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The Henry Irving Shakespeare

VOLUME 7

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
EDITED BY HENRY IRVING
AND FRANK A. MARSHALL



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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.





Mr. Sweet lord, you play me false.

THE TEMPEST
Act V. Scene 1. line 173

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

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

AND
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

VOLUME VII.



LONDON:
BLACKIE & SON, 49 & 50 OLD BAILEY, E.C.;
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND DUBLIN.

1890.

PREFATORY NOTE.

I regret to say that continued ill-health has not only caused unavoidable delay in the issue of this volume, but has enforced a further postponement of the play of Hamlet to vol. viii., and has compelled me to confine my share of the work to a few notes, which bear my initials.

I have to express my gratitude to all my colleagues who, under these circumstances, have kindly supplied my place; without whose loyal aid, indeed, the volume could not have made its appearance. Amongst them I may thank especially my two friends, Mr. A. Wilson Verity and Mr. Arthur Symons, the former of whom edited Titus Andronicus, while the latter collated and annotated The Tempest and edited The Winter's Tale. For the introduction to The Tempest I am indebted to the kindness and ability of Mr. Richard Garnett; and to Mr. H. A. Evans I owe thanks for his editorial work on Timon of Athens and Cymbeline. But most of all am I indebted to my old friend Mr. Joseph Knight for kindly undertaking, amidst many other engagements, the stage histories—a branch of the subject on which there is no higher authority than he.

The illustrations for The Tempest have been furnished by Mr. Gordon Browne; the other plays in the volume have been illustrated by Mr. W. H. Margetson, Mr. Frank Dadd, and Mr. Maynard Brown. All the illustrations for Volume viii. will be designed by Mr. Gordon Browne.

I may be forgiven if I refer for a moment to myself. I cannot pass this opportunity of thanking the countless friends who, from all quarters of the world, have, during the last three months, wished me God-speed towards recovery. Most of them are perfect strangers to me, but for their kindly expressed wishes for my renewed health I thank them from the bottom of my heart.

F. A. MARSHALL.

LONDON, *Dec.* 1889.

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PASSAGES AND SCENES ILLUSTRATED.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

<p>Vignette, 14</p> <p>Act I. scene 1. lines 39, 40, 15 <i>Pain.</i> How this lord is follow'd! <i>Poet.</i> The senators of Athens:—happy man!</p> <p>Act I. scene 2. lines 137, 138, 22 <i>Apen.</i> Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way! They dance! they are mad women.</p> <p>Act II. scene 2. lines 7, 8, 25 <i>Flav.</i> What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel: I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.</p> <p>Act II. scene 2. lines 161–163, 27 <i>Flav.</i> O my good lord, the world is but a word: Were it all yours to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone!</p> <p>Act III. scene 1. lines 50, 51, 30 <i>Flam.</i> Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee!</p> <p>Act III. scene 4. line 80, 34 <i>Tim.</i> What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?</p> <p>Act III. scene 6. lines 109, 110, 37 <i>Tim.</i> What, dost thou go? Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou.</p>	<p>Act IV. scene 1. lines 21–23, 39 <i>Tim.</i> Plagues incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke!</p> <p>Act IV. scene 3. line 53, 41 <i>Tim.</i> I am <i>Misanthropos</i>, and hate mankind.</p> <p>Act IV. scene 3. lines 373–375, 47 <i>Tim.</i> Thou tedious rogue! I'm sorry I shall lose A stone by thee.</p> <p>Act IV. scene 3. lines 497–499, (<i>Etching</i>) 49 <i>Tim.</i> Had I a steward So true, so just, and now so comfortable? It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.</p> <p>Act V. scene 1. lines 31, 32, 50 <i>Tim.</i> [<i>Aside</i>] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.</p> <p>Act V. scene 3. lines 5, 6, 54 <i>Sold.</i> What's on this tomb I cannot read: the character I'll take with wax.</p> <p>Tailpiece, 56</p> <p>Vignette, 74</p>
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CYMBELINE.

Act I. scene 1. line 125, 89	Act III. scene 6. lines 24–26, 121
<i>Cym.</i> Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!	<i>Imo.</i> Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter. Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Act I. scene 4. lines 136–138, 95	Act IV. scene 2. lines 74, 75, 125
<i>Post.</i> What lady would you choose to assail? <i>Iach.</i> Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.	<i>Clo.</i> Thou art a robber, A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Act I. scene 5. line 5, 97	Act IV. scene 2. lines 368–370, 130
<i>Cor.</i> Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam.	<i>Imo.</i> This was my master, A very valiant Briton and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain.
Act I. scene 6. lines 135, 136, 101	Act V. scene 3. lines 23, 24, 135
<i>Iach.</i> Revenge it. I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure.	<i>Post.</i> Made good the passage; cried to those that fled, "Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men."
Act II. scene 2. lines 11–14, 104	Act V. scene 4. lines 1, 2, 137
<i>Iach.</i> The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd The chastity he wounded.	<i>First Gaol.</i> You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you; So graze as you find pasture.
Act II. scene 4. line 147, 109	Act V. scene 5. lines 263, 264, 143
<i>Post.</i> O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!	<i>Post.</i> Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die!
Act III. scene 3. lines 73–75, 114	Act V. scene 5. lines 417, 418, (<i>Etching</i>) 145
<i>Bel.</i> But, up to the mountains! This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast.	<i>Post.</i> Kneel not to me: The power that I have on you is to spare you.
Act III. scene 4. lines 68–70, 117	
<i>Imo.</i> look! I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.	

THE TEMPEST.

Act I. scene 2. lines 146–148, 189	Act II. scene 2. lines 25–28, 206
<i>Pros.</i> A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats Instinctively have quit it.	<i>Trin.</i> What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish; he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.
Act I. scene 2. lines 5–8, 191	Act II. scene 2. line 192, 209
<i>Mir.</i> O, I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces.	<i>Ste.</i> O brave monster! lead the way.
Act I. scene 2. lines 189, 190, 194	Act III. scene 1. lines 68–70, 211
<i>Ari.</i> All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come To answer thy best pleasure.	<i>Fer.</i> O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true!
Act I. scene 2. lines 344–346, 197	Act III. scene 2. lines 83–85, 213
<i>Pros.</i> Thou most lying slave, Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee, Fiith as thou art, with human care.	<i>Ari.</i> Thou liest. <i>Ste.</i> Do I so? take thou that [<i>strikes Trinculo</i>]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Act I. scene 2. line 387, 199	Act III. scene 2. lines 146–149, 214
<i>Fer.</i> Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?	<i>Cal.</i> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears: and sometimes voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again.
Act I. scene 2. lines 464–466, 200	Act III. scene 3, 215
<i>Fer.</i> No; I will resist such entertainment till Mine enemy has more power.	

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Act IV. scene 1. lines 256–258, 220	Act V. scene 1. line 172, (Etching) 225
<i>Pros.</i> Hey, Mountain, hey!	<i>Mir.</i> Sweet lord, you play me false.
<i>Ari.</i> Silver! there it goes, Silver!	Act V. scene 1, 226
<i>Pros.</i> Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!	<i>Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain</i>
Act V. scene 1. line 91, 223	<i>amazedly following.</i>
<i>Ari.</i> On the bat's back I do fly.	Tailpiece, 228

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Tailpiece, 260	Act IV. scene 1. line 77, 283
Act I. scene 1. line 163, 261	<i>Tit.</i> O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
<i>Lav.</i> O, bless me here with thy victorious hand.	Act V. scene 1. lines 37, 38, 291
Act II. scene 1. lines 43, 44, 269	<i>Sec. Goth.</i> With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd
<i>Chi.</i> Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,	upon him,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.	Surpris'd him suddenly.
Act II. scene 3. line 185, 274	Act V. scene 2. line 167, 295
<i>Chi.</i> Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her	<i>Tit.</i> Come, come, Lavinia, look, thy foes are bound.
husband.	Tailpiece, 299

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Act I. scene 1. lines 6–8, 321	Act III. scene 3. lines 69–71, 344
<i>Cam.</i> I think, this coming summer, the King of	<i>Shep.</i> Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we
Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which	here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!
he justly owes him.	Act IV. scene 3. lines 79, 80, 347
Act I. scene 2. lines 56, 57, 323	<i>Aut.</i> Softly, dear sir [<i>picks his pocket</i>]; good sir, softly.
<i>Pol.</i> Your guest, then, madam:	You ha' done me a charitable office.
To be your prisoner should import offending.	Act IV. scene 4. lines 166, 167, 351
Act I. scene 2. lines 299, 300, 327	<i>Pol.</i> Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
<i>Leon.</i> It is; you lie, you lie:	Which dances with your daughter?
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.	Act IV. scene 4. line 394, 354
Act II. scene 1. lines 1, 2, 330	<i>Shep.</i> Take hands, a bargain!
<i>Her.</i> Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,	Act IV. scene 4. lines 733–736, 359
'Tis past enduring.	<i>Aut.</i> Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [<i>Takes</i>
Act II. scene 2. lines 26–29, 334	<i>off his false beard.</i>] How now, rustics! whither are you
<i>Emil.</i> A daughter; and a goodly babe,	bound?
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives	Act V. scene 1. lines 207, 208, 364
Much comfort in't; says, "My poor prisoner,	<i>Leon.</i> My lord,
I am innocent as you."	Is this the daughter of a king?
Act II. scene 3. lines 125, 126, 337	Act V. scene 3. lines 79, 80, (Etching) 368
<i>Paul.</i> I pray you, do not push me: I'll be gone.	<i>Leon.</i> Let no man mock me,
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours.	For I will kiss her.
Act III. scene 2. lines 149, 150, 341	Act V. scene 3. lines 120, 121, 369
<i>Paul.</i> This news is mortal to the queen: look down,	<i>Paul.</i> Turn, good lady;
And see what death is doing.	Our Perdita is found.

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