ F5
5.7.o.s.d.	3469	Myrmidons.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~: F4
5.8.4	3500	Sword, thou] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ ~ F4
5.8.5	3502	set;] F1, F3, F5, ROWE; ~. F2; ~, F4
5.10.7	3543	throanes] F1, F2; throans F3; Throns F4; Thrones F5, ROWE
5.10.11	3547	not, that] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~ F5
5.10.19	3555	*Niobes* F1-F3, ROWE; *Niob's* F4; Niobs
5.10.42	3578	sting.] F1, F2; ~; F3, F4, ROWE; ~: F5
5.10.52	3588	made:] Ff, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4

Coriolanus

Evans	TLN	
1.1.57	59	Senat] Ff; Senate F5, ROWE
1.1.82	82	Usurers;] Ff; ~ : ROWE
1.1.105	107	answer'd.] F1, F5, ROWE; answer. F2; answers^ F3; answer.'d^ F4
1.1.117	120	Steed^ the] Ff, ROWE; ~ , ~ F5
1.1.124	130	you,] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
1.1.127	137	Friend] Ff, ROWE; Friends ~. F5
1.1.149	157	you^the] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~,~ F4
1.1.177	188	Hate:] Ff; ~ ; F5, ROWE
1.1.181	192	Hang ye:] Ff; ~ ~ , F5; ~~-- ROWE
1.1.191	203	th'Fire,] Ff; the Fire^ F5; th'Fire^ ROWE
1.1.199	211	Slaves,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.1.201	213	Nay^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
1.1.217	231	Sdeath] F1-F3; S'death F4, ROWE; 'Sdeath F5
1.1.218	232	City^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.235	256	Onely] Ff; Only F5, ROWE
1.1.243	268	true-bred] Ff, ROWE1; ~ ^ ~ F5, ROWE2, ROWE3
1.1.244	269	to'th'Capitoll F1, F2; to'th'Capitol F3, to'the'Capitol F4; to^ th'Capitol F5, ROWE
1.1.247	272	Priority] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Prioritie F4
1.1.251	278	forth:] F1-F3, F5; ~. F4; ~; ROWE
1.1.263	293	Fame, at] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^~ F5
1.1.263	293	aymes] F1, F2; ayms F3, F4; aims F5, ROWE
1.2.21	337	shew] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; shews F4
1.2.33	351	Honors.] F1-F3; Honours. F4, ROWE; Honours, F5
1.3.24	385	Nobly] Ff, ROWE; Noble F5
1.3.29	391	Husbands] F1-F3, F5; Husband's F4, ROWE
1.3.30	392	Hair:] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~. F4
1.3.38	400	Oh] Ff, ROWE; O F5
1.3.50	413	Ladyship] Ff, ROWE3; Ladiship F5, ROWE1, ROWE2
1.3.54	417	Lady-ship] Ff; Ladiship F5, ROWE1, ROWE2; Ladyship ROWE3
1.3.56	419	Schoolmaster] Ff; School-Master F5, ROWE
1.3.57	420	Fathers] Ff; Father's F5, ROWE
1.3.66	429	Fathers] Ff; Father's F5, ROWE
1.3.75	439	Lord^ return] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, ~ F4
1.4.3	487	ha's] Ff; has F5, ROWE
1.5.7	578	Slaves,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.5.9	580	the General] Ff, ROWE; these General F5
1.5.18	591	drop,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
1.6.3	606	Sirs,] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
1.6.21	629	yonder,] Ff; ~ ^ F5
1.6.22	630	Flead] F1-F3, F5; Flea'd F4, ROWE
1.6.36	647	pittying] F1-F3, F5; pitying F4, ROWE
4.6.74	2987	Senate:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.6.76	2989	*Aufidius*,] F1; *Aufidius*^ F2, ROWE; *Aufidius's*^ F3, F4; Aufidius's, F5

4.6.98	3015	Garlicke] F1; Garlike F2-F4; Garlick, ROWE
4.6.111	3031	Doe’s] F1, F2; Do’s F3, F4, ROWE; Does F5
4.6.113	3033	had] Ff, ROWE; have F5
4.6.126	3050	Desperation,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.6.131	3057	stinking] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; stincking F4
4.6.136	3062	’Tis] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; ^Tis F3, F4
4.6.146	3073	things,] Ff; ~: F5; ~; ROWE
4.6.160	3089	let’s] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; lets F4
4.7.19	3110	seems^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.7.26	3117	When^ere] F1-F3; When^e’re F4, ROWE; when-e’re F5
4.7.43	3134	Peace^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.7.54	3145	Fire drives] Ff, ROWE; ~ , ~ F5
4.7.57	3148	all;] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
5.1.6	3157	Nay, if] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^~ F5
5.1.22	3175	say] Ff, ROWE; says F5
5.1.48	3205	hee’l] F1, F2; he’l F3, F4; he’ll F5, ROWE
5.2.8	3244	You’l] Ff; You’ll F5, ROWE
5.2.9	3246	your] Ff, ROWE; you F5

Titus Andronicus

Evans	TLN	
1.1.3	9	Countrey-men] F1, F5; Country-men F2, F3, ROWE; Country men F4
1.1.4	10	Swords.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.24	32	*Rome*.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.30	38	Arms.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.34	42	Sons^] Ff, ROWE: ~, F5
1.1.50	59	*Titus*] F1-F3, F5, ROWE: *Tttus* F4
1.1.58	69	Countrey] Ff; Country F5, ROWE
1.1.59	70	Cause:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.63.s.d.	75	*Senat^house*] F1, F2; Senate-house F3; Senate-House F4; *Senate^house* F5; *Senate-house* ROWE
1.1.73	94	Anchorage:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.75	96	resalute] Ff; re-salute F5, ROWE
1.1.78	99	Rites] Ff, ROWE; Rights F5
1.1.82	103	Love:] Ff; ~ ; F5, ROWE
1.1.84	105	Ancestors.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.105	127	rue] F1, ROWE1, ROWE2; true F2, F3, ROWE3; ruth F4; pity F5
1.1.109	131	Sufficeth] Ff, ROWE; Suffices F5
1.1.111	133	Yoak,] F1, F2; ~; F3, F4, ROWE1, ROWE2; ~: F5; ~? ROWE3
1.1.120	142	first^born^son] F1, F2; first^born-son; F3, F4; first-born^son F5, ROWE
1.1.144	168	intrals] Ff, F1; Intrails F5, ROWE2, ROWE3
1.1.157	184	long,] F1, F5, ROWE; ~. F2-F4
1.1.164	191	*Romes*] Ff; *Rome's* F5, ROWE
1.1.167	195	Fathers] Ff; Father's F5, ROWE
1.1.176	205	this] Ff, ROWE; his F5
1.1.178	207	Honours] Ff; Honour's F5, ROWE
1.1.205	235	*Romes*] Ff; *rome's* F5; *Rome's* ROWE
2.3.139	882	Listen^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
2.3.140	883	them,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
2.3.142	885	young-ones] Ff; ~ ^ ~ F5, ROWE
2.3.147	890	Woman] Ff, ROWE; Womans F5
2.3.151	896	Lion] F1 F2, F4, ROWE; Lyon F3, F5
2.3.151	896	indure] Ff; endure F5, ROWE
2.3.169	915	thine own] Ff, ROWE; thy own F5
2.3.174	920	denies] Ff, ROWE; denyes F5
2.3.176	922	loathsome] Ff, ROWE; loathsom F5
2.3.193	943	lothsome] F1, F2; loathsome F3, F4, ROWE; loathsom F5
2.3.196	946	shame,] F1-F3, ROWE; ~ ^ F4; ~; F5
2.3.215	968	Den,] Ff; ROWE; ~ : F5
2.3.219	973	surmise:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ; F5
2.3.232	986	Maiden blood] Ff; ~ - ~ F5, ROWE
2.3.235	989	receptacle] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; reeptacle F4
2.3.248	1003	did'st] Ff; didst F5, ROWE
2.3.271	1029	*know'st*] Ff, ROWE; *know'st* F5
2.3.272	1030	*tree:*] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
2.3.273	1031	*over-shades*] Ff, ROWE; *overshades* F5

2.3.277	1035	Elder^tree] F1, F2, F5; ~-~ F3, F4, ROWE
2.3.279	1037	murthered] Ff. ROWE; murdered F5
2.3.281	1039	Curs^] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
2.3.281	1039	kind^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
2.3.286	1044	What^] Ff, ROWE1, ROWE2; ~ , F5, ROWE3
2.3.287	1046	discovered?] Ff, ROWE; ~ ! F5
2.3.291	1049	fault] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; faults F4
2.3.300	1061	murthered] Ff, ROWE; murdered F5; murther'd ROWE1, ROWE2; murder'd ROWE3
3.1.13	1148	Tears:] Ff, ROWE; ~ ? F5
3.1.41	1176	Feet^] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
3.1.54	1190	Tigers?] Ff; Tigers, F5; Tygers? ROWE
3.1.87	1226	her,] Ff; ROWE; ~ ^ F5
3.1.93	1234	Rock,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
3.1.112	1254	dew, F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~; F4
3.1.113	1255	Lillie] Ff; Lilly F5, ROWE
3.1.113	1255	withered] Ff; wither'd F5
3.1.115	1258	him] Ff, ROWE; them F5
3.1.125	1268	in meadows] Ff; as ~ F5; like ~ Q1, ROWE
3.1.145	1289	thee.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
3.1.159	1304	Suns] Q1, Ff; Sun's F5, ROWE
3.1.162	1307	Stay^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
3.1.164	1309	sent:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
3.1.183	1329	Agree] Ff, ROWE; Agrees F5
3.1.211	1359	weele] F1, F2; weel F3; we'l F4; we'll F5, ROWE
3.1.223	1371	big-swoln] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~F5
3.1.229	1377	overflow'd] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; over-flow'd F4
3.1.239	1388	woe is] Ff, ROWE; woes F5
3.1.245	1394	at,] FF; ~ ^ F5, ROWE
3.1.249	1398	breath^] F1-F3, F5; breathe, ROWE, F4
3.1.253	1402	die] Ff, ROWE; dye F5
3.1.258	1407	num.] Ff, ~, F5; numb. ROWE
3.1.281	1430	employ'd] Ff, ROWE; employed F5
3.1.294	1444	lives^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
3.1.299	1449	*Gothes*] Ff; *Goths* F5, ROWE
3.2.7	1459	foulded] Ff, ROWE; folded F5
3.2.12	1464	Woe] Ff; Wo F5, ROWE
3.2.35	1487	Heark^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4; Hark ROWE
3.2.45	1497	Practice,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
3.2.47	1499	merry,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
3.2.52	1505	*Marcus*,] Ff, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
3.2.53	1506	kill'd^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
3.2.59	1512	Alas( ]F1-F3; ~, F4, ROWE
3.2.79	1533	hath so wrought] F1-F3; has so wrought F4, ROWE: has wrought F5
4.1.8	1551	Neece] Ff, ROWE; Niece F5
4.1.10	1553	thee:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.1.11	1554	her.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.1.35	1578	Sorrow] Ff, ROWE; Sorrows F5
4.1.61	1605	signs^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE

4.1.90	1638	chast] Ff, ROWE; chaste F5
4.1.98	1646	Shee's] F1, F2; She's F3, F4, ROWE; Shes F5
4.1.111	1659	Country] Ff, ROWE; Countrey F5
4.1.116	1649	both,] Ff, ROWE1, ROWE2; ~ . F5, ROWE3
4.2.27	1706	Lines,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~. F4
4.2.29	1708	witty] Ff, ROWE; wittie F5
4.2.35	1714	good^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
4.2.46	1725	Come,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.2.62	1745	bed?] Ff, ROWE1; ~ . F5, ROWE2, ROWE3
4.2.65	1749	then^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.2.67	1751	Babe^] F1, F2, F5; ~, F3, F4, ROWE
4.2.73	1757	Villain^] F1, F2; ~, F3, F4, ROWE; *om*. F5
4.2.77	1759	undone] Ff, ROWE; undon F5
4.2.78	1761	Woe] Ff; Wo F5, ROWE
4.2.79	1762	Accur'st] Ff; Accurs'd F5, ROWE
4.2.79	1762	off-spring] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^~ F4
4.2.87	1770	up.] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.2.92	1775	first born] F1, F2, F4; ~-~ F3, F5, ROWE
4.2.96	1779	Hands:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.2.98	1781	limb'd F1, F2, ROWE; lim'd F3, F4; lim'b F5
4.2.99	1782	hue:] F1, F2, F4; ~, F3, F5, ROWE
4.2.104	1787	me,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.2.109	1792	This,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
4.2.110	1793	mauger] F1, F2; maugre F3, F4, ROWE; mangre F5
4.2.112	1795	sham'd.] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
4.2.120	1803	Father;] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.2.125	1808	infranchised] Ff, ROWE; Enfranchised F5
4.2.146	1829	cries] Ff, ROWE; cryes F5
4.2.147	1831	did'st] Ff; didst F5, ROWE
4.3.6	1872	take you] Ff, ROWE; ~ ye F5
4.3.36	1901	now^ my] F1-F3; ~,~ F4, ROWE; ~?~ F5
4.3.40	1905	imploy'd] Ff, ROWE; employ'd F5
4.3.45	1910	heeles.] F1, F3, F4, ROWE; ~, F2, F5
4.3.47	1912	big-bon'd-men] Ff; ~ ^ ~ ^ ~ F5; ~ -~ ^ ~ ROWE
4.3.51	1916	Gods^] Ff; ~ , F5, ROWE
4.3.66	1932	Moone,] F1, F2; Moon. F3, F4; Moon; ROWE; Moon: F5
4.3.77.s.d.	1943	*Pigeons*] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; *Pidgeons* F4
4.3.89	1956	did'st] F1, F4; didst F2, F3, F5, ROWE

Romeo and Juliet

Evans	TLN	
3.2.7	1651	unseen,] Ff; ~ ; F5; ~. ROWE
3.2.13	1657	Plaid] F1, F2, ROWE; Playd F3, F4; Play'd F5
3.2.15	1659	grow] Ff; grows F5; grown ROWE
3.2.17	1652	lie] Ff; ly F5; lye ROWE
3.2.27	1671	it,] Ff, ROWE; ~; F5
3.2.28	1672	enjoy'd,] Ff; ~ ; F5, ROWE
3.2.32	1677	tongue] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Tongne F4
3.2.38	1685	Lady, we] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~ F5
3.2.43	1691	diuell] F1; divell F2; divel F3; Divel F4; Devil F5, ROWE
3.2.49	1698	thee] F1, F5; the F2-F4, ROWE
3.2.54	1703	pitteous] Ff; piteous F5, ROWE
3.2.54	1703	piteous] F1, F5, ROWE: pitteous F2-F4
3.2.69	1719	banished,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~. F4
3.2.106	1760	*Tybalt* } Ff, ROWE; *Tybalt's* F5
3.2.126	1780	that words] Ff; ~ word's F5, ROWE
3.2.128	1782	*Tybalts*] Ff; *Tybalt's* F5, ROWE
3.2.130	1783	tears:] Ff; ~ , F5; ~; ROWE1, ROWE2; ~? ROWE3
3.2.131	1785	*Romeo's*] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; *Romeos* F3, F4
3.3.9	1805	Princes] Ff; Princess F5; Prince's ROWE
3.3.13	1816	terror] Ff, ROWE; terrour F5
3.3.45	1847	nere] Ff; ne're F5, ROWE
3.3.50	1852	Sin-Absolver] ROWE; ~ ^ ~F5
3.3.55	1857	Philosophie] F1; Philosophy F2-F4, ROWE; Phylosophy F5
3.3.58	1859	Philosohpie] F1; Philosophie F2; Philosophy F3, F4, ROWE; Phylosophy F5
3.3.64	1867	can'st] F1, F1, F5; canst F3, F4, ROWE
3.3.64	1867	feel,] Ff; ~ ; F5; ~: ROWE
3.3.66	1869	married,] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ F5
3.3.70.1	1875	*Nurse, and*] F1, F2, F5; *Nurse and* F3, F4; Knock within ROWE1, ROWE2; Knocks within ROWE3
3.3.82	1897	Where's] F1, F3, F5; Wher's F2, F4; Where is ROWE
3.3.86	1902	Pittious] F1, F2; Piteous F3, F4, ROWE; Pitious F5
3.3.96	1912	removed] Ff, ROWE; remov'd F5
3.3.105	1921	Murdred] F1, F2; Murdered F3, F4, ROWE1, ROWE2; Murder'd F5, ROWE3
4.3.12	2492	Goodnight.] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4; Good Night. ROWE
4.3.24	2504	poyson] F1, F4; poison F2, F3, F5, ROWE
4.3.52	2532	shrow'd] Ff; shrowd F5; Shroud ROWE
4.3.53	2533	rage, with] Ff, ROWE; ~ ^ ~ F5
4.5.1	2576	her^] F1; ~. F2, F3, F5, ROWE1, ROWE2; ~ ^ F4; ~, ROWE3
4.5.2	2577	sluggabed] F1-F3; slug-a^bed F4; slug-a-bed F5, ROWE
4.5.12	2587	clothes] F1, F2, F5; cloths F3, F4; Cloaths ROWE
4.5.20	2597	thee:] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~. F4
4.5.30	2608	day!] Ff, ROWE; ~. F5
4.5.31	2610	waile,] Ff; ~ ^ F5; wail,] ROWE
4.5.55	2635	spighted] Ff, ROWE; spited F5
4.5.94	2674	you, for] Ff; ~ ^ ~ F5, ROWE

4.5.116	2694	will I] Ff, ROWE; I will F5
4.5.124	2702	Wit,] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
5.1.6	2728	found] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; fouhd F4

To make a ſhaking Feaver in your Walls.
They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears,
Which truſt accordingly, kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Craves harbourage within your City walls.
Fran. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder Brother of this man,
And King o're him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march, theſe Greens before your Town,
Being no further Enemy to you
Than the conſtraint of Hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed Child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young Prince,
And then our Arms, like to a muzled Bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our Canons malice, vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable Clouds of Heaven,
And with a bleſſed, and un-vext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your Town,
And leave your Children, Wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old fac'd Walls,
Can hide you from our Meſſengers of War,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their Diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude Circumference:
Then tell us, ſhall your City call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Citi. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s Subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this Town.
John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Citi. That can we not, but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyal, till that time
Have we ramm'd up our Gates againſt the world.
John. Doth not the Crown of *England*, prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed.
Baſt. Baſtards, and elſe.
John. To verifie our Title with their Lives.
Fran. As many, and as well-born Bloods as thſ e.
Baſt. Some Baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his Claim.
Citi. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet
In dreadful trial of our Kingdoms King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Arms.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwing'd the Dragon,
And e're ſince ſits on's horſeback at mine Hoſteſs door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, Sirrah, with your Lionneſs,
I would ſet an Ox-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a Monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you hear the Lyon roar.
John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth,
In beſt appointment, all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take advantage of the Field.
Fran. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right.
[*Exeunt.*

Here after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with Trumpets to the Gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers* open wide your Gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain* in,
Who by the hand of *France*, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* Mother,
Whoſe Sons lye ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a Widows Husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured Earth,
And Victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing Banners of the *French*,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of *Britain*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with Trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoyce you men of *Angiers*, ring your Bells.
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence ſo ſilver bright,
Hither return all gilt with *Frenchmen*'s Blood:
There ſtuck no Plume in any *Engliſh* Creſt,
That is removed by a Staff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marcht forth,
And Like a jolly Troop of Huntſmen come
Our luſty *Engliſh*, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your Gates, and give the Victors way.
Hub. Heralds, from off our Towers we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retire,
Of both your Armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured:
Blood hath bought Blood, and blows have anſwered blows:
Strength matcht with ſtrength, and power confronted
Both are alike, and both alike we like: [power.
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our Town for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers at ſeveral doors.

John. France haſt thou yet more Blood to caſt away?
Say ſhall the currant of our Right run on,
Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native Channel, and o're-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores,
Unleſs thou let his ſilver Water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the Ocean.
Fran. England thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of Blood
In this hot Tryal more than we of *France*.
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear
That ſways the Earth this Climat over-looks,
Before we will lay down our juſt-born Arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe Arms we bear,
Or add a Royal Number to the dead:
Gracing the Scroul that tells of this Wars loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.
Baſt. Ha! Majeſty: how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel,
The Swords of Souldiers are his Teeth, his Phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe Royal Fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock Kings, back to the ſtained field
You equal Potents, fiery kindled Spirits,
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blows, blood, and death.
John. Whoſe party do the Townſmen yet admit?
Fran. Speak Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?
Hub. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

Fran. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
John. In us, that are our own great Deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our Perſon here,
Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.
Fran. A greater power than We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong barr'd Gates:
Kings of our fear, until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Baſt. By Heavens, theſe Scroyles of *Angiers*, flout you (Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their Battlements,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and acts of death,
Your Royal Preſences be rul'd by me,
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this Town.
By *Eaſt* and *Weſt* let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering Canon charged to the mouths,
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City,
I'de play inceſſantly upon theſe Jades,
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar Air:
That done, diſſever your united Strengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point,
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth,
Out of one ſide, her happy Minion.
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory:
How like you this wild Counſel mighty States,
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?
John. Now by the Sky that hangs above our Heads
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Powers,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be King of it?
Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh Town:
Turn thou the mouth of thy Artillery,
As we will ours againſt theſe ſaucy Walls,
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make work upon our ſelves for Heaven or Hell.
Fran. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?
John. We from the *Weſt* will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſom.
Auſt. I from the *North*.
Fran. Our Thunder from the *South*,
Shall rain their drift of Bullets on this Town.
Baſt. O prudent Diſcipline! From *North* to *South*:
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each others mouth,
I'le ſtir them to it: come away, away.
Hub. Hear us great Kings, vouchſafe a while to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd League:
Win you this City without ſtroak, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe Breathing lives to dye in Beds,
That here come Sacrifices for the Field.
Perſeverere not, but hear me mighty Kings.
John. Speak on with favour, we are bent to hear.
Hub. That Daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*
Is near to *England*, look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dolphin*, and that lovely Maid,
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of Beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch*:
If zealous Love go in ſearch of Vertue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If Love ambitious, ſought a Match of Birth,
Whoſe Veins bound richer Blood than Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in Beauty, Vertue, Birth,
Is the young *Dolphin* every way compleat,
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhe,
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe,
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O two ſuch ſilver Currents when they joyn,
Do glorifie the Banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch Shores, to two ſuch Streams made one,
Two ſuch controlling Bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them:
This Union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt cloſed Gates: for at this Match,
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this Match,
The Sea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lyons more confident, Mountains and Rocks
More free from Motion, no not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.
Baſt. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten Carkaſs of old death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and Mountains, Rocks, and Seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As Maids of thirteen do of Puppi-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty Blood,
He ſpeaks plain Cannon fire, and ſmoak, and bo
He gives the Baſtinado with his Tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd, not a Word of his
But buffets better than a Fiſt of *France*,
Zounds I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my Brother's Father Dad.
Old Queen. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make t
Give with our Neece a Dowry large enough,
For by this Knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye,
Thy now unſur'd Aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green Boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe,
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit,
I ſee a yielding in the looks of *France*:
Mark how they whiſper, urge them while their ſou
Are capable of this ambition,
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Hub. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties,
This friendly Treaty of our threatned Town?
Fra. Speak *England* firſt, that hath been forwa
To ſpeak unto this City: What ſay you?
John. If that the *Dolphin* there, thy Princely Son,
Can in this Book of Beauty read I love:
Her Dowry ſhall weigh equal with the Queen,
For *Angiers*, and fair *Torain*, *Main*, *Poictiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this City now by us beſieg'd)
Find liable to our Crown and dignity,
Shall gild her Bridal Bed, and make her rich
In Titles, Honours, and Promotions,
As ſhe in Beauty, Education, Blood,
Holds hands with any Princeſs of the World.
Fra. What ſay'ſt thou, Boy? look in the Lady's face.
Dol. I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous Miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelf form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your Son,
Becomes a Son, and makes your Son a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I never lov'd my ſelf
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelf,
Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye.
[*Whiſpers with Blanch.*
Baſt. Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth eſpie
Himſelf Loves Traitor; this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd there ſhould be, In

In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a Lout as he.
Blanch. My Uncle's Will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees which moves his liking
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my Love,
Further I will not flatter you my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy Love,
Than this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your Judge,
That I can find, ſhould merit any hate.
John. What ſay theſe young-ones? What ſay you my Neece?
Blan. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.
John. Speak then, Prince *Dolphin*, can you love this Lady?
Dol. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.
John. Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poyctiers, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of Engliſh Coyn;
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy Son and Daughter to joyn hands.
Fran. It likes us well: young Princes, cloſe your Hands.
Auſt. And your Lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.
Fran. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your Gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint *Marie's* Chappel preſently,
The Rites of Marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Lady *Conſtance* in this Troop?
I know ſhe is not, for this Match made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much,
Where is ſhe and her Son, tell me, who knows?
Dol. She is ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs Tent.
Fran. And by my faith, this League that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure:
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This Widow Lady? in her Right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.
John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*
And Earl of *Richmond*, and this rich fair Town
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill up the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her Exclamation.
Go we as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp. [*Exeunt.*
Baſt. Mad world, mad Kings, mad Compoſition;
John, to ſtop *Arthur's* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And *France*, whoſe Armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the Field,
As Gods own Souldier rounded in the ear
With that ſame Purpoſe-changer, that ſly Devil
That Broker, that ſtill breaks the Pate of Faith,
That daily Break-Vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of Beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the World,
The World, who of it ſelf is poyſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground:
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent,
And this ſame Byas, this Commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing-world,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable War,
To a moſt baſe and vile concluded Peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my Hand,
When his fair Angels would ſalute my Palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor Beggar, raileth on the Rich.
Well, whiles I am a Beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich,
And being Rich my Vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no Vice, but Beggary,
Since Kings break Faith upon Commodity,
Gain be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Conſt. Gone to be married? gone to ſwear a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood joyn'd. Gone to be Friends?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe Provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well adviſ'd, tell o're thy tale again.
It cannot be, thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee man,
I have a Kings Oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
A Widow, Husbandleſs, ſubject to fears,
A Woman naturally born to fears,
And though thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt
With my vext Spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my Son?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheume,
Like a proud river peering o're his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
Sal. As true, as I believe you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.
Conſt. Oh if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me dye,
And let belief, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and dye.
Lewis marry *Blanch*? O Boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brook thy ſight,
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm, that is by others done.
Conſt. Which harm within it ſelf ſo hainous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arthur. I do beſeech you, Madam, be content.
Conſt. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſlandrous to thy Mother's Womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul Moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great Birth, nor deſerve a Crown.

But

But thou art fair, and at thy birth (dear Boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures Gifts thou may'ſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the half blown Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee,
Sh' adulterates hourly with thy Uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of Soveraignty,
And made his Majeſty the Bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and King *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John*:
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou mayeſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will Inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop;
To me and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm Earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrows ſit,
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Auſtria, Conſtance.

Fran. 'Tis true (fair Daughter) and this bleſſed day,
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept Feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day the glorious Sun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the Alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendour of his precious eye
The meager cloddy Earth to glittering Gold:
The yearly courſe that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a Holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a Holy-day.
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden Letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high Tides in the Kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the Week,
This day of Shame, Oppreſſion, Perjury.
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let Wives with Child
Pray that their Burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But (on this day) let Seamen fear no wrack,
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelf, to hollow falſhood change.

Fran. By Heaven, Lady you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair Proceedings of this day;
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a Counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which being touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn,
You came in Arms to ſpill my Enemies Blood,
But now in Arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frown of War
Is cold in amity, and painted peace,
And our Oppreſſion hath made up this League:
Arm, arm, you Heavens againſt theſe perjur'd Kings,
A Widow cryes, be Husband to me (Heavens)
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the days in peace: But e're Sun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings,
Hear me, Oh, hear me.

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace, Peace is to me a War:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria*, thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil; thou Slave, thou Wretch, thou Coward:
Thou little Valiant, Great in Villany:
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humorous Ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety: thou art perjur'd too.
And ſmooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a Fool art thou,
A ramping Fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my Party: thou cold-blooded Slave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like Thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my Souldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy Stars, thy Fortune, and thy Strength,
And doſt thou now fall over to my Foes?
Thou wears a Lyons hide? doff it for ſhame,
And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

Auſt. O that a man ſhould ſpeak thoſe words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, Villain, for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on thoſe recreant Limbs.

John. We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelf.

Enter Pandulph.

Fran. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pan. Hail you anointed Deputies of Heaven;
To thee King *John* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph* of fair *Millane* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his Name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See:
This in our foreſaid holy Father's Name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can taſte the free-breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not (Cardinal) deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*.
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tythe or toll in our Dominions:
But as we, under Heaven, are ſupream head,
So under him that great Supremacy
Where we do Reign, we will alone uphold
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all Reverence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd Authority.

Fran. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

John. Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that Money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile Gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted Pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf:
Though you, and all the reſt ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with Revenue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his Friends my Foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate,
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegiance to an Heretique,
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

Conſt. O lawful let it be
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while,
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen Curſes; for without my Wrong
There is no Tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curſe.

Conſt.

EPILOGUE.

First, my Fear; then, my Curteſie; laſt, my Speech. My Fear, is your Diſpleaſure; my Curteſie, my Duty; and my Speech, to beg your Pardons. If you look for a good Speech now, you undo me: For what I have to ſay, is of mine own making, and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prove mine own marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a better, I did mean (indeed) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe: Here I promiſt you I would be, and here I commit my Body to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my Legs? And yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen here have forgotten me; if the Gentlewomen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat meat, our humble Author will continue the ſtory (with Sir *John* in it) and make you merry with fair *Katherine* of *France*: where (for any thing I know) *Falſtaff* ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: for *Oldcaſtle* died a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneel down before you: (But indeed) to pray for the Queen.

The Actors Names.

RUMOUR the Preſenter.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henry* the Fifth.

Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Humphrey of *Gloceſter*.
Thomas of *Clarence*.
} Sons to *Henry* the Fourth, and Brethren to *Henry* the Fifth.

Northumberland.
The Arch Biſhop of *York*.
Mowbray.
Haſtings.
Lord Bardolf.
Travers.
Morton.
Colevile.
} Oppoſites againſt King *Henry* the Fourth.

Warwick.
Weſtmerland.
Surrey.
Gower.
Harecourt.
Lord Chief Juſtice.
} Of the Kings Party.

Poyns.
Falſtaff.
Bardolph.
Piſtol.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humoriſts.

Shallow, Silence } Both Country Juſtices.
Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2 Serjeants.
Mouldy.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bulcalf.
} Country Souldiers.

Drawers.
Beadles.
Grooms.

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widow.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Dol Tear-ſheet.
Epilogue.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY V.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend,
The brighteſt Heaven of Invention,
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at his heels*
(Leaſht in, like hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for Employment. But pardon, Gentles all,
The flat unraiſed Spirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſty Field of France? *Or may we cramm*
Within this Wooden O the very Casket
That did affright the Air at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginary Forces work.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchs,
Whoſe high, up-rear'd, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder,
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puiſſance.
Think, when we talk of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud Hoofs i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: jumping o're Times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an Hour-glaſs: for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtory;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play. [Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Biſhops of Canterbury, *and* Ely.

Biſh. Cant.
MY Lord, I'le tell you, that ſelf Bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the laſt King's Reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther Queſtion.
Biſh. Ely. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?
Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better part of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporal Lands, which men devout
By Teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the King's Honour,
Full fifteen Earls, and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of Lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint Souls, paſt corporal toyl,
A hundred Alms-houſes, right well ſuppli'd:
And to the Coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pound by th'year. Thus runs the Bill.
Biſh. Ely. This would drink deep.
Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all.
Biſh. Ely. But what prevention?
Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard.
Biſh. Ely. And a true lover of the Holy Church.
Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not,
The breath no ſooner left his Father's Body,
But that his wildneſs mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an Angel, came,
And whipt th' offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his Body as a Paradiſe,
T'invelope and contain celeſtial Spirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden Scholar made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcouring Faults:
Nor never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his Seat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.
Biſh. Cant. Hear him but reaſon in Divinity,
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of Common-wealth Affairs;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of War, and you ſhall hear
A fearful Battel rendred you in Muſick.

Turn him to any Cauſe of Policy,
The Gordion Knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he ſpeaks,
The Air, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Practick part of Life
Muſt be the Miſtreſs to his Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and ſhallow,
His Hours fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open Haunts and Popularity.

B. Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholeſome Berries thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Under the vail of wildneſs, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graſs, faſteſt by Night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

B. Can. It muſt be ſo; for Miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the Means,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But, my good Lord:
How now for mitigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

B. Can. He ſeems indifferent:
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our Spiritual Convocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Sum,
Than ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withal.

B. Ely. How did this Offer ſeem receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Can. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The ſeverals and unhidden paſſages
Of his true Titles to ſome certain Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crown and ſeat of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment, that broke this off?

B. Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience: and the hour I think is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then go we in to know his Embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeaks a word of it.

B. Ely. I'le wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmerland, *and* Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?

Exeter. Not here in preſence.

King. Send for him, good Uncle.

Weſtm. Shall we call in the Ambaſſadour, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Couſin: we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter two Biſhops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your ſacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thank you;
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not bar us in our Claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding Soul
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Suites not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your Reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of War:
We charge you in the name of God take heed:
For never two ſuch Kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of Blood, whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one, a Woe, a ſore Complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe Wrong gives edge unto the Swords?
That makes ſuch waſte in brief Mortality.
Under this Conjuration, ſpeak, my Lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your Conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with Baptiſm.

B. Cant. Then hear me, gracious Soveraign, and you Peers,
That owe your ſelves, your lives, and ſervices,
To this Imperial Throne. There is no bar
To make againſt your Highneſs claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In Terram Salicam Mulieres ne ſuccedant,
No Woman ſhall ſucced in *Salike* Land:
Wich *Salike* Land, the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The Founder of this Law and female Bar.
Yet their own Authors faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
Where *Charles* the Great having ſubdu'd the *Saxon*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*:
Who holding in diſdain the *German* Women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I ſaid) 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Then doth it well appear: the *Salike* Law
Was not deviſed for the Realm of *France*:
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* Land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idely ſuppos'd the Founder of this Law,
Who died within the year of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty ſix: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their Writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerike*,
Did, as Heir general, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France*:
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp't the Crown
Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorain*, ſole Heir male
Of the true Line and ſtock of *Charles* the great:
To find his Titles with ſome ſhews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himſelf as th'Heir to th'Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Son
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewes* the Tenth
Who was ſole Heir to the Uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his Conſcience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfied,
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineal of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of *Lorain*:
By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great

Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So, that as clear as is the Summers Sun,
King *Pepin*'s Title, and *Hugh Capet*'s Claim,
King *Lewes* his ſatisfaction, all appear
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So do the Kings of *France* upon this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this *Salique* Law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Than amply to imbar their crooked Titles,
Uſurpt from you and your Progenitors.
King. May I with Right and Conſcience make this Claim?
Biſh. Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Soveraign:
For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody Flag:
Look back into your mighty Anceſtors:
Go, my dread Lord, to your great Granſires Tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your great Uncle, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the *French* ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of *France*:
Whiles his moſt mighty Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forage in blood of *French* Nobility.
O Noble *Engliſh*, that could entertain,
With half their Forces, the full pride of *France*,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for action.
Biſh. Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arm renew their Feats;
You are their Heir, you ſit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-Morn of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterpriſes.
Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you ſhould rouze your ſelf,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſs; never King of *England*
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal Subjects,
Whoſe hearts have left their Bodies here in *England*,
And lie pavilion'd in the Field of *France*.
Biſh. Cant. O let their Bodies follow, my dear Liege,
With Blood, and Sword, and Fire, to win your Right:
In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.
King. We muſt not only arm t'invade the *French*,
But lay down our Proportions, to defend
Againſt the *Scot*, who will make road upon us,
With all advantages.
Biſh. Cant. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soveraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.
King. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the *Scot*,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy Neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read that my great Grandfather
Never went with his Forces into *France*,
But that the *Scot*, on his unfurniſh'd Kingdom,
Came pouring like a Tide into a Breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot aſſays,
Girding with grievous ſiege, Caſtles and Towns:
That *England* being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.
B. Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my
For hear her but exampl'd by her ſelf, (Liege,
When all her Chivalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning Widow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded, as a Stray,
The King of *Scots*: whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edward*'s fame with Priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the *Owſe* and bottom of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſs Treaſuries.
Biſh. Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, *then with* Scotland *firſt begin.*
For once the Eagle (*England*) being in prey,
To her ungarded Neſt, the Weazel (*Scot*)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and havock more than ſhe can eat.
Exet. It follows then the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſſity;
Since we have Locks to ſafeguard Neceſſaries,
And petty Traps to catch the petty Thieves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviſed head defends it ſelf at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſick.
Cant. Therefore doth Heaven divide
The ſtate of Man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual Motion:
To which is fixed, as an Aim or Butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Art of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of ſorts.
Where ſome like Magiſtrates, correct at home:
Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the Summers Velvet buds:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-Royal of their Emperour:
Who buſied in his Majeſties ſurveys,
The ſinging Maſon building roofs of Gold.
The Civil Citizens kneading up the Hony;
The poor Mechanick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy Burthens at his narrow Gate;
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o're to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone: I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly,
As many Arrows looſed ſeveral ways
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one Town,
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt Sea;
As many Lines cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foot,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well born
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
Divide your happy *England* into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall ſhall make all *Gallia* ſhake,
If we with thrice ſuch Powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the Dog,
Let us be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.
King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the *Dolphin*.
Now are we all reſolv'd, and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll ſit,
(Ruleing in large and ample Emperie,
O're *France*, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedoms)
Or lay theſe Bones in an unworthy Urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them:
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our Acts, or elſe our Grave
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,

Not

Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair Couſin *Dolphin*: for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in Charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The *Dolphin's* meaning, and our Embaſſie.
King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe Grace our Paſſion is as ſubject
As is our Wretches fettred in our Priſons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the *Dolphin*'s mind.
Amb. Thus then in few:
Your Highneſs lately ſending into *France*,
Did claim ſome certain Dukedoms, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which Claim, the Prince our Maſter
Says, that you ſavour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in *France*
That can be with a nimble Galliard won;
You cannot revel into Dukedoms there,
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the Dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeaks.
King. What Treaſure, Uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.
King. We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with us.
His Preſent and your pains we thank you for:
When we have matcht our Rackets to theſe Balls,
We will in *France* (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his Father's Crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* will be diſturb'd
With Chaſes. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o're us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of *England*,
And therefore living hence, did give our ſelf
To barbarous licenſe: and 'tis common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home:
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayl of Greatneſs,
When I do rowze me in my Throne of *France*.
For that I have laid by my Majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working days:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazle all the Eyes of *France*,
Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mock of his
Hath turn'd his Balls to Gun-ſtones, and his Soul
Shall ſtand ſore charg'd, for the waſteful Vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: For many a thouſand Widows
Shall this his Mock mock out of their dear Husbands;
Mock Mothers from their Sons, mock Caſtles down:
And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the *Dolphin*'s ſcorn.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whoſe name
Tell you the *Dolphin*, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the *Dolphin*.
His jeſts will favour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with ſafe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*
Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.
King. We hope, to make the Sender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lord's omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but *France*,
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs,
Therefore let our Proportions for theſe Wars
Be ſoon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More Feathers to our Wings: For God before,
We'll chide this *Dolphin* at his Father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the the Youth of *England* are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the Horſe,
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heels, as Engliſh *Mercuries*.
For now ſits expectation in the Air,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
With Crowns imperial, Crowns and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his Followers.
The *French* advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale Policy
Seek to divert the *Engliſh* purpoſes.
O *England*: Model to thy inward Greatneſs,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart:
What might'ſt thou do, that Honour would thee do,
Were all thy Children kind and natural:
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treacherous Crowns and three corrupted men:
One *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of *Northumberland*,
Have for the Guilt of *France*, (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearful *France*,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye,
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
E're he take ſhip for *France*; and in *Southampton*,
Linger your patience on, and we'll digeſt
Th'abuſe o' diſtance; force a play:
The ſum is pay'd, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet for *London*, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gentiles) to *Southampton*.
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back: Charming the narrow Seas
To give you gentle Paſs: for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomack with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto *Southampton* we do ſhift our Scene. [*Exit.*

Enter Corporal Nim, *and Lieutenant* Bardolph.

Bar. Well met, Corporal *Nim.*
Nim. Good morrow, Lieutenant *Bardolph.*
Bar. What, are ancient *Piſtol* and you Freinds yet?
Nim. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine Iron: it is but a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.
Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you Friends, and we'll be all three ſworn Brothers to *France*: Let's be ſo, good Corporal *Nim.*
Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: That is my reſt: that is the rendezvous of it.
Bar. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to *Nel Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim.

Nim. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, knives have edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhe will plod, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtol, *and* Quickly.

Bar. Here comes Ancient *Piſtol* and his Wife: good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine Hoſte *Piſtol*?

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, call'ſt thou me Hoſte? now by this hand, I ſwear I ſcorn the term: Nor ſhall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen that live honeſtly by the prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we ſhall ſee wilful Adultery and Murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, Good Corporal, offer nothing here. *Nim.* Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, *Iſland* dog: thou prickear'd Cur of *Iſland.*

Hoſt. Good Corporal *Nim*, ſhew thy Valour, and put up thy Sword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *Solus.*

Piſt. Solus, egregious Dog; O Viper vile; The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face, the *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat, and in thy hateful Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth. I do retort the *ſolus* in thy Bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtol*'s cock is up, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, *Piſtol*, I will ſcour you with my Rapier, as I may in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I ſay: He that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroak, I'le run him to the hilts, as I am a Souldier.

Piſt. An Oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give: Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humor of it.

Piſtol. Couple a gorge that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of *Creet*, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the *Spittle* go, and from the Powdring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazer Kit of *Creſſid*'s kind, *Dol Tear-ſheet*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the only ſhe: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoſte *Piſtol*, you muſt come to my Maſter, and your Hoſteſs: He is very ſick and would to bed. Good *Bardolph*, put thy face between the ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth, he'll yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: The King has kill'd his heart. Good Husband come preſently.

Bar. Come, ſhall I make you two Friends. We muſt to *France* together: why the Devil ſhould we keep Knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let Floods o'reſwell, and Fiends for food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings, I won of you at Betting.

Piſt. Baſe is the Slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound: puſh home. [*Draw.*

Bard. By this Sword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'le kill him: by this Sword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bar. Corporal *Nim*, and thou wilt be Friends, be Friends, and thou wilt not, why then be Enemies with me too: prethee put up.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I give to thee, and Friendſhip ſhall combine, and Brotherhood. I'le live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me, is not this juſt? For I ſhall Sutler be unto the Camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nim. I ſhall have my Noble?

Piſt. In caſh, moſt juſtly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. As ever you came of Women, come in quickly to Sir *John*: A poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou has ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may: he paſſes ſome humours and carreers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight, for (Lambkins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmerland.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe Traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if all allegiance in their Boſoms ſate
Crowned with Faith and conſtant Loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his Bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he ſhould, for a Foreign Purſe, ſo ſell
His Soveraigns life to death and treachery.

[*Sound Trumpets.*

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, *and* Gray.

King. Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kind Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the Powers we bear with us
Will cut their paſſage through the Force of *France*?
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head aſſembled them?

Scro. No doubt, my Liege, if each man do his beſt.

King. I doubt not, that ſince we are well perſwaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and Conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was a Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majeſty; there's not I think a Subject
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your Government.

Gray. True: thoſe that were your Fathers Enemies,
Have ſteept their Gauls in Honey, and do obſerve you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.

King. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the Office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

Scro. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toyl,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelf with hope
To do your grace inceſſant ſervices.

King. We judge no leſs. Uncle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our Perſon: We conſider,
It was exceſs of Wine that ſet him on,

And

And on ~~his~~ our more advice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Soveraign, leſt Example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
King. O let us yet be merciful.
Camb. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Gray. Sir, you ſhew great mercy, if you give him Life,
After the taſte of much Correction.
King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch:
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our Eye
When Capital Crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and diſgeſted
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our Perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our *French* Cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my Lord,
Your Highneſs bid me ask for it to day.
Scro. So did you me, my Liege.
Gray. And I, my Royal Soveraign.
King. Then *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight,
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Read them, and know I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, and Uncle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe Papers, that you loſe
So much Complexion? Look ye how they change,
Their cheeks are Paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your Blood
Out of appearance?
Camb. I do confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeal.
King. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own Counſel is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talk of mercy,
For your own Reaſons turn into your Boſoms,
As Dogs upon their Maſters, worrying you:
See you, my Princes and my Noble Peers,
Theſe *Engliſh* monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour: and this man,
Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworn unto the practices of *France*,
To kill us here in *Hampton*. To the which,
This Knight no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt bear the key of all my Counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my Soul,
That (almoſt) might'ſt have coyn'd me into Gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me, for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one Spark of Evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs,
As black and white, my Eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and Murther, ever kept together,
As two yoak Devils ſworn to eithers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſly in a Natural Cauſe,
That admiration did not hoop at them.
But thou ('gainſt all Proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on Treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoever cunning Fiend it was
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voice in Hell for excellence:
And other Devils that ſuggeſt by Treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up Damnation,
With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht
From gliſt'ring Semblances of Piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do Treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walk the whole world,
He may return to vaſty *Tartar* back,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A Soul ſo eaſie as that *Engliſh*-mans.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance? Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in dyet,
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt Complement,
Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt endued
With ſome ſuſpition, and I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practices.
Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*.
I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*.
I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.
Scro. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Camb. For me the Gold of *France* did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect, what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoyce,
Beſeeching God to pardon me.
Gray. Never did faithful Subject more rejoyce
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o're my ſelf,
Prevented from a damned Enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soveraign.
King. God quit you in his Mercy: Hear your ſentence,
You have conſpir'd againſt our Royal Perſon,
Joyn'd with an Enemy proclaim'd; and from his Coffers
Receiv'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would have ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes and his Peers to ſervitude,
His Subjects to oppreſſion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdom into deſolation:
Touching our Perſon, ſeek we no revenge,
But we our Kingdoms ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruine you three ſought, that to her Laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches) to your Death;
The taſte whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now Lords for *France*: The Enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rub is ſmoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear Country-men: Let us deliver
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,

Putting

Putting it ſtreight in expedition.
Chearly to Sea, the ſigns of War advance,
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piſtol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, *and* Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Prethee honey, ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſtol. No: for my manly heart doth yern. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rouze thy vaunting Veins: Boy, briſtle thy Courage up: for *Falſtaff* he is dead, and we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſoe're he is, either in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hoſteſs. Nay ſure, he's not in Hell: he's in *Arthur*'s Boſom, if ever man went to *Arthur*'s Boſom: a made finer end, and went away and it had been any Chriſtom Child: a parted juſt between Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: For after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharp as a Pen, and a Table of green Fields. How now Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheer: So a cryed out, God, God, God, three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: Then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward and upward, all was as cold as any ſtone

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſs. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſs. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Devils incarnate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hoſteſs. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then he was rheumatick, and talk'd of the Whore of *Babylon*.

Boy. Do you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph's* Noſe, and ſaid it was a black Soul burning in Hell.

Bar. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his Service.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Senſes rule: The world is, Pitch and Pay: truſt none: for Oaths are Straws, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dog: My Duck, therefore, *Cavcto* be thy Counſellor. Go, clear thy Chryſtals. Yoke-fellows in Arms, let us to *France*, like Horſe-leeches, my Boys, to ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholeſome food they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, Hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it: But adieu.

Piſt. Let Houſwifry appear: keep cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſteſs. Farewel: adieu. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the French *King*, *the* Dolphin, *the Dukes of* Berry *and* Britain.

King. Thus comes the *Engliſh* with full Power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To anſwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of *Berry* and of *Britain*,
Of *Brabant* and of *Orleance* ſhall make forth,
And you Prince *Dolphin*, with all ſwift diſpatch
To line and new repair our towns of War
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For *England* his approches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fears may teach us, out of late Examples
Left by the fatal and neglected *Engliſh*
Upon our Fields.

Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the Foe,
For Peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdom,
(Though War, nor no known Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a War in expectation.
Therefore I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of *France*:
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear,
No, with no more, than if we heard that *England*
Were buſied with a *Whitſon* Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically born,
By a vain giddy ſhallow humorous Youth,
That Fear attends her not.

Conſt. O Peace, Prince *Dolphin*,
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and with all,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Covering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolph. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In Cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The Enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the Proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weak and nigardly projection,
Doth like a Miſer ſpoil his Coat, with ſcanting
A little Cloth.

King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes, look you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us:
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar Paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When *Creſſy* Battel fatally was ſtruck,
And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of *Wales*:
Whiles that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain ſtanding
Up in the Air, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
Saw his Heroical Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the Work of Nature, and deface
The Patterns, that by God and by *French* Fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let us fear,
The Native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from *Harry*, King of *England*,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

King. We'll give them preſent Audience.
Go, and bring them.
You ſee this Chaſe is hotly follow'd, Friends.

Dolph. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Soveraign
Take up the *Engliſh* ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchy you are the Head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter

Winch. Rome ſhall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then.
My Lor, it were your duty to forbear.
Som. , ſee the Biſhop be not overborn:
Methinks my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is touch'd ſo near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not is Grace Protector to the King?
Richard Plantagenet I ſee muſt hold his tongue,
Leſt it be ſaid, Speak, Sirrah, when you ſhould,
Muſt our bold Verdict enter talk with Lords,
Elſe would I have a fling at *Wincheſter*.
King. Uncles of *Gloſter* and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpecial Watch-men of our *Engliſh* Weal,
I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two ſuch Noble Peers, as ye ſhould jar?
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſention is a viperous Worm,
That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noiſe within. Down with the Tawny Coats.
King. What Tumult is this?
Warw. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhop's men.
A noiſe again, Stones, Stones.
Enter Mayor.
Mayor. Oh my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the City of *London*, pity us:
The Biſhop and the Duke of *Gloſter*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble ſtones;
And banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy brains knockt out:
Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to ſhut our Shops.

Enter in skirmiſh with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you on allegiance to our ſelves,
To hold your ſlaughtering hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray Uncle *Gloſter* mitigate this ſtrife.
1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2. *Serving.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
Skirmiſh again.
Gloſt. You of my houſhold leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3. *Serving.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Juſt, and upright; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferiour to none, but to his Majeſty:
And e're that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,
We and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our Bodies ſlaughter'd by thy Foes.
1. *Serv.* I, and the very paring of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin again.
Gloſt. Stay, ſtay, I ſay,
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſwade you to forbear a while.
King. Oh how this diſcord doth afflict my Soul.
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold
My Sighs and Tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in Broils?
Warw. Yield, my Lord Protector, yield *Wincheſter*:
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Soveraign, and deſtroy the Realm.
You ſee what miſchief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Winch. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.
Gloſt. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop,
Or I would ſee his heart out, e're the Prieſt
Should ever get that priviledge of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke
Hath baniſht moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothd Brows it doth appear:
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern, and Tragical?
Gloſt. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.
King, Fie, Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
But prove a chief Offender in the ſame.
Warw. Sweet King; the Biſhop hath a kindly gird:
For ſhame my Lord of *Wincheſter*, relent;
What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to do?
Winch. Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yield to thee,
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.
Gloſt. I, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
So here my Friends, and loving Countrymen,
The token ſerveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our ſelves, and all our Followers:
So help me God, as I diſſemble not.
Winch. So help me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of *Gloſter*,
How joyful am I made by this Contract?
Away my Maſters, trouble us no more,
But joyn in Friendſhip, as your Lords have done.
1. *Serv.* Content, I'le to the Surgeon's.
2. *Serv.* And ſo will I.
3. *Serv.* And I will ſee what Phyſick the Tavern affords.
[Exeunt.
Warw. Accept this Scrowl, moſt gracious Soveraign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.
Gloſt. Well urg'd my Lord of *Warwick*: for, ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do *Richard* right,
Eſpecially for thoſe occaſions
At *Eltham* place I told your Majeſty.
King. And thoſe occaſions, Uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood.
War. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood,
So ſhall his Fathers wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Wincheſter*.
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the Houſe of *York*,
From whence you ſpring, by lineal deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble Servant vows obedience,
And humble ſervice till the point of death.
King. Stoop then, and ſet your Knee againſt my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Riſe *Richard* like a true *Plantagenet*.
And riſe created Princely Duke of *York*.
Rich. And ſo thrive *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall,
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Majeſty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*,
Som. Periſh, baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*.
Gloſt. Now will it beſt avail your Majeſty,
To croſs the Seas, and to be Crown'd in *France*:
The preſence of a King engenders love,
Amongſt his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it diſ-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloſter* ſays the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counſel cuts off many Foes.
Gloſt. Your ſhips already are in readineſs. *[Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. I, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissention grown betwixt the Peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame,
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His days may finish e're that hapless time. [*Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Puzel *disguis'd, and four Souldiers with Sacks upon their backs.*

Puzel. These are the City Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of Market-men,
That come to gather Money for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the sloathful Watch but weak,
I'le by a sign give notice to our Friends,
That *Charles* the *Dolphin* may encounter them.
Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a mean to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knock.*
Watch. Che la?
Puzel. Peasauns la pouvre gens de France.
Poor Market-folks that come to sell their Corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.
Puzel. Now *Roan*, I'le shake thy Bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, *Bastard*, Alanson.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* bless this happy Stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.
Bastard. Here entred *Puzel*, and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?
Here is the best and safest passage in.
Reign. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd shews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she entred.

Enter Puzel *on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.*

Puzel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth *Roan* unto her Countrymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbonites*.
Bastard. See, Noble *Charles*, the Beacon of our Friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Charles. Now shines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reign. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter, and cry, the *Dolphin*, presently,
And then do execution on the Watch. [*Alarm*

An Alarum, Talbot *in an Excursion.*

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy tears,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Treachery.
Puzel that Witch, that damned Sorceress,
Hath wrought this Hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the Pride of *France*. [*Exit.*

An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford *brought in sick in a Chair.*

Enter Talbot *and* Burgonie *without: within* hizel, Charles, *Bastard, and* Reignier *on the Wall.*

Puz. Good morrow, Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I think the Duke of *Burgonie* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnel: do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on, vile Fiend, and shameless Courtizan,
I trust e're long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corn.
Charles. Your grace may starve (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this Treason.
Puzel. What will you do, good gray Beard?
Break a Launce, and run a Tilt at Death
Within a Chair.
Talb. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel I'le have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.
Puzel. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Puzel* hold thy peace
If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.
They whisper together in Counsel.
God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?
Talb. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the Field?
Puzel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for Fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Talb. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out?
Alanson. Seignior, no.
Talb. Seignior, hang: base Muleters of *France*,
Like Peasant foot-Boys do they keep the Walls,
And dare not take up Arms, like Gentlemen.
Puzel. Away Captains, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his Looks.
God b'uy my Lord, we came Sir but to tell you,
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there we will be too, e're it be long.
Or else Reproach be *Talbot*'s greatest Fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by Honour of thy House,
Prick't on by publick Wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the Town again or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conquerour;
As sure as in this late betrayed Town,
Great *Cordelion*'s heart was buryed;
So sure I swear, to get the Town or die.
Burg. My Vows are equal partners with thy Vows.
Talb. But e're we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: Come, my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazie Age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit, before the Walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal or wo.
Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence, for once I Read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the Field, and vanquished his Foes.
Methinks I should revive the Souldiers Hearts,
Because I ever found them as my self.
Talb. Undaunted Spirit in a dying Breast,
Then be it so: Heavens keep old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more ado, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemy. [*Exit.*

An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John Falstaff, *and a Captain.*

Cap.

But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it streight a thing impossible
To compass Wonders, but by the help of Devils.
No, misconceived; *Joan* of *Aire* hath been
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the Gates of Heaven.

Yor. I, I: away with her to execution.

War. And hearke ye, Sirs: because she is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place Barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.

Puz. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Joan* discover thine infirmity,
That warranted by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruit within my Womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

Yor. Now Heaven forfend, the holy Maid with Child?

War. The greatest Miracle that e're ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

Yor. She and the Dolphin have been juggling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to, we will have no Bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.

Puz. You are deceiv'd, my Child is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that enjoy'd my love.

Yor. *Alanson*, that notorious Matchevile?
It dies, and if it had a thousand lives.

Puz. O give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married man? that's most intolerable.

Yor. Why here's a Girl: I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's a signe she had been liberal and free.

Yor. And yet foreseeth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Puz. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sun reflex his Beams
Upon the Country where you make abode:
But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till Mischief and Despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves. [*Exit.*

Enter Cardinal.

Yor. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
You foul accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know, my Lords, the States of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a general Peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and th'aspiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

Yor. Is all our travel turn'd to this Effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Souldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their Bodies for their Countries Benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate Peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Towns,
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the Realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*, if we conclude a Peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the *French-men* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, *Bastard*, Reignier.

Char. Since, Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful Truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*,
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the Conditions of that League must be.

Yor. Speak, *Winchester*, for boyling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voyce,
By sight of those our baleful Enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distressful War,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crown:
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him Tribute, and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regal Dignity.

Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in Substance and Authority,
Retain but priviledge of a private man?
This profer is absurd, and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possest
With more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful King,
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that Prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassadour, I'le rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

Yor. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a League,
And now the matter grows to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloof upon Comparison?
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Wars.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well, in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find the like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in Hostility.
And therefore take this contract of a Truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?

Charl. It shall:
Onely reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our Towns of Garrison.

Yor. Then swear Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
So, now dismiss your Army when you please:
Hang up your Ensigns, let your Drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Suffolk *in conference with the King*, Glocester, *and* Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earl)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her Virtues grac'd with external gifts,
Do breed Loves settled Passions in my Heart,
And like as rigour with tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightest Hulk against the tide,

So

So am I driven by the breath of her Renown,
Either to ſuffer Shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.
Suff. Tuſh, my good Lord, this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praiſe:
The chief Perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I ſufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a Volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And which is more, ſhe is not ſo Divine,
So full repleat with choice of all delights,
But with a humble lowlineſs of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love, and honour *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwiſe, will *Henry* ne're preſume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give conſent,
That *Margaret* may be *England*'s Royal Queen.
Glo. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin,
You know (my Lord) your Highneſs is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of eſteem.
How ſhall we then diſpence with that Contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suff. As doth a Ruler with unlawful Oaths,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſts,
By reaſon of his Adverſaries odds,
A poor Earl's Daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than that?
Her Father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious Titles he excel.
Suff. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jeruſalem*,
And of ſuch great Authority in *France*,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *French-men* in Allegiance.
Glo. And ſo the Earl of *Armiack* may do,
Becauſe he is near Kinſman unto *Charles*.
Exet. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant liberal Dower,
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receive than give.
Suff. A Dower, my Lords? diſgraſe not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect Love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to ſeek a Queen to make him rich:
So worthleſs Peaſants, bargain for their Wives,
As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horſe.
But Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by Atturney-ſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be Companion of his Nuptial Bed.
And therefore, Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe Reaſons bindeth us,
In our Opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd,
For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of Celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is Daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs Feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant Courage, and undaunted Spirit,
(More than in Women commonly is ſeen)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, Son unto a Conquerour,
Is likely to beget more Conquerours,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolve,
(As is fair *Margaret*) he be link'd in Love.
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of *Suffolk*: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any Paſſion of inflaming Love,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my Breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and Fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping; poſt, my Lord, to *France*
Agree to any Covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the Seas to *England*, and be Crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithful and anointed Queen.
For your Expences and ſufficient Charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay, for till you do return,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Uncle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my Will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*
Glo. I, grief I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exit* Gloceſter.
Suff. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm. [*Exit.*

FINIS.

The

The Second Part of KING HENRY VI.

With the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, *and* Beauford *on the one ſide. The Queen,* Suffolk, York, Somerſet, *and* Buckingham *on the other.*

Suffolk.

AS by your high Imperial Majeſty,
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princeſs *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient City, *Tours*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calabar*, *Britaigne*, *Alanſon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, and twenty reverend Biſhops,
I have perform'd my Task, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of *England*, and her Lordly Peers,
Deliver up my Title in the Queen
To your moſt gracious hand, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt gift that ever Marqueſs gave,
The faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.

King. Suffolk ariſe. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*,
I can expreſs no kinder ſign of Love
Than this kind Kiſs: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulneſs:
For thou haſt given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly Bleſſings to my Soul,
If ſympathy of Love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beads,
With you mine *Alder liefeſt* Soveraign,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder terms, ſuch as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.

King. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with Wiſdom's Majeſty,
Make me from wondring, fall to weeping Joys,
Such is the fulneſs of my hearts content.
Lords, with one chearful voice, welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Q. *Margaret*, *England*'s happineſs.

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flouriſh.*

Suff. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Between our Soveraign, and the *French* King *Charles*,
For eighteen Months concluded by conſent.

Glo. Reads. Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King*, Charles, *and* William de la Pole, *Marqueſs of* Suffolk, *Ambaſſador for* Henry *King of* England, *That the ſaid* Henry *ſhall eſpouſe the Lady* Margaret, *Daughter unto* Reignier *King of* Naples, Sicilia, *and* Jeruſalem, *and Crown her Queen of* England, *e're the thirtieth of* May *next enſuing.*

Item, *That the Dutchy of* Anjou, *and the County of* Main, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her Father.*

King. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord,
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dim'd mine Eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Uncle of *Wincheſter*, I pray read on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed between them:, That the Dutcheſs of* Anjou *and* Main, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered over to the King her Father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of* England's *own proper Coſt and Charge, without having any Dowry.*

King. They pleaſe us well. Lord Marqueſs, kneel down,
We here create thee the firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
And girt thee with the Sword. Couſin of *York*,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I' th' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen Months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, Uncle *Wincheſter*,
Glocester, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerſet*,
Salisbury, and *Warwick*,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In Entertainment to my Princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* Suffolk.

Manent *the reſt.*

Glo. Brave Peers of *Englaud*, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humphrey* muſt unload his grief:
Your grief, the common grief of all the Land,
What! did my Brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His Valour, Coyn, and People in the Wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open Field,
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true Inheritance?
And did my Brother *Bedford* toyl his wits,
To keep by policy what *Henry* got:
Have you your ſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in *France* and *Normandy*?
Or hath mine Uncle *Beauford*, and my ſelf,
With all the learned Council of the Realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to fro
How *France* and *French-men* might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highneſs in his infancy,
Crown'd in *Paris* in deſpight of foes,

And

And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours die?
Shall *Henry*'s Conqueſt, *Bedford*'s vigilance,
Your Deeds of War, and all our Counſel die!
O Peers of *England*, ſhameful is this League,
Fatal this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Books of memory,
Raſing the Characters of your Renown,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtance:
For *France*, 'tis ours: and we will keep it ſtill.

Glo. I, Uncle, we will keep it; if we can:
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Main*,
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſs of his Purſe.

Sal. Now by the death of him that di'd for all,
Theſe Countries were the Keys of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant Son?

War. For grief that they are paſt recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My Sword ſhould ſhed hot Blood, mine Eyes no Tears.
Anjou and *Main*? My ſelf did win them both:
Thoſe Provinces theſe arms of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that are got with wounds
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu.

Yor. For *Suffolk*'s Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honour of this Warlike Iſle:
France ſhould have torn and rent my very Heart,
Before I would have yielded to this League.
I never read but *England*'s Kings have had
Large ſums of Gold, and Dowries with their Wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſt and Charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in *France*, and ſtarv'd in *France*
Before———

Car. My Lord of *Gloſter*, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, I know your mind,
'Tis not my Speeches that you do miſlike:
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy Face
I ſee thy fury: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewel, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied, *France* will be loſt e're long. [*Exit* Humph.

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine Enemy:
Nay more, an Enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear, me to the King;
Conſider Lords, he is the next of Blood,
And Heir apparent to the *Engliſh* Crown:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his Marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdoms of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Look to it, Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your Hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common People favour him,
Calling him *Humphrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu maintain your Royal Excellence,
With, God preſerve the good Duke *Humphrey*.
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our Soveraign?
He being of age to govern of himſelf.
Couſin *Somerſet*, joyn you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoyſe Duke *Humphrey* from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay,
I'le to the Duke of *Suffolk* preſently. [*Exit Cardinal.*

Som. Couſin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphrey's* pride
And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us all watch the haughty Cardinal,
His inſolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the Land beſide;
If *Gloſter* be diſplac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, *Somerſet*, will be Protector,
Deſpight Duke *Humphrey*, or the Cardinal.
[*Exit* Buckingham *and* Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the Realm.
I never ſaw but *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloſter*,
Did bear him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal,
More like a Souldier than a Man o'th' Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weal.
Warwick my Son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy Houſe-keeping,
Hath won the greateſt favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but Good Duke *Humphrey*.
And Brother *York*, thy acting in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to Civil Diſcipline:
Thy late exploits done in the Heart of *France*
When thou wert Regent for our Soveraign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the People,
Joyn we together for the publick good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſs
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerſet*'s and *Buckingham*'s ambition,
And as we may cheriſh Duke *Humphrey*'s deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

York. And ſo ſays *York*,
For he hath greateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then let's make haſte away,
And look unto the main?

War. Unto the main? *Oh Father, Main is loſt,*
That *Main*, which by main force *Warwick* did win
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main-chance Father you meant, but I ment *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.
[*Exit* Warwick *and* Salisbury. *Manet* York.

Yor. *Anjou* and *Main* are given to the *French*,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedoms for a Dukes fair Daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the ſilly owner of the Goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
And ſhakes his Head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is born away,
Ready to ſtarve, and dare not touch his own.
So *York* muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his Tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Methinks the Realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my Fleſh and Blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Princes Heart of *Calidon*,
Anjou and *Main* both given unto the *French*?
Cold news for me: For I had hope of *France*,

Even

Even as I have of fertile *England's* ſoil.
A day will come, when *York* ſhall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the *Nevils* parts,
And make a ſhew of Love to proud Duke *Humphrey*,
And when I ſpy advantage, claim the Crown,
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit:
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* uſurp my Right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his Childiſh Fiſt,
Nor wear the Diadem upon his Head,
Whoſe Church-like Humours fits not for a Crown.
Then *York* be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the State,
Till *Henry* ſurfeiting in joys of Love,
With his new Bride, and *England's* dear bought Queen,
And *Humphrey* with the Peers be faln at Jarrs,
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milk-white Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Air ſhall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Arms of *York*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And force perforce I'le make him yield the Crown,
Whoſe Bookiſh Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
[*Exit* York.

Enter Duke Humphrey, *and his Wife* Elianor.

Elia. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at *Ceres* plenteous Load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphrey* knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the World?
Why are thine Eyes fixt to the ſullen Earth,
Gazing on that which ſeems to dim thy Sight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henry's* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honours of the World?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy Face,
Until thy Head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the Glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? I'le lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our Heads to Heaven,
And never more abaſe our Sight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance upon the ground.
Hum. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious Thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this Mortal World.
My troublous Dreams this Night doth make me ſad.
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'le requite it
With ſweet Rehearſal of my mornings Dream?
Hum. Methought this Staff, mine Office-badg in Court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by th' Cardinal,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the Heads of *Edmond* Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
This was the Dream, what it doth bode, God knows.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an Argument,
That he that breaks a ſtick of *Gloſter's* Grove,
Shall loſe his Head for his Preſumption.
But liſt to me, my *Humphrey*, my ſweet Duke:
Methought I ſate in Seat of Majeſty,
In the Cathedral Church of *Weſtminſter*,
And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were Crown'd,
Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my Head did ſet the Diadem.
Hum. Nay, *Elianor*, then muſt I chide out-right:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-natur'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realm?
And the Protectors Wife, belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not wordly Pleaſure at command,
Above the reach or compaſs of thy Thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble down thy Husband, and thy ſelf,
From top of Honour, to Diſgraces Feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Eli. What, what, my Lord, are you ſo Cholerick
With *Elianor*, for telling but her Dream?
Next time, I'le keep my Dreams unto my ſelf,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highneſs pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to Hawk.
Hu. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us? [*Ex. Hu.*
Elia. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow preſently,
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While *Gloſter* bears this baſe and humble Mind.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling blocks,
And ſmooth my way upon their Headleſs Necks.
And being a Woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay fear not Man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I. [*Enter Hume.*
Hume. Jeſus preſerve your Royal Majeſty.
Eli. What ſay'ſt thou? Majeſty: I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the Grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,
Your Graces Title ſhall be multiply'd.
Eli. What ſay'ſt thou Man? Haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bullingbrook* the Conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promiſed to ſhew your Highneſs
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under Ground,
That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.
Eli. It is enough, I'le think upon the Queſtions,
When from Saint *Albans* we do make return;
We'll ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry Man
With thy Confederates in this weighty Cauſe.
[*Exit* Elianor.
Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Dutcheſs Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*?
Seal up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The buſineſs asketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame *Elianor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a Devil.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the Rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*:
Yet I do find it ſo: For to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Elianor's* humour)
Have hired me to under-mine the Dutcheſs,
And buz theſe Conjurations in her Brain.
They ſay, a crafty Knave does need no Broker.
Yet am I *Suffolk's*, and the Cardinal's Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty Knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I fear at laſt,
Hume's Knavery will be the Dutcheſs Wrack,
And her attainture will be *Humphrey's* fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have Gold for all. [*Exit.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1. *Pet.* My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.
2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good Man, Jeſu bleſs him.

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a comes methinks, and the Queen with him: I'le be the firſt ſure.

2. *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now, fellow: would'ſt any thing with me?

1. *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me, I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Queen. To my Lord Protector? are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? let me ſee them: what is thine?

1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinal's Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome VVrong indeed. VVhat's yours? what's here? againſt the Duke of *Suffolk*, for enclosing the Commons of *Melford*. How now, Sir Knave?

2. *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Townſhip.

Pet. Againſt my Maſter, *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of *York* was rightful Heir to the Crown.

Queen. VVhat ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of *York* ſay, He was rightful Heir to the Crown?

Pet. That my Miſtreſs was? No forſooth: my Maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an Uſurper.

Suff. VVho is there?

Enter Servant.

Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſevant preſently: we'll hear more of your matter before the King. [*Exit.*

Queen. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's Grace,
Begin your Suits anew, and ſue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's begone. [*Exit.*

Queen. My Lord of *Suffolk*, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhion of the Court of *England*?
Is this the Government of *Britains* Iſle?
And this the Royalty of *Albions* King?
VVhat, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly *Gloſter*'s Governance?
And I a Queen in Title and in Style,
And muſt be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the City *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my Love,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies Hearts of *France*;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave-maries* on his Beads:
His Champions are the Prophets and Apoſtles,
His VVeapons, are Holy Saws of ſacred VVrit,
His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinals
VVould chuſe him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And ſet the Triple Crown upon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſs.

Suff. Madam, be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſs came to *England*, ſo will I
In *England* work your Graces full content.

Queen. Beſide the haughty Protector, have we *Beaufort*,
The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can do more in *England*, than the King.

Suff. And he of theſe that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in *England*, than the *Nevils*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peers.

Queen. Not all theſe Lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife:
She ſweeps it through the Court with troops of Ladies,
More like an Empreſs, than Duke *Humfrey's* Wife:
Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen,
She bears a Dukes Revenues on her back,
And in her Heart ſhe ſcorns our Poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-born Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing Gown
Was better worth than all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his Daughter.

Suff. Madam, my ſelf have limb'd a bleſh for her,
And plac'd a Quire of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her reſt; and, Madam, liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſel you in this:
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet muſt we joyn with him, and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humfrey* in diſgrace.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed them all at laſt,
And you your ſelf ſhall ſteer the happy Helm. [*Exit.*

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, *Cardinal,* Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, *and the Dutcheſs.*

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demeaned himſelf in *France*,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ſhip.

Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the place,
Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *York* is the worthier.

Card. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters ſpeak.

War. The Cardinal's not my Better in the field.

Buck. All in this preſence are thy Betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the beſt of all.

Salish. Peace, Son; and ſhew ſome reaſon, *Buckingham*,
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be prefer'd in this?

Queen. Becauſe the King forſooth will have it ſo.

Hum. Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
To give this Cenſure: Theſe are no Womans matters.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?

Hum. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleaſure will reſign my Place.

Suff. Reſign it then, and leave thine inſolence.
Since thou wer't King, as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm
Have been as Bond-men to thy Soveraignty.

Car. The Commons haſt thou rack'd, the Clergies Bags
Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire
Have coſt a maſs of publick Treaſure.

Buck. Thy Cruelty in execution
Upon Offenders hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queen. Thy ſale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
[*Exit* Humfrey.
Give me my Fan: what, Minion, can ye not?

She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the Ear.

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Dutch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
Could I come near your Beauty with my Nails,
I could ſet my Ten Commandments in your Face.

King. Sweet Aunt, be quiet, 'twas againſt her Will.

Dutch. Againſt her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter wears no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.
[*Exit* Eleanor.

Buck.

Enter at one Door the Armorer and his Neighbours, drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drum before him, and his Staff with a Sand-bag faſtened to it: And at the other Door his Man, with a Drum and a Sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbour.* Here, Neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

2. *Neighbour.* And here, Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charneco.

3. *Neighbour.* And here's a Pot of good double Beer, Neighbour: drink, and fear not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and I'le pledge ye all, and a fig for *Peter*.

1. *Pren.* Here *Peter* I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Prev.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy Maſter; Fight for the credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, if I dye, I give thee my Apron; and *Will*, thou ſhalt have my Hammer: and here, *Tom*, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bleſs me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Maſter, he hath learnt ſo much to fence already.

Salis. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter, forſooth.

Salis. Peter? what mor

Peter. Thump.

Salis. Thump? Then ſee thou thump thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my Man's inſtigation, to prove him a Knave, and my ſelf an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a down-right blow.

York. Diſpatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter *ſtrikes him down.*

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſs, I confeſs Treaſon.

Yor. Take away his Weapon: Fellow, thank God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemy in this Preſence? O *Peter* thou haſt prevail'd in right.

King. Go, take hence that Traytor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.
And God in Juſtice hath reveal'd to us
The Truth and Innocence of this poor Fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come Fellow, follow us for thy Reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humfrey *and his Men in Mourning Cloaks.*

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud;
And after Summer, evermore ſucceeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Gloſt. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my puniſh'd Dutcheſs:
Unneath may ſhe endure the Flinty Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling Feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble mind a-brook
The abject People gazing on thy Face,
With envious Looks ſtill laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy proud Chariot Wheels,
When thou didſt ride in Triumph through the ſtreets.
But ſoft, I think ſhe comes, and I'le prepare
My Tear-ſtain'd Eyes, to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Dutcheſs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Gloſter. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by.

Elian. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their Eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And in thy Cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame,
And ban their Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloſt. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this Grief.

Elian. Ah *Gloſter*, teach me to forget my ſelf:
For whil'ſt I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land:
Methinks I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with Papers on my Back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce
To ſee my Tears, and hear my deep-ſet Groans.
The ruthleſs Flint doth cut my tender Feet,
And when I ſtart, the envious People laugh,
And bid me be adviſed, how I tread.
Ah *Humfrey*, can I bear this ſhameful yoak?
Troweſt thou, that e're I'le look upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enjoys the Sun?
No: Dark ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To think upon my Pomp, ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime I'le ſay, I am Duke *Humfrey*'s Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he Rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whileſt I his forlorn Dutcheſs,
Was made a Wonder, and a pointing Stock
To every idle Raſcal Follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Have all limb'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And flie thou how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee,
But fear thou not until thy Foot be ſnar'd,
Nor ever ſeek prevention of thy Foes.

Gloſt. Ah, *Nell*, forbear: thou aimeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times ſo many Foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs,
Would'ſt have me reſcue thee from this Reproach?
Why yet thy Scandal were not wip't away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
I pray thee ſort thy Heart to Patience,
Theſe few days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Majeſties Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next Month.

Gloſt. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there,
My *Nell*, I take my leave; and Maſter Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the Kings Commiſſion.

Sher. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtays;
And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Iſle of Man.

Gloſt. Muſt you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You uſe her well: the World may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindneſs, if you do it her,
And ſo, Sir *John*, farewel.

Elian.

Elian. VVhat, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewel?
Gloſt. Witneſs my Tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.
[*Exit* Gloſter.
Eli. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my Joy is Death;
Death, at whoſe Name I oft have been afraid,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this World's Eternity.
Stanly I prethee go, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no Favour;
Onely convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Iſle of man*,
There to be us'd according to your State
Elian. That's bad enough, for I am but Reproach:
And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a Dutcheſs, and Duke *Humphrey's* Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be us'd.
Elian. Sheriff farewel, and better, than I, fare,
Although thou haſt been Conduct of my ſhame.
She. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.
Elian. I, I, farewel, thy Office is diſcharg'd:
Come *Stanly*, ſhall we go?
Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And go we to attire you for our Journey.
Elian. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelf, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, *and* Warwick, *to the Parliament.*

King. I muſe my Lord of *Gloſter* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
What e're occaſion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerve
The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majeſty he bears himſelf,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himſelf?
We know the time ſince he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off Look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhews an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed Knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small Curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the Lyon roars,
And *Humfrey* is no little man in *England*.
Firſt note, that he is near you in deſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Policy,
Reſpecting what a Rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your Deceaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royal Perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſs Council.
By Flattery hath he won the Commons Hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow Rooted,
Suffer them now and they'll o'regrow the Garden,
And choak the Herbs for want of Husbandry,
The Reverent care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe Dangers in the Duke,
If it be fond, call it a Womans Fear:
Which Fear, if better reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
Reprove my Allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectual.
Suff. Well hath your Highneſs ſeen into this Duke:
And had I firſt been put to ſpeak my mind,
I think I ſhould have told your Graces Tale.
The Dutcheſs, by his Subornation,
Upon my Life began her Deviliſh Practices:
Or if he were not privie to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high Deſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſive Heir,
And ſuch high Vaunts of his Nobility,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam brain-ſick Dutcheſs,
By wicked means to frame our Soveraign's Fall.
Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barks not, when he would ſteal the Lamb,
No, no, my Soveraign, *Gloſter* is a Man
Unſounded yet, and full of deep Deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
Deviſe ſtrange Deaths, for ſmall Offences done?
York. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Levy great ſums of Money through the Realm,
For Souldiers pay in *France*, and never ſent it?
By means whereof the Towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humphrey*.
King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down Thorns that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praiſe: but ſhall I ſpeak my Conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent,
From meaning Treaſon to our Royal Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lamb, or harmleſs Dove:
The Duke is Virtuous, Mild, and too well given:
To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.
Qu. Ah! what's more dangerous, than this fond affiance?
Seems he a Dove? his Feathers are but borrow'd,
For he is diſpoſed as the hateful Raven.
Is he a Lamb? his Skin was ſurely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the Ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot ſteal a Shape that means Deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.
Enter Somerſet.
Som. All Health unto my Gracious Soveraign.
King. Welcome Lord *Somerſet*: What News from *France*?
Som. That all our intereſt in thoſe Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is loſt.
King. Cold News, Lord *Somerſet*: but God's Will be done.
York. Cold News for me: for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hope for Fertile *England*.
Thus are my Bloſſoms blaſted in the Bud,
And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away.
But I will remedy this geare e're long,
Or ſell my Title for a glorious Grave.
Enter Gloceſter.
Gloſt. All happineſs unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Leige, that I have ſtay'd ſo long.
Suff. Nay, *Gloſter*, know that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wer't more Loyal than thou art:
I do arreſt thee of High Treaſon here.
Gloſt. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreſt:
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from Treaſon to my Soveraign,
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you took Bribes of *France*,
And being Protector ſtay'd the Souldiers pay,
By the means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France*.
Gloſt. Is it but thought ſo?
What are they that think it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor never had one penny Bribe from *France*.
So help me God, as I have watcht the Night,

I, Night

True Nobility is exempt from Fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:
Come Souldiers, ſhew what Cruelty ye can.

Suff. That this my Death may never be forgot.
Great Men oft dye by vile *Bezoneans.*
A *Roman* Sworder, and *Bandetto* Slave
Murder'd ſweet *Tully.* *Brutus* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Julius Cæſar.* Savage Iſlanders,
Pompey the Great; and *Suffolk* dies by Pyrats.
[*Exit* Walter *with* Suffolk.

Lieu. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exit Lieutenant and the reſt.*

Manet the firſt Gent. *Enter* Walter *with the Body.*

Wal. There let his Head, and liveleſs Body lie,
Until the Queen his Miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit* Walter.

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
His Body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

Enter Bevis, *and* John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a Sword, though made of a Lath, they have been up theſe two days.

Holl. They have the more need then to ſleep now.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the Clothier means to dreſs the Common-wealth, and turn it, and ſet a new Nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never a merry World in *England*, ſince Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Holl. The Nobility think ſcorn to go in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Council are no good Workmen.

Holl. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much as to ſay, let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſign of a brave Mind, than a hard Hand.

Holl. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſt*'s Son, the Tanner of *Wingham.*

Bevis. He ſhall have the Skins of our Enemies, to make Dogs Leather of.

Holl. And *Dick* the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is Sin ſtruck down like an Ox, and Iniquities Throat cut like a Calf.

Holl. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thred of Life is ſpun.

Holl. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* Cade, Dick *Butcher*, Smith *the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.*

Cade. We *John Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our Enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the Spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command Silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer.*

But. He was an honeſt Man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My Mother a *Plantagenet.*

But. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My Wife deſcended of the *Lacies.*

But. She was indeed a Pedlers Daughter, and ſold many Laces.

Weav. But now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd Pack; ſhe waſhes Bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an Honourable houſe.

But. I by my Faith the Field is Honourable, and there was he born, under a Hedge: for his Father had never a Houſe but a Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A muſt needs, for Beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I have ſeen him whipt three Market days together.

Cade. I fear neither Sword nor Fire.

Weav. He need not fear the Sword, for his Coat is of proof.

But. But methinks he ſhould ſtand in fear of Fire, being burnt i'th' hand for ſtealing of Sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and vows Reformation. There ſhall be in *England* ſeven half penny Loaves ſold for a penny: the three hoop'd pot ſhall have ten hoops, and we will make it Felony to drink ſmall Beer. All the Realm ſhall be in Common, and in Cheap-ſide ſhall my Palfrey go to Graſs: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God ſave your Majeſty.

Cade. I thank you good People. There ſhall be no Money, all ſhall eat and drink, upon my Score, and I will apparel them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the Skin of an innocent Lamb ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribled o're, ſhould undo a Man. Some ſay the *Bee ſtings*, but I ſay, 'tis *Bees wax*: for I did but Seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The Clerk of *Chattam*; he can Write and Read, and caſt Accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous!

Weav. We took him ſetting Boys Copies.

Cade. Here's a Villain.

Weav. H'as a Book in his Pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court-hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The Man is a proper Man of mine Honour: unleſs I find him Guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither, Sirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy Name?

Clerk. *Emanuel.*

But. They uſe to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Do'ſt thou uſe to write thy Name? Or haſt thou a mark to thy ſelf, like an honeſt plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been ſo well brought up, that I can write my Name.

All. He hath confeſt, away with him: he is a Villain, and a Traytor.

Cade. Away with him, I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horn about his Neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular Fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humphrey Stafford* and his Brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand Villain, ſtand or I'le fell thee down: he ſhall be encountred with a Man as good as himſelf. He is but a *Knight* is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my ſelf a Knight preſently; Riſe up, Sir *John Mortimer.* Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford *and his Brother, with Drum and Souldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of *Kent*,
Mark'd for the Gallows; lay your Weapons down,
Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groom.
The King is merciful if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to Blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for theſe Silken-coated Slaves I paſs not,
It is to you good People, that I ſpeak,
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reign:
For I am rightful Heir unto the Crown.

Staf. Villain, thy Father was a *Plaiſterer*,
And thou thy ſelf a *Shearman*, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a *Gardiner*.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earl of *March*, married the Duke of *Clarence*'s Daughter, did he not?

Stafford. I Sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cade. I, there's the Queſtion; but I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to Nurſe,
Was by a Beggar-woman ſtoln away,
And ignorant of his Birth and Parentage,
Became a *Bricklayer*, when he came to age.
His Son am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a Chimny in my Father's Houſe, and the Bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it: therefore deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this baſe Drudges words, that ſpeaks he knows not what?

All. I marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the D. of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my ſelf. Go too, Sirrah, tell the King from me: That for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the Fifth, (in whoſe time Boys went to Span-counter for French Crowns) I am content he ſhall Reign, but I'le be Protector over him.

But. And further more we'll have the Lord *Say's* Head, for ſelling the *Dukedom* of *Main*.

Cade. And good reaſon: for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a Staff, but that my puiſſance holds it up; Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Common-wealth, and made it an Eunuch: and more than that, he can ſpeak French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staff. O groſs and miſerable ignorance.

Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can: the Frenchmen are our Enemies: go too then: I ask but this, Can he that ſpeaks with the Tongue of an Enemy, be a good Counſellor, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his Head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words, will not prevail,
Aſſayl them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herauld away, and throughout every Town,
Proclaim them Traitors that are up with *Cade*,
That thoſe which fly before the Battel ends,
May even in their Wives and Childrens ſight,
Be hang'd up for Example at their Doors:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

Exit.

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me:
Now ſhew your ſelves Men, 'tis for Liberty.
We'll not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted Shoons,
For they are thrifty honeſt Men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come march forward.

Alarum to the fight, wherein both the Staffords *are ſlain. Enter* Cade *and the reſt.*

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the Butcher of *Aſhford*?

But. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheep and Oxen, and thou behaved'ſt thy ſelf, as if thou hadſt been in thine own Slaughter-houſe: Therefore thus I will reward thee, the Lent ſhall be as long again as it is, and thou ſhalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs.
This Monument of the Victory will I bear, and the Bodies ſhall be drag'd at my Horſes heels, till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's Sword born before us.

But. If we mean to thrive, and do good, break open the Goals, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come let's march towards *London*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Suffolks *Head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord* Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that Grief ſoftens the Mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate,
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this,
Here may his Head lye throbbing on my Breaſt:
But where's the Body, that I ſhould imbrace?

Buck. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebels Supplication?

King. I'le ſend ſome Holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple Souls
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelf,
Rather than bloody War ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.
But ſtay, I'le read it over once again.

Queen. Ah barbarous Villains: Hath this lovely Face,
Rul'd like a wandring Planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

King. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath ſworn to have thy Head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneſs ſhall have his.

King. How now, Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolk*'s death?
I fear me (Love) if that I had been dead,
Thou would'ſt not half have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No, my Love, I ſhould not mourn, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What news? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in *Southwark*: Flie, my Lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence*'s Houſe,
And calls your Grace Uſurper openly,
And vows to Crown himſelf in *Weſtminſter*,
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir *Humphrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath given him heart and courage to proceed:
All *Scholars*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call falſe Caterpillars, and intend their death.

King. O graceleſs Men: They know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Queen. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
Theſe *Kentiſh* Rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:

The

The ſight of me is odious in their Eyes:
And therefore in this City will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The Citizens fly him, and forſake their Houſes:
The Raſcal People thirſting after Prey
Joyn with the Traitor, and they joyntly ſwear
To ſpoyl the City and your Royal Court.
Buck. Then linger not, my Lord, away, take Horſe.
King. Come, *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccour us,
Queen. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.
King. Farewel, my Lord, truſt not to *Kentiſh* Rebels.
Buck. Truſt no body for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales *upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? Is *Jack Cade* ſlain?
1. *Cit.* No, my Lord, nor like to be ſlain:
For they have won the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Mayor craves aid of your Honour from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.
Scales. Such aid as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled here with them my ſelf.
The Rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into *Smithfield*, and gather Head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Goff*.
Fight for your King, your Country, and your Lives,
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Cade *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his Staff on* London *Stone.*

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And here ſitting upon *London-Stone*:
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
The firſt year of our Reign.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Souldier running.

Sould. *Jack Cade*, *Jack Cade*.
Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*
But. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call ye *Jack Cade* more, I think he hath a very fair warning.
Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in *Smithfield*.
Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet *London-bridge* on Fire,
And if you can, burn down the *Tower* too.
Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Matthew Goff *is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter* Jack Cade, *with his Company.*

Cade. So Sirs: now go ſome and pull down the *Savoy*: Others to the Inns of Court, down with them all.
But. I have a Suit unto your Lordſhip.
Cade. Be it a Lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.
But. Onely that the *Laws of England* may come out of your Mouth.
John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the Mouth with a Spear, and 'tis not whole yet.
Smith. Nay *John*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinks with toſted Cheeſe.
Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away burn all the Records of the Realm, my Mouth ſhall be the Parliament of *England*.
John. Then we are like to have biting Statutes, Unleſs his Teeth be pull'd out.
Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here's the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Towns in *France*, He that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one Shilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter George *with the Lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah thou *Say*, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanck of our Juriſdiction Regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dolphin of *France*? Be it known unto thee by theſe preſents, even the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beſom that muſt ſweep the Court clean of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a Grammar School: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed Printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be proved to thy Face, that thou haſt Men about thee, that uſually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and ſuch abominable words, as no Chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed Juſtices of Peace, to call poor Men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover thou haſt put them in Priſon, and becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cauſe they have been moſt worthy to live. Thou do'ſt ride on a foot-cloth, do'ſt thou not?
Say. What of that?
Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy Horſe wear a Cloak, when honeſter Men than thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.
Dick. And work in their ſhirt too, as my ſelf for example, that am a Butcher.
Say. You men of *Kent*.
Dick. What ſay you of *Kent*?
Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.
Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latin.
Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will: *Kent* in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Country, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberal, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not *Main*, I loſt not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your Hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you,
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learn'd Clearks,
Becauſe my Book preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to Heaven,
Unleſs you be poſſeſt with deviliſh Spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraign Kings
For your behoof.
Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the Feild?
Say. Great Men have reaching hands: oft have I ſtruck Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.
Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behind Folks?
Say. Theſe Cheeks are pale with watching for your good.
Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.
Say. Long ſitting to determine poor Mens Cauſes

Hath

Hath made me full of Sickneſs and Diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen Caudle then, and the help of a Hatchet.

Dic. Why do'ſt thou quiver, man?

Say. The Palſie, and not fear provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nodds at us, as who ſhould ſay, I'le be even with you. I'le ſee if his Head will ſtand ſteadier on a Pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected Wealth or Honour? Speak.
Are my Cheſts fill'd up with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparel Sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my Death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding.
This Breaſt from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorſe in my ſelf with his words: but I'le bridle it: he ſhall dye, and be it but for pleading ſo well for his Life. Away with him, he has a Familar under his Tongue, he ſpeaks not a Gods Name. Go, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his Head preſently, and then break into his Son in Laws Houſe, Sir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his Head, and bring them both upon two Poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Country-men; if when you make your Pray'rs,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelves:
How would it fare with your departed Souls?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my Life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peer of the Realm ſhall not wear a Head on his Shoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute: There ſhall not a Maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay me her Maiden-head e're they have it: Men ſhall hold of me in *Capite*. And we Charge and Command, that their Wives be as free as Heart can wiſh, or Tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to *Cheapſide*, and take up Commodities upon our Bills?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the Heads.

Cade. But is not this brave?
Let them kiſs one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them again,
Leſt they conſult about the giving up
Of ſome more Towns in *France*. Souldiers,
Defer the ſpoil of the City until Night;
For with theſe born before us, inſtead of Maces,
We will ride through the Streets, at every Corner
Have them kiſs. Away. [*Exit.*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up *Fiſh-ſtreet*, down Saint *Magnes* Corner, kill and knock down, throw them into *Thames*.

Sound a Parley.

What noiſe is this I hear?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, *and old* Clifford.

Buck. I here they be that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadours from the King,
Unto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſled,
And here pronounce free Pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye, Countrymen, will ye relent
And yield to Mercy, whil'ſt 'tis offered you,
Or let a Rabble lead you to your Deaths?
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his Pardon,
Fling up his Cap, and ſay, *God ſave his Majeſty*;
Who hateth him, and honours not his Father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his Weapon at us, and paſs by.

All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

Cade. What *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye ſo brave? And you baſe Pezants, do ye believe him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your Necks? Hath my Sword therefore broke through *London* gates, that you ſhould leave me? at the *White-heart* in *Southwark* I thought ye would never have given out theſe Arms till you had recovered your ancient Freedom: but you are all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to live in ſlavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your Houſes over your Heads, raviſh your Wives and Daughters before your Faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo Gods Curſe light upon you all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*,
We'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him?
Will he Conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the Spoyl.
Unleſs by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a ſhame, that whil'ſt you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquiſhed,
Should make a ſtart o're Seas, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks already in this civil broyl,
I ſee them Lording it in *London* ſtreets,
Crying *Villiago* unto all they meet.
Better ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry,
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a *French-mans* Mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your Native Coaſt:
Henry hath Money, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victory.

All. A *Clifford*; a *Clifford*,
We'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever Feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the Fifth, hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their Heads together to ſurprize me. My Sword make way for me, for here's no ſtaying: in deſpight of the Devils and Hell, have through the very midſt of you, and Heavens and Honour be witneſs, that no want of Reſolution in me, but only my Followers baſe and ignominious Treaſons, make me betake me to my Heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him.
And he that brings his Head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand Crowns for his reward.

[*Exeunt ſome of them.*

Follow me Souldiers, we'll deviſe a mean,
To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerſet *on the Tarras.*

King. Was ever King that joy'd an Earthly Throne,
And could command no more Content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never ſubject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tydings to your Majeſty.

King. Why *Buckingham*, is the Traytor *Cade* ſurpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong.

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He is fled, my Lord, and all his powers do yield,
And

In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble Subject to you?
King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your Spoons:
You ſhall have two Noble Partners with you: the old Dutcheſs of *Norfolk*, and Lady Marqueſs of *Dorſet*:
Will theſe pleaſe you?
Once more, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brothers love I do it.
Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs, how dear I hold this Confirmation.
King. Good Man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart,
The common voice I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſays thus: Do my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turn, and he's your Friend for ever:
Come, Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Noiſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon, ye Raſcals: do you take the Court for Paris-Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping.
Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' Larder.
Por. Belong to th' Gallows, and be hang'd, ye Rogue: Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: I'le ſcratch your Heads: you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtnings? Do you look for Ale and Cakes here, you rude Raſcals?
Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with Cannons,
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep
On *Mayday* Morning, which will never be:
We may as well puſh againſt *Pauls*, as ſtir 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgel of four foot
(You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare, Sir.
Port. You did not, Sir.
Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em down before me: but if I ſpar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhe, Cuckold, or Cuckold-Maker;
Let me ne're hope to ſee a Chine again,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſave her.
With. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?
Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. *Puppy*.
Keep the door cloſe, Sirrah.
Man. What would you have me do?
Port. What ſhould you do,
But knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this *Moor-fields* to muſter in? Or have we ſome ſtrange *Indian* with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women ſo beſiege us? Bleſs me! what a fry of Fornication is at the door? On my Chriſtian Conſcience, this one Chriſtning will beget a thouſand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.
Man. The Spoons will be the bigger, Sir: there is a Fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a Braſier by his Face, for o' my Conſcience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reign in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the Line, they need no other penance: That Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the Head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a Morter-piece to blow us up. There was a Haberdaſhers Wife of ſmall Wit, near him, that rail'd upon me, till her pinck'd Porrenger fell off her Head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubs, when I might ſee from far ſome forty Truncheons draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strand, where ſhe was quarter'd; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' Broom-ſtaff to me, I defi'd 'em ſtill, when ſuddenly a File of Boyes behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of Pibbles, that I was fain to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Work, the Devil was amongſt 'em, I think ſurely.
Por. Theſe are the Youths that thunder at a Play-houſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the Limbs of *Lime-houſe*, their dear Brothers are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo-Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

L. Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Fair here? Where are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy Knaves? Y'ave made a fine hand, Fellows?
There's a trim Rabble let in: are all theſe
Your faithful Friends o'th' Suburbs? We ſhall have
Great ſtore of room no doubt left for the Ladies,
When they paſs back from the Chriſtning?
Port. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but Men, and what ſo many may do,
Nor being torn in pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; I'le lay ye all
By th' heels, and ſuddenly: and on your Heads,
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy Knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould do Service. Hark, the trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtning;
Go break through the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'le find
A Marſhalſey, ſhall hold ye play theſe two Months.
Por. Make way there, for the Princeſs.
Man. You great Fellow,
Stand cloſe up, or I'le make your head ake.
Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get up o'th' rail,
I'le peck you o're the pales elſe.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets ſounding: Then two Alder-men, L. Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's Staff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowls for the Chriſtning Gifts: Then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train born by a Lady: Then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other God-mother, and Ladies. The Troop paſs once about the Stage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. Heaven,
From thy endleſs Goodneſs ſend proſperous Life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of *England*, *Elizabeth*.

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelf thus pray,
All comfort, joy in this moſt gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.
King. Thank you good Lord Arch-biſhop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord;
With this Kiſs, take my bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand, I give thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
King. My Noble Goſſips, y'have been too Prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*
Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none think Flattery; for they'll find 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heaven ſtill move about her,
Though in her Cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this Land, a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs: She ſhall be,
(But few now living can behold that Goodneſs)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wiſdom, and fair Virtue
Than this pure Soul ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the Good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,
Holy and Heavenly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow:
Good grows with her.
In her days every man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of Honour,
And by thoſe claim their Greatneſs, not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this Peace ſleep with her: But as when
The Bird of wonder dies, the Maiden Phœnix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heir,
As great in admiration as her ſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her Bleſſedneſs to One,
(When Heaven ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs)
Who from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as Great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terrour,
That were the Servants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be His, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where ever the bright Sun of Heaven ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the Greatneſs of his name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Children's Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs Heaven.
King. Thou ſpeakeſt Wonders.
Cran. She ſhall be to the Happineſs of *England,*
An Aged Princeſs; many Days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no Day without a deed to Crown it.
Would I had known no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt have her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt unſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſs
To th' ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.
King. O Lord Archbiſhop,
Thou haſt made me now a Man: never, before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heaven, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker,
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much Honour by your Preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day, no man think
'Has buſineſs at his houſe, for all ſhall ſtay:
This little One ſhall make it Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

The EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this Play can never pleaſe
All that are here: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleep out an Act or two; but thoſe we fear
W' have affrighted with our Trumpets: ſo 'tis clear,
They'll ſay it's naught. Others, to hear the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither, that I fear
All the expected good w'are like to hear,
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful conſtruction of good Women;
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: if they ſmile,
And ſay 'twill do; I know within a while,
All the beſt Men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF Troilus and Creſſida.

The PROLOGUE.

IN Troy *there lies the Scene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high Blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *ſent their Ships*
Fraught with the Miniſters and Inſtruments
Of Cruel War: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regal, from th' Athenian Bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their Vow is made*
To ranſack Troy, *within whoſe ſtrong Immures*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps, and that's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deep-drawing Barks do there diſgorge
Their Warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan *Plains*
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *ſix-gated City,*
Dardan, *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus *with maſſy Staples*
And correſponſive and fulfilling Bolts
Stir up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh Spirits,
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's Pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our Argument;
To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o're the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe Broils,
Beginning in the middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play:
Like or find fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of War.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus.

Troilus.

CAll here my Varlet, I'le unarm again.
Why ſhould I War without the Walls of *Troy*
That find ſuch cruel battel here within?
Each *Trojan* that is Maſter of his heart,
Let him to Field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne're be mended? (ſtrength,

Troi. The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs Valiant:
But I am weaker than a Womans tear:
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the Virgin in the night,
And ſkilleſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, I'le not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a Cake out of the Wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e're ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do:
At *Priam*'s Royal Table I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſida* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence——

Pan. Well?
She look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look,
Or any Woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceive me:
I have (as when the Sun doth light a-ſcorn)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. And her hair were not ſomewhat darker than

Helens, well go to, there were no more compariſon between the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they term it) praiſe it, but I would ſome body had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your Siſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but——

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus*;
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many Fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s Love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is Fair,
Pour'ſt in the open Ulcer of my Heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The Cignets Down is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the Palm of Ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. Faith, I'le not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is Kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*, and ſhe were not Kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Fryday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a-Moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care, whether you do or no. She's a Fool to ſtay behind her Father: Let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'le tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'le meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you ſpeak no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit.* Pand.

Sound Alarum.

Troi. Peace you ungracious Clamours, peace rude Sounds,
Fools on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument:
It is too ſtarv'd a Subject for my Sword:
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn, chaſt, againſt all ſute.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearl,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides
Let it be call'd the mild and wandring flood,
Our ſelf, the Merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*
Our doubtful Hope, our Convoy and our Bark.

Alarum. *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus* by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn.
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*'s horn.

Æne. Heark, what good ſport is out of Town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if Would I might, were May;
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid *and her Man.*

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Man. Up to the Eaſtern Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the Vale,
To ſee the Battel; *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is as a Vertue fix'd, to day was mov'd:
He chides *Andromache*, and ſtruck his Armorer,
And like as there were Husbandry in War
Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the Field goes he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of Anger?

Man. The noiſe goes this;
There is among the *Greeks*,
A Lord of *Trojan* Blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all Men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no Legs.

Man. This Man, Lady, hath robb'd many Beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Bear, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: There is no man hath a Vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He *is* melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair, he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joynt, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam, your Uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, Cozen *Creſſid*: What do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander*, how do you, Cozen? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, Uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gone, e're ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'n ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his Anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays here?

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, he'l lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*, I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I ever ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre.

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas poor *Troilus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelf? no? he's not himſelf, would a were himſelf: well, the Gods are above, time muſt friend or end: well, *Troilus*, well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is Elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me

Pan. Th'others not come to't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'other's come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his will this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his Beauty.

Cre. 'Tould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neece; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th'other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo'tis I muſt confeſs) not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much, if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you,
I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th' other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a Total.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his Brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled.
I think his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a cloud in *Autumn*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will ſtand to the
Proof, if you'l prove it ſo.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he eſteems her no more, than I eſteem an addle Egg.

Cre. If you love an addle Egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat Chickens i'th' ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhe has a marvell's white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on his Chin.

Cre. Alas poor Chin? many a Wart is richer.

Pan. But there was ſuch laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laught that her Eye run o're.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her Eyes: did her Eyes run o're too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry at the white hair, that *Helen* ſpied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. And't had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

Pan. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at his pretty anſwer.

Cre. What was his anſwer.

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: two and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white, that white hair is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sons. *Jupiter*, quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my Husband? The forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris*, ſo chafr, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'le be ſworn 'tis true, he will weep you an 'twere a man born in *April*. [*Sound a Retreat.*

Cre. And I'le ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May*.

Pan. Heark, they are coming from the field, ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them, as they paſs toward *Ilium*? good Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely, I'le tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by, but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a brave Man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you, but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrew'd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgment in *Troy* whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troilus*? I'le ſhew you *Troilus* anon, if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that, there's a Fellow. Go thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man, Neece, O brave *Hector*! Look how he looks? there's a countenance; is't not a brave Man?

Cre. O brave Man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a Man's Heart good, look you what hacks are on his Helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? Look you there? There's no jeſting, laying on, tak't off, who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, and the Devil come to him, it's all one, by Godslid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, Neece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troilus* now, you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter

Enter Helenus.

Pan. That's *Helenus*, I marvel where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*, I think he went not forth to day: That's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, Uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no: yes he'l fight indifferent well, I marvel where *Troilus* is; heark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking Fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man, Niece, hem; Brave *Troilus*, the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pand. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*: look well upon him, Niece, look you how his Sword is bloodied, and his Helm more hack'd than *Hectors*, and how he looks, and how he goes, O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a Siſter were a Grace, or a Daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man? *Paris*, *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cre. Here comes more.

Pan. Aſſes, Fools, Dolts, Chaff and Bran, Chaff and Bran; Porridge after Meat. I could live and dye i'th' Eyes of *Troilus*. Ne're look, ne're look; the Eagles are gone, Crows and Daws, Crows and Daws: I had rather be ſuch a Man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon*, and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better Man than *Troilus*.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why, have you any diſcretion? Have you any Eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not Birth, Beauty, good Shape, Diſcourſe, Manhood, Learning, Gentleneſs, Virtue, Youth, Liberality, and ſo forth, the Spice, and Salt that ſeaſons a Man?

Cre. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the Pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are ſuch another Woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Creſ. Upon my Back, to defend my Belly; upon my Wit, to defend my Wiles; upon my Secreſie, to defend mine Honeſty; my Mask to defend my Beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lie at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay I'le watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own Houſe.

Pan. Good Boy, tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good Niece.

Creſ. Adieu, Uncle.

Pan. I'le be with you, Niece, by and by.

Creſ. To bring, Uncle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. [*Ex.* Pand.
Words, Vows, Gifts, Tears, and Loves full Sacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Than in the Glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be,
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, the ſouls joy lies in doing:
That ſhe belov'd, knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love go ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
" *Atchievement is command*: *ungain'd*, *beſeech*,
Therefore this Maxim out of love I teach;
That though my hearts Content's firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine Eyes appear. [*Exit.*

Sonnet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. Princes:
What grief hath ſet the Jaundiſe on your Cheeks?
The ample Propoſition that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on Earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of Actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diverts his Grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſeven years ſiege, yet *Troy* Walls ſtand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, Tryal did draw
Byas and thwart, not anſwering the aim
And that unbodied Figure of the thought
That gav't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with Cheeks abaſh'd, behold our works,
And think them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive Conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which Metal is not found
In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Fool, the Artiſt and un-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Wind and Tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a loud and powerful Fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath Maſs, or Matter by it ſelf,
Lies rich in Virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godly Seat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproof of Chance,
Lies the true proof of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of noble Bulk?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Bark, through liquid mountains cuts
Bounding between the two moiſt Elements,
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo,
Doth Valours ſhew, and Valours worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The Herd hath more annoyance by the Brize
Than by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks,
And flyes fled under ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Retires to chiding Fortune.

Ulyſ. Agamemnon,
Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our Numbers, Soul, and only Spirit,
In whom the tempers, and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up; Hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks,
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which (moſt Mighty) for thy place and merit,
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I give to both your Speeches, which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in Braſs: and ſuch again

As

As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of Air, ſtrong as the Axletree
On which the Heavens ride, knit all Greeks ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.
Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſs expect;
That matter needleſs of importleſs burthen
Divide thy Lips: then we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his Maſtick jaws,
We ſhall hear Muſick, Wit, and Oracle.
Ulyſ. Troy, yet upon her Baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s Sword had lack'd a Maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And look how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the General is not like the Hive,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repair,
What Honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the Maſk.
The Heavens themſelves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet *Sol*,
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amidſt the other, whoſe Med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets evil,
And poſts like the Commandment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what Portents, what Mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrours,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, aud married calm of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all High deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schools, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peaceful Commerce from dividable ſhores,
The Primogenitive, and due of Birth,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what Diſcord follows: each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded Waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the Shores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength would be Lord of imbecillity,
And the rude Son would ſtrike his Father dead:
Force would be right, or rather, Right and Wrong,
(Between whoſe endleſs jar, Juſtice reſides)
Would loſe their names, and ſo would juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an univerſal Wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal Prey,
And laſt, eat up himſelf.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superiour, grows to an envious Feaver
Of pale, and bloodleſs Emulation.
And 'tis this Feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The Feaver, whereof all our Power is ſick.
Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſs found, (*Ulyſſes*)
What is the Remedy?
Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
The Sinews, and the Fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy Fame,
Grows dainty of his VVorth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our Deſigns. VVith him *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril Jeſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which, Slanderer, he imitation calls)
He Pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs Deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player whoſe Conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing, and the Scaffoldage,
(Such to be pitied, and o're-wreſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in) and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending, with terms unſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deep Cheſt, laughs out a loud applauſe,
Cries, excellent: 'Tis *Agamemnon* juſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroake thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Ora tion,
That's done, as neer as the extremeſt ends
Of Parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his Wife,
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries Excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a Night-alarm,
And then (forſooth the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a Palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, give me ribs of Steel, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of Grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the Field, or ſpeech for Truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two, to make Paradoxes.
Neſt. And in the Imitation of theſe twain,
Who (as *Ulyſſes* ſays) Opinion crowns
With an Imperial voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, rails on our ſtate of War,
Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A Slave (whoſe Gall coins ſlanders like a Mint,)
To match us in compariſons with Dirt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.
Ulyſ. They tax our policy, and call it Cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſs calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toyl, the enemies weight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bedwork, Mapp'ry Cloſet-War,
So that the Ram that batters down the Wall
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their Souls,
By Reaſon guide his Execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe

Makes

Makes many *Thetis* Sons. [*Tucket.*
Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus.*
Men. From *Troy.*

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his Kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles* arm,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And on the Cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus.*
Which is that God in Office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair; unarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeem Souldiers, they have galls,
Good Arms, ſtrong joynts, true Swords, and *Joves* accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas,*
Peace *Trojan,* lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If that he prais'd himſelf, bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining Enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of *Troy,* call you your ſelf, *Æneas?*
Æne. I, *Greek,* that is my name.
Aga. What's your Affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately,
That comes from *Troy.*
Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan,* he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice through all theſe lazy Tents,
And every *Greek* of Mettle, let him know,
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke alowd.
[*The Trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon,* here in *Troy,*
A Prince call'd *Hector, Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long continu'd Truce
Is ruſty grown, he bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece,*
That holds his Honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe, more than he fears his peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear,
That loves his Miſtreſs more than in Confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks,*
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tents, and Walls of *Troy,*
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance: Even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Lovers, Lord *Æneas.*
If none of them have Soul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meer Recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love,
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector,* if none, I'le be he.
Neſ. Tell him of *Neſtor,* one that was a Man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* mould,
One Nobleman, that hath one ſpark of Fire
To anſwer for his Love; tell him from me,
I'le hide my Silver Beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his Grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'le pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now Heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth.
Ulyſ. *Amen.*
Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas,*
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of *Greece* from Tent to Tent;
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before we go,
And find the welcome of a Noble Foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſ. *Neſtor.*
Neſ. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſ. What is't?
Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles,* muſt or now be cropt,
Or (ſhedding) breed a Nurſery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.
Neſ. Well, and how?
Ulyſ. This challenge, that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general Name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles.*
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little Characters ſum up,
And in the publication make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles,* were his brain as barren,
As banks of *Libya,* though (*Apollo* knows)
'Tis dry enough, will with great ſpeed of judgment,
I, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Ulyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles;* though't be a ſportful Combat,
Yet in this Tryal much Opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes,*
Our imputation ſhall be odly poiz'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs
(Although particular) ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad, unto the General:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall Pricks
To their ſubſequent Volums, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the Giant-maſs
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector,* iſſues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our Souls,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyl
As 'twere from forth us all; a man diſtill'd
Out of our Virtues; who miſcarrying,

What

Which hath our ſeveral Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd, than all *Priam*'s Sons,
And *Jove* forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen,
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of Levity,
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the Honey ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to my ſelf,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoyl of her fair Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this,
Should once ſet foot in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: Nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe Life were ill beſtow'd, or Death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the Subject. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The Worlds large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well:
And on the Cauſe and Queſtion, now in hand,
Have gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young Men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear Moral Philoſophy,
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure and revenge,
Have Ears more deaf than Adders to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves
All dues be rendred to their Owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than Wife is to the Husband? If this Law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds of partial indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be Wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As it is known ſhe is) theſe Moral Laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet ne're the leſs,
My ſpritely Brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joynt and ſeveral Dignities.

Troi. Why? there you touch'd the Life of our deſign:
Were it not Glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a Theam of Honour and Renown,
A Spur to valiant and magnanimons deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our Foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd Glory,
As ſmiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide Worlds Revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant Off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie Spirits.
I was advertis'd their great General ſlept,
Whil'ſt Emulation in the Army crept:
This I preſume will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

Now, now, *Therſites*? what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy Fury? Shall the Elephant *Ajax*, carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beat him, whil'ſt he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'le learn to Conjure and raiſe Devils, but I'le ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves. O thou great Thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods: and *Mercury*, loſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſs than little wit from them that they have, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelf knows, is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a Fly from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a Placket. I have ſaid my Prayers, and Devil, Envy, ſay, Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Therſites*. Good *Therſites* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipt out of my Contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelf upon thy ſelf. The common Curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great Revenue; Heaven bleſs thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not near thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair Coarſe, I'le be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*, Amen. Where's *Achilles*?

Pat. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in a Prayer?

Ther. I, the Heavens hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Pat. Therſites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelf unto my Table, ſo many meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander, *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus* what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord, *Therſites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy ſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus* what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that knoweſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'le decline the whole queſtion: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patr. You Raſcal.

Ther. Peace, Fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceed *Therſites*.

Ther. Agamemnon is a Fool, *Achilles* is a Fool, *Ther-*

ſites is a Fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Achil. Derive this: come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a Fool to ſerve ſuch a Fool: and *Patroclus* is a Fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a Fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator; it ſuffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'le ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites*. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch Patchery, ſuch Jugling, and ſuch Knavery: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulatious Factions, and bleed to death upon: Now the dry Serpigo on the ſubject, and War and Letchery counfound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, leſt perchance he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Ulyſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſick.

Aja. Yes, Lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it Melancholy if you will favour the Man, but by my head; 'tis pride, but why, why, let him ſhew us the cauſe? A word, my Lord.

Neſt. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Neſt. Who, *Therſites*?

Ulyſ. He.

Neſt. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his Argument.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee he is his Argument, that has his Argument, *Achilles*.

Neſt. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh than their Faction; but it was a ſtrong Counſel that a Fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The amity that Wiſdom knits not, Folly may eaſily untye. *Enter* Patroclus.
Here comes *Patroclus*.

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The Elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie; His Legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flight.

Patr. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure,
Did move your Greatneſs, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after Dinners breath.

Agam. Hear you, *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot out-flye our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon,
Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his virtues,
(Not virtuouſly of his own part beheld)
Do in our Eyes, begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair Fruit in an unwholſom diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted; go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him, and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt: in ſelf aſſumption greater
Than in the note of judgment: and worthier than himſelf
Here tends the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command:
And under write in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance, yea, watch
His pettiſh lines, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lye under this report:
Bring Action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring Dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him, *Ulyſſes*, enter you.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Aja. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Aja. Is he ſo much? do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Aja. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aja. Why ſhould a Man be proud? How doth Pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himſelf, Pride is his own Glaſs, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle, and what ever praiſes it ſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Aja. I do hate a proud Man, as I hate the engendring of Toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why, will he not upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the Air with us.

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake only
He makes important: poſſeſt he is with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd wrath
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainſt it ſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his Tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf; Shall he be worſhipt,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this thrice worthy, and right valiant Lord,
Muſt not ſo ſtaul his Palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubjugate his Merit,
As amply titled, as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And add more Coles to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* go to him.

Neſt.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment.
Ulyſ. Oh deadly gall, and theam of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſs, this mine;
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'le have my kiſs, Sir: Lady, by your leave.
Creſ. In kiſſing do you render, or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Creſ. I'le make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give: therefore no kiſs.
Men. I'le give you boot, I'le give you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odd Man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd Man, Lady? every man is odd.
Creſ. No *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'th' head.
Creſ. No, I'le be ſworn.
Ulyſ. It were no match, your Nail againſt his Horn:
May I, ſweet Lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Creſ. You may.
Ulyſ. I do deſire it.
Creſ. Why beg then.
Ulyſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, give me a kiſs:
When *Helen* is a Maid again, and his———
Creſ. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſ. Never's my Day, and then a kiſs of you.
Diom. Lady, a word, I'le bring you to your Father.
Neſt. A Woman of quick Sence.
Ulyſ. Fie, fie upon her:
There's language in her Eye, her Cheek, her Lip;
Nay, her Foot ſpeaks, her wanton Spirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her Body:
Oh theſe encounters ſo glib of Tongue,
That give a coaſting welcome e're it comes;
And wide unclaſp the Tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling Reader; ſet them down,
For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity;
And Daughters of the game. [*Exeunt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans* Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.
Æne. Hail all you ſtate of *Greece*: what ſhall be done
To him that Victory commands? or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhall be known: will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other; or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the Field: *Hector* bad ask?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'l obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal diſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what e're, know this,
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and Pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which looks like Pride, is Courteſie:
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s Blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtay's at home:
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, comes to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.
Achil. A Maiden Battel then? O I perceive you.
Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: Go gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*.
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Half ſtints their ſtrife, before ther ſtrokes begin.
Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already
Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?
Ulyſ. The youngeſt Son of *Priam*,
And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedleſs in his Tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor being provok'd, ſoon calm'd,
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with Breath;
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of Action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches: and with private Soul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me. [*Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.
Troi. *Hector* thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd there, *Ajax*. [*Trumpets ceaſe.*
Diom. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aja. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſe.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art, great Lord, my Father's Siſter's Son;
A Couſin German to great *Priam's* Seed:
The obligation of our Blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*: the Sinews of this Leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*: my Mother's Blood
Runs on the dexter Cheek, and this Siniſter
Bounds in my Father's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my Sword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: but the juſt Gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrowd'ſt from thy Mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortal Sword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*;
By him that thunders thou haſt luſty Arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus,
Couſin, all honour to thee.
Aja. I thank thee, *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, Couſin, and bear hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright Creſt, Fame with her loud'ſt (O yes)
Cries, This is he, could promiſe to himſelf,
A thought of added Honour, torn from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides:
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll anſwer it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.
Aja. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
As ſeld I have the chance; I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our *Grecian* Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me
And ſignifie this loving enterview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin:

I will

I will go eat with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon *and the reſt.*

Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.

Aga. Worthy of Arms: as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of ſuch an Enemy.
But that's no welcome: underſtand more clear,
What's paſt and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with husks
And formleſs ruine of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon.*

Aga. My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.

Men. Let me confirm my Princely Brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom muſt we anſwer?

Æne. The Noble *Menelaus.*

Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks,
Mock not, that I affect th'untraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus* Glove;
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly Theam.

Hect. O pardon, I offend.

Neſt. I have (thou gallant *Trojan*) ſeen thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* Youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And ſeen thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanced Sword i'th'Air,
Nor letting it decline on the declined:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders by,
Lo *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life.
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks*, have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wraſtling. This have I ſeen,
But this thy countenance (ſtill lock'd in Steel)
I never ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great *Mars* (the Captain of us all,)
Never like thee. Let an Old Man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor.*

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle.
That haſt ſo long walkt hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.

Hect. I would they could.

Neſt. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcome, welcome: I have ſeen the time——

Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder City ſtands,
When we have here her Baſe and Pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead;
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* Embaſie.

Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that partly front your Town:
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the Clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own Feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet: and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* Stone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* Blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.

Achill. I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord *Ulyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector* I have fed mine Eyes on thee,
I have with exact view Perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joynt by joynt.

Hect. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles.*

Hect. Stand fair, I prithee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

Hect. O like a Book of ſport thoul't read me o're:
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine Eye?

Achil. Tell me, you Heavens, in which part of his Body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the Local wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach where-out
Hector's great Spirit flew. Anſwer me, Heavens.

Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, Proud Man,
To anſwer ſuch a Queſtion: Stand again;
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'le not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the Forge that ſtythied *Mars* his Helm,
I'le kill thee every where, yea o're and o're.
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my Lips,
But I'le endeavour Deeds to match theſe Words,
Or may I never——————

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Couſin:
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have every day enough of *Hector*,
If you have Stomach. The general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the Field,
We have had pelting Wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecian*'s Cauſe.

Achil. Do'ſt thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death,
To Night all Friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece* go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you: Afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.
Beat loud the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. [*Exeunt.*

Troy. My Lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calcas* keep?

Ulyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troilus*,
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to Night,
Who neither looks on Heaven, nor on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*

Troi. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*, had ſhe no Lover there,
That wails her abſence?

Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due: will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth.
But ſtill, ſweet love is Food for Fortunes tooth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'le heat his Blood with *Greekiſh* Wine to Night,
Which

That Sleeve is mine, that he'l bear in his Helm:
Were it a Caſk compos'd by *Vulcans*'s skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadful ſpout,
Which Ship-men do the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the Almighty Fenn,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted Sword
Falling on *Diomede*.
Ther. He'l tickle it for his Concupy.
Troi. O, *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe:
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'l ſeem glorious.
Ulyſ. O contain your ſelf:
Your Paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your Guard ſtays to conduct you home.
Troi. Have with you, Prince: my courteous Lord, adieu:
Farewel, revolted fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand faſt, and wear a Caſtle on thy head.
Ulyſ. I'le bring you to the Gates.
Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meet that Rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this Whore: the Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he for a commodious drab: Lechery, Lechery, ſtill Wars and Lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning Devil take them. [*Exit.*

Enter Hector, *and* Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his Ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.
Hect. You train me to offend you: get you gone.
By the everlaſting Gods, I'le go.
And. My Dreams will ſure prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my Brother *Hector*?
And. Here Siſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear Petition:
Purſue we him on knees: for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes, and forms of ſlaughter.
Caſ. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet ſound.
Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the Heavens, ſweet Brother.
Hect. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.
Caſ. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh Vows,
They are polluted Offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted Livers in the Sacrifice.
And. O be perſuaded, do not count it Holy,
To hurt by being juſt; it is as lawful:
For we will count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of Charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the Vow;
But Vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*.
Hect. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine Honour keeps the weather of my Fate:
Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
Holds Honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day?
And. Caſſandra, call my Father to perſuade.

[*Exit* Caſſandra.

Hect. No Faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, Youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of Chivalry:
Let grow thy Sinews till their Knots be ſtrong;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave Boy,
I'le ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.
Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lion, than a Man.
Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.
Troi. When many times the Captive *Grecian* falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair Sword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fools play, by Heaven, *Hector*,
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For th' love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the Hermit pity with our Mothers;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our Swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, Savage, fie.
Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to day.
Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not Fate, Obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fiery Trunchehon my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their Eyes o're-galled with recourſe of Tears;
Nor you, my Brother, with your true Sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way;
But by my ruin.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy Crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy Wife hath dreamt, thy Mother hath had viſions,
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is Ominous:
Therefore come back.
Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Even in the faith of valour to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not go.
Hect. I muſt not break my Faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.
Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear Father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* Andromache.

Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious Girl,
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look how thou dieſt; look how thy Eye turns pale;
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents;
Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witleſs Anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead: O *Hector*!
Troi. Away.
Caſ. Farewel: yet, ſoft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf, and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the Town, we'll forth and fight:
Do deeds of praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee.

[*Alarum,*

Troi. They are at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to loſe my Arm, or win my Sleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor Girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorſon tiſick, a whorſon raſcally tiſick, ſo troubles me: and the fooliſh Fortune of this Girl, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'th'days; and I have a Rheum in mine Eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my Bones, that unleſs a Man were curſt I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words, no matter from the Heart:
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go wind to wind, there, turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you?

Troi. Hence, brother Lacky; Ignomy and Shame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Alarum. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *in excurſion.*

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'le go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doting, fooliſh young Knaves Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helm: I would fain ſee them meet, that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the Whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* Whore-maſterly Villain, with the Sleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious Drab, of a ſleeveleſs errant. O'th'other ſide, the Policy of thoſe crafty ſwearing Raſcals; that ſtale old Mouſe-eaten dry-cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes* is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me up in Policy, that mungril Cur *Ajax*, againſt that Dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the Cur *Ajax* prouder than the Cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day. Whereupon the *Grecians* began to proclaim Barbariſm; and Policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th'other.

Troi. Fly not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the River *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcal, retire:
I do not flye, but advantagious care
With-drew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee.

Ther. Hold thy Whore, *Grecian*: now for thy Whore, *Trojan*: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector*'s match? Art thou of Blood, and Honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a Raſcal; a Scurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck——for frighting me: what's become of the Wenching Rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle——yet in a ſort, Lechery eats it ſelf: I'le ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my Servant, take thou *Troilus*'s Horſe;
Preſent the fair Steed to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my Service to her Beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord. *Enter* Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polydamus*
Hath beat down *Menon*: Baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* Priſoner,
And ſtands, *Coloſſus* wiſe, waving his beam,
Upon the paſhed courſes of the Kings,
Epiſtrophus and *Cedus*, *Polyxines* is ſlain;
Amphimachus, and *Thous*, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'ne or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers, haſte we, *Diomede*,
To re-inforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus*'s Body to *Achilles*,
And bid the Snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the Field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe;
And there lacks work: anon he's there a-foot,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled Sculs,
Before the belching Whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the Mower's Swathe;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying Appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That Proof is call'd Impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh Courage, Courage, Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing Vengeance;
Patroclus's wounds have rouz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt, and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a Friend,
And foams at Mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs Force, and forceleſs Care,
As if that luck, in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. Troilus, thou Coward, *Troilus*. [*Exit.*

Dio. I, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou Boy-killer, ſhew thy Face:
Know what it is too meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [*Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Aja. Troilus, thou Coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomede.

Diom. Troilus, I ſay, where's *Troilus*?

Aja. What would'ſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aja. Were I the General,
Thou ſhould'ſt have my Office,
E're that Correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what, *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh Traytor *Diomede*!
Turn thy falſe Face, thou Traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my Horſe.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aja. I'le fight with him alone, ſtand, *Diomede*.

Dio. He is my Prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.

[*Exit* Troilus.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus*? O well fought, my youngeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector*.

Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do diſdain thy Courteſie, proud *Trojan*;
Be happy that my Arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy Fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a freſher Man,
Had I expected thee: how now, my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'ne *Æneas*; ſhall it be:
No, by the flame of yonder glorious Heaven,
He ſhall not carry him: I'le be ta'ne too,

Or

Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I wreak not though thou end my Life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*,
Thou art a goodly Mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy Armour well,
I'le fruſh it, and unlock the Rivets all,
But I'le be Maſter of it: wilt thou not, beaſt abide?
Why then fly on, I'le hunt thee for thy Hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*:
Mark what I ſay; attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a ſtroak, but keep your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your Arms,
Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding Eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, *and* Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold, and the Cuckold-maker are at it: now Bull, now Dog, 'loo; *Paris*, 'loo; now my double hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the Bull has the game: 'ware Horns, ho.

[*Exit* Paris, *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, Slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A Baſtard Son of *Priam*'s.

Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I love Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in mind, Baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the Son of a Whore fight for a Whore, he tempts Judgment: farewel, Baſtard.

Baſt. The Devil take the Coward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified Core ſo fair without:
Thy goodly Armour thus hath coſt thy Life.
Now is my days work done; I'le take good breath:
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of Blood and Death.

Enter Achilles, *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels,
Even with the veil and darking of the Sun
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s Life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forgo this vantage, *Greek*.

Achil. Strike, Fellows, ſtrike, this is the Man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou: now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy Heart, thy Sinews, and thy Bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain. [*Retreat.*
Hark, a Retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Gree. The *Trojan* Trumpets ſound the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of Night, o're-ſpreads the Earth.
And, Stickler-like, the Armies ſeparates;
My half ſupt Sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his Body to my Horſes Tail:
Along the Field, I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt marching.*

Aja. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sold. Achiles, Achilles, Hector's ſlain, *Achilles.*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector* ſlain, and by *Achilles.*

Aja. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp Wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand ho, yet are we Maſters of the Field,
Never go home; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is ſlain.

All. Hector? the Gods forbid.

Troi. He's dead: and at the Murtherers Horſes tail,
In beaſtly ſort, dragg'd through the ſhameful Field,
Frown on, you Heavens, effect your Rage with ſpeed:
Sit Gods upon your Thrones, and ſmile at *Troy*.
I ſay at once, let your brief Plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you do diſcomfort all the Hoſt.

Troi. You underſtand me not that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and Men
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcriech-owl ay be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there, *Hector*'s dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells, and *Niobs* of the Maids and Wives;
Cool ſtatues of the youth; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of ſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet: you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly plight upon our Phrygian Plains:
Let *Titan* riſe, as early as he dare,
I'le through, and through you, and thou great ſiz'd coward,
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
I'le haunt thee, like a wicked Conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth Goblins ſwift, as frenſies thoughts,
Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort go:
Hope of revenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But hear you? hear you?

Troi. Hence brothel, lacky, ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy Life, and live aye with thy name [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poor Agent deſpis'd: Oh Traitors, and Bawds; how earneſtly are you ſet a work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what Inſtance for it? let me ſee,
Full merrily, the Humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his honey, and his ſting:
And being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet Honey, and ſweet Notes together fail.
Good Traders in the Fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloaths,
As many as be here of *Pandars* Hall,
Your Eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s Fall,
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans;
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones,
Brethren and Siſters of the hold-dore Trade,
Some two months hence, my Will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled Gooſe of *Winchester* would hiſs:
Till then, I'le ſwear, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, Speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Martius* is chief Enemy to the People.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, Let it be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholſome, we might gueſs they relieved us humanly: But they think we are too dear, the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our Miſery, is as an Inventory to particulariſe their abundance, our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, e're we become Racks. For the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius*?

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very Dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what Services he has done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done Famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Country, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay, he is Covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of Accuſations, he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tire in repitition.

[*Shouts within.*

What ſhouts are thoſe? The other ſide o'th' City is riſen, why ſtay we prating here? To th' Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would all the reſt were ſo.

Men. What works my Country-men in hand? Where go you with your Bats and Clubs? The matter. Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to th' Senate, they have had inkling this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew'm in deeds: They ſay, poor Suiters have ſtrong Breaths, they ſhall know we have ſtrong Arms too.

Men. Why Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt Neighbours, will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you, for your wants,
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your Staves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* State, whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbs
Of more ſtrong link'd aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your Knees to them (not Arms) muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thither, where more attends you, and you ſlander
The Helms o'th' State; who care for you, like Fathers,
When you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us? True indeed, they ne're cared for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Grain: Make Edicts for Uſury, to ſupport Uſurers: repeal daily any wholeſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the Rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wondrous Malicions,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it,
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,

I'le

I'le hear it, Sir: yet you muſt not think,
To ſcab off our diſgrace with a Tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies Members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it;
That only like a Gulf it did remain
I'th' mid'ſt o'th' Body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th' other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the Appetite, and affection common
Of the whole Body; the Belly anſwer'd.

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kind of ſmile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For look you, I may make the Belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak; it tauntingly reply'd
To th' diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receit: Even ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

1 *Cit.* Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly Crown'd head, the vigilant Eye,
The Counſellor Heart, the Arm our Souldier,
Our Steed, the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then? For me, this fellow ſpeaks.
What then? What then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant Belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o'th' body.

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you.
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience a while; you'ſt hear the Bellies anſwer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good Friends;
Your moſt grave Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered;
True is it, my incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receive the general Food at firſt
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Rivers of your Blood
Even to the Court, th' Heart, to th' ſeat o'th' Brain,
And through the Cranks and Offices of Man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerves, and ſmall inferiour Veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
(You, my good Friends, this ſays the Belly) mark me.

2 *Cit.* I, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flowr of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What ſay you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of *Rome*, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſels, and their Care; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weal o'th' Common, you ſhall find
No publick Benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcal, that art worſt in Blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiff Bats and Clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of Battel;
The one ſide muſt have Bail.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayl, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſentious Rogues?
That rubbing the poor itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelves Scabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curs,
That like not Peace, nor War? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you Lions, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of Fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Juſtice did it. Who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate; and your Affections are
A ſick mans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of Lead,
And hews down Oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye, truſt ye?
With every Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vile that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeveral places of the City,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? What's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corn at their own rates, whereof they ſay,
The City is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em; They ſay;
They'l ſit by the Fire and preſume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol: Who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side Factions, and give out
Conjectural Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shoes. They ſay, There's Grain enough;
Would the Nobility lay aſide their Ruth,
And let me uſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd Slaves as high
As I could pick my Lance.

Men. Nay theſe are almoſt throughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other Troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em,
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Proverbs,
That Hunger broke Stone walls: that Dogs muſt eat;
That Meat was made for Mouths. That the Gods ſent not
Corn for the Rich men only: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale, they threw their Caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' th' Moon,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. 'Sdeath,
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroo'ſt the City,
E're ſo prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Inſurrections arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go get you home, you Fragments.

Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Here: what's, the matter?

Meſ. The News is, Sir, the *Volſcies* are in Arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent

Our

Our muſty ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius, Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lucius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen. Martius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us, The *Volſcits* are in Arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Auſidius that will put you to't:
I ſin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I could wiſh me only, he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the World by th' ears, and he Upon my party, I'de revolt to make
Only my Wars with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe Wars.

Com. It is your former promiſe.

Mar. Sir, it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus*'s Face.
What art thou ſtiff? Stand'ſt out?

Tit. No, *Caius Martius*,
I'le lean upon one Crutch, and fight with t'other;
E're ſtay behind this buſineſs.

Men. Oh true bred.

Sen. Your company to th' Capitol, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we muſt follow you, right worthy your Priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay, let them follow,
The *Volſcits* have much Corn: take theſe Rats thither
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipful Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray, follow. [*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens ſteal away.* *Manent* Sicin. *and* Brutus.

Sicin. Was ever man ſo proud, as is this *Martius*?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were choſen Tribunes for the People—

Bru. Mark'd you his Lips and Eyes.

Sic. Nay, but his Taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modeſt Moon.

Bru. The preſent Wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.

Sic. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow which he treads on at noon, but I do wonder, his Inſolence can brook to be commanded under *Cominius*?

Bru. Fame at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To th'utmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had born the buſineſs.

Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come: half all *Cominius*'s Honours are to *Martius*, Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion,
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent Action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tullus Auſidius *with Senators of* Coriolus.

1 *Sen.* So, your Opinion is, *Auſidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counſels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
Whatever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, e're *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four Days gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I think
I have the Letter here, yes, here it is;
They have preſt a power, but it is not known
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The People mutinous: And it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy,
(Who is at *Rome* worſe hated than of you)
And *Titus Lucius*, a moſt valiant *Roman*,
Theſe three lead on this Preparation
Whither 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our Army's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To anſwer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to *Rome*. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, e're (almoſt) *Rome*
Should know we are a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble *Auſidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hie you to your Bands
Let us alone to guard *Coriolus*:
If they ſet down before's, for the remove
Bring up your Army: But (I think) you'l find
Th' have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours,
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike,
'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods aſſiſt you.

Auf. And keep your Honours ſafe.

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia, *Mother and Wife to* Martius: *They ſet them down on two low Stools, and Sew.*

Volu. I pray you, Daughter, ſing, or expreſs your ſelf in a more comfortable ſort: if my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoyce in that abſence wherein he won Honour, than in the embracements of his Bed, where he ſhould ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my Womb; when Youth with Comlineſs pluck'd all gaze his way: when for a Day of Kings entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding, I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a Perſon, that it was no better than Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not ſtir, was pleas'd to let him ſeek Danger, where he was like to find Fame: To a cruel War I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his Brows bound with Oak. I tell thee, Daughter, I ſprang no more in joy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a Man.

Virg. But had he died in the buſineſs, Madam, how then?

Volum. Then his good Report ſhould have been my Son, I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me pro-

ſeſs

feſs ſincerely, had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven dye Noble for their Countrey, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.
Virg. Beſeech you, give me leave to retire my ſelf.
Volum. Indeed thou ſhalt not:
Methinks, I hear hither your Husbands Drum:
See him pluck *Auſidius* down by th' Hair:
(As Children from a Bear) the *Volſcies* ſhunning him:
Methinks I ſee him ſtamp thus, and call thus,
Come on, ye Cowards, you were got in fear
Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow,
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harveſt-man, what's task'd to mow,
Or all, or loſe his hire.
Virg. His bloody Brow? O *Jupiter*, no Blood.
Volum. Away, you Fool; it more becomes a Man
Than gilt his Trophy. The breſt of *Hecuba*
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s Forehead, when it ſpit forth Blood
At *Grecian* Swords contending: tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*
Virg. Heavens bleſs my Lord from fell *Auſideus*.
Vol. He'll beat *Auſidius*'s Head below his Knee,
And tread upon his Neck.

Enter Valeria *with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My Ladies both, good day to you.
Vol. Sweet Madam,
Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladiſhip.
Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt Houſe-keepers. What are you ſewing here? A fine ſpot in good faith. How does your little Son?
Vir. I thank your Ladiſhip: Well, good Madam.
Vol. He had rather ſee the Swords, and hear a Drum, than look upon his School-Maſter.
Val. A my word the Father's Son: I'le ſwear 'tis a very pretty Boy. A my troth I look'd upon him a *Wedneſday* half an hour together: h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.
Vol. One o's Father's moods.
Val. Indeed la, 'tis a Noble Child.
Virg. A Crack, Madam.
Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt have you play the idle Huſwife with me this afternoon.
Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of Doors.
Val. Not out of Doors?
Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.
Virg. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'le not over the threſhold, till my Lord return from the Wars.
Val. Fie, you confine your ſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.
Virg. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my Prayers, but I cannot go thither.
Vol. Why, I pray you?
Virg. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.
Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they ſay, all the Yarn ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your Finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.
Virg. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.
Val. In truth la go with me, and I'le tell you excellen News of your Husband.
Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.
Val. Verily I do not jeſt with you: there came News from him laſt Night.
Vir. Indeed, Madam?
Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senator ſpeak it. Thus it is: the *Volſcies* have an Army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* Power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lucius* are ſet down before their City *Coriolus*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief Wars. This is true on mine Honour, and ſo, I pray, go with us.
Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.
Vol. Let her alone, Lady, as ſhe is now,
She will but diſeaſe our better mirth.
Val. In troth, I think ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come, good ſweet Lady.
Prithee, *Virgilia*, turn thy ſolemneſs out a Door,
And go along with us.
Virg. No,
At a word, Madam; indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you much mirth.
Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Enter Martius, Titus Lucius, *with Drum and Colours, with Captains and Souldiers, as before the City* Coriolus: *to them a Meſſenger.*

Mart. Yonder comes News:
A Wager they have met.
Luc. My Horſe to yours, no.
Mar. 'Tis done.
Luc. Agreed.
Mar. Say, has our General met the Enemy?
Meſ. They lye in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.
Luc. So, the good Horſe is mine.
Mart. I'le buy him of you.
Luc. No, I'le not ſell, nor give him: Lend him you, I will,
For half a hundred years; Summon the Town.
Mar. How far off lies theſe Armies?
Meſ. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their Larum, and they Ours.
Now, *Mars*, I prithee make us quick in work:
That we with ſmoaking Swords may march from hence
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They ſound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls of Coriolus.

Tullus Auſidius, is he within your Walls?
1 *Senat.* No, nor a Man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, our Drums
Are bringing forth our Youth: We'll break our Walls
Rather than they ſhall pound us up; our Gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with Ruſhes,
They'l open of themſelves. Hark you far off.
[*Alarum far off.*
There is *Auſidius*. Liſt, what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven Army.
Mar. Oh, they are at it.
Luc. Their noiſe be our Inſtruction. Ladders, hoe.

Enter the Army of the Volſcies.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their City.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than Shields.
Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fel'ows

He

He that retires, I'le take him for a *Volſce*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
Alarum, the Romans *are beat back to their Trenches.*
Enter Martius *Curſing.*
Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*: you Herd of Biles and Plagues
Plaſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another,
Againſt the Wind, a mile: You Souls of Geeſe,
That bare the ſhapes of Men, how have you run
From Slaves, the Apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear? mend, and charge home,
Or by the Fires of Heaven, I'le leave the Foe,
And make my Wars on you: Look to't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.
Another Alarum, and Martius *follows them to the Gates, and is ſhut in.*
So, now the Gates are ope: now prove good Seconds;
'Tis for the Followers, Fortune widens them,
Not for the Flyers: Mark me, and do the like.
Enter the Gates.
1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
1 *Sol.* See they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*
All. To th' pot I warrant him.
Enter Titus Lucius.
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slain (Sir) doubtleſs.
1 *Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the ſudden
Clapt to their Gates: he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Luc. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſs Sword,
And when it Bows, ſtand'ſt up: Thou art left, *Martius*;
A Carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a Jewel. Thou waſt a Souldier
Even to *Cato*'s wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine Enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were feavorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look Sir.
Luc. O, 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans *with ſpoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarum continues ſtill a far off.*

Enter Martius, *and* Titus *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here, theſe Movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachm, Cuſhions, Leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Doublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe Slaves
E're yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them.
And hark, what noiſe the General makes: To him;
There is the Man of my Souls hate, *Auſidius*,
Piercing our *Romans*: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whilſt I with thoſe that have the Spirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius*.
Luc. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The Blood I drop is rather Phyſical
Than Dangerous to me. To *Auſidius*, thus I will appear
Luc. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune, (and fight
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy Oppoſers Swords; bold Gentleman;
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewel.
Luc. Thou worthieſt *Martius*;
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market-place,
Call thither all the Officers o'th' Town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cominius *as it were in retire, with Souldiers.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends, well fought, we are come off,
Like *Romans*, neither Fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own;
That both our Powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy news?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Citizens of *Coriolus* have iſſued,
And given to *Lucius* and to *Martius* Battel.
I ſaw our Party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Methinks thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Above an hour, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their Drums.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy News ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volſces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four Miles about, elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince, brought my report.
Enter Martius.
Com. Whoſe yonder
That does appear as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Tabor,
More than I know the Sound of *Martius*'s Tongue
From every meaner Man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the Blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Arms as ſound, as when I woo'd in Heart;
As merry as when our Nuptial Day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lucius*?
Mar. As with a Man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to Death, and ſome to Exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th' other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a Plague Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar.

How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joyn'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Power 'gainſt *Rome*,
And vows Revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home again.
Sicin. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely,
He and *Aufidius* can no more atone
Than violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate.
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*'s, Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O're-born their way, conſum'd with Fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.
Men. What news? What news?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own Daughters, and
To melt the City Leads upon your pates,
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Men. What's the news? What's the news?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Cement, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augers bore.
Men. Pray now, the news?
You have made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* ſhould be joyn'd with *Volſcians*.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity than Nature,
That ſhapes man better: and they follow him
Againſt us Brats, with no leſs Confidence,
Than Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your Apron-men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The Breath of Garlick-eaters.
Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your Ears.
Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down mellow Fruit:
You have made fair work.
Bru. But is this true, Sir?
Com. I, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly revolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fools: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his find ſomething in him.
Men. We are all undone, unleſs
The Noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the Wolf
Does of the Shepherds: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay, be good to *Rome*, they charg'd him even
As thoſe ſhould do that have deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Men. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my Houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the Face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You have made fair hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted fair.
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
S'incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like Beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Cluſters, who did hoot
Him out o'th' City.
Com. But I fear
They'l roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The ſecond Name of Men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That *Rome* can make againſt them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Cluſters.
And is *Aufidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayr unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a Souldiers Head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your Voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one Coal,
We have deſerv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful News.
1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pity.
2. And ſo did I.
3. And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us; that we did, we did for the beſt: and though we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things: you Voices!
Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? [*Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go, Maſters, get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of Fear.
1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: Come, Maſters, let's home, I ever ſaid we were i'th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.
2 *Cit.* So did we all, but come, let's home. [*Ex. Cit.*
Bru. I do not like this News.
Sicin. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitol: would half my wealth
Would buy this for a Lye.
Sicin. Pray let's go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Aufidius *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they ſtill flie to th' *Roman*?
Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Souldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at Table, and their Thanks at end,
And you are darkned in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unleſs by uſing means I lame the Foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly,
Even to my Perſon, than I thought he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Joyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either have born
The action of your ſelf, or elſe to him had left it ſolely.
Auf. I underſtand thee well, and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him, although it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar Eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And ſhews good Husbandry for the *Volſcian* State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his Neck, or hazard mine,
When-e're we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'll carry *Rome*?
Auf. All places yield to him e're he ſits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:

The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no Souldiers; and their People
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*,
As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it
By Soveraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was
A Noble Servant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honours even: whether 'twas Pride
Which out of daily Fortune ever taints
The happy Man; whether defect of Judgment,
To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe Chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' Cask to th' Cuſhion: but commanding Peace,
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the War. But one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he has a Merit
To choak it in the utt'rance: So our Virtues,
Lie in th' interpretation of the time,
And Power unto it ſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a Tomb ſo evident as a Chair
T'extol what it hath done.
One Fire, drives out one Fire; one Nail, one Nail;
Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come let's away: when, *Caius*, *Rome*, is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine. [*Ex.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *the two Tribunes, with others.*

Men. No, I'le not go: you hear what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his General: who loved him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him
A mile before his Tent, fall down and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'le keep at home.
Com. He would not ſeem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*,
He would not anſwer to: Forbad all Names,
He was a kind of Nothing, Titleleſs,
Till he had forg'd himſelf a Name o'th' Fire
Of burning *Rome*.
Men. Why, ſo: you have made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for *Rome*,
To make Coals cheap: A Noble memory.
Com. I minded him, how Royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leſs expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare Petition of a State
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Men. Very well, could he ſays leſs?
Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His anſwer to me was
He could not ſtay to pick them, in a pile
Of noyſome muſty Chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Child,
And this brave Fellow too: we are the Grains,
You are the muſty Chaff, and you are ſmelt
Above the Moon. We muſt be burnt for you.
Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our diſtreſs. But ſure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good Tongue
More than the inſtant Army we can make
Might ſtop our Country-man.
Men. No: I'le not meddle.
Sicin. Pray you go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make tryal what your Love can do
For *Rome*, towards *Martius*.
Men. Well, and ſay that *Martius* return me,
As *Cominius* return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a diſcontented Friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo?
Sicin. Yet your good will
Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'le undertake't:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd;
The Veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and feeding, we have ſuppler Souls
Than in our Prieſt-like Faſts: therefore I'le watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'le ſet upon him.
Bru. You know the very Rode into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.
Men. Good faith, I'le prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall e're long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*
Com. He'll never hear him.
Sicin. Not?
Com. I tell you, he does ſit in Gold, his Eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*: and his Injury
The Goaler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, Riſe: diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his Conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his Noble Mother,
And his Wife (who as I hear) mean to ſolicite him
For Mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Wat.* Stay: whence are you?
2 *Wat.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an Officer of State, and come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus*.
1. From whence? *Men.* From *Rome*.
1. You may not paſs, you muſt return: our General will no more hear from thence.
2. You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with Fire, before You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus*.
Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My Name hath toucht your Ears: it is *Menenius*.
1. Be it ſo, go back: The virtue of your Name
Is not here paſſable.
Men. I tell thee, Fellow,
Thy General is my Lover: I have been
The Book of his good Acts, whence Men have read
His Fame unparallel'd, happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom he's Chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowl upon a ſubtil ground
I have tumbled paſt the throw: and in his praiſe
Have (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore, Fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 Faith,

The Lamentable TRAGEDY OF Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus *and his Followers at one door, and* Bassianus *and his Followers at the other, with Drum and Colours.*

Saturn.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the Justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Countrey-men, my loving Followers,
Plead my Successive Title with your Swords,
I was the first-born Son of him that last
Wore the Imperial Diadem of *Rome:*
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this Indignity.

Bassian. Romans, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right:
If ever *Bassianus, Cæsar*'s Son,
Were gracious in the Eyes of Royal *Rome,*
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperial Seat, to Virtue, Consecrate,
To Justice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure Election shine;
And *Romans,* fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft with the Crown.*

Princes that strive by Factions, and my Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the People of *Rome,* for whom we stand
A special Party, have by Common Voice
In Election for the *Roman* Empery,
Chosen *Andronicus,* Sur-nam'd *Pius.*
For many good and great deserts to *Rome,*
A Nobler Man, a braver Warrior,
Lives not this day within the City Walls.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Wars against the barbarous *Gothes,*
That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Arms,
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This Cause of *Rome,* and chastised with Arms
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome,* bearing his valiant Sons,
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyls,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome,*
Renowned *Titus,* flourishing in Arms.
Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senates Right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suiters should,
Plead your Deserts in Peace and Humbleness.

Saturnin. How fair the Tribune speaks,
To calm my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affie
In thy Uprightness and Integrity:
And so I Love and Honour thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus,* and his Sons,
And her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia, Rome*'s rich Ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Ex. Souldiers.*

Saturnin. Friends that have been
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Country,
Commit my Self, my Person, and the Cause,
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate house.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus,*
Patron of Virtue, *Rome*'s best Champion,
Successful in the Battels that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of *Rome.*

Sound Drums and Trumpets. And then Enter two of Titus*'s Sons: After them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black, then two other Sons. After them,* Titus Andronicus, *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Gothes, *and her two Sons,* Chiron *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the Moor, and others, as many as can be: They set down the Coffin, and* Titus *speaks.*

Andronicus. Hail, *Rome:*

Victorious

Victorious in thy mourning Weeds:
Loe as the Bark that hath discharg'd her Fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* bound with Laurel Boughs,
To re-salute his Country with his Tears,
Tears of true Joy for his return to *Rome*,
Thou great Defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rights that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty valiant Sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that Survive, let *Rome* reward with Love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their Ancestors,
Here *Gothes* have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

[*They open the Tomb.*

There greet in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your Countries Wars:
O sacred receptacle of my Joys,
Sweet Cell of Virtue and Nobility,
How many Sons of mine hast thou in Store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest Prisoner of the *Gothes*,
That we may hew his Limbs, and on a Pile,
Ad manes fratrum, Sacrifice his Flesh,
Before this Earthly prison of their Bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with Prodigies on Earth.

Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that survives,
The Eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* Brethren, gracious Conquerour,
Victorious *Titus*, pity the Tears I shed,
A Mothers Tears in passion for her Son:
And if thy Sons were ever dear to thee,
Oh think my Sons to be as dear to me.
Suffices not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman* Yoak?
But must my Sons be slaughtred in the Streets,
For Valiant doings in their Countries Cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weal,
Were Piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, stain not thy Tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the Nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient your self, Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you *Gothes* behold
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a Sacrifice;
To this your Son is markt, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a Fire streight.
And with our Swords upon a Pile of Wood,
Let's hew his Limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Sons with* Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious Piety.

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*,
Alarbus go to rest, and we survive,
To tremble under *Titus*'s threatning looks,
Then, Madam, stand resolv'd, but hope withal,
The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*,
With opportunity of sharp Revenge
Upon the *Thracian* Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Gothes*,
(When *Gothes* were *Gothes*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit the bloody Wrongs upon her Foes.

Enter the Sons of Andronicus *again.*

Luc. See, Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* Rites, *Alarbus*'s Limbs are lopt,
And Intrails feed the sacrificing Fire,
Whose Smoke, like Incense doth perfume the Skye.
Remaineth nought but to inter our Brethren,
And withloud Larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewel to their Souls.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.

In peace and Honour rest you here, my Sons,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly Chances and Mishaps:
Here lurks no Treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned Grudges, here no storms,
No noise, but silence and Eternal sleep:
In Peace and Honour rest you here, my Sons.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In Peace and Honour, live Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tomb, my tributary Tears
I render for my Brethrens Obsequies:
And at thy Feet I kneel with Tears of Joy
Shed on the Earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose Fortune *Rome*'s best Citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordial of mine Age, to glad mine Heart,
Lavinia, live, out-live thy Father's days:
And Fames Eternal date for Virtues praise.

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved Brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the Eyes of *Rome*.

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune,
Noble Brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome Nephews from successful Wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in Fame:
Fair Lords, your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countreys Service drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is his Funeral Pomp,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* happiness,
And Triumphs over Chance in Honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the People of *Rome*,
Whose Friend in Justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotless Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire
With these our late deceased Emperours Sons:
Be *Candidates* then, and put it on,
And help to set a Head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better Head her Glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you?
Be chosen with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yield up Rule, resign my Life,
And set abroach new business for you all.
Rome, I have been thy Souldier forty years,
And led my Countries strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sons,
Knighted in Field, slain manfully in Arms,
In Right and Service of their Noble Country:
Give me a staff of Honour for mine Age,
But not a Scepter to controul the World,
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, can'st thou tell?

Titus. Patience, Prince *Saturnius*.

Sat. Romans, do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not,
Till *Saturnius* be *Rome*'s Emperour:

Andro-

Doth make your Honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?
Lav. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord be rated
For Saucineſs; I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven-coloured love,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſ. The King my Brother ſhall have notice of this.
Lav. I, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Soveraign
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highneſs look ſo pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The trees (though Summer) yet forlorn and lean,
O're-come with Moſs, and baleful Miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the Sun, here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly Owl, or fatal Raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred Pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toads, as many Urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should ſtreight fall mad, or elſe dye ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh Tale,
But ſtreight they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal Yew,
And leave me to this miſerable death,
And then they call'd me foul Adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever Ears did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be not henceforth call'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy Son. [*Stabs him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Struck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Lav. I come *Semiramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*,
For no Name fits thy Nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy Poygnard: you ſhall know, my Boys,
Your Mothers hand ſhall right your Mothers wrong.
Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her,
Firſt thraſh the Corn, then after burn the Straw:
This Minion ſtood upon her Chaſtity,
Upon her Nuptial Vow, her Loyalty,
And with that painted hope ſhe braves your Mightineſs,
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her Grave?
Chi. And if ſhe do,
I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her Husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead Trunk Pillow to our Luſt.
Tam. But when ye have the Honey ye deſire,
Let not this Waſp out-live us both to ſting.
Chi. I warrant you, Madam, we will make that ſure;
Come Miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preſerved honeſty of yours.
Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a Womans Face.
Tam. I will not hear her ſpeak, away with her.
Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Liſten fair Madam, let it be your Glory
To ſee her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenttng flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the Tygers young ones teach the Dam?
O do not learn her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The milk thou ſuck'ſt from her did turn to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'ſt thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike,
Do thou intreat her ſhew a Womans pity.
Chi. What,
Would'ſt thou have me prove my ſelf a Baſtard?
Lav. 'Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Lark,
Yet have I heard, O could I find it now,
The Lyon mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his Princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that Ravens foſter forlorn Children,
The whil'ſt their own Birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard heart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind but ſomething pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means, away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf Ears.
Tam. Had'ſt thou in Perſon ne're offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs:
Remember, Boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your Brother from the Sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and uſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thy own hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd ſo long,
Poor I was ſlain when *Baſſianus* dy'd.
Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond Woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That Womanhood denyes my Tongue to tell,
Oh keep me from their worſe than killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſom Pit,
Where never mans Eye may behold my Body:
Do this, and be a Charitable Murderer.
Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet Sons of their Fee,
No, let them ſatisfie their luſt on thee.
Dem. Away.
For thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.
Lav. No Grace?
No Woman-hood? Ah beaſtly Creature,
The blot and Enemy to our general name,
Confuſion all———
Chi. Nay then I'le ſtop your Month,
Bring thou her Husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewel, my Sons, ſee that ye make her ſure,
Ne're let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my ſpleenful Sons this Trul deflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron *with two of* Titus's *Sons.*

Aaron. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before,
Straight will I bring you to the loathſom Pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleep.
Quin. My ſight is very dull what e're it bodes.
Mar. And mine, I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
Quin. What, art thou fallen?
What ſubtle Hole is this,
Whoſe Mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning Dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me:
Speak, Brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. Oh Brother,
With the diſmal'ſt object
That ever Eye with ſight made Heart lament.

Aaron. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they that made away his Brother.
[*Exit Aaron.*
Mar. Why doſt not comfort me and help me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained Hole?
Quin. I am ſurpriz'd with an uncouth fear,
A chilling ſweat o're-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.
Mar. To prove thou haſt a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this Den:
And ſee a fearful ſight of Blood and Death.
Quin. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine Eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe;
Oh tell me how it is, for ne're till now
Was I a Child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to the ſlaughter'd Lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking Pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in ſome Monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead mans earthly Cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged intrails of the Pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden-blood:
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus* miſtie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep Pit, poor *Baſſianus* Grave:
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. Nor I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron *the* Moor.

Sat. Along with me, I'le ſee what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping Hollow of the Earth?
Mar. The unhappy Son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy Brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My Brother dead? I know thou do'ſt but jeſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodg,
Upon the North ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord, the King?
Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy Brother *Baſſianus*?
Sat. Now to the bottom do'ſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poor *Baſſianus* here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that Man's Face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyranny.
[*She giveth* Saturnine *a Letter.*
Saturninus *reads the Letter.*
And if we miſs to meet him handſomly,
Sweet Huntſman, Baſſianus, *'tis we mean,*
Do thou ſo much as dig the Grave for him,
Thou knoweſt our meaning, look for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree,
Which overſhades the mouth of that ſame Pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus;
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the Pit, and this the Elder tree,
Look, Sirs, if you can find the Huntſman out,
That ſhould have murdered *Baſſianus* here.
Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the Bag of Gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell Curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my Brother of his life:
Sirs, drag them from the Pit unto the Priſon,
There let them bide until we have deviſ'd
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this Pit?
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily Murder is diſcovered!
Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble Knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sons,
Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them——
Sat. If it be prov'd? you ſee it is apparent,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora*, was it you?
Tam. *Andronicus* himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my Lord,
Yet let me be their bail.
For by my Fathers reverend Tomb I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs Will,
To anſwer their ſuſpition with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murdered Body, ſome the Murtherers,
Let them not ſpeak a word, the Guilt is plain,
For by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. *Andronicus*, I will intreat the King,
Fear not thy Sons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius*, come,
Stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſs's Sons, with Lavinia, *her Hands cut off, her Tongue cut out, and raviſht.*

Dem. So now go tell, and if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and raviſht thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumps will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.
Chi. Go home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. And 'twere my cauſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt.*
Wind Horns. *Enter* Marcus *from hunting to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who is this, my Niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word, where is your Husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me,
If I do wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep.
Speak, gentle Niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Hath lop'd and hew'd, and made thy Body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows, Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs
As half thy love? why do'ſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a Crimſon River of warm blood,
Like to a bubling Fountain ſtir'd with Wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſed lips,
Coming and going with thy Honey breath.

But

But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath deflour'd thee,
And leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy Tongue,
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy Face for ſhame!
And notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titans* Face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeak for thee? Shall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy Heart, and knew the Beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to Cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her Tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſewed her mind.
But lovely Niece, that mean is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty Fingers off
That could have better ſewed than *Philomel.*
Oh had the Monſter ſeen thoſe Lilly hands
Tremble like Aſpen Leaves upon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them,
He would not then have toucht them for his Life.
Or had he heard the Heavenly Harmony,
Which that ſweet Tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his Knife and fell aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poets feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy Father blind,
For ſuch a ſight will blind a Father's Eye.
One hours ſtorm will drown the fragrant Meads,
What will whole Months of Tears thy Father's Eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy miſery. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Titus's *two Sons bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave Fathers, Noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pity of mine Age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous Wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty Nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter Tears, which now you ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my Cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned Sons,
Whoſe Souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty Sons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in Honours lofty Bed.
Andronicus lyeth down, and the Judges paſs by him.
For theſe, theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My hearts deep languor, and my Souls ſad Tears?
Let my Tears ſtench the Earths dry appetite,
My Sons ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O Earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exeunt.*
That ſhall diſtill from theſe two ancient ruins,
Than youthful *April* ſhall with all his Showers
In Summers drought: I'le drop upon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warm Tears I'le melt the Snow,
And keep Eternal Spring-time on thy Face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear Son's Blood.

Enter Lucius *with his Weapon drawn.*

Oh Reverend Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Unbind my Sons, reverſe the doom of Death,
And let me ſay (that never wept before)
My Tears are now prevailing Orators.
Lu. Oh Noble Father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrows to a Stone.
Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy Brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you ——
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you ſpeak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, Man, if they did hear,
They would not mark me: oh if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrows bootleſs to the Stones,
Who though they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my Feet,
Receive my Tears, and ſeem to weep with me,
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is as ſoft Wax,
Tribunes more hard than Stones:
A ſtone is ſilent and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their Tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?
Lu. To reſcue my two Brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of Baniſhment.
Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why fooliſh *Lucius*, do'ſt thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a Wilderneſs of Tigers,
Tigers muſt prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our Brother *Marcus*, here?
Enter Marcus *and* Lavinia.
Mar. Titus, prepare thy Noble Eyes to weep,
Or if not ſo, thy Noble Heart to break:
I bring conſuming Sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it conſume me? Let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy Daughter.
Tit. Why, *Marcus*, ſo ſhe is.
Lu. Ay me, this Object kills me.
Tit. Fainted-Hearted Boy, ariſe, and look upon her,
Speak my *Lavinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs in thy Fathers ſight?
What Fool hath added Water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now like *Nilus*, it diſdaineth bounds:
Give me a Sword, I'le chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe,
In feeding Life:
In bootleſs Prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe.
Now all the Service I require of them,
Is, that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou haſt no Hands,
For Hands to do *Rome* ſervice, is but vain.
Lu. Speak, gentle Siſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightful Engine of her Thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing Eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow Cage,
Where like a ſweet melodious Bird it ſung
Sweet various notes inchanting every Ear.
Lu. Oh ſay thou for her
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Park,
Seeking to hide her ſelf, as doth the Deer
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring Wound.
Tit. It was my Deer,
And he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand, as one upon a Rock
Environ'd with a Wilderneſs of Sea,
Who ~~makes~~ marks the waxing Tide
Grow Wave by Wave,
Expecting ever when ſome envious Surge
Will in his briniſh Bowels ſwallow him.

This way to death my wretched Sons are gone:
Here ſtands my other Son, a baniſh'd man,
And here my Brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my Soul the greateſt ſpurn
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my Soul.
Had I but ſeen thy Picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do?
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no Hands to wipe away thy Tears,
Nor Tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy Husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy Brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look *Marcus*, ah Son *Lucius* look on her:
When I did name her Brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the Honey dew,
Upon a gather'd Lilly almoſt wither'd.

Mar. Perchance ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her Huſband.
Perchance becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy Husband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the Law hath ta'ne revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed,
Witneſs the ſorrow that their Siſter makes.
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Uncle, and thy Brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are ſtain'd as Meadows yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a Brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb Shows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? Let us that have our Tongues
Plot ſome deviſe of further miſeries
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet Father, ceaſe your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched Siſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear Niece, good *Titus* drie thine Eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother, well I wot,
Thy Napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy Cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark, I underſtand her ſigns,
Had ſhe a Tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her Brother which I ſaid to thee,
His Napkin with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a ſympathy of Wo is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from Bliſs.

Enter Aaron *the* Moor *alone.*

Moor. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor,
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy Sons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your Hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy Sons alive,
And that ſhall be the Ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*,
Did ever Raven ſing ſo like a Lark,
That gives ſweet tydings of the Sun's Upriſe?
With all my heart, I'le ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many Enemies,
Shall not be ſent, my hand will ſerve the turn.
My youth can better ſpare my Blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my Brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battel-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the Enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſome my two Nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moor. Nay, come agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By Heaven it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy Son,
Let me redeem my Brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our Fathers ſake, and Mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a Brothers love to thee.

Tit. Agree, between you, I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'le go fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will uſe the Ax. [*Exeunt.*

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'le deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Moor. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And never whil'ſt I live deceive men ſo:
But I'le deceive you in another ſort,
And that you'l ſay e're half an hour paſs.

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majeſty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers, bid him bury it,
More hath it merited: That let it have,
As for my Sons, ſay, I account of them,
As Jewels purchas'd at an eaſie Price,
And yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy Sons with thee:
Their Heads I mean: Oh, how this Villany
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let fools do good, and fair men call for Grace,
Aaron will have his Soul black like his Face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear, I lift this one hand up to Heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the Earth,
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for Heaven ſhall hear our Prayers,
Or with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And ſtain the Sun with Fogg, as ſometime Clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting Boſoms.

Mar. Oh, Brother, ſpeak with Poſſibilities,
And do not break into theſe deep Extreams.

Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.

Mar. But yet let Reaſon govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were Reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my Woes:
When Heaven doth weep, doth not the Earth o're-flow?
If the winds rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big ſwoln Face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the Sea. Hark how her ſighs do blow:
She is the weeping welkin, I the Earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my Earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my Bowels cannot hide her Woes,
But like a Drunkard muſt I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave,
To eaſe their Stomachs with their bitter Tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger with two Heads and a Hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd,

For

For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperour:
Here are the Heads of thy two Noble Sons:
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back:
Thy griefs, their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt,
That woes me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my Fathers death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning Hell:
Theſe miſeries are more than may be born.
To weep with them that weep, doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat:
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Mar. Alas poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen Water to a ſtarved ſnake.
Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?
Mar. Now farewel flattery, dye *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two Sons heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled Daughter here:
Thy other baniſht Son with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs, and thy Brother I,
Even like a ſtony Image, cold and num,
Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
Rent off thy Silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of our moſt wretched eyes;
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why I have not another tear to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an Enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears,
Then which way ſhall I find Revenges Cave?
For theſe two Heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their Throats that have committed them.
Come let me ſee what task I have to do;
You heavy People circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my Soul to right your wrongs.
The Vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear,
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employed in theſe things:
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth:
As for thee, Boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay,
Hie to the *Goths*, and raiſe an Army there,
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel *Andronicus*, my Noble Father:
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in *Rome*:
Farewel, proud *Rome*, till *Lucius* come again,
He loves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewel *Lavinia*, my Noble Siſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt been,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnius* and his Empreſs
Beg at the Gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen,
Now will I to the *Goths* and raiſe a Power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

A Banquet.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus Lavinia, *and the Boy.*

An. So, ſo, now ſit, and look you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Niece and I (poor Creatures) want our hands
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief,
With folded Arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt,
Who when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow Priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down.
Thou Map of Wo, that thus doſt talk in Signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill:
Wound it with ſighing, Girl, kill it with groans:
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that ſink, and ſoaking in,
Drown the lamenting Soul in Sea-ſalt tears.
Mar. Fie, Brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
An. How now! Has ſorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I:
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore doſt thou urge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o're,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the Theam, to talk of hands,
Leſt we remember ſtill that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantiquely I ſquare my talk,
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall too, and gentle Girl eat this,
Here is no drink: Heark *Marcus*, what ſhe ſays,
I can interpret all her martyr'd ſigns,
She ſays, ſhe drinks no other drink but tears
Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her Cheeks,
Speechleſs complaint, O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy Prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to Heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill Practice learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good Grandſire leave theſe bitter deep Laments,
Make my Aunt merry with ſome pleaſing Tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender Boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his Grandſires heavineſs.
An. Peace tender ſapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus *ſtrikes the diſh with a Knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus*, with thy Knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd my Lord, a Fly.
An. Out on thee, Murderer: thou kill'ſt my heart,
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of Tyranny:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becomes not *Titus* Brother; get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kill'd a Fly.
An. But, how if that Fly had a Father and Mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the Air?
Poor harmleſs Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou haſt kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, Sir,
It was a black ill-favour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſs *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.
An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy Knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelf, as if it were the *Moor*,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thy ſelf, and that's for *Tamora*; Ah Sirra,

Yet

Yet I think we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a Cole-black Moor.
Mar. Alas poor man, grief has wrought in him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
And, Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
I'le to thy Cloſet, and go read with thee
Sad Stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, Boy, and go with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazle. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius, *and* Lavinia *running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his Books under his Arm. Enter* Titus *and* Marcus.

Boy. Help, Grandſire, help, my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus*, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes:
Alas, ſweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, Boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. I, when my Father was in *Rome* ſhe did.
Mar. What means my Niece *Lavinia* by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear not, *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean:
See, *Lucius*, ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee,
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her,
Ah, Boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her Sons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and *Tullies* Orator:
Canſt thou not gueſs, wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord, I know not, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenſie do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my Grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad.
And I have read that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to fear,
Although, my Lord, I know my Noble Aunt
Loves me as dear as e're my Mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my Youth,
Which made me down to throw my Books, and flye
Cauſleſs perhaps, but pardon me, ſweet Aunt,
And, Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* go,
I moſt willingly attend your Lady-ſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it, Girl, of theſe? Open them, Boy,
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd,
Come and take choice of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy Sorrows, till the Heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What Book?
Why lifts ſhe up her Arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think ſhe means that there was more than one
Confederate in the Fact. I, more there was:
Or elſe to Heaven ſhe heaves them to revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what Book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſire, 'tis *Ovids Metamorphoſis*,
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft, ſo buſily ſhe turns the leaves.
Help her, what would ſhe find? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read?
This is the Tragick tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus* Treaſon and his Rape,
And Rape I fear was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, Brother, ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet Girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)
Pattern'd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By Nature made for Murders and for Rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould Nature build ſo foul a Den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in Tragedies?
Tit. Give ſigns ſweet Girl, for here are none but Friends,
What *Roman* Lord it was durſt do the deed?
Or ſlunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Camp to ſin in *Lucrece* bed?
Mar. Sit down, ſweet Neece, Brother, ſit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this Treaſon find.
My Lord, look here, look here, *Lavinia*.

He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.

This ſandy Plot is plain, guide if thou canſt
This after me, when I have writ my Name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that Heart that forc'd us to this ſhift:
Write thou, good Niece, and here diſplay at laſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for Revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy Sorrows plain,
That we may know the Traytors and the Truth.

She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.

Tit. Oh do you read, my Lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Mar. What, what, the luſtful Sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Tit. Magni Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!
Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this Earth,
To ſtir a Mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia*, kneel,
And kneel, ſweet Boy, the *Roman Hectors* hope,
And ſwear with me, as with the woful Peer,
And Father of that chaſte diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece* Rape,
That we will proſecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon theſe Trayterous *Gothes*,
And ſee their Blood, or die with this Reproach.
Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt theſe Bear-whelps, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe wind you once,
Shes with the Lion deeply ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And when he ſleeps will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You are a young Huntſman, *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will go get a leaf of Braſs,
And with a Gad of Steel will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry Northern wind
Will blow theſe Sands like *Sybils* leaves abroad,
And where's your Leſſon then? Boy, what ſay you?
Boy. I ſay, my Lord, that if I were a Man,
Their Mothers Bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad Bond-men to the yoak of *Rome*.
Mar. I, that's my Boy, thy Father hath full oft
For his ungrateful Countrey done the like.
Boy. And, Uncle, ſo will I, and if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine Armory,
Lucius I'le fit thee, and withall, my Boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs Sons,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do thy Meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. I, with my Dagger in their Boſome, Grandſire.
Tit. No, Boy, not ſo, I'le teach thee another Courſe,
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my Houſe,
Lucius and I'le go brave it at the Court,

I marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good Man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of Sorrow in his Heart,
Than Foe-mens marks upon his battered Shield,
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the Heavens for old *Andronicus*. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one Door: and at another Door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of Weapons, and Verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the Son of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.
Aar. I, ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the News?
Boy. For Villains mark'd with Rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſire, well adviſ'd hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt Weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie your Honourable Youth,
The hope of *Rome*, for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody Villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a Scrole, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O'tis a Verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the Grammar long ago.
Moor. I juſt, a Verſe in *Horace*: right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſs?
Here's no ſound jeſt, th'old Man hath found their Guilt,
And ſends the Weapons, wrapt about with Lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our wittie Empreſs well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her reſt, in her unreſt a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy Star
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanc'd to this height?
It did me good before the Palace Gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brothers hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Moor. Had he not reaſon, Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not uſe his Daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thouſand *Roman* Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our Luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of Love.
Moor. Here lacks but your Mother for to ſay, Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved Mother in her pains.
Moor. Pray to the Devils, the Gods have given us over.
[*Flouriſh.*
Dem. Why do the Emperours Trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a Son.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurſe with a black-a-Moor Child.

Nurſe. Good morrow, Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the Moor?
Aaron. Well, more or leſs, or ne're a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nurſe. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.
Aaron. Why, what a Caterwalling doſt thou keep?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine Arms?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from Heavens Eye,
Our Empreſs's ſhame, and ſtately *Romes* diſgrace,
She is delivered, Lords, ſhe is delivered.
Aaron. To whom?
Nurſe. I mean, ſhe is brought to bed.
Aaron. Well, God give her good reſt.
What hath he ſent her?
Nurſe. A Devil.
Aaron. Why then, ſhe is the Devils Dam: a joyful iſſue.
Nurſe. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue,
Here is the Babe as loathſome as a Toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy Stamp, thy Seal,
And bids thee Chriſten it with thy Daggers point.
Aaron. Out you Whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom ſure.
Dem. What haſt thou done?
Aaron. That which thou can'ſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our Mother.
Dem. And therein, helliſh Dog, thou haſt undon——
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-ſpring of ſo foul a Fiend.
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aaron. It ſhall not dye.
Nurſe. Aaron, it muſt, the Mother wills it ſo.
Aaron. What, muſt it, *Nurſe*? Then let no man but I
Do Execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'le broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurſe, give it me, my Sword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aaron. Sooner this Sword ſhall plough thy Bowels up,
Stay murtherous Villains, will you kill your Brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the Sky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitars ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born Son and Heir.
I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of War,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his Fathers hands,
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted Boys,
Ye white-lim'd Walls, ye Ale-houſe painted Signs,
Cole-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue,
For all the Water in the Ocean
Can never turn the Swans black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the Flood.
Tell the Empreſs from me I am of age
To keep mine own, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy Noble Miſtreſs thus?
Aaron. My Miſtreſs is my Miſtreſs: this, my ſelf,
The Vigour, and the Picture of my Youth:
This before all the World do I prefer,
This, maugre all the World, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome*.
Dem. By this our Mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this Ignominy.
Aaron. Why there's the priviledge your beauty bears:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the Heart:
Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black Slave ſmiles upon the Father,
As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine own.
He is your Brother, Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you,
And from that Womb where you impriſoned were,
He is enfranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he is your Brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my Seal be ſtamped in his Face.
Nurſe. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:

Save

Save thou the Child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aaron. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My Son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there, now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Dem. How many Women ſaw this Child of his?
Aaron. Why ſo, brave Lords, when we all joyn in league,
I am a Lamb: but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed Boar, the Mountain Lyoneſs,
The Ocean ſwels not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the Child?
Nurſe. *Cornelia* the Midwife, and my ſelf,
And none elſe but the delivered Empreſs.
Aaron. The Empreſs, the Midwife, and your ſelf,
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid, [*He kills her.*
Week, week, ſo cryes a Pig prepar'd to th'Spit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron?*
Wherefore didſt thou this?
Aaron. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of Policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this Guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling Goſſip? No, Lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one *Muliteus*, my Country-man,
His Wife but yeſternight was brought to Bed,
His Child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the Mother Gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their Child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperour's Heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, Lords, ye ſee I have given her Phyſick,
And you muſt needs beſtow her Funeral,
The Fields are near, and you are gallant Grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer Days
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. *Aaron*, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the Air with ſecrets.
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelf, and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*
Aaron. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine Arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs Friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlave, I'le bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
I'le make you feed on berries, and on Roots,
And feed on Curds, and Whay, and ſuck the Goat,
And Cabin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a Warriour, and command a Camp. [*Exit.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with Bows, and* Titus *bears the Arrows with Letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come Kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir Boy, now let me ſee your Archery,
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras aſtræa reliquit, be you remembred, *Marcus*.
She's gone, ſhe's fled, Sirs, take ye to your Tools,
You, Couſins, ſhall go ſound the Ocean:
And caſt your Nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little Juſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with Mattock and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the Earth:
Then when you come to *Pluto*'s Region,
I pray you to deliver him this Petition,
Tell him it is for Juſtice, and for Aid,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah, *Rome!* Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the Peoples Suffrages
On him that thus doth Tyrannize o're me.
Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of War unſearch'd,
This wicked Emperour may have ſhipt her hence,
And Kinſmen then we may go pipe for Juſtice.
Mar. O, *Publius*, is not this a heavy caſe
To ſee thy Noble Uncle thus diſtract?
Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By Day and Night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome careful remedy.
Mar. Kinſmen, his Sorrows are paſt remedy.
Joyn with the *Goths*, and with revengeful War,
Take wreak on *Rome* for this Ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.
Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now? my Maſters,
What have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will have revenge from Hell, you ſhall;
Marry for Juſtice ſhe is ſo employ'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in Heaven, or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
I'le dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels,
Marcus, we are but Shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* ſize,
But Metal, *Marcus*, Steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our Backs can bear.
And ſith there's no Juſtice in Earth nor Hell,
We will ſolicit Heaven, and move the Gods,
To ſend down Juſtice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this Gear, you are a good Archer, *Marcus*.
[*He gives them the Arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you: here *ad Appollonem*,
Ad Martem, that's for my ſelf,
Here Boy, to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the Wind.
To it, Boy, *Marcus*, looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unſolicited.
Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his Pride.
Tit. Now Maſters, draw, Oh well ſaid, *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgo*'s lap, give it *Pallas*.
Mar. My Lord, I aim a Mile beyond the Moon:
Your Letter is with *Jupiter* by this.
Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what haſt thou done?
See, ſee, thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus*'s Horns.
Mar. This was the ſport, my Lord, when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* ſuch a knock,
That down fell both the Rams Horns in the Court,
And who ſhould find them but the Empreſs Villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he ſhould not chuſe
But give them to his Maſter for a preſent.
Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordſhip joy.

Enter the Clown with a Basket and two Pigeons.

Tit. News, news from Heaven.
Marcus, the Poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings, have you any Letters?
Shall I have Juſtice, what ſays *Jupiter*?
Clow. Ho the Gibbet-maker, he ſays that he hath taken them down again, for the Man muſt not be hang'd till the next week.
Tit. Tut, what ſays *Jupiter*, I ask thee?
Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.
Tit. Why Villain, art not thou the Carrier?
Clow. I, of my Pigeons, Sir, nothing elſe.
Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from Heaven?
Clow. From Heaven? Alas, Sir, I never came there,

God

Durſt wag his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Suns
For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs, that former fabulous Story
Being now ſeen, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was believ'd.
Buck. Oh, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In Honour, Honeſty, the tract of ev'ry thing
Would by a good Diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelf was tongue to.
Buck. All was Royal,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I mean who ſet the Body and the Limbs
Of this great ſport together,
As you gueſs?
Nor. One, certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Buck. I pray you, who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordered by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinal of *York.*
Buck. The Devil ſpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his ambitious Finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce vanites? I wonder,
That ſuch a Ketch can with his very Bulk
Take up the Rays o'th'Beneficial Sun;
And keep it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuff, that puts him to theſe ends;
For being not prompt by Anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks Succeſſours their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th'Crown; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants; but Spider-like
Out of his ſelf-drawing Web. O! gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Abur. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let ſome Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that,
If not from Hell? the Devil is a Niggard,
Or has given him all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himſelf.
Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon the *French* going out, took he upon him
(Without the privity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own Letter
The Honourable Board of Council out
Muſt fetch him in, he papers.
Abur. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound, as formerly.
Buck. O many
Have broke their Backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this Vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?
Nor. Grievingly, I think.
The Peace between the *French* and us not values
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpired, and not conſulting, broke
Into a general propheſie; That this tempeſt,
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at *Bourdeaux.*
Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buck. Why all this buſineſs
Our Reverend Cardinal carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinal. I adviſe you
(And take it from a Heart that wiſhes towards your
Honour, and plenteous ſafety) that you read
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together: To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharp edge: It's long, and't may be ſaid
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome up my counſel,
You'l find it wholſom. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *the Purſe born before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Card. The Duke of *Buckingham*'s Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon ready?
Secr. I, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, and *Buckingham* ſhall leſſen his big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.*

Buck. This Butchers Cur is venom'd mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggars book
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance, that's th'appliance only
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome trick; He's gone to th'King:
I'le follow and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about: to climb ſteep hills
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: Not a man in *England*
Can adviſe me like you: Be to your ſelf,
As you would to your Friend.
Buck. I'le to the King,
And, from a mouth of Honour, quite cry down
This *Ipſwich* Fellows inſolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no perſons.
Norf. Be adviſ'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your Foe ſo hot
That it do ſinge your ſelf. We may out-run
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at;
And loſe by over-running: know you not,
The Fire, that mounts the liquor, til't run o're,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſtes it: be adviſ'd;
I ſay again there is no *Engliſh* Soul
More ſtrong to direct you than your ſelf,
If with the ſap of Reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the Fire of Paſſion.
Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'le go along
By your preſcription: but this top-proud Fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as Founts in *July*, when
We ſee each grain of Gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Norf. Say not, treaſonous.
Buck. To th'King I'le ſay't, and make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rock: attend. This holy Fox,
Or Wolf, or both (for he is equal rav'nous
As he is ſubtle, and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't) his mind and place
Infecting one another; yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in *France*,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To his coſtly Treaty, th'enterview,
That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break ith' wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir: This cunning Cardinal
The Articles oth' Combination drew
As himſelf pleas'd: and they were ratifi'd
As he cri'd, Thus let it be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy *Wolſey*,
(Who cannot err) he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
To th' old Dam, Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperour,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his Aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his Colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation:
His fears were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this League
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well; for I am ſure the Emperour
Paid e're he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted
E're it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with Gold: the Emperour thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the Kings courſe,
And break the foreſaid Peace. Let the King know
(As ſoon he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him; and could wiſh you were
Something miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a ſyllable:
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appear in proof.
Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*
Brandon. Your Office, Serjeant: execute it.
Serjeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of high Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Soveraign King.
Buck. Loe you, my Lord,
The net has fain upon me, I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'ne from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs pleaſure
You ſhall to th' Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence: for that Dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*, Fare you well.
Bra. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' Tower till you know,
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of Heaven be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a Warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confeſſor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counſellour.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the Limbs o'th' Plot, no more I hope.
Bra. A Monk oth' *Chartreux*.
Buck. O *Michael Hopkins*.
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surveyor is falſe; the o're-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my Life is ſpann'd already:
I am the ſhadow of poor *Buckingham*;
Whoſe Figure even this inſtant Cloud puts on,
By darkning my clear Sun. My Lords, Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinals ſhoulder: the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovel: *the Cardinal places him under the Kings Feet, on his right ſide.*

King. My life it ſelf, and the beſt heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i'th' level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in perſon,
I'le hear him his Confeſſions juſtifie,
And point by point the Treaſons of his Maſter
He ſhall again relate.

A noiſe, with crying, Room for the Queen, Uſher'd by the Duke of Norfolk. *Enter the Queen,* Norfolk *and* Suffolk: *ſhe kneels. King riſeth from his State, takes her up, kiſſes and placeth her by him.*

Quee. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a Suitor.
King. Ariſe, and take place by us; half your Suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety e're you ask is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Quee. Thank your Majeſty.
That you would love your ſelf, and in that love
Not unconſidered leave your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office, is the point
Of my Petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Quee. I am ſolicited not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been Commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions, yet the King, our Maſter,
Whoſe honour heaven ſhield from Soil, even he eſcapes not
Language unmannerly: yea, ſuch which breaks
The ſides of Loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud Rebellion.
Norf. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear: for, upon theſe Taxations,
The *Clothiers* all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The *Spinſters*, *Carders*, *Fullers*, *Weavers*, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in deſperate manner,
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger ſerves among them.
King. Taxation?

Wherein?

Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in ought
Pertains to th'State, and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.
Quee. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: But you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Soveraign would have note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th'hearing, and to bear'em,
The Back is ſacrifice to the load; They ſay,
They are devis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still, Exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind, let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Quee. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subjects grief
Comes through Commiſſions, which compels from each
The ſixth part of his ſubſtance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your Wars in *France*: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their Curſes now
Live where their Prayers did: and it's come to paſs,
This tractable obedience is a ſlave
To each incenſed Will: I would your Highneſs
Would give it quick conſideration; for
There is no primer baſeneſs.
King. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A ſingle voice, and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: if I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor perſon, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Virtue muſt go through; we muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious Cenſurers, which ever,
As rav'nous Fiſhes, do a Veſſel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do beſt,
By ſick Interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cry'd up
For our beſt Act: if we ſtand ſtill,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We ſhould take root here where we ſit;
Or ſit State-ſtatues only.
King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelves from fear,
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a Preſident
Of this Commiſſion? I believe not any.
We muſt not rend our Subjects from our Laws,
And ſtick them in our Will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling Contribution: why we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'th'timber;
And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
The Air will drink the Sap. To every County
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The Force of this Commiſſion: pray look to't
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire
Of the Kings Grace and Pardon: the grieved Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Interceſſion, this Revokement
And Pardon comes: I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secret.*

Enter Surveyor.

Quee. I am ſorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.
King. It grieves many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a moſt rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound, his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great Teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf: yet ſee,
When theſe ſo Noble benefits ſhall prove
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man ſo compleat,
Who was enroll'd 'mongſt wonders; and when we
Almoſt with raviſht liſtning, could not find
His hour of ſpeech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monſtrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as black,
As if beſmear'd in Hell. Sit by Us, and you ſhall hear
(This was his Gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike Honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Card. Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate, what you
Moſt like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
King. Speak freely.
Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him every day
It would infect his Speech, That if the King
Should without iſſue dye, he'l carry it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very words
I've heard him utter to his Son in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by Oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.
Card. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not friended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your Friends.
Quee. My learned Lord *Cardinal*,
Deliver all with Charity.
King. Speak on;
How grounded he his Title to the Crown
Upon our fail; to this point haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeak ought?
Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton.*
King. What was that *Henton?*
Surv. Sir, a *Charterenx* Fryer,
His Confeſſour, who fed him every minute
With words of Soveraignty.
King. How knoweſt thou this?
Surv. Not long before your Highneſs ſped to *France*,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the Speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* Journey. I reply'd,
Men fear the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the Commiſſions Seal,
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplain to no Creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter, with demure Confidence,
Thus pawſingly enſu'd; Neither the King nor's Heirs

(Tell you the Duke ſhall proſper, bid him ſtrive
To gain the love o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern *England.*
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's Surveyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th'Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleen a Noble Perſon,
And ſpoil your Noble Soul; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.
King. Let him on. Go forward.
Sur. On my Soul, I'le ſpeak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Devils illuſions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For him to ruminate on this ſo far, until
It forg'd him ſome deſign, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can do me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's, and Sir *Thomas Lovel*'s Heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha? What, ſo rank? Ah, ha.
There's miſchief in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Sur. I can, my Liege.
King. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer.*
Ki. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſervant,
The Duke retain'd him, his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this deed had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th'Uſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which, if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Have put his Knife into him.
King. A Gyant Traytor.
Card. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,
And this Man out of Priſon.
Quee. God mend all. (ſay'ſt?
King. There's ſomething more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the Knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his Dagger,
Another ſpread on's Breaſt, mounting his Eyes,
He did diſcharge an horrible Oath, whoſe tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreſolute purpoſe.
King. There's his period,
To ſheath his Knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent Tryal: if he may
Find Mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: By day and night
He's Traytor to th'height. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlain, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpells of *France* ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange Myſteries?
L. San. New Cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be unmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As far as I ſee, all the good our *Engliſh*
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two o'th'Face, (but they are ſhrew'd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly
Their very Noſes had been Counſellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep State ſo.
L. Sand. They have all new Legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never ſee 'em pace before, the Spaven,
A Spring-halt reign'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death, my Lord,
Their cloaths are after ſuch a Pagan cut too,
That ſure th'have worn out Chriſtendom, how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell?*
Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.
Lov. Faith my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.
L. Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The Reformation of our travell'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with Quarrels, Talk, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monſieurs
To think an *Engliſh* Courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the *Louvre.*
Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the Conditions) leave thoſe remnants
Of Fool and Feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as Fights and Fire-works,
Abuſing better men than they can be
Out of a foreign Wiſdom, renouncing clean
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bolſtred breeches, and thoſe types of Travel;
And underſtand again like honeſt men;
Or pack to their old Play-Fellows, there I take it,
They may *Cum Privilegio* wear away
The lag-end of their lewdneſs, and be laugh'd at.
L. San. 'Tis time to give them Phyſick, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.
L. Cham. What a loſs our Ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?
Lov. I marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords, the ſly whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down Ladies.
A *French* Song, and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.
L. San. The Devil fiddle'em;
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no converting 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain Song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſick too.
L. Cham. Well ſaid, Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?
L. San. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you going?
Lov. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a Gueſt too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdom, I'le aſſure you.
Lov. That Churchman
Bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the Land that feeds us,
His dew falls every where.
L. Cham. No doubt, he's Noble;
He had a black mouth that ſaid other of him.
L. San. He may, my Lord,
H'as wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin, than ill Doctrine.
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They are ſet here for Examples.
L. Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtays;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*

This

Nor Tears, nor Prayers ſhall purchaſe our abuſes.
Therefore uſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe when he is found, that hour is his laſt:
Bear hence this Body, and attend our Will:
Mercy but Murders, pardoning thoſe that Kill.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Juli. Gallop apace, you fiery footed Steeds,
Toward *Phœbus* lodging; ſuch a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the Weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately;
Spred thy cloſe Curtain, Love-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe Arms, untalkt of and unſeen;
Lovers can ſee to do their Amorous Rites,
By their own Beauties: Or if Love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night: Come civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuted Matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning Match,
Play'd for a pair of ſtainleſs Maidenheads,
Hood my unmann'd Blood baiting in my Cheeks,
With thy black Mantle, till ſtrange Love grows bold,
Think true Love acted ſimple Modeſty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt ly upon the Wings of night,
Whiter than new Snow on a Ravens back:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little Stars,
And he will make the Face of Heaven ſo fine,
That all the World will be in Love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the Gariſh Sun.
O I have bought the Manſion of a Love,
But not poſſeſs'd it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd; ſo tedious is this Day,
As is the night before ſome Feſtival,
To an impatient Child that hath new Robes
And may not wear them. O here comes my Nurſe?

Enter Nurſe with Cords.

And ſhe brings news, and every Tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks Heavenly Eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what News? What haſt thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the Cords.
Juli. Ay me, what News?
Why doſt thou wring thy Hands?
Nur. A weladay he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone, Lady we are undone.
Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Juli. Can Heav'n be ſo envious?
Nur. Romeo can,
Though Heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Juli. What Devil art thou,
That doſt torment me thus?
This Torture ſhould de roar'd in diſmal Hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? Say thou but I:
And that bare Vowel *I* ſhall poyſon more
Than the Death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not *I*, if there be ſuch an *I*.
Or thoſe Eyes ſhot that makes thee anſwer I,
If he be ſlain ſay I, or if not, no.
Brief ſounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nur. I ſaw the Wound, I ſaw it with mine Eyes,
God ſave the Mark here on his manly Breaſt,
A piteous Coarſe, a bloody piteous Coarſe:
Pale, pale as Aſhes, all bedawb'd in Blood,
All in gore Blood, I ſwooned at the ſight.
Juli. O break my heart,
Poor Bankrupt break at once,
To Priſon Eyes, ne're look on Liberty,
Vile Earth to Earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy Beer.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt Friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt Gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee Dead.
Juli. What ſtorm is this that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My deareſt Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
The dreadful Trumpet ſound the general Doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nur. Tybalt is gone, and *Romeo* Baniſhed,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is Baniſhed.
Juli. O God!
Did *Romeo's* hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s Blood?
Nur. It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Juli. O Serpent Heart, hid with a flowring face,
Did ever Dragon keep ſo fair a Cave?
Beautiful Tyrant, Fiend Angelical,
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolviſh-ravening Lamb,
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of Divineſt ſhow:
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned Saint, an Honourable Villain:
O Nature! What hadſt thou to do in Hell,
When thou didſt bower the Spirit of a Fiend
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever Book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. There's no Truſt, no Faith, no honeſty in men,
All perjur'd, all forſworn, all nought, all diſſemblers,
Ah where's my man? Give me ſome *Aqua-vitæ?*
Theſe Griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Juli. Bliſter'd be thy Tongue
For ſuch a wiſh, he was not born to ſhame:
Upon his Brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a Throne where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the Univerſal Earth:
O what a Beaſt was I to chide him ſo?
Nur. Will you ſpeak well of him
That kill'd your Cozen?
Juli. Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my Husband?
Ah poor my Lord, what Tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three hours Wife have mangled it?
But wherefore Villain didſt thou kill my Cozen?
That Villain Cozen would have kill'd my Husband:
Back fooliſh Tears, back to your native Spring,
Your Tributary drops belong to Woe,
Which your miſtaking offer up to Joy:
My Husband lives that *Tybalt* would have ſlain,
And *Tybalt*'s dead that would have kill'd my Husband,
All this is Comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worſer than *Tybalt*'s Death
That Murdered me, I would forget it fain,
But oh it preſſes to my Memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners minds,
Tybalt is dead, and *Romeo* Baniſhed:
That Baniſhed, that one word Baniſhed,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in Fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other Griefs,
Why followed not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt's* dead,
Thy Father, or thy Mother, nay or both,
Which modern Lamentation might have mov'd.
But with a Rere-ward following *Tybalt's* death,
Romeo is baniſhed, to ſpeak that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All Slain, all Dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death, no words can that woe ſound,
Where is my Father and my Mother, Nurſe?

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s Coarſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Juli. Waſh they his wounds with tears, mine ſhall be ſpent
When theirs are dry for *Romeo*'s Baniſhment.
Take up thoſe Cords, poor Ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for an High-way to my Bed,
But I a Maid, dye Maiden widowed.
Come Cord, come Nurſe, I'le to my Wedding-bed,
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.
Nur. Hie to your Chamber, I'le find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at Night,
I'le to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Juli. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt Farewell.
[*Exit.*

Enter Frier, *and* Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth,
Come forth, thou fearful Man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy Parts:
And thou art wedded to Calamity.
Rom. Father, what News?
What is the Princes Doom?
What ſorrow craves admittance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear Son with ſuch ſowr Company:
I bring thee Tydings of the Princes Doom.
Rom. What leſs than Dooms-day,
Is the Princeſs Doom?
Fri. A gentle Judgment vaniſht from his Lips,
Not Bodies Death, but Bodies Baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, Baniſhment? Be merciful, ſay Death:
For Exile hath more terrour in his look,
Much more than Death, do not ſay Baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the World is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no World without *Verona*-walls,
But Purgatory, Torture, Hell it ſelf:
Hence baniſhed, is baniſht from the World,
And Worlds Exile is Death. Then baniſhed
Is Death mis-term'd, calling Death Baniſhed.
Thou cut'ſt my Head off with a Golden Ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that Murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin, O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our Law calls Death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that Black word Death, to Baniſhment.
This is dear Mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not Mercy, Heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mouſe, every unworthy thing
Live here in Heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,
More honourable State, more Courtſhip lives
In Carrion Flies, than *Romeo*: They may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliets* hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips,
Who even in pure and Veſtal Modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.
This may Flyes do, when I from this muſt fly,
And ſaiſt thou yet, that Exile is not Death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of Death, though ne're ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed?
O Frier, the Damned uſe that word in Hell:
Howlings attend it, how haſt thou the heart
Being a Divine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A Sin Abſolver, and my Friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word Baniſhed?
Fri. Fond Mad-man, hear me ſpeak.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'le give thee Armour to keep off that word,
Adverſities ſweet milk, Phyloſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? Hang up Philoſophy,
Unleſs Phyloſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a Town, reverſe a Princes Doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more:
Fri. O then I ſee, that mad-men have no ears.
Rom. How ſhou'd they,
When wiſe-men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me deſpair with thee of thy Eſtate.
Rom. Thou can'ſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feel;
Wert thou as young, as *Juliet* my Love:
An hour but married *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed.
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak,
Then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade Grave.

Enter Nurſe, *and knocks.*

Fri. Ariſe, one knocks,
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelf.
Rom. Not I,
Unleſs the breath of Heart-ſick groans
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
[*Knock.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock,
(Who's there) *Romeo*, ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand up:
[*Knock.*
Run to my ſtudy: By and by, Gods will?
What ſimpleneſs is this: I come, I come.
[*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard?
Whence come you? what's your Will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you ſhall know my Errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet.*
Fri. Welcom then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? wheres *Romeo.*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his own tears made drunk.
Nur. O he is even in my Miſtreſs caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful Sympathy!
Pitious predicament, even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand up, ſtand up, ſtand and you be a Man,
For *Juliet*'s ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O.
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, death's the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet*? How is't with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old Murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the Child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſays nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her Bed, and then ſtarts up.
And *Tybalt* calls, and then *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.
Ro. As if that Name ſhot from the deadly level of a Gun
Did murder her, as that names curſed hand
Murder'd her Kinſman. Oh tell me, Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my Name lodge? Tell me, that I may ſack

The

Juli. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurſe this night ſit up with you,
For I am ſure you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need.
[*Exeunt.*
Juli. Farewel:
God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my Veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of Fire:
I'll call them back to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal Scene, I needs muſt act alone:
Come Vial, what if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married to morrow morning?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a Poiſon, which the Frier,
Subtilly hath Miniſtred to have me Dead,
Leſt in this Marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I fear it is, and yet methinks it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tryed a Holy Man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful Point:
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault?
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome Air breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled e're my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of Death and Night,
Together with the Terrour of the Place,
As in a Vault, an ancient Receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred years the Bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in Earth,
Lies feſtring in his Shrow'd, where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night, Spirits reſort:
Alack, alack is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks like Mandrakes torn out of the Earth,
That living Mortals, hearing them, run mad.
Or if I walk, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inviron'd with all theſe Hideous fears,
And madly play with my fore-fathers joynts?
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrowd?
And in this rage with ſome great Kinſmans Bone,
As (with a Club) daſh out my deſperate Brains.
O look, methinks I ſee my Cozens Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his Body
Upon his Rapiers point: Stay, *Tybalt* ſtay;
Romeo, *Romeo*, *Romeo*, here's drink: I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

Lady. Hold,
Take theſe Keies and fetch more Spices, Nurſe.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir,
The ſecond Cock hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a Clock:
Look to the Bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go, you Cot-quean, go,
Get you to Bed, faith you'l be ſick to morrow
For this nights Watching.
Cap. No not a whit, I have watch'd e're now
All Night for a leſs Cauſe, and ne're been ſick.
La. I, you have been a Mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exit Lady and Nurſe.*
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood,
Now, Fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with Spits, and Logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cook, Sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſte, make haſte, ſirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head, ſir, that will find out Logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſs and well ſaid, a merry Horſon, ha.
Thou ſhalt be Logger-head, good Faith, 'tis day.
[*Play Muſick.*
The County will be here with Muſick ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I hear him near,
Nurſe, Wife, what ho? What, Nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'le go and chat with *Paris*: Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the Bridegroom, he is come already:
Make haſte, I ſay.
Nur. Miſtreſs, what Miſtreſs? *Juliet?* Faſt I warrant her.
Why Lamb, why Lady? Fie you ſlug-a-bed,
Why Love, I ſay? Madam, Sweet-heart: Why Bride?
What, not a word? You take your Penniworths now,
Sleep for a week, for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgive me:
Marry and Amen: How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the County take you in your Bed;
Hee'l fright you up y'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your Clothes, and down again?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, help, help, my Lady's dead.
Oh wel-a-day, that ever I was born,
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Enter Mother.

Mo. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Look, look, oh heavy day.
Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my only life:
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help, call help.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. She's dead: Deceaſt, ſhe's dead: Alack the day.
Mo. Alack the day, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.
Fa. Ha? Let me ſee her: Out alas, ſhe's cold,
Her blood is ſetled, and her joynts are ſtiff:
Life and theſe Lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her like an untimely Froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the Field.
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. O woful time.
Fa. Death that hath ta'ne her hence to make me waile
Ties up my Tongue and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Frier and the County.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go, but never to return.
O Son, the night before thy Wedding day,
Hath Death lain with thy Wife: See, there ſhe lies,
Flower

Flower as ſhe was, Deflowr'd now by him,
Death is my Son in Law, Death is my Heir,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all Life living, all is Deaths.
Pa. Have I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Moſt miſerable Hour, that e're time ſaw
In laſting Labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving Child,
But one thing to rejoyce and ſolace in,
And cruel Death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo, O woful, woful, woful Day,
Moſt lamentable Day, moſt woful Day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold,
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day.
Pa. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpited, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown:
O love, O life; not Life, but Love in Death.
Fa. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our Solemnity?
O Child, O Child; my Soul and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alack my Child is Dead,
And with my Child, my joys are Buried.
Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, Confuſions: Care lives not
In theſe Confuſions, Heaven and your ſelf
Had part in this fair Maid, now Heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keep from Death,
But Heaven keeps his part in Eternal Life:
The moſt you ſought was her Promotion,
For 'twas your Heaven that ſhe ſhould be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd
Above the Clouds, as high as Heaven it ſelf?
O in this love, you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well,
She's not well married, that lives married long,
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe, and as the Cuſtom is,
And in her beſt Array, bear her to Church:
For though fond Nature bids all us lament,
Yet Natures tears are Reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral:
Our Inſtruments to melancholly Bells,
Our wedding Chear, to a ſad burial Feaſt:
Our ſolemn Hymns, to ſullen Dyrges change;
Our Bridal Flowers ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam, go with him,
And go Sir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave:
The Heavens do lowre upon you for ſome ill:
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will.
[*Exeunt.*

Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt good fellows: Ah put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pittiful Caſe.
Mu. I by my Troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſitians, oh Muſitians,
Hearts eaſe, hearts eaſe,
O, and you will have me live, play hearts eaſe.
Mu. Why hearts eaſe?
Pet. O Muſitians,
Becauſe my heart it ſelf plays, my heart is full.
Mu. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mu. No.
Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.
Mu. What will you give us?
Pet. No Money on my Faith, but the Gleek.
I will give you the Miniſtrel.
Mu. Then I will give you the Serving Creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving Creatures Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotches, I'le Re you, I'le Fa you do you Note me?
Mu. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.
2 *Mu.* Pray you put up your Dagger.
And put out your Wit.
Then have at you with my Wit.
Pet. I will drie-beat you with an Iron Wit.
And put up my Iron Dagger.
Anſwer me like Men:
When griping griefs the Heart doth wound, then Muſick
With her ſilver ſound.
Why Silver ſound? Why Muſick with her Silver ſound?
What ſay you *Simon Catling*.
Mu. Marry Sir, becauſe Silver hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Prateſt, what ſay you *Hugh Rebick*?
2 *Mu.* I ſay Silver ſound, becauſe Muſitians ſound for Sil-
Pet. Prateſt too, what ſay you *James Sound-Poſt*. (ver.
3 *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you, it is Muſick with her Silver ſound,
Becauſe Muſitians have no Gold for ſounding:
Then Muſick with her Silver ſound, with ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs.
[*Exit.*

Mu. What a peſtilent Knave is this ſame?
2 *Mu.* Hang him Jack, come we'll in here, tarry for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner.
[*Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My Dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſoms Lord ſits lightly in his Throne:
And all this winged unaccuſtom'd Spirit,
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I Dreamt my Lady came and found me Dead,
(Strange Dream that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with Kiſſes in my Lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is Love it ſelf poſſeſt,
When but Loves Shadows are ſo rich in Joy.

Enter Romeo's *Man.*

News from *Verona*, how now *Balthazar*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? That I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her Body ſleeps in *Capulet's* Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels lives,
I ſaw her laid low in her Kindreds Vault,
And preſently took Poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill News,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.
Rom. Is it even ſo?
Then I deny you Stars.
Thou knoweſt my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes, I will hence to Night.
Man. I do beſeech you, Sir, have Patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.
Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd,

Leave

Contributors

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ALLISON L. STEENSON is a Marie Curie Individual Fellow at the University of Sussex, where she is working on a research project on the so-called "Scoto-British" writers active during the early reign of James VI and I. She has been awarded a PhD in English literature from the University of Padua in 2018 and has done extensive work on Scottish and English literature. She has collaborated to research and museum projects in Scotland, Belgium and Italy; her research focuses on lyrical poetry, archival and manuscript material and early printed books. Her first monograph, *The Hawthornden Manuscripts of William Fowler and the Jacobean Court 1603-1612*, was published by Routledge in 2021.

Index of Names