

THE FIRST FOLIO

AT **4000**

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

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE



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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**

Selected Papers

“‘True Originall Copies’? 400 Years from the First Folio”
Graduate Conference

The British Institute in Florence, 22 April 2022

Edited by

Rory Loughnane and Sonia Massai

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2023

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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 were 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 mis-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 Groatworth 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 Shakespearean 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 *eikōn* 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 than 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 format⁴, 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 which 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).

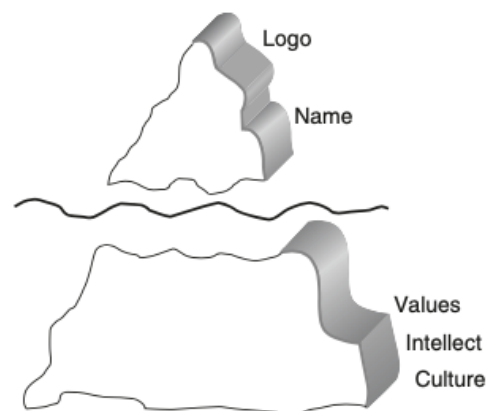


Figure 1. *The branding iceberg (in de Chernatony 2001: 11)*

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 seven 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 <i>et al.</i>
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 bills,
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

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 griuance 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,
Inuiron'd with a wildernes of sea,
Who marks 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 beleeeue, 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 enuironne it, makes it apprehensiuie, 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; (14^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

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 Straznicki (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.

§

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 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 "*aloff*" (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.

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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

Allison L. Steenson

*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 composers, 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 world. 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 'retreat' (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 pagination 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 Carmelitanes, ending up among the holdings of the *Biblioteca 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 points, 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-107411/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 slightly 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, unparalleled 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 ruminare 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 ruminare on the ailing Falstaff. As part of the jocularly 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” (*IH6* 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 priuiledge”. 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 composers 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 bamboozled 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’t’h’wrenching” (1.1.164-7; 239-42). Though the four folios and Rowe keep “i’t’h’wrenching”, F5 emends to “i’t’h’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	<i>Jn</i> 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	<i>2H4</i> Ep. And DP	3324-50
2I2v	88	<i>H5</i> 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	<i>IH6</i> 3.1.51—3.2.103	1257-1404
2M1v	122	idem	1405-1542
2M6	131	<i>IH6</i> 5.4.43—5.5.108	2683-2826
2M6v	132	idem	2827-2931
2N1	133	<i>2H6</i> 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	<i>2H6</i> 2.3.59-3.1.110	1115-1262
2N5v	142	idem	1263-1410
2°3	149	<i>2H6</i> 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	<i>H8</i> 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	<i>H8</i> 5.2.199-Ep.	3236-3376
2X2v	232	idem	3377-3460
2X3	233	<i>Tro.</i> 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	<i>Tro.</i> 2.2.124-2.3.199	1113-1260
2Y1v	242	idem	1261-1406
2Y6	251	<i>Tro.</i> 4.5.26-5.1.1	2578-2723
2Y6v	252	idem	2724-2871
2Z2	255	<i>Tro.</i> 5.2.169-5.5.57	3166-3309
2Z2v	256	idem	3310-3459
2Z3	257	idem	3460-3592
2Z3v	258	<i>Cor.</i> 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	<i>Cor.</i> 4.6.66-5.2.23	2975-3120
*3B2v	280	idem	3121-3261
*3B5	285	<i>Tit.</i> 1.1.205	1-90
*3B5v	286	idem	91-235
*3C2	291	<i>Tit.</i> 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
*3E3	317	<i>Rom.</i> 3.1.93-3.3.107	1638-1781
*3E3v	318	idem	1782-1923
*3E6	323	<i>Rom.</i> 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

<u>Evans</u>	<u>TLN</u>	
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	<i>Englands</i>] Ff; <i>England's</i> F5, ROWE
2.1.311.s.d.	622	<i>Trumpet</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>Trumpets</i> 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	<i>Angiers</i>] 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	<i>France</i> :] F1, F2; <i>France</i> ^ F3; <i>France</i> ; F4, F5, ROWE
2.1.487	803	<i>Poyctiers</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>Poictiers</i> 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	<i>Richmond</i> ,] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~ ^ F4
2.1.561	881	Composition:] F1, F2; ~; F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
2.1.562	882	<i>Arthurs</i> ^] Ff; <i>Arthur's</i> 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; bloued F2-F4
3.1.147	1074	interrogatories] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; Interrogarrories 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

<u>Evans</u>	<u>TLN</u>	
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

<u>Evans</u>	<u>TLN</u>	
Pr. 1	2	O ^] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; ~, F3, F4
Pr. 1	2	<i>ascend</i> ^] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
Pr. 7	8	<i>Fire</i> ^] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
Pr. 22	23	<i>asunder</i> .] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
Pr. 32	33	<i>History</i> .] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
Pr. 34	35	<i>heare</i>] F1, F2, F4; <i>hear</i> 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	<i>Saxons</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>Saxon</i> 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	<i>Dolphin</i> ,] Ff; ~ . F5; <i>Dauphin</i> , 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	<i>France</i> ^] 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	<i>Exit.</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>om.</i> 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	<i>France</i> ^] 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

<u>Evans</u>	<u>TLN</u>	
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	again] 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	warranteth] 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	<i>Bedfords</i>] Ff; <i>Bedford's</i> 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	<i>Buckinghams</i>] Ff; <i>Buckingham's</i> 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	<i>Calidon:</i>] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.1.238	250	<i>Englands</i>] Ff; <i>England's</i> F5, ROWE
1.1.240	252	<i>Nevils</i>] F1, F5; <i>Nevills</i> 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	<i>Humes</i>] Ff; <i>Hume's</i> 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	<i>Elianors</i>] Ff; <i>Elianor's</i> F5; <i>Eleanor's</i> ROWE
1.2.105	381	<i>Humes</i>] Ff; <i>Hume's</i> 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	<i>Glosters</i>] Ff; <i>Gloster's</i> F5; Glo'ster's ROWE
1.3.61	447	Colledge] F1-F3, F5; College F4, ROWE
1.3.78	464	<i>Humphreyes</i>] F1, F2; <i>Humphreys</i> F3; <i>Humphrey's</i> F4; <i>Humfrey's</i> F5; <i>Humphry's</i> 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	<i>Humfrey</i>] Ff; <i>Humfrey</i> F5; <i>Humphry</i> 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-Wheelles] 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	<i>Stanly</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>Stanley</i> 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; counsell F2; council F3; Council 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; <i>Bezonians</i> F3, F4, F5, ROWE
4.1.137	2305	Islanders [^]] Ff, ROWE1, ROWE2; ~, F5; <i>om.</i> ROWE3
4.1.141.s.d	2311	<i>rest.</i>] 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; Council 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	<i>Sayes</i>] F1-F3; <i>Says</i> F4; <i>Say's</i> F5, ROWE
4.2.165	2485	Commonwealth] Ff, ROWE; Common-wealth F5
4.2.172	2491	Councillour] F1, F2; Councillor 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	shooven^] 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; Breſt 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	<i>Westminster.</i>] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
4.4.50	2587	him^] <i>om.</i> 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	<i>Buckinghams</i>] Ff; <i>Buckingham's</i> 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; <i>May</i> -day F4, ROWE; <i>Mayday</i> 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

<u>Evans</u>	<u>TLN</u>	
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	<i>Menelaus</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>Menelaus's</i> 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	<i>Troilus</i> ;] 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	<i>Paris</i> ^] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
1.2.174	378	<i>April</i> .] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; ~, F4
1.2.1.89.1	344	<i>Enter Antenor</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>om.</i> 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	<i>Paris</i> ?] 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	<i>Nestor</i> ;] 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	<i>Phæbus</i> :] Ff, ROWE; ~ . F5
1.3.273	737	<i>Hector</i> ,] 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	<i>Paris</i> ^] 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	<i>Patroclus</i> ,] Ff; ~ ^ F5, ROWE
2.3.49	1255	(2) <i>Patroclus</i> ,] F1, F4, ROWE; ~ ^ F2, F3, F5
2.3.57	1259	proceed^] F1-F3, F5; ~, F4, ROWE
2.3.68.s.d.	1269	<i>Chalcas</i> .] 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	hee] F1; hee'l F2; he'l F3, F5; he'll F4, ROWE
4.5.78	2639	little:] Ff, ROWE; ~ , F5
4.5.89	2650	<i>Æneas</i> ^] 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	<i>Ajax</i> :] 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	<i>Hector.</i>] 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	<i>Diomed</i>] F1-F3; <i>Diomede</i> , F4; <i>Diomede</i> ^ 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	<i>Niobes</i> F1-F3, ROWE; <i>Niob's</i> 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; aymes 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	pitying] 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	Country-men] F1, F5; Country-men F2, F3, ROWE; Country men F4
1.1.4	10	Swords.] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
1.1.24	32	<i>Rome.</i>] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
1.1.30	38	Arms.] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
1.1.34	42	Sons^] Ff, ROWE: ~, F5
1.1.50	59	<i>Titus</i>] F1-F3, F5, ROWE: <i>Tttus</i> F4
1.1.58	69	Countrey] Ff; Country F5, ROWE
1.1.59	70	Cause:] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
1.1.63.s.d.	75	<i>Senat^house</i>] F1, F2; Senate-house F3; Senate-House F4; <i>Senate^house</i> F5; <i>Senate-house</i> 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	<i>Romes</i>] Ff; <i>Rome's</i> 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	<i>Romes</i>] Ff; <i>rome's</i> F5; <i>Rome's</i> 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; denies 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	<i>know'st</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>know'st</i> F5
2.3.272	1030	<i>tree:</i>] Ff, ROWE; ~, F5
2.3.273	1031	<i>over-shades</i>] Ff, ROWE; <i>overshades</i> 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	<i>Gothes</i>] Ff; <i>Goths</i> 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	<i>Marcus,</i>] 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; <i>om.</i> 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	<i>Pigeons</i>] F1-F3, F5, ROWE; <i>Pidgeons</i> 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	<i>Tybalt</i> } Ff, ROWE; <i>Tybalt's</i> F5
3.2.126	1780	that words] Ff; ~ word's F5, ROWE
3.2.128	1782	<i>Tybalts</i>] Ff; <i>Tybalt's</i> F5, ROWE
3.2.130	1783	tears:] Ff; ~ , F5; ~; ROWE1, ROWE2; ~? ROWE3
3.2.131	1785	<i>Romeo's</i>] F1, F2, F5, ROWE; <i>Romeos</i> 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	<i>Nurse, and</i>] F1, F2, F5; <i>Nurse and</i> 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 muzzled 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-veit 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?

Ciii. 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!

Ciii. 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 th' e.

Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his Claim.

Ciii. 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 losf 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 progres 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 losf,
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.

B b 3

Fran.

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 fancy Walls,
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then desie 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.

Anst. 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'lle fir 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.
Persevere 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 clos'd 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 Carcass 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 unfur'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,
Left 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*, *Poitiers*,
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 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 Niece?

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 *Folquessen*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poytliers, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Marks of English Coyne;
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy Son and Daughter to joyne 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 a 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 satisfy 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 poyss'd 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, raieth 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 frightening 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 confests 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 flandrous 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 Sovereignty,
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.

Conf. 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, Scena prima.

Enter King *John*, *France*, *Dolphin*, *Blanch*, *Elianon*, *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.

Conf. 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,
Left 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 ?

Conf. You have beguil'd me with a Counterfeit
Rembling 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 grappling 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 cries, 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.

Conf. 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't 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 ? dost 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 o Sun King ?
Thou canst not (Cardinal) deviate 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 grossly by this meddling 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 grossly led,
This juggling 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.

Conf. 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.
Conf.

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 promise 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 cloy'd 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 anything 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 Gloucester.
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.
Coleville. } 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 } Both Country
Silence } 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
(Least in, like bounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire,
Crouch for Employment. But pardon, Gentles all,
The flat unrais'd 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 cram
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 Account,

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 with 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, Ple 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 scrambling 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. 'T would 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'involve 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:
Lift his discourse of War, and you shall hear
A fearful Battel rendred you in Musick.

Tura

Turn him to any Cause of Policy,
The Gordian 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 addition 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 veil of wildness, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Unseen, yet crevice 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'exhibitors 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:
Sate 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 feat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

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

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

B. Ely. It is.

B. Can. 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. Ple 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 prence.

King. Send for him, good Uncle.

Westm. Shall we call in the Ambassador, 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. Can. God and his Angels guard your sacred
And make you long become it. (Throne,

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 miscrate, whose right
Sutes 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 fore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose Wrong gives edge unto the Swords?
That makes such waste in brief Mortality.
Under this Conjunction, speak, my Lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your Conscience wash't,
As pure as sin with Baptism.

B. Can. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, 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 succeed 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 Inheritor 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 feat 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 *Lemes* 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 Sovereign:

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 Sovereign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not mean the courting 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 allays,
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 *Omse* and bottom of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sun-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 unguarded 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 the can eat.

Exe. 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,
Congreering in a full and natural close,
Like Muffick.

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 forts.
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 finews of our power;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
O're *France*, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedoms)
Or lay these Bones in an unworthy Urn,
Tomblefs, 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 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 Embassy.

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 favour 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 Liège.

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 Chafes. 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 fore charg'd, for the wastefull Vengeance
That shall fly 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 ungoten 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 savour 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 Hilt 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 Sea:
To give you gentle Pass: for if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach 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 Friends 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
toft cheefe, 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 cer-
tain 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-plaint 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. Bafe 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. Pist.

Pist. Pist 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 worfe, 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, Ple 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 desie thee again. O hound of *Creet*, think'st thou my spoufe to get? No, to the *Spittle* go, and from the Powdring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazer Kit of *Cressed's* kind, *Dol Tear-sheet*, she by name, and her espoufe. 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 Hostes : 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 go 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. Bafe 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'll 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. Ple 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 Hostes.

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 fractured 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 fate 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 Sovereigns 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 steeped 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 toy, 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 on ^{our} more advice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, 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 digested
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 Sovereign.

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 suppress'd 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 Murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke Devils sworn to eithers purpose,
Working so grossly 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 murder:
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 borch and bungle up Damnation,
With Patches, Colours, and with Forms, being fetcht

From glit'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 Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walk the whole world,
He may return to vally 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 boulded didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best endued
With some suspicion, 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
Gray, 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 Sovereign.

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 Enterprize 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 freight 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*, rouse thy vaunting Veins: Boy, bristle thy Courage up: for *Falstaff* he is dead, and we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wherefoe'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 they 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.

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

Nim. Shall we hogg? 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 Sense 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, *Cavero* be thy Counselor. 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 Houfwifry 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 approaches 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 modeff in exception, and with all, How terrible in instant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brunns*, 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 Chafe 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 Sovereign 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 Lord, 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 ?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Left idle said, Speak, Sirrah, when you should,
Must our bold Verdict enter talk with Lords,
Else would I have a sling 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.

Enter within. Down with the Tawny Coats.

King. What Tumult is this ?

War. 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 pebble stones ;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's 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.

Gloster. You of my household 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.

3. Serv. I, and the very paring of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Gloster. 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 ?

War. Yield, my Lord Protector, yield Winchester :

Except you mean with obstinate repulse

To slay your Sovereign, and destroy the Realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder 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.

Gloster. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,

Or I would see his heart out, e're the Priest

Should ever get that privilege 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 ?

Gloster. 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.

War. 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.

Gloster. 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 dissembles 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'll to the Surgeon's.

2. Serv. And so will I.

3. Serv. And I will see what Physick the Tavern affords.

Enter Warwick. Accept this Scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet,

We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Gloster. 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.

Winch. As will the rest, so willethe 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,

Gloster. 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.

Gloster. Your ships already are in readines.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. I, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue ;
This late diffention 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'll 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. Peasants 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'll shake thy Bulwarks to the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanfon.

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 the specific ?
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 weaknes) 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 *Talbotites*.

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 Alarm, 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 Alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a Chair.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: with Puzel, Charles, Bastard, and Reignier on the Walls.

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 Couizan,
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 Lance, and run a Tilt at Death
Within a Chair.

Talb. Foul Fiend of *France*, and Hag of all deipight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man half dead ?
Darnel ! I'll 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 *Alanfon*, and the rest.

Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alanf. 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 woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now perfwade you.

Bedf. Not to be gone from hence, for once I Read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the Field, and vanquish'd 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 Alarm: 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 Arr* 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 heark ye, Sirs: because she is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be snow:
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 privilege.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murder 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 *Alanfon* that enjoy'd my love.

Yor. *Alanfon*, 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 sign she had been liberal and free.
Yor. And yet foreseeth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee:
He 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 overthrowen,
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, falsehood, 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, *Yor*, if we conclude a Peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the *French-men* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, 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 fight 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 privilege of a private man?
This profer is absurd, and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possess'd
With more than half the *Gallian* Territories,
And therein revered for their lawful King,
Shall I for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Deduct so much from that Prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?

No, Lord Ambassador, I'll 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 compromize,
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 mightiest Hulk against the tide,

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 *Arminack* 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? disgrace 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 Attorney-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, joynd 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 attain'd
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 ruminare my grief.

Glo. I, grief I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exit]

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 Sicily,
The Dukes of Orleans, 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 Sovereign,
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 wordsyclad 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 Sovereign, 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, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.

Item, That the Duchy 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 Duchies 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 England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke Humphrey mast 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 despite of foes,

N n

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 rostr,
 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. Diem.
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:
 Lords, farewel, and say when I am gone,
 I prophesied, *France* will be lost ere 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 glos,
 He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign?
 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,
 Ple 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 Sovereign,
 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 *Albea* 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 as I have of fertile *England's* soil.
 A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own,
 And therefore I will take the *Neuil's* 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 slain 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'll make him yield the Crown,
 Whose Bookish Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.

[Exit *York*.
 Enter Duke *Humphrey*, and his Wife *Elianon*.

Elianon. 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 fullen Earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy Sight?
 What seest thou there? King *Henry's* Diadem,
 In chace'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'll 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.

Humphrey. 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.

Elianon. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet Rehearsal of my mornings Dream?

Humphrey. 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.

Elianon. 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 sat 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.

Humphrey. Nay, *Elianon*, then must I chide out-right:
 Presumptuous Dame, ill-natur'd *Elianon*,
 Art thou not second Woman in the Realm?
 And the Protector's 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 Traachery,
 To tumble down thy Husband, and thy self,
 From top of Honour, to Disgraces Feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elianon. What, what, my Lord, are you so Cholerick
 With *Elianon*, for telling but her Dream?
 Next time, I'll keep my Dreams unto my self,
 And not be check'd.

Humphrey. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highness pleasure,
 You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,

Whereas the King and Queen do mean to Hawk.

Humphrey. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us? [Ex. *Hu.*

Elianon. 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.

Elianon. 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.

Elianon. 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.

Elianon. It is enough, I'll 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 *Elianon*.

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 *Elianon* 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 *Elianon'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's VVrack,

And her attainure will be *Humphrey's* fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all.

[Exit.

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer's 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 blefs him.

Enter *Suffolk*, and *Queen*.

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

2. *Per.* 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. *Per.* 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 this?

1. *Per.* 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 *Milford*. How now, Sir Knave?

2. *Per.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor P.itioner of our whole Township.

Per. 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?

Per. 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 Pur-servant 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 Seats anew, and sue to him.

Tear the Supplication.

Away, base Callions: Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's begone.

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 Ile?

And this the Royalty of Albions King?

VVhat, shall King Henry be a Pupil Child,

Under the sorry *Glyster's* Governance?

And I a Queen in Title and in Style,

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?

I tell thee, *Bel*, when in the City Towers

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 *Armaris* on his Beards:

His Champions are the Prophets and Apostles,

His VVespons, are Holy Lawes of sacred VVrit,

His Study is his Tit-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 cruel

Your Highness came to England, so will I

In England work your Graces full content.

Queen. Beside the haughty Protector, have we *Essex*,

The imperious Church-man; *Somerfet*, *Beckingham*,

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 Neals:

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 *Hamfray'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?

Contemtpuous 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 lund a bush for her,
And plac'd a Quire of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to lissen 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 *Hamfray* 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 Beer the happy Helm. [Exit.

*Enter the King, Duke Hamfray, Cardinal, Beckingham,
York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutches.*

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

York, if York have ill demeaned himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-ship.

Som. If *Somerfet* 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.

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

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

Salib. Peace, Son; and shew some reason, *Beckingham*,

Why *Somerfet* should be prefer'd in this?

Queen. Because the King forsooth will have it so.

Ham. Madam, the King is old enough himself

To give this Censure: There are no Womans matters

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

Ham. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,

And at his pleasure will resign my Place.

Suff. Relign it then, and leave thine infolence.

Since thou wer'st 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 Sovereignty.

Cor. The Commons hath thou rack'd, the Clergies Bag

Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire

Have cost a mass of publick Treasure.

Beck. 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 Hamfray]

Give me my Fan: what, Minion, can ye not?

She gives the Dutches a box on the Ear.

I cry you mercy, Madam: was it you?

Dutch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prood 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 *Elizav* unreveng'd.

[Exit Elizav.
Beck.

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 Ple pledge ye all, and a fig for Peter.

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

2. Prent. 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 murder'd wrongfully.

Come Fellow, follow us for thy Reward. [Exeunt.]

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloaks.

Gloft. 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.

Gloft. 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 Ple 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.

Gloft. 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 Gloft, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And in thy Closet pent up, rue my shame, And ban their Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloft. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this Grief. Elian. Ah Gloft, teach me to forget my self:

For whilst 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 joyce To see my Tears, and hear my deep-fet Groans.

The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender Feet, And when I start, the envious People laugh,

And bid me be advis'd, how I tread. Ah Humfrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trowest thou, that e're I'll 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'll 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, whilst 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 Buihes 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.

Gloft. Ah, Nell, forbear: thou aimest all awry. I must offend, before I be attained:

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't 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 fort 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.

Gloft. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before? This is close dealing. Well, I will bethere,

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. Gloft. Must you, Sir John, protect my Lady here?

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

Elian.

Elian. VVhat, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
Gloft. Wicnefs my Tears, I cannot ftay to fpeak.

[Exit Glofter.

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 wifh'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 farewell, and better, than I, fare,
Although thou haſt been Conduſt of my ſhame.

She. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.

Elian. I, I, farewell, 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. [Exit.

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 ſtrangenefs 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 *Humphrey* is no little man in *England*.

Fiſt 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*,
Reprov: my Allegation, if you can,

Or elſe conclude my words effectual.

Suff. Well hath your Highneſs ſeen into this Duke:

And had I fiſt 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 Practises:

Or if he were not privie to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputed of his high Deſcent,

As next the King, he was ſucceſſive Heir,
And ſuch high Vaunts of his Nobility,

Did inſtigate the Bedlam brain-fick Dutcheſs,
By wicked means to frame our Sovereign's Fall.

Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treafon.

The Fox barks not, when he would ſteal the Lamb,
No, no, my Sovereign, *Gloſter* is a Man

Unfounded yet, and full of deep Deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
Devife 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 praife: but ſhall I ſpeak my Conſcience,
Our Kinfman *Gloſter* is as innocent,

From meaning Treafon 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 fraudulent man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All Health unto my Gracious Sovereign.

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 gear 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 Treafon here.

Gloſt. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me blaſh,
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 Treafon to my Sovereign,

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 Caesar*. Savage Islanders,

Pompey the Great ; and *Suffolk* dies by Pyrats.

[Exit Walter with Suffolk.

Lieu. And as for these whose ranfome we have fet,

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.

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 waxes 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 Conjuror.

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'll 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 Drums
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 Plasterer,
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, Sir-
rah, tell the King from me: That for his Fathers sake Hen-
ry the Fifth, (in whose time Boys went to Span-counter
for French Crowns) I am content he shall Reign, but 'Ile
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 main'd,
and faint 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 grofs 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,
Allayl them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald 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 fight,
Be hang'd up for Example at their Doors:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me.

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.

Alarm 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 Bod-
ies shall be drag'd at my Horses heels, till I do come to
London, where we will have the Mayor's Sword born be-
fore 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 Suf-
folks 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. Ple 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, Ple read it over once again.

Queen. Ah barbarous Villains: Hath this lovely Face,
Ru'd like a wandering Planet over me,
And could it not enforce 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 merciles:
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

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth, do
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 spoyle the City and your Royal Court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord, away, take Horfe.

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 farewell, 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.

Soul. 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, barn 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. Mas, '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 toasted Cheefe.

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 Com-
mon.

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 fiftens 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-blank 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 where-
as 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 Horfe wear a
Cloak, when honest Men than thou go in their Hose and
Doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too, as my self for ex-
ample, 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 Caesar 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 Clerks,

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 murder 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 nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll 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'll bridge it: he shall dye, and be it but for pleading so well for his Life. Away with him, he has a Familiar 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 ere they have it: Men shall hold 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.]

Alarm, 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 Ambassadors 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 Armstill 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 vanquish'd, 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 *Villago* 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 mischief, 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 despite 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.

[Exit some of them.]

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

[Exit omnes.]

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somersbet 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
Duchess 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.]

Scena 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.

Port. 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:
Ple 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,
'Unles 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 found 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 Mor-

ter-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 combusti-

on in the State. I mist the Meteor once, and hit that Wo-
man, who cryed out Clubs, when I might see from far
some forty Trunchcons 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, loofe 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 tri-
bulation of Tower-Hill, or the Limbs of Lime-houfe, 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 Finds 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.

Port. Make way there, for the Princess.

Man. You great Fellow,

Stand close up, or I'le make your head ake.

Port. 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 Noble-
men bearing a Canopy, under which the Duchess of Nor-
folk, 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 La-
dies. 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

Princes 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 Phoenix,
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, Terror,
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^e have affrighted with our Trumpets : so 'tis clear,
They'll say it's naught. Others, to hear the City
Abus'd extremely, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither, that I fear

All the expected good w^e are like to bear,
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.

T H E

THE
T R A G E D Y
 O F
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 Crowns 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 freightage: 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 Antenoridus with massy Staples
 And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts
 Stir up the Sons of Troy.
 Now Expectation tickling skittish Spiries,
 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 vau't 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, P'le unarm again.
 Why should I War without the Walls of Troy
 That find such cruel bartel 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 skillefs as unpractis'd infancy.
Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my
 part, P'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 boulding.
Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I, the boulding; 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 Goddeffs 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?
Troi. 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,
 Left Hector, or my Father should perceive me:
 I have (as when the Sun doth light a-corn)
 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

Helen, 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'it 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'll 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'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll 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, chafy, 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 wandering flood, Our self, the Merchant, and this sailing *Pandar* Our doubtful Hope, our Convoy and our Bark.

Alarum. Enter *Aeneas*.

Aeneas. 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 *Aeneas* from the field to day?

Aeneas. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Aeneas*?

Aeneas. *Troilus* by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn. *Paris* is gon'd with *Menelaus's* horn.

Aeneas. 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?

Aeneas. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together.

Enter *Cressid* and her Man. [Exit.

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; *Hektor*, 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 harvest light, And to the Field goes he; where every flower Did as a Prophet weep what it foresaw, In *Hektor'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 *Hektor*, 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 crush'd into folly, his folly fauced with discretion: There is no man hath a Vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attain, 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 joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no use; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make *Hektor* angry?

Man. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hektor* in the battel and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hektor* fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus*.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam, your Uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hektor'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 *Hektor* arm'd and gone, e're ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hektor* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'n so; *Hektor* was stirring early.

Cre. That were you 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'll 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 *Hektor*? 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, Niece; *Helen* her self swore th'other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis I must confels) 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 compass 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'll 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 confels.

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* laugh'd that her Eye run o're.

Cre. With Milftones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her Eyes: did her Eyes run o're too?

Pan. And *Hector* laugh'd.

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 laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd 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 chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, 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'll be sworn 'tis true, he will weep you an 'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a Retreat.]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against *May*.

Pan. Hearn, they are coming from the field, shall we stand up here and see them, as they pass toward *Ilium*? good Niece do, sweet Niece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely, I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by, but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Enter *Aeneas*.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Aeneas*, 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'll 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, Niece, 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, Niece, 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'll 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.

Cre. 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'll 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.

Cre. Adieu, Uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, Niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, Uncle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a Bawd. [Ex. Pand.] Words, Vows, Gifts, Tears, and Loves full Sacrifice, He offers in another enterprize: But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see, Than in the Glas 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:

"Achievement 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, *Troyal* did draw Byas and thwart, not answering the aim And that unbodied Figure of the thought That gav't furnished 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 Wife 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 obfervance 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 *Russian Boreas* once enrage The gentle *Theris*, 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 flies 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.

Ulyf. *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 Brads: and such again

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 Wife) to hear *Ulysses* speak.
Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of less expect;
That matter needles of importles burthen
Divide thy Lips: then we are confident,
When rank *Thersites* opes his Mastick jaws,
We shall hear Musick, Wit, and Oracle.
Uly. *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' unwortheft shews as fairly in the Mask.
The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Institute, 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 spear'd
Amidst the other, whose Med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evil,
And posits 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, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, and 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 neglect 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
Exempl'd 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 Jest,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which, Slanderer, he imitation calls)
He Pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy toplefs 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 found
'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 Oration,
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 (forfooth the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
And with a Palfie 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.
Uly. 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 toy, 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.

Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus*.

Men. From *Troy*.

Enter *Aeneas*.

Aga. What would you fore our Tent?

Aene. Is this great *Agamemnon's* Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Aene. 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.

Aene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

Aga. How?

Aene. I: I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And on the Cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when the coldly eyes
The youthful *Phobus*.

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.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonaire, unarmed,
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, *Aeneas*,
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, *Aeneas*?

Aene. I, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your Affair, I pray you?

Aene. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately,
That comes from *Troy*.

Aene. 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.

Aene. Trumpet blow loud:
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy Teats,
And every *Greek* of Mettle, let him know,
What *Troy* means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[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, wifer, 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:

[Trumpet.]

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 *Aeneas*.
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'll be he.

Nes. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a Man
When *Hector's* Grandfire 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'll 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'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now Heavens forbid such scarcity of youth.

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair Lord *Aeneas*,

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.

Moment *Ulysses* and *Nestor*.

Ulyss. *Nestor*.

Nes. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nes. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the feeded 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?

Ulyss. This challenge, that the gallant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general Name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nes. 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.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nes. 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 meely to my self,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it :
But I would have the foyl of her fair Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ranfack'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*'s 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 glaz'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 benumbed 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 magnanimous 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 Therfites solus.
Now, now, *Therfites* ? 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'll learn to Conjure and raise Devils, but
I'll 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
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 ? *Therfites.* Good *Therfites* come in
and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered 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 blefs 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'll 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. *Therfites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come ? why, my cheefe,
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* ?

Pat. Thy Lord, *Therfites* : then tell me, I pray thee,
what's thy self ?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus* : then tell me *Patroclus*
what art thou ?

Pat. Thou may'st tell, that knowest.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question : *Agamemnon* com-
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus's* knower,
and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Pat. You Rascal.

Ther. Peace, Fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a priviledg'd man, proceed *Therfites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a Fool, *Achilles* is a Fool, *Ther-*
fites

Thersites 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'll 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 emulatiuous 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, left 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 with than their Faction; but it was a strong Counsel that a Fool could difinite.

Ulys. The amity that Wisdom knits not, Folly may easily untye.

Enter *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-fake; 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.

Patr. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Agam. 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?

Agam. 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?

Agam. No question.

Aja. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is?

Agam. 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.

Agam. 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 engendering of Toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulys. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. 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.

Agam. 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: possess 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.

Agam. 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 baffes his arrogance with his own seam, And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve And ruminates 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 asubjugate 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 killing now;
 For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment.
Ulys. Oh deadly gall, and team of all our scorns,
 For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patro. The first was *Menelaus* kifs, this mine;
Patroclus kiffes you.
Men. Oh this is trim.
Pat. *Paris* and I kifs evermore for him.
Men. Ple have my kifs, Sir: Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing do you render, or receive?
Pat. Both take and give.
Cres. Ple make my match to give,
 The kifs you take is better than you give: therefore no kifs.

Men. Ple give you boot, Ple 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, Ple be sworn.
Ulys. It were no match, your Nail against his Horn:
 May I, sweet Lady, beg a kifs of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulys. I do desire it.
Cres. Why beg then.
Ulys. Why then for *Venus* sake, give me a kifs:
 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 kifs of you.
Diom. Lady, a word, Ple 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; fet them down,
 For sluttish spoils of opportunity;
 And Daughters of the game.

[Exeunt.]

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus, and
Arendants.

All. The Trojans Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.
Ane. 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?
Ane. 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.
Ane. If not Achilles, Sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Ane. 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 *Diomedes*: Go gentle Knight,

Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*.
 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 fame, 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 *Aeneas*, one that knows the youth,
 Even to his inches: and with private Soul,
 Did in great *Ilium* 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.
Ane. 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 impresseure made
 Of our rank feud: but the just Gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'dst 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.

Ane. There is expectance here from both the sides:
 What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:
 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.
Aja. If I might in entreaties find success,
 As feld 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. Aeneas, 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.

Hecl. 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 *Heclor*, welcome.

Hecl. 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.

Hecl. Whom must we answer ?

Ene. The Noble *Menelaus*.

Hecl. 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.

Hecl. 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 *Persus*, 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 wraffling. This have I seen,
But this thy countenance (still lock'd in Steel)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
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.

Ene. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hecl. 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.

Hecl. 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—

Ulyf. I wonder now how yonder City stands,
When we have here her Base and Pillar by us.

Hecl. I know your favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead ;
Since first I saw your self and *Diomedes*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* Embasie.

Ulyf. 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 bus the Clouds,
Must kiss their own Feet.

Hecl. 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.

Ulyf. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Heclor*, 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 *Heclor* I have fed mine Eyes on thee,
I have with exact view Perus'd thee, *Heclor*,
And quoted joynt by joynt.

Hecl. Is this *Achilles* ?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hecl. Stand fair, I prithee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hecl. 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.

Hecl. O like a Book of sport thou'lt 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
Heclor's great Spirit flew. Answer me, Heavens.

Hecl. 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.

Hecl. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee : henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the Forge that stytied *Mars* his Helm,
I'll 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'll 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 *Heclor*,
If you have Stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hecl. 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, *Heclor* ?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death,
To Night all Friends.

Hecl. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you Peers of *Greece* go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you : Afterwards,
As *Heclor'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 ?

Ulyf. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*,
There *Diomedes* 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 *Cressida*.

Troi. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither ?

Ulyf. You shall command me, Sir :
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*, had she no Lover there,
That waits 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'll heat his Blood with *Greekish* Wine to Night,
Which

That Sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his Helm :
Were it a Cask compos'd by *Vulcan'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 *Diomed*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his Concupy.
Troi. O, *Cressid!* O false *Cressid!* false, false, false :
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll 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, *Diomed*,
Stand fast, and wear a Cattle on thy head.
Ulys. I'll bring you to the Gates.
Tros. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*]
Ther. Would I could meet that Rogue *Diomed*, 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, Ple 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 :
Confort 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 fally, 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'll 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 Truncheon 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 farewell, dear *Hector* :
Look how thou die'st ; 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* shrills her colour forth ;
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witle's 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 *Diomed*, believe
I come to lose my Arm, or win my Sleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troil. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor Girl.

Troil. Let me read.

Paul. A whorson tick, a whorson rascally tick, foables 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?

Troil. 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?

Troil. Hence, brother Lacky; Ignomy and Shame
Pursue thy life, and live eye with thy name.

Alarum.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Therfites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that dissembling abominable varlet, *Diomedes*, has got that same scurvy, dotting, foolish young Knave's 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-maisterly 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 Moufe-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 *Diomedes* and *Troilus*.

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th'other.

Troil. Fly not: for should'st thou take the River *Styx*,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall, 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 frightening me: what's be-
come of the Wenching Rogues? I think, they have swal-
lowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet
in a fort, Lechery eats it self: I'll seek them. [Exit.]

Enter *Diomedes* and *Servant*.

Diom. 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 chafstid the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord. Enter *Agamemnon*.

Agam. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polydamus*
Hath beat down *Menon*: Bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* Prisoner,
And stands, *Colossus* wise, waving his beam,
Upon the palshed courses of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polyxenes* 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, *Diomedes*,
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 *Galathea's* Horse;
And there lacks work: anon he's there a-foot,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled Seals,
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 drowfie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noseless, handleless, 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*.

Diom. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter *Achilles*.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou Boy-killer, shew thy Face:
Know what it is too meet *Achilles* angry.

Hect. where's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. [Exit.]

Enter *Ajax*.

Aja. *Troilus*, thou Coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Enter *Diomedes*.

Diom. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus*?

Aja. What would'st thou?

Diom. 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*.

Troil. Oh Traytor *Diomedes*!

Turn thy false Face, thou Traitor,
And pay thy life, thou owest me for my Horse.

Diom. Ha, art thou there?

Aja. I'll fight with him alone, stand, *Diomedes*.

Diom. He is my Prize, I will not look upon.

Troil. 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*.

Troil. *Ajax* hath ta'ne *Aeneas*; shall it be:
No, by the flame of yonder glorious Heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be ta'ne too,

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,
Ple frush it, and unlock the Rivets all,
But Ple be Master of it: wilt thou not, beast abide?
Why then fly on, Ple 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 Therites, 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: farewell,
Bastard.

Bast. The Devil take the Coward. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most purified Core so fair without:
Thy goodly Armour thus hath cost thy Life.
Now is my days work done; Ple 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, Ilium, 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 found the like, my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of Night, o're-spreads the Earth.
And, Stickler-like, the Armies separates;
My half sput 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, Diomedes,
and the rest marching.

Aja. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sold. Achilles, 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 Eneas, Paris, Athenor and Deiphobus.

Aene. 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 Murderers Horses tail,
In beastly fort, 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.

Aene. 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 screech-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'll through, and through you, and thou great siz'd coward,

No space of Earth shall funder our two hates,

I'll haunt thee, like a wicked Conscience still,

That mouldeth Goblins swift, as frensie 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, Ple 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 wholesome, 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, ere 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 repetition.

[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 afunder, 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 Malicious, 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,

We hear it, Sir: yet you must not think,
To fob off our disgrace with a Tale:
But and't please you deliver.

Mrs. 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't o'th' Body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbordering 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 Cir. Well, Sir, what answer made the Belly.

Mrs. 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 receipt: Even so most sily,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Cir. Your Bellies answer: What

The Kingly Crown'd head, the vigilant Eye,
The Counsellor Heart, the Arm our Souldier,
Our Stead, the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty helps
Is this our Fabrick, if that they—

Mrs. What then? For me, this fellow speaks.
What then? What then?

2 Cir. Should by the Cormorant Belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'th' body.

Mrs. Well, what then?

2 Cir. The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly answer?

Mrs. I will tell you.

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while; you'll hear the Bellies answer.

2 Cir. Y're long about it.

Mrs. 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 sit 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 inferior Veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
(You, my good Friends, this says the Belly) mark me.

2 Cir. I, Sir, well, well.

Mrs. 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 flow of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What say you to't?

2 Cir. It was an answer, how apply you this?

Mrs. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsels, and their Care; digest 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 Cir. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Mrs. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou Rascal, that art worst in Blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.

But make you ready your stilt 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*.

Mrs. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious Rogues?
That rubbing the poor itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves Scabs.

2 Cir. We have ever your good word.

Mrs. 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 sinas 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?

Mrs. For Corn at their own rates, whereof they say,
The City is well stor'd.

Mrs. Hang 'em; They say;

They'll 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
Conjugal Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebing 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, Pleinake a Quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd Slaves as high
As I could pick my Lance.

Mrs. Nay these are almost throughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they palling cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other Troop?

Mrs. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em,

They said they were an hungry, ligh'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 stor'd
They vented their Complaining, 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.

Mrs. What is granted them?

Mrs. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinus Velutus, and I know not. 'Sdeath,
The rabble should have first unroot'd the City,
E're so prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Insurrections arguing.

Mrs. This is strange.

Mrs. Go get you home, you Fragments.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mrs. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mrs. Here: what's, the matter?

Mrs. The News is, Sir, the *Volsces* are in Arms.

Mrs. I am glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our

Our musty superfluity. See our best Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velotes, Junius, Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lucius, with other Senators.

1 Sen. *Martius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us, The *Volsces* are in Arms.

Mor. They have a Leader, *Tullus Aufidius* that will put you to't: I sin in envying his Nobility: And were I any thing but what I am, I could wish me only, he.

Com. You have fought together?
Mor. Were half to half the World by th' ears, and he Upon my party, I'd revolt to make Only my Wars with him. He is a Lion That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then worthy *Martius*, Attend upon *Cominius* to these Wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mor. Sir, it is, And I am constant: *Titus Lucius*, thou Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*'s Face.

What art thou still? Stand'st out?

Tit. No, *Cain* *Martius*, I'll lean upon one Crutch, and fight with t'other; E're I stay behind this business.

Mor. 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.

Mor. Nay, let them follow, The *Volsces* have much Corn: take these Rats thither To gnaw their Garners. Worshipful Motiners, Your valour puts well forth: Pray, follow. [Exit.

[Citizens steal away. *Mor* enters Sicin. and Brutus.

Sicin. Was ever man so proud, as is this *Martius*?

Br. He has no equal. *Sic.* When we were chosen Tribunes for the People—

Br. Mark'd you his Lips and Eyes,

Sic. Nay, but his Taunts.

Br. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest Moon.

Br. The present Wars devour him, he is grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a Nature, tickled with good success, dis-

dains the shadow which he treads on at noon, but I do wonder, his insolence can brook to be commanded under

Cominius?

Br. 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*.

Br. 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.

Br. Let's along.

Enter *Tullus Aufidius* with Senators of *Corioli*.

1 Sen. So, your Opinion is, *Aufidius*, 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 Whether '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 appar'd to *Rome*. By the discovery, We shall be shortned in our aim, which was To take in many Towns, e're (almost) *Rome* Should know we are a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble *Aufidius*, Take your Commission, hie you to your Bands Let us alone to guard *Corioli*:

If they set down before's, for the remove Bring up your Army: But (I think) you'll find 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 *Cain* *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.

[Exit omnes.]

Enter *Volturnia* and *Virgilia*, Mother and Wife to *Martius*: They set them down on two low Stools, and *Sen*.

Vol. I pray you, Daughter, sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: if my *Son* were my Husband, I would freelier joyce 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 Comeliness 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?

Vol. Then his good Report should have been my Son, I therein would have found issue. Hear me pro-

sef

fers 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 Country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Befeech you, give me leave to retire my self.

Volum. Indeed thou shalt not:

Methinks, I hear hither your Husbands Drum:

See him pluck *Aufidius* 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 Harveft-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 breast of *Hecuba*

When she did suckle *Heftor*, look'd not lovelier

Than *Heftor's* Forehead, when it spit forth Blood

At *Grecian* Swords contending: tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Virg. Heavens blefs my Lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'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-Mafter.

Val. A my word the Father's Son: I'll 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 fet 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'll not over the threshold, till my Lord return from the Wars.

Val. Fic, you confine your self most unreasonably:

Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with 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'll tell you excellent 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 solemnity 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 farewell.

[Exit 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'll buy him of you.

Luc. No, I'll 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 Aufidius, 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'll open of themselves. Hark you far off.

[Alarum far off.]

There is *Aufidius*. Lift, 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'll take him for a *Volscie*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarm, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches.

Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You flames of Rome: you Herd of Biles and Plagues
Plaster you o're, that you may be abhor'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 slight and aged fear? mend, and charge home,
Or by the Fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my Wars on you: Look to't: Come on,
If you'll stand fall, we'll beat them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.

*Another Alarm, 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.

3 *Sol.* See they have shut him in. [*Alarm 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 fenceless 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 Soldier
Even to *Calves* with, 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 scavourous, 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 carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. [*Exit.*]

[*Alarm 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 these General makes: To him;
There is the Man of my Souls hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans*: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whilst I with those that have the Spirit, will hallo
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 *Aufidius*, 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 farewell.

Luc. Thou worthiest *Martius*;

Go found thy Trumpet in the Market-place,
Call thither all the Officers o'th' Town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [*Exit.*]

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends, well fought, we are come
Like *Romans*, neither Foolish in our stands, (off,
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 encountering,
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Citizens of *Coriolanus* 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 *Volscies*
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 Ramp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Taker,
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 found, 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 pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding *Coriolanus* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning Grey-bound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slave
Which told me they had bear 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 fort may with 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 Flies.

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 *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'll 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 dismay'd, 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, 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. C.]*
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?
Lien. 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.

Lien. 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.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry *Rome*?
Auf. All places yield to him e're he fits 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 Sovereignty 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 utterance : 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't of all ; then shortly art thou mine. [Ex.]

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, I'll 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'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
 I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
 That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*,
 He would not answer to : Forbad all Names,
 He was a kind of Nothing, Titleless,
 Till he had forg'd himself a Name o'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 say 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'll 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-lhot
 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'll undertake't :

I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
 And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
 He was not taken well ; he had not din'd,
 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 stuff
 These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
 With Wine and feeding, we have suppler Souls
 Than in our Priest-like Fasts : therefore I'll watch him
 Till he be dieted to my request,
 And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very Rode into his kindness,
 And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll 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 : dismiss 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 solcite him
 For Mercy to his Country : therefore let's hence,
 And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [Exit.]

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) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore, Fellow,
 I must have leave to pass.

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*, *Cesar'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, Continance, 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 *Gorbes*,
 That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
 Hath yok'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Arms,
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This Cause of *Rome*, and chastis'd 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 Spoils,
 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 *Laavinia*, *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 *Gorbes*, 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 discharged 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 sufferest 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 Prodiges 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 slaughtered 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 freight.
And with our Swords upon a Pile of Wood,
Let's hew his Limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[Exit Sons with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious Piety.

Cbi. 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 threatening 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 Intraills feed the sacrificing Fire,
Whose Smoke, like Incense doth perfume the Skye.
Remaineth nought but to inter our Brethren,
And with loud Larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewell to their Souls.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.

In peace and Honour rest you here, my Sons,
Rome's 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 do on this Robe and trouble you ?
Be chosen with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yield up Rule, resign my Life,
And set abroad 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, canst thou tell ?

Titus. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.

Sat. *Romans*, do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not,
Till *Saturninus* 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.

Ba. 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 Sovereign
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 Mistletoe.
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 freight fall mad, or else dye suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish Tale,
But freight 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 Adulterers,
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 the 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 unrelenting 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'dst 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 loathsome 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 satisfy 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'll 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 devour. [*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 loathsome 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 light 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'll 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 murdered.

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 suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murdered Body, some the Murderers,
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 Emperour's Sons, with *Lavinia*, her Hands cut off,
her Tongue cut out, and ravish'd.

Dem. So now go tell, and if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd 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 bubbling 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 desflour'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* hath 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,
 That shall distill from these two ancient ruins,
 Than youthful *April* shall with all his Showers
 In Summers drought: Ple drop upon thee still,
 In Winter with warm Tears Ple 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 helpless 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, Ple 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 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 madd'd 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'en 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 Woe 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 lovethy 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, Ple 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 Cattle ?

Oh none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom 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'll go fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will use the Ax.

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll 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'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll 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 dispatch :

Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand :

Tell him, it was a hand that ward'd 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.

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 Extreame.

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 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.

Mar. Now let hot *Aena* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart ~~in~~ 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 kifs is comfortless,
As frozen Water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now farewell 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 blifs,
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 kifs and part, for we have much to do.

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 *Saturninus* and his Emprefs
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 unknot 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 outrageous 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 *Aeneas* 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 : Hark *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, mess'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 Grandfire 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 Grandfires 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 Emprefs *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 likenes 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'll 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, Grandfire, 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.

Tit. 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 *Tullius* 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 Grandfire 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 ere my Mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my Youth,
Which made me down to throw my Books, and fly
Causeless 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. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovids Metamorphosis*,
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps the 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 Niece, 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 fandy 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 exclaim.
My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia*, kneel,
And kneel, sweet Boy, the Roman Hellors 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 profecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon these Trayterous *Gorbes*,
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 yolk 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! Ple fit thee, and withall, my Boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress Sons,
Presenting that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou! It do thy Message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I, with my Dagger in their Bosome, Grandfire.

Tit. No, Boy, not so, I'll teach thee another Courfe,
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my Houfe,
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,

I marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on.

Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good Man groan,
And not relent, or not compallion 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*.

[*Exeunt.*]

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 Grandfire, 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 vita scelerisque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec

arvu.
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 *As*?

Here's no found 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 Caterwauling 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 Dagers point.
Aaron. Out you Whore, is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowfe, you are a beauteous bloffom sure.
Dem. What hast thou done?

Aaron. That which thou can't not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our Mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish Dog, thou hast undone—
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. Ple 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 murderous 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 *Aicides*, nor the God of War,
Shall feize this prey out of his Fathers hands,

What, what, ye fanguine shallow-hearted Boys,
Ye white-limb' Walls, ye Ale-houfe 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 Mistres thus?

Aaron. My Mistres is my Mistres: 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 privilege your beauty bears:

Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counfels 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 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 cries 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 babbling Gossip ? No, Lords, no :

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one *Mulitens*, 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'll bear you hence,

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :

I'll make you feed on berries, and on Roots,

And feed on Curds, and Why, 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 astra reliquit, be you remembered, *Marcus*.

She's gone, she's fled, Sirs, take ye to your Tools,

You, Cousins, shall go found 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 'tattend 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'll 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 Apollonem*,

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.

Toit, 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 vanities? 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 he not prompt by Ancestry, whose grace
Chalks Successors 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
Peep 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 privy o'th' King) to 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, aboarded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:

For *France* hath slaw'd the League; and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at *Bourdeaux*.

Abur. Is it therefore

Th' Ambassadour 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'll find it wholsom. Lo, where comes that Rock
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolfey, 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 revild
Me as his abject object, at this instant
He bores me with some trick; He's gone to th' King;
I'll 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'll to the King,

And, from a mouth of Honour, quite cry down
This *Ipswich* Fellows insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;

Heat not a Furnace for your Foe so hot
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftnes, that which we run at;
And lose by ~~an~~ over-running; know you not,
The Fire, that mounts the liquor, til't run o're,
In seeming to augment it, waxes 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'll 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'll 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 ratif'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 Intervew 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 pay'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.

Norf. 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 Sovereign King.

Buck. Loe you, my Lord,
The net has fall upon me, I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry

To see you ta'en 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'ft 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, rattach 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 o'th' *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. [Exit.

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'll hear him his Confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Master
He shall again relate.

*Anoise, 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 sollicit 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 slaw'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 *Spinners*, *Corders*, *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 Sovereign 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 Curfes now
Live where their Prayers did: and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd 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 Chronicle 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 Secres.]

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 raviht 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 besnear'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 Prophecie of *Nicholas Henton*.

King. What was that *Henton*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux Fryer*,
His Confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of Sovereignty.

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 pawlingly 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, Ple 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 Lovell'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.

Queen. God mend all.

(say't?)

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 fwear 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 *Chriftendom*, 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 fly 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, Ple 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 wherewithal in him;
Sparing would shew a worse sin, than ill Doctrine,
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are fet 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.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed Steeds,
Toward *Phaëbus* lodging; such a Wagoner
As *Phaëton* would whip you to the West,
And bring in cloudy night immediately;
Spred thy clofe Curtain, Love-performing night,
That run-aways eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leap to these Arms, untalkt of and unfeen;
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-tuted Matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning Match,
Play'd for a pair of stainles Maidenheads,
Hood my unmann'd Blood bairing 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 fold,
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.

Jul. 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.

Jul. Can Heav'n be so envious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though Heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo*?

Jul. 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 founds 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.

Jul. 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.

Jul. 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 found 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.

Jul. O God!

Did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tybalt's* Blood?

Nur. It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Jul. O Serpent Heart, hid with a flowing 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 difformers,
Ah where's my man? Give me some *Aqua-vita*?
These Griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy Tongue

For such a wish, he was not born to shame:
Upon his Brow shame is aham'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?

Jul. 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 worse 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 found,
Where is my Father and my Mother, Nurse?

* E e e 3

Nur.

Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalts* Coarse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. 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, Ple to my Wedding-bed,
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, Ple find *Romeo*
To comfort you, I wot well where he is:
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at Night,
Ple to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Jul. 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 sowl 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 ruht 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 Mousse, 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 *Juliet's* 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 halt 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. Ple give thee Armour to keep off that word,
Adversties sweet milk, Phylofophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet, banished? Hang up Philofophy,
Unless Phylofophy 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 wife-men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me-despair with thees 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 *Tybalts* 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 Mistrefs 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 *Tybalts* 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

Jul. 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.

Jul. 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,
Subtly hath Minister'd to have me Dead,
Left 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 ere my *Romeo* comes.

Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of Death and Night,
Together with the Terror 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,
Invirion'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'll 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 Mousse-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, firrah, 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. Mafs and well said, a merry Horsion, 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'll go and chat with *Paris*: Hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bridegroom, he is come already:
Make haste, I say.

Nur. Mistres, what Mistres? *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 found 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 fetled, 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 fight 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 fo 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 overthrow'n:

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 fought 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 ordain'd 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 fullen 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 pittifull Case.
Mu. I by my Troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh Musicians,
Hearts ease, hearts ease,
O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease.

Mu. Why hearts ease?

Pet. O Musicians,
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 foundly.

Mu. What will you give us?

Pet. No Money on my Faith, but the Gleeck.

I will give you the Minitrel.

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 found.

Why Silver found? Why Musick with her Silver found?

What say you *Simon Catling*.

Mu. Marry Sir, because Silver hath a sweet found.

Pet. Pratest, what say you *Hugh Rebick*?

2 *Mu.* I say Silver found, because Musicians found 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 found,

Because Musicians have no Gold for founding:

Then Musick with her Silver found, with speedy help doth
lend redress.

[*Exit.*]

Mu. What a pestilent Knave is this fame?

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 cheerful 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 possesst,
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

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