

## Storytelling and Literature(38041-03)

Fall 2018

Chankil Park(ckpark@ewha.ac.kr, 316 Humanities Bd., Office Hour: by appointment,  
Tel: 02-3277-2160)

Class: 315 Hakwan, Tue 12:30-13:45/ Fri 14:00-15:15

**Course Description:** This course explores the various forms of storytelling written or performed in English Literature. Analyzing the various ways in which the art of storytelling has been adopted in the tradition of English Literature, we will mainly focus on three characters from the mythological tales and legends which British writers have kept retelling or remaking time and again in the long history of English Literature: Arthur, Faust, and Pygmalion. Some film adaptations of the stories in question will also be discussed along with the literary texts based on the same materials.

**Text:** A coursepack will be made available at the Copy Centre at the beginning of the semester. Other materials will be provided at my website(www.armytag.net). Unless otherwise specified, supplemental reading materials and/or handouts will be posted online prior to class. Visit our cyber campus regularly for announcements and/or course materials.

**Evaluation:** Attendance 10%, Class Participation 10%, Presentations 20(Performance 10, Script 10)%, Exams 60%

**Attendance and Tardiness:** Failing to attend the class 10 times or more will automatically result in F. Being late more than 10 minutes will count as a late attendance and two late attendances will count as one absence.

### Tentative Schedule

#### September

4 General Introduction: Arthur, Faust, Pygmalion

7 Sources for King Arthur Stories: Geoffrey of Monmouth, "The Early Days of Arthur"(pp.50-53, pp.61-62)

11 Wace, from *Le Roman de Brut*; Layamon, *Brut*

14 Introduction on Thomas Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*

18 Reading a part of the original text from *Norton Anthology I*(p.448-451)

21 Film Viewing I: *Excalibur*(1981)

28 Lecture I and Discussion on the film

## **October**

- 2 Presentations I
- 5 Presentation continued and Q & A
- 12 Exam I
- 16 Introduction and Scene 3 of Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*
- 19 Continued: Scene 5(1- 145)
- 23 Continued: Scene 5(146-346)
- 30 Continued: Scene 12

## **November**

- 2 Film Viewing II: *Bedazzled*(2000)
- 6 Lecture II and Discussion on the film
- 9 Presentations II
- 13 Presentation continued and Q & A
- 16 Exam II
- 20 Sources for Pygmalion Stories: Ovid, from *Metamorphoses* ll. 287-360
- 23 Pygmalion, a Cartoon version
- 27 from Bernard Shaw, Act I of *Pygmalion*
- 30 Continued Act IV of *Pygmalion*

## **December**

- 4 Film Viewing III: *My Fair Lady*
- 7 Lecture III and Discussion
- 11 Presentations III and Q & A
- 14 Exam III

Makeup Classes: September 21, November 2, and December 4

\*Reading Schedule is only tentative and some changes can take place also in the list of literary texts, which will be announced at the first class.

## Chapter 4.

# The Early Days of Arthur

by Geoffrey of Monmouth

Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae* (c.1136) is the earliest surviving text which deals not only with the historical or pseudo-historical figure of Arthur, but also with the mythical dimension which becomes such an essential part of the stories thereafter. Geoffrey's Arthur is a military genius, a strong and forthright king, and above all a typically mediaeval man—despite the fact that Geoffrey tells us he is writing a 'history' of the Britons which he found in an ancient book. Of this book we now have no knowledge, and it is generally supposed never to have existed, but to have been a spurious source of the kind often adopted by mediaeval writers to give their word an added quality of veracity.

However, it must be said that the *Historia* contains so much of an ancient and traditional nature, that Geoffrey was almost certainly drawing upon much earlier, possibly aural, sources for his work. In particular the sections dealing with the life and prophecies of Merlin, have about them an air of authenticity which, as Bob Stewart has shown in his two books on Merlin,<sup>1</sup> cause us to think of Geoffrey in a very different way—as a poet and an embellisher of history rather than as a forger as was hitherto the case.

The sections quoted here relate to the early days of Arthur's reign and show him extending his sway over much of Europe and Scandinavia. The strength of Geoffrey's narrative, so ably captured the early translation of J. W. Giles, holds true for the whole of the text, which contains many fascinating stories of ancient British Kings. Of particular interest is the description of Arthur's coronation, which not only shows the way the story was already tending towards the spectacle of the later romances, but also contains a very revealing list of names. This catalogue, which I have dealt with more fully elsewhere,<sup>2</sup> shows clearly that Geoffrey had access to ancient documents relating to the earliest heroes of Britain. The fantastic chronicle of Arthurian conquest, which as the translator notes is so unlikely that it is a matter for some wonder that anyone ever took it seriously, also indicates, at a deeper level, the breadth of Arthur's hold over the imagination of that particular time.



1. *Arthur succeeds Uther in the kingdom of Britain, and besieges Colgrin.*

Uther Pendragon being dead, the nobility from several provinces assembled together at Silchester, and proposed to Dubricius, archbishop of Legions, that he should consecrate Arthur, Uther's son, to be their king. For they were now in great straits, because, upon hearing of the king's

death, the Saxons had invited over their countrymen from Germany, and, under the command of Colgrin, were attempting to exterminate the whole British race. They had also entirely subdued all that part of the island which extends from the Humber to the sea of Caithness. Dubricius, therefore, grieving for the calamities of his country, in conjunction with the other bishops, set the crown upon Arthur's head. Arthur was then fifteen years old, but a youth of such unparalleled courage and generosity, joined with that sweetness of temper and innate goodness, as gained him universal love. When his coronation was over, he, according to usual custom, showed his bounty and munificence to the people. And such a number of soldiers flocked to him upon it, that his treasury was not able to answer that vast expense. But such a spirit of generosity, joined with valour, can never long want means to support itself. Arthur, therefore, the better to keep up his munificence, resolved to make use of his courage, and to fall upon the Saxons, that he might enrich his followers with their wealth. To this he was also moved by the justice of the cause, since the entire monarchy of Britain belonged to him by hereditary right. Hereupon assembling the youth under his command, he marched to York, of which, when Colgrin had intelligence, he met him with a very great army, composed of Saxons, Scots, and Picts, by the river Duglas; where a battle happened, with the loss of the greater part of both armies. Notwithstanding, the victory fell to Arthur, who pursued Colgrin to York, and there besieged him. Baldulph, upon the news of his brother's flight, went towards the siege with a body of six thousand men, to his relief; for at the time of the battle he was upon the sea-coast, waiting the arrival of duke Cheldric with succours from Germany. And being now no more than ten miles distant from the city, his purpose was to make a speedy march in the night-time, and fall upon the enemy by way of surprise. But Arthur, having intelligence of his design, sent a detachment of six hundred horse, and three thousand foot, under the command of Cador, duke of Cornwall, to meet him the same night. Cador, therefore, falling into the same road along which the enemy was passing, made a sudden assault upon them, and entirely defeated the Saxons, and put them to flight. Baldulph was excessively grieved at this disappointment in the relief which he intended for his brother, and began to think of some other stratagem to gain access to him; in which if he could but succeed, he thought they might concert measures together for their safety. And since he had no other way for it, he shaved his head and beard, and put on the habit of a jester with a harp, and in this disguise walked up and down in the camp, playing upon his instrument as if he had been a harper. He thus passed unsuspected, and by a little and little went up to the walls of the city, where he was at last discovered by the besieged, who thereupon drew him up with cords, and conducted him to his brother. At this unexpected, though much desired meeting,

they spent some time in joyfully embracing each other, and then began to consider various stratagems for their delivery. At last, just as they were considering their case desperate, the ambassadors returned from Germany, and brought with them to Albania a fleet of six hundred sail, laden with brave soldiers, under the command of Cheldric. Upon this news, Arthur was dissuaded by his council from continuing the siege any longer, for fear of hazarding a battle with so powerful and numerous an army.

*II. Hoel sends fifteen thousand men to Arthur's assistance.*

Arthur complied with their advice, and made his retreat to London, where he called an assembly of all the clergy and nobility of the kingdom, to ask their advice, what course to take against the formidable power of the pagans. After some deliberation, it was agreed that ambassadors should be despatched into Armorica, to king Hoel, to represent to him the calamitous state of Britain. Hoel was the son of Arthur's sister by Dubricius, king of the Armorican Britons; so that, upon advice of the disturbances his uncle was threatened with, he ordered his fleet to be got ready, and, having assembled fifteen thousand men, he arrived with the first fair wind at Hamo's Port,<sup>3</sup> and was received with all suitable honour by Arthur, and most affectionately embraced by him.

*III. Arthur makes the Saxons his tributaries.*

After a few days they went to relieve the city Kaerliudcoit, that was besieged by the pagans; which being situated upon a mountain, between two rivers in the province of Lindisia, is called by another name Lindocolinum.<sup>4</sup> As soon as they arrived there with all their forces, they fought with the Saxons, and made a grievous slaughter of them, to the number of six thousand; part of whom were drowned in the rivers, part fell by the hands of the Britons. The rest in a great consternation quitted the siege and fled, but were closely pursued by Arthur, till they came to the wood of Celidon, where they endeavoured to form themselves into a body again, and make a stand. And here they again joined battle with the Britons, and made a brave defence, whilst the trees that were in the place secured them against the enemies' arrows. Arthur, seeing this, commanded the trees that were in that part of the wood to be cut down, and the trunks to be placed quite round them, so as to hinder their getting out; resolving to keep them pent up here till he could reduce them by famine. He then commanded his troops to besiege the wood, and continued three days in that place. The Saxons, having now no provisions to sustain them, and being just ready to starve with hunger, begged for leave to go out; in consideration whereof they offered to leave all their gold and silver behind them, and return back

to Germany with nothing but their empty ships. They promised also that they would pay him tribute from Germany, and leave hostages with him. Arthur, after consultation about it, granted their petition; allowing them only leave to depart, and retaining all their treasures, as also hostages for payment of the tribute. But as they were under sail on their return home, they repented of their bargain, and tacked about again towards Britain, and went on shore at Totness. No sooner were they landed, than they made an utter devastation of the country as far as the Severn sea, and put all the peasants to the sword. From thence they pursued their furious march to the town of Bath, and laid siege to it. When the king had intelligence of it, he was beyond measure surprised at their proceedings, and immediately gave orders for the execution of the hostages. And desisting from an attempt which he had entered upon to reduce the Scots and Picts, he marched with the utmost expedition to raise the siege; but laboured under very great difficulties, because he had left his nephew Hoel sick at Alclud. At length, having entered the province of Somerset, and beheld how the siege was carried on, he addressed himself to his followers in these words: 'Since these impious and detestable Saxons have disdained to keep faith with me, I, to keep faith with God, will endeavour to revenge the blood of my countrymen this day upon them. To arms, soldiers, to arms, and courageously fall upon the perfidious wretches, over whom we shall, with Christ assisting us, undoubtedly obtain the victory.'

*IV. Dubricius's speech against the treacherous Saxons. Arthur with his own hand kills four hundred and seventy Saxons in one battle. Colgrin and Baldulph are killed in the same.*

When he had done speaking, St Dubricius, archbishop of Legions, going to the top of a hill, cried out with a loud voice, 'You that have the honour to profess the Christian faith, keep fixed in your minds the love which you owe to your country and fellow subjects, whose sufferings by the treachery of pagans will be an everlasting reproach to you, if you do not courageously defend them. It is your country which you fight for, and for which you should, when required, voluntarily suffer death; for that itself is victory and the cure of the soul. For he that shall die for his brethren, offers himself a living sacrifice to God, and has Christ for his example, who condescended to lay down his life for his brethren. If therefore any of you shall be killed in this war, that death itself, which is suffered in so glorious a cause, shall be to him for penance and absolution of all his sins.' At these words, all of them, encouraged with the benediction of the holy prelate, instantly armed themselves, and prepared to obey his orders. Also Arthur himself, having put on a coat of mail suitable to the grandeur of so powerful a king, placed a golden helmet upon his head, on which was engraven the figure of a dragon;

cure any sick person by his prayers. There came also the consuls of the principal cities, viz. Morvid, consul of Gloucester; Mauron, of Worcester; Anaraut, of Salisbury; Arthgal, of Carguiet or Warguit; Jugein, of Legecester; Cursalen, of Kaicester; Kinmare, duke of Dorobernia; Galluc, of Salisbury; Urgennius, of Bath; Jonathal, of Dorchester; Boso, of Ridoc, that is, Oxford. Besides the consuls, came the following worthies of no less dignity: Danaut, Map Papo; Cheneus, Map Coil; Peredur, Mab Eridur; Guiful, Map Nogoit; Regin, Map Claut; Eddelein, Map cledauc; Kincar, Mab Bagan; Kimmare; Gorboroniam, Map Goit; Clofaut, Rupmaneton; Kimbelim, Map Trunat; Cathleus, Map Catel; Kinlich, Map Neton; and many others too tedious to enumerate. From the adjacent islands came Guillamurius, king of Ireland; Malvasius, king of Iceland; Doldavius, king of Gothland; Gunfasius, king of the Orkneys; Lot, king of Norway; Aschillius, king of the Dacians. From the parts beyond the seas, came Holdin, king of Ruteni; Leodegarius, consul of Bolonia; Bedver, the butler, duke of Normandy; Borellus, of Cenomania; Caius, the sewer, duke of Andegavia; Guitard, of Pictavia; also the twelve peers of Gaul, whom Guerinus Carnotensis brought along with him: Hoel, duke of the Armorican Britons, and his nobility, who came with such a train of mules, horses, and rich furniture, as it is difficult to describe. Besides these, there remained no prince of any consideration on this side of Spain, who came not upon this invitation. And no wonder, when Arthur's munificence, which was celebrated over the whole world, made him beloved by all people.

### XIII. *A description of the royal pomp at the coronation of Arthur.*

When all were assembled together in the city, upon the day of the solemnity, the archbishops were conducted to the palace, in order to place the crown upon the king's head. Therefore Dubricius, inasmuch as the court was kept in his diocese, made himself ready to celebrate the office, and undertook the ordering of whatever related to it. As soon as the king was invested with his royal habiliments, he was conducted in great pomp to the metropolitan church, supported on each side by two archbishops, and having four kings, viz. of Albania, Cornwall, Demetia, and Venedotia, whose right it was, bearing four golden swords before him. He was also attended with a concert of all sorts of music, which made most excellent harmony. On another part was the queen, dressed out in her richest ornaments, conducted by the archbishops and bishops to the Temple of Virgins; the four queens also of the kings last mentioned, bearing before her four white doves according to ancient custom; and after her there followed a retinue of women, making all imaginable demonstrations of joy. When the whole procession was ended, so transporting was the harmony of the musical instruments and voices, whereof there was a vast variety in both churches, that the



knights who attended were in doubt which to prefer, and therefore crowded from the one to the other by turns, and were far from being tired with the solemnity, though the whole day had been spent in it. At last, when divine service was over at both churches, the king and queen put off their crowns, and putting on their lighter ornaments, went to the banquet; he to one palace with the men, and she to another with the women. For the Britons still observed the ancient custom of Troy, by which the men and women used to celebrate their festivals apart. When they had all taken their seats according to precedence, Caius the server, in rich robes of ermine, with a thousand young noblemen, all in like manner clothed with ermine, served up the dishes. From another part, Bedver the butler was followed with the same number of attendants, in various habits, who waited with all kinds of cups and drinking vessels. In the queen's palace were innumerable waiters, dressed with variety of ornaments, all performing their respective offices; which if I should describe particularly, I should draw out the history to a tedious length. For at that time Britain had arrived at such a pitch of grandeur, that in abundance of riches, luxury of ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants, it far surpassed all other kingdoms. The knights in it that were famous for feats of chivalry, wore their clothes and arms all of the same colour and fashion: and the women also no less celebrated for their wit, wore all the same kind of apparel; and esteemed none worthy of their love, but such as had given a proof of their valour in three several battles. Thus was the valour of the men an encouragement for the women's chastity, and the love of the woman a spur to the soldier's bravery.

*XIV. After a variety of sports at the coronation, Arthur amply rewards his servants.*

As soon as the banquets were over, they went into the fields without the city, to divert themselves with various sports. The military men composed a kind of diversion in imitation of a fight on horseback; and the ladies, placed on the top of the walls as spectators, in a sportive manner darted their amorous glances at the courtiers, the more to encourage them. Others spent the remainder of the day in other diversions, such as shooting with bows and arrows, tossing the pike, casting of heavy stones and rocks, playing at dice and the like, and all these inoffensively and without quarrelling. Whoever gained the victory in any of these sports, was rewarded with a rich prize by Arthur. In this manner were the first three days spent; and on the fourth, all who, upon account of their titles, bore any kind of office at this solemnity, were called together to receive honours and preferments in reward of their services, and to fill up the vacancies in the governments of cities and castles, archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, and other posts of honour.

<sup>1</sup> *The Mystic Life of Merlin*, Arkana, 1987, and *The Prophetic Vision of Merlin*, Arkana, 1986.

<sup>2</sup> *Warriors of Arthur* by John Matthews & Bob Stewart, Blandford Press, 1987.

<sup>3</sup> Southampton.

<sup>4</sup> Lincoln.

white doe in his right hand, raised his face to her statue and broke the silence with these words:<sup>1</sup>

Mighty goddess of woodlands, terror of the wild boar,  
 Thou who art free to traverse the ethereal heavens  
 And the mansions of hell, disclose my rights on this earth  
 And say what lands it is your wish for us to inhabit,  
 What dwelling-place where I shall worship you all my life,  
 Where I shall dedicate temples to you with virgin choirs.

After he had spoken this prayer nine times, he walked four times around the altar and poured out the wine he was holding upon the hearth. Then he spread out the hide of the doe before the altar and lay down on it. He tried to doze off and finally fell asleep. It was now the third hour of the night when sweetest slumber overcomes mortals. Then it seemed to him that the goddess was standing before him and speaking to him like this:

Brutus, where the sun sets beyond the kingdoms of Gaul  
 Is an isle in the ocean, closed all around by the sea.  
 Once on a time giants lived on that isle in the ocean,  
 But now it stands empty and fit to receive your people.  
 Seek it out, for it shall be your homeland forever;  
 It shall be a second Troy for your descendants.  
 There kings shall be born of your seed and to them  
 All nations of the round earth shall be subject.

When the vision vanished, Brutus remained in doubt whether what he had seen was only a phantom or whether the actual voice of the goddess had foretold the homeland to which he was to travel. Finally he called his comrades and told them point by point what had happened to him while he slept. Waves of great joy swept over them, and they urged that they return to the ships and, while the wind blew behind them, head with swiftest sail toward the ocean to seek out what the goddess had promised. Without delay they rejoined their comrades and set out on the high seas.

1. Brutus's prayer and Diana's prophecy are written as Latin poetry and employ a more formal diction than the prose narrative. The entire episode is

meant to show off Geoffrey's classical learning and familiarity with pagan ritual.

## WACE

Wace (ca. 1110—ca. 1180) was a Norman cleric, born on the island of Jersey in the English Channel, which was then part of the dukedom of Normandy. Although educated for the church, he seems to have served the laity, perhaps in a secretarial function. All of his extant works, which include saints' lives, *Le Roman de Brut* (1155), and *Le Roman de Rou*, were written in French verse for a lay audience that would have included women like Eleanor of Aquitaine, to whom he dedicated the *Brut*, and Marie de France, who drew on that work in her lays. *Roman* in these titles refers to the fact that they are chronicles in French verse about, respectively, the dynasties of Brutus (first of the kings of Britain) and Rollo (first of the dukes of Normandy).

The *Roman de Brut* is a very free translation in eight-syllable couplets of Geoffrey

of Monmouth's Latin prose *History of the Kings of Britain*. (We have rendered Wace's verse as prose.) Wace has cut some details and added a good deal, including the first mention of the Round Table. He is far more interested than Geoffrey in creating an atmosphere of courtliness—in the way his characters dress, think, speak, and behave. The following selection covers a challenge delivered to Arthur by the Roman emperor Lucius and Arthur's response. This climactic sequence follows an elaborate coronation scene attended by a large gathering of kings and dukes from Britain and overseas who owe allegiance to Arthur and whose lands comprise what might be called the Arthurian Empire. At the feast following his coronation, Arthur's authority is challenged by ambassadors who present an insulting letter from Lucius. Arthur's reply is a masterpiece of feudal rhetoric that would have been admired by Wace's audience.

### *From Le Roman de Brut*

#### [THE ROMAN CHALLENGE]

Arthur was seated on a dais surrounded by counts and kings when a dozen white-haired, very well-dressed men came into the hall in pairs, one holding the other's hand. Each held an olive branch. They crossed the hall very slowly in an orderly and solemn procession, approached the king and hailed him. They said they had come from Rome as messengers. They unfolded a letter, which one of them gave to Arthur on behalf of the Roman emperor. Listen to what it said:

"Lucius who holds Rome in his domain and is sovereign lord of the Romans, proclaims to King Arthur, his enemy, what he has deserved. I am disdainful in amazement and am amazed with disdain at the inordinate and insane pride with which you have set your sights on Rome. With disdain and amazement I ask myself at whose prompting and from what quarters you have undertaken to pick a quarrel with Rome as long as a single Roman remains alive. You have acted with great recklessness in attacking us who have the right to rule the world and hold supremacy over it. You still don't know, but we shall teach you; you are blind, but we shall make you see what a great thing it is to anger Rome, which has the power to rule over everything. You have presumed beyond your place and crossed the bounds of your authority! Have you any idea who you are and where you come from—you who are taking and holding back the tribute that belongs to us? You are taking our tribute and our lands: why do you hold them, why don't you turn them over, why do you keep them, what right do you have to them? If you keep them any longer, you will be acting most recklessly. And if you are capable of holding them without our forcing you to give them up, you might as well say—an unprecedented miracle!—that the lion flees from the lamb, the wolf from the goat, the greyhound from the hare. But that could never happen, for Nature would not suffer it. Julius Caesar, our ancestor—but maybe you have little respect for him—conquered Britain and imposed a tribute that our people have collected since that time. And we have also been receiving tribute for a long time from the other islands surrounding you. And you have foolishly presumed to take tribute from both of them. Already you were guilty of senseless behavior, but you have committed an even greater insult that touches us still more closely than the losses we have sustained: you killed our vassal Frolo<sup>1</sup> and illegally occupied France.

1. Roman governor of France.

Therefore, since you are not afraid of Rome nor its great power, the Senate summons and orders you—for the summons is an order—to come before it in mid-August, ready, at whatever cost, to make full restitution of what you have taken from them. And thus you will give satisfaction for the wrongs of which we accuse you. But if you delay in any fashion to do what I command you, I will cross the Alps with an army and will deprive you of Britain and France. But I can't imagine that you will await my coming or will defend France against me. I don't think you will dare to face me on this side of the Channel. And even if you stay over there, you will never await my coming. You won't know a place to hide where I won't flush you out. I'll lead you to Rome in chains and hand you over to the Senate."

At these words there was a great uproar, and all were greatly enraged. You could have heard the Britons shouting loudly, calling God as witness and swearing by his name that they were going to punish the messengers. They would have showered them with abuse and insults, but the king rose to his feet and called out to them, "Silence! Silence! Don't lay a hand on these men. They are messengers; they have a master, they are bringing his message; they can say whatever they like. No one shall do them the slightest harm."

When the noise quieted down and the retainers recovered their composure, the king ordered his dukes and counts and his personal advisers to accompany him to a stone tower called the Giant Tower. There he wanted to seek advice on what to reply to the messengers. Side by side the barons and counts were already mounting the stairs, when Cador, the duke of Cornwall, with a smile spoke to the king, who was in front of him, as follows: "I've been afraid," he said, "and have often thought that leisure and peace might spoil the Britons, for leisure is conducive to bad habits and causes many a man to become lazy. Leisure diminishes prowess, leisure promotes lechery, leisure kindles clandestine love affairs. Through prolonged repose and leisure youth gets preoccupied with entertainment and pleasure and backgammon and other games of diversion. By staying put and resting for a long time, we could lose our reputation. Well, we've been asleep, but God has given us a little wake-up call—let us thank him for encouraging the Romans to challenge our country and the others we have conquered. Should the Romans find it in themselves to carry out what they say in that letter, the Britons will still retain their reputation for valor and strength. I never like peace for long, nor shall I love a peace that lasts a long time."

"My lord," said Gawain, "in faith, you're getting upset over nothing. Peace after war is a good thing. The land is better and more beautiful on account of it. It's very good to amuse oneself and to make love. It's for love and for their ladies that knights perform chivalrous deeds."

While bantering in this way, they entered the tower and took their seats. When Arthur saw them sitting down and waiting in silence with full attention, he paused for a moment in thought, then raised his head and spoke:

"Barons," he said, "you who are here, my companions and friends, you have stood by me in good times and bad; you have supported me when I had to go to war; you have taken my part whether I won or lost; you have been partners in my loss, and in my gain when I conquered. Thanks to you and your help, I have won many a victory. I have led you through many dangers by land and by sea, in places near and far. I have found you loyal in action and in counsel. I have tested your mettle many times and always found it good. Thanks to you

the neighboring countries are subject to me. You have heard the Romans' order, the tenor of the letter, and the overbearingness and arrogance of their demands. They have provoked and threatened us enough, but if God protects us, we shall do away with the Romans. They are rich and have great power, and now we must carefully consider what we can properly and reasonably say and do. Trouble is dealt with better when a strategy has been worked out in advance. If someone sees the arrow in flight, he must get out of the way or shield himself. That is how we must proceed. The Romans want to shoot at us, and we must get ready so that they cannot wound us. They demand tribute from Britain and must have it, so they tell us; they demand the same from the other islands and from France.

"But first I shall reply how matters stand with regard to Britain. They claim that Caesar conquered it; Caesar was a powerful man and carried out his will by force. The Britons could not defend themselves against him, and he exacted tribute from them by force. But might is not right; it is force and superior power. A man does not possess by right what he has taken by force. Therefore, we are allowed to keep by right what they formerly took by force. They have held up to us the damages, losses, humiliations, the sufferings and fears that they inflicted on our ancestors. They boasted that they conquered them and extorted tribute and rents from them. We have all the more right to make them suffer; they have all the more restitution to make to us. We ought to hate those who hated our ancestors and to injure those who injured them. They remind us that they made them suffer, got tribute from them, and demand tribute from us. They want us to suffer the same shame and extortion as our ancestors. They once got tribute from Britain, and so they want to get it from us. By the same reason and with equal cause we can challenge the Romans and dispute our rights. Belinus, who was king of the Britons, and Brennus,<sup>2</sup> duke of the Burgundians, two brothers born in Britain, valiant and wise knights, marched on Rome, laid siege to the city, and took it by assault. They hanged twenty-four hostages in plain sight of their families. When Belinus returned from Rome, he entrusted the city to his brother.

"I won't dwell on Belinus and Brennus but will speak of Constantine. He was British by birth, the son of Helen; he held Rome in his own right. Maximian, king of Britain, conquered France and Germany, crossed the Alps and Lombardy and reigned over Rome. These were my ancestors by direct descent, and each one held Rome in his possession. Now you may hear and understand that we have just as much right to possess Rome as they do to possess Britain. The Romans had our tribute, and my ancestors had theirs. They claim Britain, and I claim Rome. This is the gist of my counsel: that they may have the land and tribute who can take it away from another. As for France and the other lands we have taken from them, they have no right to dispute them since they would not or could not defend them, or perhaps had no right to them because they held them in bondage through force and greed. So let he who can hold all. There is no need to look for any other kind of right. The emperor threatens us. God forbid that he should do us any harm. He says that he will take away

2. Brennus was not a Briton but a Gaulish chieftain who sacked Rome in the 4th century. Belinus is fictional. Constantine I, who adopted Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire, was believed to be British. Maximian (Maximus) was a 5th-century Roman general serving in Britain who abandoned the island when his army pro-

claimed him emperor and usurped the imperium in civil wars that weakened Rome and left Britain at the mercy of attacks by the Picts, Scots, and Germanic tribes. Geoffrey of Monmouth's earlier accounts of these personages had conflated a tiny amount of fact with a great deal of fiction.

our lands and lead me to Rome as a prisoner. He has small regard or fear of me. But, God willing, if he comes to this land, before he leaves again he'll have no stomach to make threats. He defies me, and I defy him: may he possess the lands who is able to take them!"

When King Arthur had spoken what he wanted to his barons, the others spoke in turn while the rest listened. Hoel, king of Brittany, spoke next: "Sire," he said, "in faith, you have spoken many just words; none could have said it better. Send after and mobilize your forces along with us who are here at court. Without delay pass over the sea, pass through Burgundy and France, pass the Alps, conquer Lombardy! Throw the emperor who is defying you into confusion and panic so that he will not have the chance to cause you harm. The Romans have begun a suit that will ruin them. God wants to exalt you: don't hold back and lose any time! Make yourself master of the empire, which is ready to surrender to you of its own will. Remember what is written in the Sibyl's prophecies.<sup>3</sup> Three Britons will be born in Britain who shall conquer Rome by might. Two have already lived and been sovereigns over Rome. The first was Belinus and the second, Constantine. You shall be the third to possess Rome and conquer it by force; in you the Sibyl's prophecy will be fulfilled. Why delay to seize that which God wants to bestow on you? Increase your glory and ours to which we aspire. We may say truly that we are not afraid of blows or wounds or death or hardship or prison so long as we strive for honor. As long as you are in danger, I will lead ten thousand armed knights in your host, and if that should not be enough, I shall mortgage all my lands and give you the gold and silver. I won't keep back a farthing so long as you have need of it!"

3. Reference to the Sibylline books containing prophecies of the Roman Sibyl of Cumae, but these no longer existed and could have been known

only by reputation. This prophecy was probably invented by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

## LAYAMON

Layamon, an English priest, adapted Wace's *Roman de Brut* into Middle English alliterative verse. His *Brut* (ca. 1190) runs to 16,095 lines, expanding on Wace and adding much new material.

After winning the continental campaign against Lucius, Arthur is forced to return to Britain upon learning that his nephew, Mordred, whom he had left behind as regent, has usurped Arthur's throne and queen. The following selection, a passage added by Layamon, presents Arthur's dream of Mordred's treachery.

Layamon employs a long alliterative line that harks back to Old English poetry, but the two halves of his line are often linked by rhyme as well as by alliteration. Layamon reveals his ties with Germanic literary tradition in other ways. In Arthur's nightmare, the king and Gawain are sitting astride the roof beam of a building like the mead hall Heorot in *Beowulf*—a symbol of the control a king wields over his house and kingdom. On the ground below, Mordred is chopping away at the foundations like the gigantic rodent in Norse mythology that is gnawing away at the roots of Yggdrasil, the great tree, which holds together earth, heaven, and hell.

*From Brut*

## [ARTHUR'S DREAM]

Then came to pass what Merlin spoke of long before,  
 1365 That the walls of Rome would fall down before Arthur;  
 This had already happened there in relation to the emperor  
 Who had fallen in the fighting with fifty thousand men:  
 That's when Rome with her power was pushed to the ground.  
 And so Arthur really expected to possess all of Rome,  
 1370 And the most mighty of kings remained there in Burgundy.  
 Now there arrived at this time a bold man on horseback;  
 News he was bringing for Arthur the king  
 From Modred, his sister's son: to Arthur he was welcome,  
 For he thought that he was bringing very pleasant tidings.  
 1375 Arthur lay there all that long night, talking with the young knight,  
 Who simply did not like to tell him the truth of what had happened.  
 The next day, as dawn broke, the household started moving,  
 And then Arthur got up, and, stretching his arms,  
 He stood up, and sat down again, as if he felt very sick.  
 1380 Then a good knight questioned him: "My Lord, how did you get on  
 last night?"  
 Arthur responded (his heart was very heavy):  
 "Tonight as I was sleeping, where I was lying in my chamber,  
 There came to me a dream which has made me most depressed:  
 I dreamed someone had lifted me right on top of some hall  
 1385 And I was sitting on the hall, astride, as if I was going riding;  
 All the lands which I possess, all of them I was surveying,  
 And Gawain sat in front of me, holding in his hands my sword.  
 Then Modred came marching there with a countless host of men,  
 Carrying in his hand a massive battle-axe.  
 1390 He started to hew, with horrible force,  
 And hacked down all the posts which were holding up the hall.  
 I saw Guinevere there as well, the woman I love best of all:  
 The whole roof of that enormous hall with her hands she was pulling  
 down;  
 The hall started tottering, and I tumbled to the ground,  
 1395 And broke my right arm, at which Modred said 'Take that!'  
 Down then fell the hall and Gawain fell as well,  
 Falling on the ground where both his arms were broken,  
 So with my left hand I clutched my beloved sword  
 And struck off Modred's head and it went rolling over the ground,  
 1400 And I sliced the queen in pieces with my beloved sword,  
 And after that I dropped her into a dingy pit.  
 And all my fine subjects set off in flight,  
 And what in Christendom became of them I had no idea,  
 Except that I was standing by myself in a vast plain,  
 1405 And then I started roaming all around across the moors;  
 There I could see griffins and really gruesome birds.  
 "Then a golden lioness came gliding over the downs,  
 As really lovely a beast as any Our Lord has made.  
 The lioness ran up to me and put her jaws around my waist,



i 40 i0 And off she set, moving away towards the sea,  
 And I could see the waves, tossing in the sea,  
 And taking me with her, the lioness plunged into the water.  
 When we two were in the sea, the waves swept her away from me;  
 Then a fish came swimming by and ferried me ashore.  
 14015 Then I was all wet and weary, and I was sick with sorrow.  
 And upon waking, I started quaking,  
 And then I started to shudder as if burning up with fire,  
 And so all night I've been preoccupied with my disturbing dream,  
 For I know of a certainty this is the end of my felicity,  
 14020 And all the rest of my life I must suffer grief.  
 O alas that I do not have here my queen with me, my Guinevere!"  
 Then the knight responded: "My Lord, you are mistaken;  
 Dreams should never be interpreted as harbingers of sorrow!  
 You are the most mighty prince who has rule in any land,  
 14025 And the most intelligent of all inhabitants on the earth.  
 If it should have happened—as may Our Lord not allow it—  
 That your sister's son, Lord Modred, your own queen might have  
 wedded,  
 And all your royal domains might have annexed in his own name,  
 Those which you entrusted to him when you intended going to  
 Rome,  
 14030 And if he should have done all this by his treacherous deeds,  
 Even then you might avenge yourself honorably with arms,  
 And once again possess your lands and rule over your people,  
 And destroy your enemies who wish you so much evil,  
 And slay them, every one alive, so that there is none who survives!"  
 14035 Then Arthur answered him, most excellent of all kings:  
 "For as long as is for ever, I have no fear whatever,  
 That Modred who is my relative, the man I love best,  
 Would betray all my trust, not for all of my realm,  
 Nor would Guinevere, my queen, weaken in her allegiance,  
 14040 She will not begin to, for any man in the world!"  
 Immediately after these words, the knight gave his answer:  
 "I am telling you the truth, dear king, for I am merely your  
 underling:  
 Modred has done these things: he has adopted your queen,  
 And has placed in his own hands your lovely land;  
 14045 He is king and she is queen; they don't expect your return,  
 For they don't believe it will be the case that you'll ever come back  
 from Rome.  
 I am your loyal liegeman, and I did see this treason,  
 And so I have come to you in person to tell you the truth.  
 Let my head be as pledge of what I have told you,  
 14050 The truth and no lie, about your beloved queen,  
 And about Modred, your sister's son, and how he has snatched  
 Britain from you."  
 Then everything went still in King Arthur's hall;  
 There was great unhappiness for the excellent king,  
 And because of it the British men were utterly depressed;  
 14055 Then after a while came the sound of a voice;  
 All over could be heard the reactions of the British  
 As they started to discuss in many kinds of expression

How they wished to condemn Modred and the queen  
 And destroy all the population who had supported Modred.  
 14060 Most courteous of all Britons, Arthur then called out aloud,  
 "Sit down quietly, my knights in this assembly,  
 And then I shall tell you some very strange tales.  
 Now tomorrow when daylight is sent by our Lord to us,  
 I wish to be on my way toward entering Britain,  
 14065 And there I shall kill Modred and burn the queen to death,  
 And I shall destroy all of them who gave assent to the treason."

## THE MYTH OF ARTHUR'S RETURN

Folklore and literature provide examples of a recurrent myth about a leader or hero who has not really died but is asleep somewhere or in some state of suspended life and will return to save his people. Evidently, the Bretons and Welsh developed this myth about Arthur in oral tradition long before it turns up in medieval chronicles. Geoffrey of Monmouth, Wace, and Layamon, and subsequent writers about Arthur, including Malory (see p. 438), allude to it with varying degrees of skepticism.

### GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH: *From The History of the Kings of Britain*

But also the famous King Arthur himself was mortally wounded. When he was carried off to the island of Avalon to have his wounds treated, he bestowed the crown on his cousin Constantine, the son of Duke Cadour in the year 542 after the Incarnation of our lord. May his soul rest in peace.

### WACE: *From Roman de Brut*

Arthur, if the story is not false, was mortally wounded; he had himself carried to Avalon to be healed of his wounds. He is still there and the Britons expect him as they say and hope. He'll come from there if he is still alive. Master Wace, who made this book, won't say more about Arthur's end than the prophet Merlin rightly said once upon a time that one would not know whether or not he were dead. The prophet spoke truly: ever since men have asked and shall always ask, I believe, whether he is dead or alive. Truly he had himself taken to Avalon 542 years after the Incarnation. It was a pity that he had no offspring. He left his realm to Constantine, the son of Cadour of Cornwall, and asked him to reign until his return.

### LAYAMON: *From Brut*

Arthur was mortally wounded, grievously badly;  
 To him there came a young lad who was from his clan,

## SIR THOMAS MALORY

### ca. 1405-1471

*Morte Darthur* (Death of Arthur) is the title that William Caxton, the first English printer, gave to Malory's volume, which Caxton described more accurately in his Preface as "the noble histories of \* \* \* King Arthur and of certain of his knights." The volume begins with the mythical story of Arthur's birth. King Uther Pendragon falls in love with the wife of one of his barons. Merlin's magic transforms Uther into the likeness of her husband, and Arthur is born of this union. The volume ends with the destruction of the Round Table and the deaths of Arthur, Queen Guinevere, and Sir Lancelot, who is Arthur's best knight and the queen's lover. The bulk of the work is taken up with the separate adventures of the knights of the Round Table.

On the evolution of the Arthurian legend, see the headnote to "Legendary Histories of Britain," p. 117. During the thirteenth century the stories about Arthur and his knights had been turned into a series of enormously long prose romances in French, and it was these, as Caxton informed his readers, "Sir Thomas Malory did take out of certain books of French and reduced into English." For Caxton's Preface and excerpts from a modern translation of the French *Prose Vulgate Cycle* (Malory's "French books"), see "King Arthur" at Norton Literature Online.

Little was known about the author until the early twentieth century when scholars began to unearth the criminal record of a Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revell in Warwickshire. In 1451 he was arrested for the first time to prevent his doing injury—presumably further injury—to a priory in Lincolnshire, and shortly thereafter he was accused of a number of criminal acts. These included escaping from prison after his first arrest, twice breaking into and plundering the Abbey of Coombe, extorting money from various persons, and committing rape. Malory pleaded innocent of all charges. The Wars of the Roses—in which Malory, like the formidable earl of Warwick (the "kingmaker"), whom he seems to have followed, switched sides from Lancaster to York and back again—may account for some of his troubles with the law. After a failed Lancastrian revolt, the Yorkist king, Edward IV, specifically excluded Malory from four amnesties he granted to the Lancastrians.

The identification of this Sir Thomas Malory (there is another candidate with the same name) as the author of the *Morte* was strengthened by the discovery in 1934 of a manuscript that differed from Caxton's text, the only version previously known. The manuscript contained eight separate romances. Caxton, in order to give the impression of a continuous narrative, had welded these together into twenty-one books, subdivided into short chapters with summary chapter headings. Caxton suppressed all but the last of the personal remarks the author had appended to individual tales in the manuscript. At the very end of the book Malory asks "all gentlemen and gentlewomen that readeth this book \* \* \* pray for me while I am alive that God send me good deliverance." The discovery of the manuscript revealed that at the close of the first tale he had written: "this was drawyn by a knight presoner Sir Thomas Malleore, that God sende him good recover." There is strong circumstantial evidence, therefore, that the book from which the Arthurian legends were passed on to future generations to be adapted in literature, art, and film was written in prison by a man whose violent career might seem at odds with the chivalric ideals he professes.

Such a contradiction—if it really is one—should not be surprising. Nostalgia for an ideal past that never truly existed is typical of much historical romance. Like the slave-owning plantation society of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind*, whose southern gentlemen cultivate chivalrous manners and respect for gentlewomen, Malory's Arthurian world is a fiction. In our terms, it cannot even be labeled "historical," although the distinction between romance and history is not one that Malory would have made. Only rarely does he voice skepticism about the historicity of his tale; one such example is his questioning of the myth of Arthur's return. Much of the

tragic power of his romance lies in his sense of the irretrievability of past glory in comparison with the sordidness of his own age.

The success of Malory's retelling owes much to his development of a terse and direct prose style, especially the naturalistic dialogue that keeps his narrative close to earth. And both he and many of his characters are masters of understatement who express themselves, in moments of great emotional tension, with a bare minimum of words.

In spite of its professed dedication to service of women, Malory's chivalry is primarily devoted to the fellowship and competitions of aristocratic men. Fighting consists mainly of single combats in tournaments, chance encounters, and battles, which Malory never tires of describing in professional detail. Commoners rarely come into view; when they do, the effect can be chilling—as when pillagers by moonlight plunder the corpses of the knights left on the field of Arthur's last battle. Above all, Malory cherishes an aristocratic male code of honor for which his favorite word is "worship." Men win or lose "worship" through their actions in war and love.

The most "worshipful" of Arthur's knights is Sir Lancelot, the "head of all Christian knights," as he is called in a moving eulogy by his brother, Sir Ector. But Lancelot is compromised by his fatal liaison with Arthur's queen and torn between the incompatible loyalties that bind him as an honorable knight, on the one hand, to his lord Arthur and, on the other, to his lady Guinevere. Malory loves his character Lancelot even to the point of indulging in the fleeting speculation, after Lancelot has been admitted to the queen's chamber, that their activities might have been innocent, "for love that time was not as love is nowadays." But when the jealousy and malice of two wicked knights forces the affair into the open, nothing can avert the breaking up of the fellowship of the Round Table and the death of Arthur himself, which Malory relates with somber magnificence as the passing of a great era.

## *From Morte Darthur*<sup>1</sup>

[THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE]

In May, when every lusty<sup>2</sup> heart flourisheth and burgeoneth, for as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable,<sup>3</sup> so man and woman rejoiceth and gladdeth of summer coming with his fresh flowers, for winter with his rough winds and blasts causeth lusty men and women to cower and to sit fast by the fire—so this season it befell in the month of May a great anger and unhap that stunted not<sup>4</sup> till the flower of chivalry of all the world was destroyed and slain. And all was long upon two unhappy<sup>5</sup> knights which were named Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred that were brethren unto Sir Gawain.<sup>6</sup> For this Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred had ever a privy<sup>7</sup> hate unto the Queen, Dame Guinevere, and to Sir Lancelot, and daily and nightly they ever watched upon Sir Lancelot.

So it misfortuned Sir Gawain and all his brethren were in King Arthur's chamber, and then Sir Agravain said thus openly, and not in no counsel,<sup>8</sup> that many knights might hear: "I marvel that we all be not ashamed both to see

I. The selections here are from the section that Caxton called book 20, chaps. 1-12, and book 21, chaps. 3-7, 10-12, with omissions. In the Winchester manuscript this section is titled "The Most Piteous Tale of the Morte Arthur Saunz Guerdon" (i.e., the death of Arthur without reward or compensation). The text is based on Winchester, with some readings introduced from the Caxton edition; spelling has been modernized and modern punctuation added.

2. Merry.

3. Pleasant.

4. Misfortune that ceased not.

5. On account of two ill-fated.

6. Gawain and Agravain are sons of King Lot of Orkney and his wife, Arthur's half-sister Morgause. Mordred is the illegitimate son of Arthur and Morgause.

7. Secret.

8. Secret manner.

and to know how Sir Lancelot lieth daily and nightly by the Queen. And all we know well that it is so, and it is shamefully suffered of us all<sup>9</sup> that we should suffer so noble a king as King Arthur is to be shamed."

Then spoke Sir Gawain and said, "Brother, Sir Agravain, I pra<sup>1</sup> you and charge you, move no such matters no more afore<sup>1</sup> me, for wit you well, I will not be of your counsel."<sup>2</sup>

"So God me help," said Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth,<sup>3</sup> "we will not be known of your deeds."<sup>4</sup>

"Then will I!" said Sir Mordred.

"I lieve<sup>5</sup> you well," said Sir Gawain, "for ever unto all unhappiness, sir, ye will grant.<sup>6</sup> And I would that ye left all this and make you not so busy, for I know," said Sir Gawain, "what will fall of it."<sup>7</sup>

"Fall whatsoever fall may," said Sir Agravain, "I will disclose it to the King."

"Not by my counsel," said Sir Gawain, "for and<sup>8</sup> there arise war and wrack betwixt<sup>9</sup> Sir Lancelot and us, wit you well, brother, there will many kings and great lords hold with Sir Lancelot. Also, brother, Sir Agravain," said Sir Gawain, "ye must remember how often times Sir Lancelot hath rescued the King and the Queen. And the best of us all had been full cold at the heart-root<sup>1</sup> had not Sir Lancelot been better than we, and that has he proved himself full oft. And as for my part," said Sir Gawain, "I will never be against Sir Lancelot for<sup>2</sup> one day's deed, when he rescued me from King Carados of the Dolorous Tower and slew him and saved my life. Also, brother, Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred, in like wise Sir Lancelot rescued you both and three score and two<sup>3</sup> from Sir Tarquin. And therefore, brother, methinks such noble deeds and kindness should be remembered."

"Do as ye list,"<sup>4</sup> said Sir Agravain, "for I will layne<sup>5</sup> it no longer."

So with these words came in Sir Arthur.

"Now, brother," said Sir Gawain, "stint your noise."<sup>6</sup>

"That will I not," said Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred.

"Well, will ye so?" said Sir Gawain. "Then God speed you, for I will not hear of your tales, neither be of your counsel."

"No more will I," said Sir Gaheris.

"Neither I," said Sir Gareth, "for I shall never say evil by<sup>7</sup> that man that made me knight." And therewithal they three departed making great dole.<sup>8</sup>

"Alas!" said Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, "now is this realm wholly destroyed and mischiefed,<sup>9</sup> and the noble fellowship of the Round Table shall be disparbeled."<sup>1</sup>

So they departed, and then King Arthur asked them what noise they made. "My lord," said Sir Agravain, "I shall tell you, for I may keep<sup>2</sup> it no longer. Here is I and my brother Sir Mordred broke<sup>3</sup> unto my brother Sir Gawain, Sir Gaheris, and to Sir Gareth—for this is all, to make it short—how that we know

9. Put up with by all of us.

1. Before. "Move": propose.

2. On your side. "Wit you well": know well, i.e., give you to understand.

3. Sons of King Lot and Gawain's brothers.

4. A party to your doings.

5. Believe.

6. You will consent to all mischief.

7. Come of it.

8. If.

9. Strife between.

1. Would have been dead.

2. On account of.

3. I.e., sixty-two.

4. You please.

5. Conceal.

6. Stop making scandal.

7. About.

8. Lamentation.

9. Put to shame.

1. Dispersed.

2. Conceal.

3. Revealed.

all that Sir Lancelot holdeth your queen, and hath done long; and we be your sister<sup>4</sup> sons, we may suffer it no longer. And all we woot<sup>5</sup> that ye should be above Sir Lancelot, and ye are the king that made him knight, and therefore we will prove it that he is a traitor to your person."

"If it be so," said the King, "wit<sup>6</sup> you well, he is none other. But I would be loath to begin such a thing but<sup>7</sup> I might have proofs of it, for Sir Lancelot is an hardy knight, and all ye know that he is the best knight among us all. And but if he be taken with the deed,<sup>8</sup> he will fight with him that bringeth up the noise, and I know no knight that is able to match him. Therefore, and<sup>9</sup> it be sooth as ye say, I would that he were taken with the deed."

For, as the French book saith, the King was full loath that such a noise should be upon Sir Lancelot and his queen. For the King had a deeming<sup>1</sup> of it, but he would not hear of it, for Sir Lancelot had done so much for him and for the Queen so many times that, wit you well, the King loved him passingly<sup>2</sup> well.

"My lord," said Sir Agravain, "ye shall ride tomorn<sup>3</sup> on hunting, and doubt ye not, Sir Lancelot will not go with you. And so when it draweth toward night, ye may send the Queen word that ye will lie out all that night, and so may ye send for your cooks. And then, upon pain of death, that night we shall take him with the Queen, and we shall bring him unto you, quick<sup>4</sup> or dead."

"I will well,"<sup>5</sup> said the King. "Then I counsel you to take with you sure fellowship."

"Sir," said Sir Agravain, "my brother, Sir Mordred, and I will take with us twelve knights of the Round Table."

"Beware," said King Arthur, "for I warn you, ye shall find him wight."<sup>6</sup>

"Let us deal!"<sup>7</sup> said Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred.

So on the morn King Arthur rode on hunting and sent word to the Queen that he would be out all that night. Then Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred got to them<sup>8</sup> twelve knights and hid themselves in a chamber in the castle of Carlisle. And these were their names: Sir Colgrevice, Sir Mador de la Porte, Sir Guingalen, Sir Meliot de Logres, Sir Petipace of Winchelsea, Sir Galeron of Galway, Sir Melion de la Mountain, Sir Ascamore, Sir Gromore Somyr Jour, Sir Curselayne, Sir Florence, and Sir Lovell. So these twelve knights were with Sir Mordred and Sir Agravain, and all they were of Scotland, or else of Sir Gawain's kin, or well-willers<sup>9</sup> to his brother.

So when the night came, Sir Lancelot told Sir Bors<sup>1</sup> how he would go that night and speak with the Queen.

"Sir," said Sir Bors, "ye shall not go this night by my counsel."

"Why?" said Sir Lancelot.

"Sir," said Sir Bors, "I dread me<sup>2</sup> ever of Sir Agravain that waiteth upon<sup>3</sup> you daily to do you shame and us all. And never gave my heart against no going that ever ye went<sup>4</sup> to the queen so much as now, for I mistrust<sup>5</sup> that the

4. Sister's.

5. Know.

6. Know.

7. Unless.

8. Unless he is caught in the act.

9. If.

1. Suspicion.

2. Exceedingly.

3. Tomorrow.

4. Alive.

5. Readily agree.

6. Strong.

7. Leave it to us.

8. Gathered to themselves.

9. Partisans.

1. Nephew and confidant of Sir Lancelot.

2. I am afraid.

3. Lies in wait.

4. Never misgave my heart against any visit you made.

5. Suspect.

King is out this night from the Queen because peradventure he hath Iain<sup>6</sup> some watch for you and the Queen. Therefore, I dread me sore of some treason."

"Have ye no dread," said Sir Lancelot, "for I shall go and come again and make no tarrying."

"Sir," said Sir Bors, "that me repents,<sup>7</sup> for I dread me sore that your going this night shall wrath<sup>8</sup> us all."

"Fair nephew," said Sir Lancelot, "I marvel me much why ye say thus, sithen<sup>9</sup> the Queen hath sent for me. And wit you well, I will not be so much a coward, but she shall understand I will<sup>1</sup> see her good grace."

"God speed you well," said Sir Bors, "and send you sound and safe again!"

So Sir Lancelot departed and took his sword under his arm, and so he walked in his mantel,<sup>2</sup> that noble knight, and put himself in great jeopardy. And so he passed on till he came to the Queen's chamber, and so lightly he was had<sup>3</sup> into the chamber. And then, as the French book saith, the Queen and Sir Lancelot were together. And whether they were abed or at other manner of disports, me list<sup>4</sup> not thereof make no mention, for love that time<sup>5</sup> was not as love is nowadays.

But thus as they were together there came Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred with twelve knights with them of the Round Table, and they said with great crying and scaring<sup>6</sup> voice: "Thou traitor, Sir Lancelot, now are thou taken!" And thus they cried with a loud voice that all the court might hear it. And these fourteen knights all were armed at all points, as<sup>7</sup> they should fight in a battle.

"Alas!" said Queen Guinevere, "now are we mischieved<sup>8</sup> both!"

"Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "is there here any armor within your chamber that I might cover my body withal? And if there be any, give it me, and I shall soon stint<sup>9</sup> their malice, by the grace of God!"

"Now, truly," said the Queen, "I have none armor neither helm, shield, sword, neither spear, wherefore I dread me sore our long love is come to a mischievous end. For I hear by their noise there be many noble knights, and well I woot they be surely<sup>1</sup> armed, and against them ye may make no resistance. Wherefore ye are likely to be slain, and then shall I be burned! For and<sup>2</sup> ye might escape them," said the Queen, "I would not doubt but that ye would rescue me in what danger that ever I stood in."

"Alas!" said Sir Lancelot, "in all my life thus was I never bestead<sup>3</sup> that I should be thus shamefully slain for lack of mine armor."

But ever in one<sup>4</sup> Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred cried: "Traitor knight, come out of the Queen's chamber! For wit thou well thou art beset so that thou shalt not escape."

"Ah, Jesu mercy!" said Sir Lancelot, "this shameful cry and noise I may not suffer, for better were death at once than thus to endure this pain." Then he

6. Perhaps he has set.

7. I regret.

8. Cause injury to.

9. Since.

1. Wish to.

2. Cloak. Lancelot goes without armor.

3. Quickly he was received.

4. I care. "Disports": pastimes.

5. At that time.

6. Terrifying.

7. Completely, as if.

8. Come to grief.

9. Stop.

1. Securely.

2. If.

3. Beset.

4. In unison.

took the Queen in his arms and kissed her and said, "Most noblest Christian queen, I beseech you, as ye have been ever my special good lady, and I at all times your poor knight and true unto<sup>5</sup> my power, and as I never failed you in right nor in wrong sithen the first day King Arthur made me knight, that ye will pray for my soul if that I be slain. For well I am assured that Sir Bors, my nephew, and all the remnant of my kin, with Sir Lavain and Sir Urry,<sup>6</sup> that they will not fail you to rescue you from the fire. And therefore, mine own lady, recomfort yourself,<sup>7</sup> whatsoever come of me, that ye go with Sir Bors, my nephew, and Sir Urry and they all will do you all the pleasure that they may, and ye shall live like a queen upon my lands."

"Nay, Sir Lancelot, nay!" said the Queen. "Wit thou well that I will not live long after thy days. But and<sup>8</sup> ye be slain I will take my death as meekly as ever did martyr take his death for Jesu Christ's sake."

"Well, Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "sith it is so that the day is come that our love must depart,<sup>9</sup> wit you well I shall sell my life as dear as I may. And a thousandfold," said Sir Lancelot, "I am more heavier<sup>1</sup> for you than for myself! And now I had liefer<sup>2</sup> than to be lord of all Christendom that I had sure armor upon me, that men might speak of my deeds ere ever I were slain."

"Truly," said the Queen, "and<sup>3</sup> it might please God, I would that they would take me and slay me and suffer<sup>4</sup> you to escape."

"That shall never be," said Sir Lancelot. "God defend me from such a shame! But, Jesu Christ, be Thou my shield and mine armor!" And therewith Sir Lancelot wrapped his mantel about his arm well and surely; and by then they had gotten a great form<sup>5</sup> out of the hall, and therewith they all rushed at the door. "Now, fair lords," said Sir Lancelot, "leave<sup>6</sup> your noise and your rushing, and I shall set open this door, and then may ye do with me what it liketh you."<sup>7</sup>

"Come off,<sup>8</sup> then," said they all, "and do it, for it availeth thee not to strive against us all. And therefore let us into this chamber, and we shall save thy life until thou come to King Arthur."

Then Sir Lancelot unbarred the door, and with his left hand he held it open a little, that but one man might come in at once. And so there came striding a good knight, a much<sup>9</sup> man and a large, and his name was called Sir Colgrevice of Gore. And he with a sword struck at Sir Lancelot mightily. And he put aside<sup>1</sup> the stroke and gave him such a buffet<sup>2</sup> upon the helmet that he fell groveling dead within the chamber door. Then Sir Lancelot with great might drew the knight within<sup>3</sup> the chamber door. And then Sir Lancelot, with help of the Queen and her ladies, he was lightly<sup>4</sup> armed in Colgrevice's armor. And ever stood Sir Agravaing and Sir Mordred, crying, "Traitor knight! Come forth out of the Queen's chamber!"

"Sirs, leave<sup>5</sup> your noise," said Sir Lancelot, "for wit you well, Sir Agravaing, ye shall not prison me this night. And therefore, and<sup>6</sup> ye do by my counsel, go

5. To the utmost of.

6. The brother of Elaine, the Fair Maid of Astolat, and a knight miraculously healed of his wound by Sir Lancelot. "Remnant": rest.

7. Take heart again.

8. If.

9. Come to an end.

1. More grieved.

2. Rather.

3. If.

4. Allow.

5. Bench.

6. Stop.

7. Pleases you.

8. Go ahead.

9. Big.

1. Fended off.

2. Blow.

3. Inside.

4. Quickly.

5. Stop.

6. If.



ye all from this chamber door and make you no such crying and such manner of slander as ye do. For I promise you by my knighthood, and ye will depart and make no more noise, I shall as tomorn appear afore you all and before the King, and then let it be seen which of you all,<sup>7</sup> other else ye all,<sup>7</sup> that will deprive<sup>8</sup> me of treason. And there shall I answer you, as a knight should, that hither I came to the Queen for no manner of mal engine,<sup>9</sup> and that will I prove and make it good upon you with my hands."

"Fie upon thee, traitor," said Sir Agravain and Sir Mordred, "for we will have thee malgre thine head<sup>1</sup> and slay thee, and we list. For we let thee wit we have the choice of<sup>2</sup> King Arthur to save thee other slay thee."

"Ah, sirs," said Sir Lancelot, "is there none other grace with you? Then keep<sup>3</sup> yourself!" And then Sir Lancelot set all open the chamber door and mightily and knightly he strode in among them. And anon<sup>4</sup> at the first stroke he slew Sir Agravain, and after twelve of his fellows. Within a little while he had laid them down cold to the earth, for there was none of the twelve knights might stand Sir Lancelot one buffet.<sup>5</sup> And also he wounded Sir Mordred, and therewithal he fled with all his might.

And then Sir Lancelot returned again unto the Queen and said, "Madam, now wit you well, all our true love is brought to an end, for now will King Arthur ever be my foe. And therefore, Madam, and it like you<sup>6</sup> that I may have you with me, I shall save you from all manner adventurous<sup>7</sup> dangers."

"Sir, that is not best," said the Queen, "me seemeth, for<sup>8</sup> now ye have done so much harm, it will be best that ye hold you still with this. And if ye see that as tomorn they will put me unto death, then may ye rescue me as ye think best."

"I will well,"<sup>9</sup> said Sir Lancelot, "for have ye no doubt, while I am a man living I shall rescue you." And then he kissed her, and either of them gave other a ring, and so there he left the Queen and went until<sup>1</sup> his lodging.

[WAR BREAKS OUT BETWEEN ARTHUR AND LANCELOT]<sup>2</sup>

Then said King Arthur unto Sir Gawain, "Dear nephew, I pray you make ready in your best armor with your brethren, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, to bring my Queen to the fire, there to have her judgment and receive the death."

"Nay, my most noble king," said Sir Gawain, "that will I never do, for wit you well I will never be in that place where so noble a queen as is my lady Dame Guinevere shall take such a shameful end. For wit you well," said Sir Gawain, "my heart will not serve me for to see her die, and it shall never be said that ever I was of your counsel for her death."

"Then," said the King unto Sir Gawain, "suffer<sup>3</sup> your brethren Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth to be there."

"My lord," said Sir Gawain, "wit you well they will be loath to be there

7. Or else all of you.

8. Accuse.

9. Evil design.

1. In spite of you.

2. From.

3. Defend.

4. Right away.

5. Withstand Sir Lancelot one blow.

6. If it please you.

7. Perilous.

8. Because.

9. Agree.

1. To.

2. Lancelot and Sir Bors mobilize their friends for the rescue of Guinevere. In the morning Mordred reports the events of the night to Arthur who, against Gawain's strong opposition, condemns the queen to be burned, for "the law was such in those days that whatsoever they were, of what estate or degree, if they were found guilty of treason there should be none other remedy but death."

3. Allow.

present because of many adventures<sup>4</sup> that is like to fall, but they are young and full unable to say you nay."

Then spake Sir Gaheris and the good knight Sir Gareth unto King Arthur: "Sir, ye may well command us to be there, but wit you well it shall be sore against our will. But and<sup>5</sup> we be there by your strait commandment, ye shall plainly<sup>6</sup> hold us there excused—we will be there in peaceable wise and bear none harness of war upon us."

"In the name of God," said the King, "then make you ready, for she shall have soon<sup>7</sup> her judgment."

"Alas," said Sir Gawain, "that ever I should endure<sup>8</sup> to see this woeful day." So Sir Gawain turned him and wept heartily, and so he went into his chamber.

And then the Queen was led forth without<sup>9</sup> Carlisle, and anon she was dispoiled into<sup>1</sup> her smock. And then her ghostly father<sup>2</sup> was brought to her to be shriven of her misdeeds.<sup>3</sup> Then was there weeping and wailing and wringing of hands of many lords and ladies, but there were but few in comparison that would bear any armor for to strengthen<sup>4</sup> the death of the Queen.

Then was there one that Sir Lancelot had sent unto that place, which went to espy what time the Queen should go unto her death. And anon as<sup>5</sup> he saw the Queen dispoiled into her smock and shriven, then he gave Sir Lancelot warning. Then was there but spurring and plucking up<sup>6</sup> of horses, and right so they came unto the fire. And who<sup>7</sup> that stood against them, there were they slain—there might none withstand Sir Lancelot. So all that bore arms and withstood them, there were they slain, full many a noble knight. \* \* \* And so in this rushing and hurling, as Sir Lancelot thrang<sup>8</sup> here and there, it misfortuned him<sup>9</sup> to slay Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, the noble knight, for they were unarmed and unwares.<sup>1</sup> As the French book saith, Sir Lancelot smote Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth upon the brain-pans, wherethrough<sup>2</sup> that they were slain in the field, howbeit<sup>3</sup> Sir Lancelot saw them not. And so were they found dead among the thickest of the press.

Then when Sir Lancelot had thus done, and slain and put to flight all that would withstand him, then he rode straight unto Queen Guinevere and made a kirtle<sup>4</sup> and a gown to be cast upon her, and then he made her to be set behind him and prayed her to be of good cheer. Now wit you well the Queen was glad that she was escaped from death, and then she thanked God and Sir Lancelot.

And so he rode his way with the Queen, as the French book saith, unto Joyous Garde,<sup>5</sup> and there he kept her as a noble knight should. And many great lords and many good knights were sent him, and many full noble knights drew unto him. When they heard that King Arthur and Sir Lancelot were at debate,<sup>6</sup> many knights were glad, and many were sorry of their debate.

Now turn we again unto King Arthur, that when it was told him how and in what manner the Queen was taken away from the fire, and when he heard

4. Chance occurrences.

5. If.

6. Openly. "Straight": strict.

7. Right away.

8. Live.

9. Outside.

1. Undressed down to.

2. Spiritual father, i.e., her priest.

3. For her to be confessed of her sins.

4. Secure.

5. As soon as.

6. Urging forward.

7. Whoever.

8. Pressed. "Hurling": turmoil.

9. He had the misfortune.

1. Unaware.

2. Through which.

3. Although.

4. Petticoat.

5. Lancelot's castle in England.

6. Strife.

of the death of his noble knights, and in especial Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth, then he swooned for very pure<sup>7</sup> sorrow. And when he awoke of his swoon, then he said: "Alas, that ever I bore crown upon my head! For now have I lost the fairest fellowship of noble knights that ever held Christian king<sup>8</sup> together. Alas, my good knights be slain and gone away from me. Now within these two days I have lost nigh forty knights and also the noble fellowship of Sir Lancelot and his blood,<sup>9</sup> for now I may nevermore hold them together with my worship.<sup>1</sup> Alas, that ever this war began!

"Now, fair fellows," said the King, "I charge you that no man tell Sir Gawain of the death of his two brethren, for I am sure," said the King, "when he heareth tell that Sir Gareth is dead, he will go nigh out of his mind. Mercy Jesu," said the King, "why slew he Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth? For I dare say, as for Sir Gareth, he loved Sir Lancelot above all men earthly."<sup>2</sup>

"That is truth," said some knights, "but they were slain in the hurling,<sup>3</sup> as Sir Lancelot thrang in the thickest of the press. And as they were unarmed, he smote them and wist<sup>4</sup> not whom that he smote, and so unhappily<sup>5</sup> they were slain."

"Well," said Arthur, "the death of them will cause the greatest mortal war that ever was, for I am sure that when Sir Gawain knoweth hereof that Sir Gareth is slain, I shall never have rest of him<sup>6</sup> till I have destroyed Sir Lancelot's kin and himself both, other else he to destroy me. And therefore," said the King, "wit you well, my heart was never so heavy as it is now. And much more I am sorrier for my good knights' loss<sup>7</sup> than for the loss of my fair queen; for queens I might have enough, but such a fellowship of good knights shall never be together in no company. And now I dare say," said King Arthur, "there was never Christian king that ever held such a fellowship together. And alas, that ever Sir Lancelot and I should be at debate. Ah, Agravain, Agravain!" said the King, "Jesu forgive it thy soul, for thine evil will that thou and thy brother Sir Mordred haddest unto Sir Lancelot hath caused all this sorrow." And ever among these complaints the King wept and swooned.

Then came there one to Sir Gawain and told him how the Queen was led away with<sup>8</sup> Sir Lancelot, and nigh a four-and-twenty knights slain. "Ah, Jesu, save me my two brethren!" said Sir Gawain. "For full well wist I," said Sir Gawain, "that Sir Lancelot would rescue her, other else he would die in that field. And to say the truth he were not of worship but if he had<sup>9</sup> rescued the Queen, insomuch as she should have been burned for his sake. And as in that," said Sir Gawain, "he hath done but knightly, and as I would have done myself and I had stood in like case. But where are my brethren?" said Sir Gawain. "I marvel that I hear not of them."

Then said that man, "Truly, Sir Gaheris and Sir Gareth be slain."

"Jesu defend!"<sup>1</sup> said Sir Gawain. "For all this world I would not that they were slain, and in especial my good brother Sir Gareth."

"Sir," said the man, "he is slain, and that is great pity."

"Who slew him?" said Sir Gawain.

"Sir Lancelot," said the man, "slew them both."

7. Sheer.

8. That Christian king ever held.

9. Kin.

1. Glory.

2. Earthly men.

3. Turmoil.

4. Knew.

5. Unluckily.

6. He will never give me any peace.

7. The loss of my good knights.

8. By.

9. Of honor if he had not.

1. Forbid.

"That may I not believe," said Sir Gawain, "that ever he slew my good brother Sir Gareth, for I dare say my brother loved him better than me and all his brethren and the King both. Also I dare say, an<sup>2</sup> Sir Lancelot had desired my brother Sir Gareth with him, he would have been with him against the King and us all. And therefore I may never believe that Sir Lancelot slew my brethren."

"Verily, sir," said the man, "it is noised<sup>3</sup> that he slew him."

"Alas," said Sir Gawain, "now is my joy gone." And then he fell down and swooned, and long he lay there as he had been dead. And when he arose out of his swoon, he cried out sorrowfully and said, "Alas!" And forthwith he ran unto the King, crying and weeping, and said, "Ah, mine uncle King Arthur! My good brother Sir Gareth is slain, and so is my brother Sir Gaheris, which were two noble knights."

Then the King wept and he both, and so they fell on swooning. And when they were revived, then spake Sir Gawain and said, "Sir, I will go and see my brother Sir Gareth."

"Sir, ye may not see him," said the King, "for I caused him to be interred and Sir Gaheris both, for I well understood that ye would make overmuch sorrow, and the sight of Sir Gareth should have caused your double sorrow."

"Alas, my lord," said Sir Gawain, "how slew he my brother Sir Gareth? Mine own good lord, I pray you tell me."

"Truly," said the King, "I shall tell you as it hath been told me—Sir Lancelot slew him and Sir Gaheris both."

"Alas," said Sir Gawain, "they bore none arms against him, neither of them both."

"I woot not how it was," said the King, "but as it is said, Sir Lancelot slew them in the thickest of the press and knew them not. And therefore let us shape a remedy for to revenge their deaths."

"My king, my lord, and mine uncle," said Sir Gawain, "wit you well, now I shall make you a promise which I shall hold by my knighthood, that from this day forward I shall never fail<sup>4</sup> Sir Lancelot until that one of us have slain the other. And therefore I require you, my lord and king, dress<sup>5</sup> you unto the wars, for wit you well, I will be revenged upon Sir Lancelot; and therefore, as ye will have my service and my love, now haste you thereto and assay<sup>6</sup> your friends. For I promise unto God," said Sir Gawain, "for the death of my brother Sir Gareth I shall seek Sir Lancelot throughout seven kings' realms, but I shall slay him, other else he shall slay me."

"Sir, ye shall not need to seek him so far," said the King, "for as I hear say, Sir Lancelot will abide me and us all within the castle of Joyous Garde. And much people draweth unto him, as I hear say."

"That may I right well believe," said Sir Gawain, "but my lord," he said, "assay your friends and I will assay mine."

"It shall be done," said the King, "and as I suppose I shall be big<sup>7</sup> enough to drive him out of the biggest tower of his castle."

So then the King sent letters and writs throughout all England, both the length and the breadth, for to summon all his knights. And so unto King Arthur drew many knights, dukes, and earls, that he had a great host, and when they

2. If.

3. Reported.

4. Give up the pursuit of.

5. Prepare.

6. Appeal to.

7. Strong.

were assembled the King informed them how Sir Lancelot had bereft him his Queen. Then the King and all his host made them ready to lay siege about Sir Lancelot where he lay within Joyous Garde.

[THE DEATH OF ARTHUR]<sup>8</sup>

So upon Trinity Sunday at night King Arthur dreamed a wonderful dream, and in his dream him seemed that he saw upon a chafflet<sup>9</sup> a chair, and the chair was fast to a wheel, and thereupon sat King Arthur in the richest cloth of gold that might be made. And the King thought there was under him, far from him, an hideous deep black water, and therein was all manner of serpents, and worms, and wild beasts, foul and horrible. And suddenly the King thought that the wheel turned upside down, and he fell among the serpents, and every beast took him by a limb. And then the King cried as he lay in his bed, "Help, help!"

And then knights, squires, and yeomen awaked the King, and then he was so amazed that he wist<sup>1</sup> not where he was. And then so he awaked<sup>2</sup> until it was nigh day, and then he fell on slumbering again, not sleeping nor thoroughly waking. So the King seemed<sup>3</sup> verily that there came Sir Gawain unto him with a number of fair ladies with him. So when King Arthur saw him, he said, "Welcome, my sister's son. I weened ye had been dead. And now I see thee on-live, much am I beholden unto Almighty Jesu. Ah, fair nephew and my sister's son, what been these ladies that hither be come with you!"

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "all these be ladies for whom I have foughten for when I was man living. And all these are tho<sup>4</sup> that I did battle for in righteous quarrels, and God hath given them that grace, at their great prayer, because I did battle for them for their right, that they should bring me hither unto you. Thus much hath given me leave God, for to warn you of your death. For and ye fight as tomorn<sup>5</sup> with Sir Mordred, as ye both have assigned,<sup>6</sup> doubt ye not ye must be slain, and the most party of your people on both parties. And for the great grace and goodness that Almighty Jesu hath unto you, and for pity of you and many mo other good men there<sup>7</sup> shall be slain, God hath sent me to you of his special grace to give you warning that in no wise ye do battle as tomorn, but that ye take a treatise for a month-day.<sup>8</sup> And proffer you largely,<sup>9</sup> so that tomorn ye put in a delay. For within a month shall come Sir Lancelot with all his noble knights and rescue you worshipfully and slay Sir Mordred and all that ever will hold with him."

Then Sir Gawain and all the ladies vanished. And anon the King called upon his knights, squires, and yeomen, and charged them wightly<sup>1</sup> to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come the King told them of his avision,<sup>2</sup> that Sir Gawain had told him and warned him that, and

8. The pope arranges a truce, Guinevere is returned to Arthur, and Lancelot and his kin leave England to become rulers of France. At Gawain's instigation Arthur invades France to resume the war against Lancelot. Word comes to the king that Mordred has seized the kingdom, and Arthur leads his forces back to England. Mordred attacks them upon their landing, and Gawain is mortally wounded and dies, although not before he has repented for having insisted that Arthur fight Lancelot and has written Lancelot to come to the aid of his former lord.  
9. Scaffold. "Him seemed": it seemed to him.

1. Knew.  
2. Lay awake.  
3. It seemed to the king.  
4. Those.  
5. If you fight tomorrow.  
6. Decided.  
7. I.e., who there. "Mo": more.  
8. For a month from today. "Treatise": treaty, truce.  
9. Make generous offers.  
1. Quickly.  
2. Dream.

he fought on the morn, he should be slain. Then the King commanded Sir Lucan the Butler<sup>3</sup> and his brother Sir Bedivere the Bold, with two bishops with them, and charged them in any wise to take a treatise for a month-day with Sir Mordred. "And spare not: proffer him lands and goods as much as ye think reasonable."

So then they departed and came to Sir Mordred where he had a grim host of an hundred thousand, and there they entreated<sup>4</sup> Sir Mordred long time. And at the last Sir Mordred was agreed for to have Cornwall and Kent by King Arthur's days,<sup>5</sup> and after that, all England, after the days of King Arthur.

Then were they condescended<sup>6</sup> that King Arthur and Sir Mordred should meet betwixt both their hosts, and everich<sup>7</sup> of them should bring fourteen persons. And so they came with this word unto Arthur. Then said he, "I am glad that this is done," and so he went into the field.

And when King Arthur should depart, he warned all his host that, and they see any sword drawn, "Look ye come on fiercely and slay that traitor Sir Mordred, for I in no wise trust him." In like wise Sir Mordred warned his host that "And ye see any manner of sword drawn, look that ye come on fiercely, and so slay all that ever before you standeth, for in no wise I will not trust for this treatise." And in the same wise said Sir Mordred unto his host, "For I know well my father will be avenged upon me."

And so they met as their pointment<sup>8</sup> was and were agreed and accorded thoroughly. And wine was fetched and they drank together. Right so came an adder out of a little heath-bush, and it stung a knight in the foot. And so when the knight felt him so stung, he looked down and saw the adder. And anon he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought<sup>9</sup> none other harm. And when the host on both parties saw that sword drawn, then they blew beams,<sup>1</sup> trumpets, and horns, and shouted grimly. And so both hosts dressed them<sup>2</sup> together. And King Arthur took his horse and said, "Alas, this unhappy day!" and so rode to his party, and Sir Mordred in like wise.

And never since was there never seen a more dolefuller battle in no Christian land, for there was but rushing and riding, foining<sup>3</sup> and striking; and many a grim word was there spoken of either to other, and many a deadly stroke. But ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle<sup>4</sup> of Sir Mordred many times and did full nobly, as a noble king should do, and at all times he fainted never. And Sir Mordred did his devoir<sup>5</sup> that day and put himself in great peril.

And thus they fought all the long day, and never stinted<sup>6</sup> till the noble knights were laid to the cold earth. And ever they fought still till it was near night, and by then was there an hundred thousand laid dead upon the down. Then was King Arthur wood-wroth<sup>7</sup> out of measure when he saw his people so slain from him. And so he looked about him and could see no mo<sup>8</sup> of all his host, and good knights left no mo on-live, but two knights: the tone<sup>9</sup> was Sir Lucan the Butler and [the other] his brother Sir Bedivere. And yet they were full sore wounded.

3. "Butler" here is probably only a title of high rank, although it was originally used to designate the officer who had charge of wine for the king's table.

4. Dealt with.

5. During King Arthur's lifetime.

6. Agreed.

7. Each.

8. Arrangement.

9. Meant.

1. A kind of trumpet.

2. Prepared to come.

3. Lunging.

4. Battalion.

5. Knightly duty.

6. Stopped.

7. Mad with rage.

8. Others.

9. That one, i.e., the first.

"Jesu, mercy," said the King, "where are all my noble knights become?<sup>1</sup> Alas that ever I should see this doleful day! For now," said King Arthur, "I am come to mine end. But would to God," said he, "that I wist<sup>2</sup> now where were that traitor Sir Mordred that has caused all this mischief."

Then King Arthur looked about and was ware where stood Sir Mordred leaning upon his sword among a great heap of dead men.

"Now give me my spear," said King Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I have espied the traitor that all this woe hath wrought."

"Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan, "for he is unhappy.<sup>3</sup> And if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. And, good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawain told you tonight, and yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. And for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this,<sup>4</sup> for, blessed be God, ye have won the field: for yet we been here three on-live, and with Sir Mordred is not one on-live. And therefore if ye leave off now, this wicked day of destiny is past."

"Now, tide<sup>5</sup> me death, tide me life," said the King, "now I see him yonder alone, he shall never escape mine hands. For at a better avail<sup>6</sup> shall I never have him."

"God speed you well!" said Sir Bedivere.

Then the King got his spear in both his hands and ran toward Sir Mordred, crying and saying, "Traitor, now is thy deathday come!"

And when Sir Mordred saw King Arthur he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand, and there King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin<sup>7</sup> of his spear, throughout the body more than a fathom.<sup>8</sup> And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself with the might that he had up to the burr<sup>9</sup> of King Arthur's spear, and right so he smote his father King Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands, upon the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the tay<sup>1</sup> of the brain. And therewith Sir Mordred dashed down stark dead to the earth.

And noble King Arthur fell in a swough<sup>2</sup> to the earth, and there he swooned oftentimes, and Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere oftentimes heaved him up. And so, weakly betwixt them, they led him to a little chapel not far from the seaside, and when the King was there, him thought him reasonably eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. "Now go thou, Sir Lucan," said the King, "and do me to wit<sup>3</sup> what betokens that noise in the field."

So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he yede<sup>4</sup> he saw and harkened by the moonlight how that pillers<sup>5</sup> and robbers were come into the field to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of brooches and bees<sup>6</sup> and of many a good ring and many a rich jewel. And who that were not dead all out there they slew them for their harness<sup>7</sup> and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the King as soon as he might and told him all what he had heard and seen. "Therefore by my read,<sup>8</sup> said Sir Lucan, "it is best that we bring you to some town."

1. What has become of all my noble knights?  
 2. Knew.  
 3. I.e., unlucky for you.  
 4. I.e., with this much accomplished.  
 5. Betide.  
 6. Advantage.  
 7. Thrust.  
 8. I.e., six feet.  
 9. Hand guard.

1. Edge.  
 2. Swoon.  
 3. Let me know.  
 4. Walked.  
 5. Plunderers.  
 6. Bracelets.  
 7. Armor. "All out": entirely.  
 8. Advice.

"I would it were so," said the King, "but I may not stand, my head works<sup>9</sup> so. Ah, Sir Lancelot," said King Arthur, "this day have I sore missed thee. And alas that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawain me warned in my dream."

Then Sir Lucan took up the King the t'one party<sup>1</sup> and Sir Bedivere the other party; and in the lifting up the King swooned and in the lifting Sir Lucan fell in a swoon that part of his guts fell out of his body, and therewith the noble knight's heart burst. And when the King awoke he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth and part of his guts lay at his feet.

"Alas," said the King, "this is to me a full heavy<sup>2</sup> sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen<sup>3</sup> me that had more need of help than I. Alas that he would not complain him for<sup>4</sup> his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul."

Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother.

"Now leave this mourning and weeping, gentle knight," said the King, "for ail this will not avail me. For wit thou well, and<sup>5</sup> I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore. But my time passeth on fast," said the King. "Therefore," said King Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou here Excalibur<sup>6</sup> my good sword and go with it to yonder water's side; and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water and come again and tell me what thou sawest there."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done, and [I shall] lightly<sup>7</sup> bring you word again."

So Sir Bedivere departed. And by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft<sup>8</sup> was all precious stones. And then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the King and said he had been at the water and had thrown the sword into the water.

"What saw thou there?" said the King.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waves and winds."

"That is untruly said of thee," said the King. "And therefore go thou lightly again and do my commandment; as thou art to me lief<sup>9</sup> and dear, spare not, but throw it in."

Then Sir Bedivere returned again and took the sword in his hand. And yet him thought<sup>1</sup> sin and shame to throw away that noble sword. And so eft<sup>2</sup> he hid the sword and returned again and told the King that he had been at the water and done his commandment.

"What sawest thou there?" said the King.

"Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waters wap and waves wan."<sup>3</sup>

"Ah, traitor unto me and untrue," said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weened that thou that has been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches

9. Aches.

1. On one side.

2. Sorrowful.

3. Helped.

4. Because.

5. If.

6. The sword that Arthur had received as a young man from the Lady of the Lake; it is presumably she who catches it when Bedivere finally throws it

into the water.

7. Quickly.

8. Handle. "Pommel": rounded knob on the hilt.

9. Beloved.

1. It seemed to him.

2. Again.

3. The phrase seems to mean "waters wash the shore and waves grow dark."



of this sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in great jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee mine<sup>4</sup> own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead."

Then Sir Bedivere departed and went to the sword and lightly took it up, and so he went to the water's side; and there he bound the girdle<sup>5</sup> about the hilts, and threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and an hand above the water and took it and clutched it, and shook it thrice and brandished; and then vanished away the hand with the sword into the water. So Sir Bedivere came again to the King and told him what he saw.

"Alas," said the King, "help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried overlong."

Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back and so went with him to that water's side. And when they were at the water's side, even fast<sup>6</sup> by the bank hoved<sup>7</sup> a little barge with many fair ladies in it; and among them all was a queen; and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me into that barge," said the King; and so he did softly. And there received him three ladies with great mourning, and so they set them<sup>8</sup> down. And in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then the queen said, "Ah, my dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold." And anon they rowed fromward the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all tho ladies go froward him.

Then Sir Bedivere cried and said, "Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me, now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I must into the vale of Avilion<sup>9</sup> to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear nevermore of me, pray for my soul."

But ever the queen and ladies wept and shrieked that it was pity to hear. And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost the sight of the barge he wept and wailed and so took the forest, and went<sup>1</sup> all that night. And in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts hoar<sup>2</sup> of a chapel and an hermitage.<sup>3</sup>

\* # #

Thus of Arthur I find no more written in books that been authorized,<sup>4</sup> neither more of the very certainty of his death heard I never read,<sup>5</sup> but thus was he led away in a ship wherein were three queens: that one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgan la Fee, the t'other<sup>6</sup> was the Queen of North Wales, and the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands. \* \* \*

Now more of the death of King Arthur could I never find but that these ladies brought him to his burials,<sup>7</sup> and such one was buried there that the

4. I.e., with mine.

5. Sword belt.

6. Close.

7. Waited.

8. I.e., they sat.

9. A legendary island, sometimes identified with the earthly paradise.

1. Walked. "Took": took to.

2. Ancient copses.

3. In the passage here omitted, Sir Bedivere meets the former bishop of Canterbury, now a hermit,

who describes how on the previous night a company of ladies had brought to the chapel a dead body, asking that it be buried. Sir Bedivere exclaims that the dead man must have been King Arthur and vows to spend the rest of his life there in the chapel as a hermit.

4. That have authority.

5. Tell.

6. The second.

7. Grave.

hermit bore witness that sometime was Bishop of Canterbury.<sup>8</sup> But yet the hermit knew not in certain that he was verily the body of King Arthur, for this tale Sir Bedivere, a Knight of the Table Round, made it to be written. Yet some men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead, but had by the will of our Lord Jesu into another place. And men say that he shall come again and he shall win the Holy Cross. Yet I will not say that it shall be so, but rather I will say, Here in this world he changed his life. And many men say that there is written upon his tomb this verse: *Hie iacet Arthurus, rex quondam, rexque futurus.*<sup>9</sup>

[THE DEATHS OF LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE]<sup>1</sup>

And thus upon a night there came a vision to Sir Lancelot and charged him, in remission<sup>2</sup> of his sins, to haste him unto Amesbury: "And by then<sup>3</sup> thou come there, thou shalt find Queen Guinevere dead. And therefore take thy fellows with thee, and purvey them of an horse-bier,<sup>4</sup> and fetch thou the corse<sup>5</sup> of her, and bury her by her husband, the noble King Arthur. So this avision<sup>6</sup> came to Lancelot thrice in one night. Then Sir Lancelot rose up ere day and told the hermit.

"It were well done," said the hermit, "that ye made you ready and that ye disobey not the avision."

Then Sir Lancelot took his eight fellows with him, and on foot they yede<sup>7</sup> from Glastonbury to Amesbury, the which is little more than thirty mile, and thither they came within two days, for they were weak and feeble to go. And when Sir Lancelot was come to Amesbury within the nunnery, Queen Guinevere died but half an hour afore. And the ladies told Sir Lancelot that Queen Guinevere told them all ere she passed that Sir Lancelot had been priest near a twelve-month:<sup>8</sup> "and hither he cometh as fast as he may to fetch my corse, and beside my lord King Arthur he shall bury me." Wherefore the Queen said in hearing of them all, "I beseech Almighty God that I may never have power to see Sir Lancelot with my worldly eyes."

"And thus," said all the ladies, "was ever her prayer these two days till she was dead."

Then Sir Lancelot saw her visage, but he wept not greatly, but sighed. And so he did all the observance of the service himself, both the *dirige*<sup>9</sup> and on the morn he sang mass. And there was ordained<sup>1</sup> an horse-bier, and so with an hundred torches ever burning about the corse of the Queen, and ever Sir Lancelot with his eight fellows went about<sup>2</sup> the horse-bier, singing and reading many an holy orison,<sup>3</sup> and frankincense upon the corse incensed.<sup>4</sup>

Thus Sir Lancelot and his eight fellows went on foot from Amesbury unto Glastonbury, and when they were come to the chapel and the hermitage, there she had a *dirige* with great devotion.<sup>5</sup> And on the morn the hermit that some-

8. Of whom the hermit, who was formerly bishop of Canterbury, bore witness.

9. "Here lies Arthur, who was once king and king will be again."

1. Guinevere enters a convent at Amesbury where Lancelot, returned with his companions to England, visits her, but she commands him never to see her again. Emulating her example, Lancelot joins the bishop of Canterbury and Bedivere in their hermitage where he takes holy orders and is joined in turn by seven of his fellow knights.

2. For the remission.

3. By the time.

4. Provide them with a horse-drawn hearse.

5. Body.

6. Dream.

7. Went.

8. Nearly twelve months.

9. Funeral service.

1. Prepared.

2. Around.

3. Reciting many a prayer.

4. Burned frankincense over the body.

5. Solemnity.

time<sup>6</sup> was Bishop of Canterbury sang the mass of requiem with great devotion, and Sir Lancelot was the first that offered, and then als<sup>7</sup> his eight fellows. And then she was wrapped in cered cloth of Rennes, from the top<sup>8</sup> to the toe, in thirtyfold, and after she was put in a web<sup>9</sup> of lead, and then in a coffin of marble.

And when she was put in the earth Sir Lancelot swooned and lay long still, while<sup>1</sup> the hermit came and awaked him, and said, "Ye be to blame, for ye displeas God with such manner of sorrow-making."

"Truly," said Sir Lancelot, "I trust I do not displeas God, for He knoweth mine intent—for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beaulte and of her noblesse<sup>2</sup> that was both with her king and with her,<sup>3</sup> so when I saw his corse and her corse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful<sup>4</sup> body. Also when I remember me how by my defaute and mine orgule<sup>5</sup> and my pride that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well," said Sir Lancelot, "this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to mine heart that I might not sustain myself." So the French book maketh mention.

Then Sir Lancelot never after ate but little meat,<sup>6</sup> nor drank, till he was dead, for then he sickened more and more and dried and dwined<sup>7</sup> away. For the Bishop nor none of his fellows might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was waxen by a kibbet<sup>8</sup> shorter than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore, day and night, he prayed, but sometime he slumbered a broken sleep. Ever he was lying groveling on the tomb of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, and there was no comfort that the Bishop nor Sir Bors, nor none of his fellows could make him—it availed not.

So within six weeks after, Sir Lancelot fell sick and lay in his bed. And then he sent for the Bishop that there was hermit, and all his true fellows. Then Sir Lancelot said with dreary steven,<sup>9</sup> "Sir Bishop, I pray you give to me all my rights that longeth<sup>1</sup> to a Christian man."

"It shall not need you,"<sup>2</sup> said the hermit and all his fellows. "It is but heaviness of your blood. Ye shall be well mended by the grace of God tomom."

"My fair lords," said Sir Lancelot, "wit you well my careful body will into the earth; I have warning more than now I will say. Therefore give me my rights."

So when he was houseled and annealed<sup>3</sup> and had all that a Christian man ought to have, he prayed the Bishop that his fellows might bear his body to Joyous Garde. (Some men say it was Alnwick, and some men say it was Bamborough.) "Howbeit," said Sir Lancelot, "me repenteth<sup>4</sup> sore, but I made mine avow sometime that in Joyous Garde I would be buried. And because of breaking<sup>5</sup> of mine avow, I pray you all, lead me thither." Then there was weeping and wringing of hands among his fellows.

So at a season of the night they all went to their beds, for they all lay in one chamber. And so after midnight, against<sup>6</sup> day, the Bishop that was hermit, as

6. Once.

7. Also. "Offered": made his donation.

8. Head. "Cloth of Rennes": A shroud made of fine linen smeared with wax, produced at Rennes.

9. Afterward she was put in a sheet.

1. Until.

2. Her beauty and nobility.

3. That she and her king both had.

4. Sorrowful.

5. My fault and my haughtiness.

6. Food.

7. Wasted.

8. Grown by a cubit.

9. Sad voice.

1. Pertains. "Flights": last sacrament.

2. You shall not need it.

3. Given communion and extreme unction.

4. I am sorry.

5. In order not to break.

6. Toward.

he lay in his bed asleep, he fell upon a great laughter. And therewith all the fellowship awoke and came to the Bishop and asked him what he ailed.<sup>7</sup>

"Ah, Jesu mercy," said the Bishop, "why did ye awake me? I was never in all my life so merry and so well at ease."

"Wherefore?" said Sir Bors.

"Truly," said the Bishop, "here was Sir Lancelot with me, with mo<sup>8</sup> angels than ever I saw men in one day. And I saw the angels heave<sup>9</sup> up Sir Lancelot unto heaven, and the gates of heaven opened against him."

"It is but dretching of swevens,"<sup>1</sup> said Sir Bors, "for I doubt not Sir Lancelot aileth nothing but good."<sup>2</sup>

"It may well be," said the Bishop. "Go ye to his bed and then shall ye prove the sooth."

So when Sir Bors and his fellows came to his bed, they found him stark dead. And he lay as he had smiled, and the sweetest savor<sup>3</sup> about him that ever they felt. Then was there weeping and wringing of hands, and the greatest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morn the Bishop did his mass of Requiem, and after the Bishop and all the nine knights put Sir Lancelot in the same horse-bier that Queen Guinevere was laid in tofore that she was buried. And so the Bishop and they all together went with the body of Sir Lancelot daily, till they came to Joyous Garde. And ever they had an hundred torches burning about him.

And so within fifteen days they came to Joyous Garde. And there they laid his corse in the body of the choir,<sup>4</sup> and sang and read many psalters<sup>5</sup> and prayers over him and about him. And ever his visage was laid open and naked, that all folks might behold him; for such was the custom in tho<sup>6</sup> days that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried.

And right thus as they were at their service, there came Sir Ector de Maris that had seven year sought all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother, Sir Lancelot. And when Sir Ector heard such noise and light in the choir of Joyous Garde, he alight and put his horse from him and came into the choir. And there he saw men sing and weep, and all they knew Sir Ector, but he knew not them. Then went Sir Bors unto Sir Ector and told him how there lay his brother, Sir Lancelot, dead. And then Sir Ector threw his shield, sword, and helm from him, and when he beheld Sir Lancelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon. And when he waked, it were hard any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother.

"Ah, Lancelot!" he said, "thou were head of all Christian knights. And now I dare say," said Sir Ector, "thou Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand. And thou were the courteoust<sup>7</sup> knight that ever bore shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man,<sup>8</sup> that ever loved woman, and thou were the kindest man that ever struck with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights, and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies, and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."<sup>9</sup>

Then there was weeping and dolor out of measure.

7. Ailed him.

8. More.

9. Lift.

1. Illusion of dreams.

2. Has nothing wrong with him.

3. Odor. A sweet scent is a conventional sign in saints' lives of a sanctified death.

4. The center of the chancel, the place of honor.

5. Psalms.

6. Those.

7. Most courteous.

8. Of an' man born in original sin.

9. Support for the butt of the lance.

Thus they kept Sir Lancelot's corse aloft fifteen days, and then they buried it with great devotion. And then at leisure they went all with the Bishop of Canterbury to his hermitage, and there they were together more than a month.

Then Sir Constantine that was Sir Cador's son of Cornwall was chosen king of England, and he was a full noble knight, and worshipfully he ruled this realm. And then this King Constantine sent for the Bishop of Canterbury, for he heard say where he was. And so he was restored unto his bishopric and left that hermitage, and Sir Bedivere was there ever still hermit to his life's end.

Then Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Ector de Maris, Sir Gahalantine, Sir Galihud, Sir Galihodin, Sir Blamour, Sir Bleoberis, Sir Villiards le Valiant, Sir Clarrus of Clermount, all these knights drew them to their countries. Howbeit<sup>1</sup> King Constantine would have had them with him, but they would not abide in this realm. And there they all lived in their countries as holy men.

And some English books make mention that they went never out of England after the death of Sir Lancelot—but that was but favor of makers.<sup>2</sup> For the French book maketh mention—and is authorized—that Sir Bors, Sir Ector, Sir Blamour, and Sir Bleoberis went into the Holy Land, whereas Jesu Christ was quick<sup>3</sup> and dead, and anon as they had stablished their lands;<sup>4</sup> for the book saith so Sir Lancelot commanded them for to do ere ever he passed out of this world. There these four knights did many battles upon the miscreants,<sup>5</sup> or Turks, and there they died upon a Good Friday for God's sake.

Here is the end of the whole book of King Arthur and of his noble knights of the Round Table, that when they were whole together there was ever an hundred and forty. And here is the end of *The Death of Arthur*.<sup>6</sup>

I pray you all gentlemen and gentlewomen that readeth this book of Arthur and his knights from the beginning to the ending, pray for me while I am alive that God send me good deliverance. And when I am dead, I pray you all pray for my soul.

For this book was ended the ninth year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth, by Sir Thomas Malory, knight, as Jesu help him for His great might, as he is the servant of Jesu both day and night.

1469-70

1485

1. However.
2. The authors' bias.
3. Living. "Thereas": where.
4. As soon as they had put their lands in order.
5. Infidels.

6. By the "whole book" Malory refers to the entire work; the *Death of Arthur*, which Caxton made the title of the entire work, refers to the last part of Malory's book.

## ROBERT HENRYSON

ca. 1425—ca. 1500

Robert Henryson is perhaps the greatest of a set of exceptionally accomplished late-fifteenth- and early-sixteenth-century Scots poets. He was an acute reader and critic of Chaucer; his intense poem *The Testament of Cresseid*, which is a sequel to *Troilus and Criseyde*, imagines the fate of Criseyde/Cresseid as she becomes a prostitute in the Greek camp, stricken with both venereal disease and, finally, remorse. This text was routinely printed, in sixteenth-century editions of Chaucer's works, at the end of

## [Chorus 4]

*Enter WAGNER solus*

WAGNER

I think my master means to die shortly,  
 For he hath given to me all his goods!  
 And yet methinks, if that death were near,  
 He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill,  
 Amongst the students, as even now he doth, 5  
 Who are at supper with such belly-cheer,  
 As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.  
 See where they come: belike the feast is ended. [Exit]

## Scene 12

*Enter FAUSTUS [and MEPHASTOPHILIS],  
 with two or three SCHOLARS*

1 SCHOLAR

Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair  
 ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have  
 determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the  
 admirablest lady that ever lived. Therefore, master doctor,  
 if you will do us that favour as to let us see that peerless 5  
 dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty,  
 we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

FAUSTUS

Gentlemen for that I know your friendship is unfeigned,  
 And Faustus' custom is not to deny  
 The just requests of those that wish him well, 10  
 You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,

*Chorus* Again, the direction for Wagner's entrance suggests that the choric figure doubled  
 with the role of Faustus' servant

1-8 In place of these lines, B gives Wagner a prose speech containing the gist of A's verse

*Scene 12* The A and B versions of this scene are closely related; but B is markedly inferior to  
 A, reading like a poor memorial reconstruction of the Scholars' lines, but having a re-  
 written speech for the Old Man

3 *Helen of Greece* Helen (who was married to Menelaus, king of Sparta) was given to Paris  
 as a reward for judging the contest of three goddesses

8-15 as prose in A

No otherways for pomp and majesty  
 Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,  
 And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.  
 Be silent then, for danger is in words.

15

*Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage*

2 SCHOLAR

Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,  
 Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3 SCHOLAR

No marvel though the angry Greeks pursued  
 With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,  
 Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

20

1 SCHOLAR

Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,  
 And only paragon of excellence,  
 Let us depart; and for this glorious deed  
 Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

FAUSTUS

Gentlemen farewell; the same I wish to you.

25

*Exeunt SCHOLARS*

*Enter an OLD MAN*

OLD MAN

Ah Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail

14 *Dardania* Troy; in fact the city built by Dardanus on the Hellespont, but the name is often transferred to Troy

15 *s.d. passeth over* It would appear that the character was instructed to move from one side of the yard, across the stage, and out at the other side of the yard, instead of entering by the stage doors (cf. Allardyce Nicoll, 'Passing Over the Stage', *Shakespeare Survey*, XII [1959], pp. 47–55)

16–24 In the B Text the Scholars' comments are as follows:

2 SCHOLAR

Was this fair Helen, whose admired worth  
 Made Greece with ten years' war afflict poor Troy?

3 SCHOLAR

Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,  
 Whom all the world admires for majesty.

1 SCHOLAR

Now we have seen the pride of Nature's work,  
 We'll take our leaves, and for this blessed sight  
 Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

26–37 The Old Man's speech is oddly strained: a 'goal' cannot 'conduct', and 'commiseration' does not 'expel'; the speech seems to have been re-written for the B Text – see the Appendix

To guide thy steps unto the way of life,  
 By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal  
 That shall conduct thee to celestial rest.  
 Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears, 30  
 Tears falling from repentant heaviness  
 Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,  
 The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul  
 With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins,  
 As no commiseration may expel; 35  
 But mercy, Faustus, of thy saviour sweet,  
 Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

FAUSTUS

Where art thou Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done!  
 Damned art thou Faustus, damned; despair and die!

MEPHASTOPHILIS *gives him a dagger*

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice 40  
 Says, 'Faustus, come: thine hour is come!'  
 And Faustus will come to do thee right.

OLD MAN

Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!  
 I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,  
 And with a vial full of precious grace 45  
 Offers to pour the same into thy soul!  
 Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUSTUS

Ah my sweet friend, I feel thy words  
 To comfort my distressed soul;  
 Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins. 50

OLD MAN

I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,  
 Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [Exit]

FAUSTUS

Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?  
 I do repent, and yet I do despair:  
 Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast! 55  
 What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Thou traitor, Faustus: I arrest thy soul  
 For disobedience to my sovereign lord.



Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

FAUSTUS

Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord  
To pardon my unjust presumption; 60  
And with my blood again I will confirm  
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Do it then quickly, with unfeigned heart,  
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift. 65

FAUSTUS

Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age  
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,  
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

His faith is great, I cannot touch his soul,  
But what I may afflict his body with, 70  
I will attempt – which is but little worth.

FAUSTUS

One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,  
To glut the longing of my heart's desire:  
That I might have unto my paramour  
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late, 75  
Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean  
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow:  
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,  
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye. 80

*Enter HELEN*

FAUSTUS

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

59 *Revolt* Turn again to your allegiance

65 *drift* drifting; also purpose

81–100 In these lines Marlowe is repeating his own memorable phrases:  
Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,  
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos.

2 *Tamburlaine*, II, iv, 87–8

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss:  
 Her lips sucks forth my soul, see where it flies!  
 Come Helen, come, give me my soul again. 85  
 Here will I dwell, for heaven be in these lips,  
 And all is dross that is not Helena!

*Enter* OLD MAN

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,  
 Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked;  
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus, 90  
 And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:  
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,  
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
 O thou art fairer than the evening air,  
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, 95  
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;  
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
 In wanton Arethusa's azured arms;  
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour. 100

*Exeunt* [FAUSTUS *and* HELEN]

OLD MAN

Accursed Faustus, miserable man,  
 That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,  
 And fliest the throne of His tribunal seat!

---

And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

*Dido*, IV, iv, 123

So thou wouldst prove as true as Paris did,  
 Would, as fair Troy was, Carthage might be sacked,  
 And I be called a second Helena.

*Dido*, V, 1, 146–8 82

82 *Ilium* Troy

88 s.d. This direction and the Old Man's final speech (101–9) are omitted in the B Text

92 *wound . . . heel* Achilles was invulnerable apart from one of his heels – where he was shot by Paris

96–7 *flaming . . . Semele* The sight of Jupiter in all his divine splendour was too much for mortal eyes, and Semele was consumed by the fire of his brightness

98–9 *monarch . . . arms* Arethusa was a nymph who was changed into a fountain after bathing in the river Alpheus and exciting the river-god's passion; Alpheus is said to have been related to the sun

*Enter the DEVILS*

Satan begins to sift me with his pride,  
 As in this furnace God shall try my faith. 105  
 My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee!  
 Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smiles  
 At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn.  
 Hence hell, for hence I fly unto my God. *Exeunt*

### Scene 13

*Enter FAUSTUS with the SCHOLARS*

FAUSTUS

Ah gentlemen!

1 SCHOLAR

What ails Faustus?

FAUSTUS

Ah my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then  
 had I lived still; but now I die eternally. Look, comes he  
 not, comes he not? 5

2 SCHOLAR

What means Faustus?

3 SCHOLAR

Belike he is grown into some sickness, by being over-  
 solitary.

1 SCHOLAR

If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him; 'tis but a  
 surfeit: never fear, man. 10

FAUSTUS

A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and  
 soul.

104 *sift* Cf. St Luke's Gospel xxii, 3: 'Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat'

107 *the heavens* the celestial beings who inhabit the extra-terrestrial spheres of the geocentric universe.

*smiles* A singular verb following a plural subject is not uncommon in sixteenth-century literature

*scene 13* B opens this scene with the arrival of the devils – Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis – who have come to witness Faustus' end; see the Appendix

2 SCHOLAR

Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him. 35

1 SCHOLAR

Ay, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 SCHOLAR

Yet let us try what we can do. *Exeunt*

### Scene 3

*Enter FAUSTUS to conjure*

FAUSTUS

Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,  
 Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,  
 Leaps from th'antarctic world unto the sky,  
 And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath:  
 Faustus, begin thine incantations, 5  
 And try if devils will obey thy hest,  
 Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.  
 Within this circle is Jehovah's name,  
 Forward and backward anagrammatized;  
 Th'abbreviated names of holy saints, 10  
 Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,

34 *Rector* head of the university

1 *shadow of the earth* In *The French Academic*, La Primaudaye explains that 'the night, also, is no other thing than the shadow of the earth'. Cf. also John Norton Smith, 'Marlowe's *Faustus*', *N & Q* NS 25 (1978), pp. 436–7

2 *Orion's drizzling look* the rainy constellation of Orion

3 Marlowe seems to have thought that night advances from the southern hemisphere

7 *prayed and sacrificed* A period of prayer and sacrifice, a kind of spiritual preparation, was a pre-requisite for conjuring

8–13 Before he began his conjuring, the magician would draw a circle round himself, inscribing on the periphery certain signs (of the zodiac, for instance) and the tetragrammaton, the four Hebrew letters of the Divine Name. This was not only part of the invocation: so long as the circle was unbroken and the magician stayed inside it, no evil spirit could harm him

9 *anagrammatized* B (and agramathist A)

10 *Th'abbreviated* B (The breviated A)

11 *adjunct* heavenly body joined to the firmament (see note on Scene 5, lines 211–19)

And characters of signs and erring stars,  
 By which the spirits are enforced to rise.  
 Then fear not Faustus, but be resolute,  
 And try the uttermost magic can perform. 15  
*Sint mihi dei acherontis propitii. Valeat numen triplex  
 Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, terreni, aquatici spiritus salvet!  
 Orientis princeps, Belzebub inferni ardentis monarcha, et  
 Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Meph-  
 astophilis. Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovah, Gehennam, et 20  
 consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo; signumque crucis  
 quod nunc facio; et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis  
 dicatus Mephastophilis.*

- 12 *characters* symbols  
*signs* i.e. of the zodiac  
*erring stars* planets

16–23 'May the gods of Acheron look favourably upon me. Away with the spirit of the three-fold Jehovah. Welcome, spirits of fire, air, water, and earth. We ask your favour, O Prince of the East, Belzebub, the monarch of burning hell, and Demogorgon, that Mephastophilis may appear and rise. Why do you delay? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water which I now sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which I now form, and by our vows, may Mephastophilis himself now rise, compelled to obey us.'

Rejecting the God of Heaven, the Christian God in Three Persons, Faustus turns to His infernal counterpart: Acheron is one of the rivers in the Greek underworld, the Prince of the East is Lucifer (see Isaiah xiv, 12), and Demogorgon is, in classical mythology, one of the most terrible primeval gods. Faustus hails the spirits of the elements: 'they make them believe, that at the fall of *Lucifer*, some spirits fell in the aire, some in the fire, some in the water, some in the lande' (*Daemonologie*, p. 20). The name of Mephastophilis was not, apparently, known before the Faust legend; this seems to have been Marlowe's preferred spelling – it is the one used most frequently in the A Text. The different spellings are discussed by William Empson in *Faustus and the Censor*, 1987.

Many invocations to the devil express similar surprise and impatience at his delay, after which the conjuror redoubles his efforts. Gehenna, the valley of Hinnom, was a place of sacrifice. Dr Faustus seems now to be renouncing his Christian baptism, misusing the baptismal water and forswearing the vows made at his christening. In devil-worship, the sign of the cross had a double function: a powerful charm to overcome diabolic disobedience, it also protected the conjuror from injury by any spirit that might appear

- 17 *terreni* Greg (*om* Qq): Faustus would invoke the spirits of all four elements  
 18 *Belzebub* Marlowe's form of the name has been retained because at certain points (e.g. Scene 5, line 12) this suits better with the metre than the more commonly used Hebraic Beelzebub  
 20 *Quid tu moraris* Ellis (*quod tumeraris* Qq)

*Enter a DEVIL*

I charge thee to return and change thy shape,  
 Thou art too ugly to attend on me; 25  
 Go and return an old Franciscan friar,  
 That holy shape becomes a devil best. *Exit DEVIL*  
 I see there's virtue in my heavenly words!  
 Who would not be proficient in this art?  
 How pliant is this Mephistophilis, 30  
 Full of obedience and humility,  
 Such is the force of magic and my spells.  
 Now Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate  
 That canst command great Mephistophilis.  
*Quin redis, Mephistophilis, fratris imagine!* 35

*Enter MEPHASTOPHILIS*

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Now Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

FAUSTUS

I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,  
 To do what ever Faustus shall command,  
 Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,  
 Or the ocean to overwhelm the world. 40

MEPHASTOPHILIS

I am a servant to great Lucifer,  
 And may not follow thee without his leave;  
 No more than he commands must we perform.

FAUSTUS

Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

No, I came now hither of mine own accord. 45

24 *change thy shape* *EFB* describes a creature of fire, which appears at this point and eventually takes the shape of a man; the B Text asks for a 'Dragon' in what seems to be an anticipatory stage direction, and the woodcut on the B titlepage shows an emergent dragon on the ground beside the conjuror's circle. A wary magician always stipulated from the beginning that a pleasing shape should be assumed

33 *laureate* The laurel wreath of excellence was given to poets in ancient Greece

35 'Why do you not return, Mephistophilis, in the likeness of a friar'

*redis* Boas (*regis A*; this line, and the two preceding ones, are omitted in B)

39–40 Faustus would share these powers with the enchanters of classical literature (see Kocher, p. 141)

45 What Kocher (p. 160) calls the 'doctrine of voluntary ascent' is fairly well established in witchcraft

FAUSTUS

Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak!

MEPHASTOPHILIS

That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*,  
 For when we hear one rack the name of God,  
 Abjure the Scriptures, and his saviour Christ,  
 We fly in hope to get his glorious soul, 50  
 Nor will we come, unless he use such means  
 Whereby he is in danger to be damned:  
 Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring  
 Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,  
 And pray devoutly to the prince of hell. 55

FAUSTUS

So Faustus hath already done, and holds this principle:  
 There is no chief but only Belzebub,  
 To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.  
 This word damnation terrifies not him,  
 For he confounds hell in Elysium: 60  
 His ghost be with the old philosophers.  
 But leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,  
 Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord?

MEPHASTOPHIUS

Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

FAUSTUS

Was not that Lucifer an angel once? 65

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Yes Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

FAUSTUS

How comes it then that he is prince of devils?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

O, by aspiring pride and insolence,

47 *per accidens* only in appearance; what the conjuring represented was the real cause

48 *rack* violate: 'take the name of the Lord in vain'

60 *confounds hell in Elysium* makes no distinction between the Christian concept of hell and the pagan (Greek) notion of the after-life in Elysium. Marlowe has already coupled the two: 'Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men' (*1 Tamburlaine*, V,ii, 403). Nashe may be referring to either of these passages when he scorns the writers that 'thrust Elisium into hell' (Preface to Greene's *Menaphon* [1589], ed. McKerrow, iii, 316)

61 *old philosophers* those who shared his disbelief in an eternity of punishment; the line seems to come from a saying of Averroes: *sit anima mea cum philosophis* (cf. J. C. Maxwell, *N & Q*, cxiv [1949], pp. 334–5; J. M. Steadman, *N & Q*, ccvii [1962], pp. 327–9)

63 *that Lucifer* A simple account of the history of Lucifer is given in Isaiah xiv, 12–15

For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

FAUSTUS

And what are you that live with Lucifer? 70

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,  
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.

FAUSTUS

Where are you damned?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

In hell. 75

FAUSTUS

How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Why this is hell, nor am I out of it.  
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,  
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells 80  
In being deprived of everlasting bliss!  
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,  
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

FAUSTUS

What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate  
For being deprived of the joys of heaven? 85  
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,  
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.  
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer,  
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death  
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity: 90

77–81 Caxton, while locating hell 'in the most lowest place, most derke, and most vyle of the erthe', stressed that it is a state as well as a place; the condemned sinner is like a man 'that had a grete maladye, so moche that he sholde deye, and that he were brought into a fair place and plesaunt for to have Joye and solace; of so moche shold he be more hevy and sorowful' (*The Mirroure of the World* [1480], ii, 18). Marlowe's concept of hell at this point may be compared with Milton's; like Mephistophilis, Satan cannot escape:

For within him Hell

He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell

One step, no more than from himself can fly

By change of place.

*Paradise Lost*, iv, 20–23

Mephistophilis' account of the torment of deprivation is translated from St John Chrysostom: *si decem mille gehennas quis dixerit, nihil tale est quale ab illa beata visione excidere* (see John Searle, *T.L.S.*, 15 February 1936)

88 these B (those A)



Say, he surrenders up to him his soul  
 So he will spare him four and twenty years,  
 Letting him live in all voluptuousness,  
 Having thee ever to attend on me,  
 To give me whatsoever I shall ask, 95  
 To tell me whatsoever I demand,  
 To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,  
 And always be obedient to my will.  
 Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,  
 And meet me in my study at midnight, 100  
 And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

I will Faustus. *Exit*

FAUSTUS

Had I as many souls as there be stars  
 I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.  
 By him I'll be great emperor of the world, 105  
 And make a bridge through the moving air  
 To pass the ocean with a band of men;  
 I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,  
 And make that land continent to Spain,  
 And both contributory to my crown. 110  
 The emperor shall not live but by my leave,  
 Nor any potentate of Germany.  
 Now that I have obtained what I desire  
 I'll live in speculation of this art  
 Till Mephistophilis return again. *Exit* 115

### Scene 4

*Enter WAGNER and the CLOWN*

WAGNER

Sirra boy, come hither.

- 92 So on condition that  
 106–7 Faustus plans to emulate Xerxes, who built a bridge (using boats) across the Hellespont  
 for his army to march over  
 108–9 The hills on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar would, if joined together, unite Africa  
 and Europe into a single continent

*Scene 4* The B Text version of this scene, which is greatly changed to accommodate different comedians and an altered theatrical taste, is printed in the Appendix

**Scene 5**

*Enter FAUSTUS in his Study*

FAUSTUS

Now Faustus, must thou needs be damned,  
And canst thou not be saved.  
What boots it then to think of God or heaven?  
Away with such vain fancies and despair,  
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebug. 5  
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute;  
Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears:  
'Abjure this magic, turn to God again'.  
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.  
To God? He loves thee not: 10  
The god thou servest is thine own appetite  
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebug.  
To him I'll build an altar and a church,  
And offer luke-warm blood of new-born babes.

*Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL [ANGEL]*

GOOD ANGEL

Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art. 15

FAUSTUS

Contrition, prayer, repentance: what of them?

GOOD ANGEL

O they are means to bring thee unto heaven.

EVIL ANGEL

Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,  
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.

GOOD ANGEL

Sweet Faustus, think of heaven, and heavenly things. 20

EVIL ANGEL

No Faustus, think of honour and of wealth.

*Exeunt [ANGELS]*

FAUSTUS

Of wealth!

21 *and of wealth* A2 (and wealth A1)

Why, the signory of Emden shall be mine  
 When Mephistophilis shall stand by me.  
 What god can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe, 25  
 Cast no more doubts. Come Mephistophilis,  
 And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.  
 Is't not midnight? Come Mephistophilis:  
*Veni veni Mephistophile.*

*Enter MEPHASTOPHILIS*

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord? 30  
 MEPHASTOPHILIS  
 That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,  
 So he will buy my service with his soul.

FAUSTUS

Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

But Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,  
 And write a deed of gift with thine own blood, 35  
 For that security craves great Lucifer.  
 If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

FAUSTUS

Stay Mephistophilis, and tell me,  
 What good will my soul do thy lord?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Enlarge his kingdom. 40

FAUSTUS

Is that the reason he tempts us thus?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

23 *signory of Emden* governorship of Emden – a port on the mouth of the Ems, at this time trading extensively with England

29 'Come, O come Mephistophilis'

30 *tell me what B* (tell what A)

31 *the lives B* (I live A)

32 *So* provided that

33 *hazarded* jeopardized

40 *Enlarge to kingdom* 'Satan's chiefest drift & main point that he aimeth at, is the enlargment of his own kingdom, by the eternall destruction of man in the life to come', James Mason, *The Anatomie of Sorcerie* (1612), p. 55

42 In Chaucer's version: 'Men seyn, "to wrecche is consolacioun To have an-other felawe in his peyne"': *Troilus and Criseyde*, i, 708–9

FAUSTUS

Have you any pain that torture others?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

As great as have the human souls of men.

But tell me Faustus, shall I have thy soul? 45

And I will be thy slave and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

FAUSTUS

Ay Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Then stab thine arm courageously,

And bind thy soul, that at some certain day 50

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own,

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

FAUSTUS

Lo Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood

Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's, 55

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night.

View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

But Faustus, thou must write it

In manner of a deed of gift. 60

FAUSTUS

Ay, so I will; but Mephistophilis,

My blood congeals and I can write no more.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight.

*Exit*

FAUSTUS

What might the staying of my blood portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill? 65

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh:

'Faustus gives to thee his soul': ah, there it stayed!

43 *torture* B (tortures A)

54 *proper* own

58 *propitious* an acceptable sacrifice – as the blood of Christ is a propitiation for the sins of mankind

Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?  
Then write again: 'Faustus gives to thee his soul'.

*Enter MEPHASTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals*

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Here's fire, come Faustus, set it on. 70

FAUSTUS

So, now the blood begins to clear again.  
Now will I make an end immediately.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

O what will not I do to obtain his soul!

FAUSTUS

*Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,  
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer. 75  
But what is this inscription on mine arm?  
*Homo fuge*. Whither should I fly?  
If unto God, he'll throw thee down to hell;  
My senses are deceived, here's nothing writ;  
I see it plain, here in this place is writ, 80  
*Homo fuge!* Yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind. *Exit*

*Enter [again] with DEVILS, giving crowns and rich  
apparel to FAUSTUS; they dance, and then depart*

FAUSTUS

Speak Mephistophilis, what means this show?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Nothing Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,  
And to show thee what magic can perform. 85

FAUSTUS

But may I raise up spirits when I please?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Ay Faustus, and do greater things than these.

69 s.d. *chafer* portable grate

70 *set it on* 'set his blood in a saucer on warm ashes' *EFB*, vi

71 Greg observes that no earthly fire will liquefy congealed blood

74 *Consummatum est* It is completed; the last words of Christ on the cross: St John  
xix, 30

77 *Homo fuge* Fly, O man

FAUSTUS

Then there's enough for a thousand souls!  
 Here Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,  
 A deed of gift of body and of soul: 90  
 But yet conditionally, that thou perform  
 All articles prescribed between us both.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer  
 To effect all promises between us made.

FAUSTUS

Then hear me read them. On these conditions following: 95  
*First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance.*  
*Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at*  
*his command.*  
*Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him*  
*whatsoever.* 100

*Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible.*  
*Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus at all*  
*times, in what form or shape soever he please.*

*I, John Faustus of Wittenberg, doctor, by these presents, do*  
*give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and* 105  
*his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto*  
*them that, four and twenty years being expired, the articles*  
*above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said*  
*John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their*  
*habitation wheresoever.* 110

*By me John Faustus.*

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Speak Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

FAUSTUS

Ay, take it; and the devil give thee good on't.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Now Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUSTUS

First will I question with thee about hell: 115

96 *a spirit* A spirit, to the Elizabethans, was usually an evil one – a devil (see Shakespeare, Sonnet cXLIV); according to some theologians, who followed Aquinas, God could have no mercy on a devil who was *ipso facto* incapable of repenting. See lines 189–91

104 *these presents* the legal articles

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Under the heavens.

FAUSTUS

Ay, but whereabouts?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are tortured and remain for ever. 120

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed

In one self place; for where we are is hell,

And where hell is, must we ever be.

And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified, 125

All places shall be hell that is not heaven.

FAUSTUS

Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUSTUS

Why? think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll 130

Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUSTUS

Ay, and body too; but what of that?

Thinkest thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That after this life there is any pain?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales. 135

MEPHASTOPHILIS

But Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary;

For I am damned, and am now in hell.

FAUSTUS

How, now in hell? Nay, and this be hell, I'll willingly be  
damned here! What, walking, disputing, etc . . . But leaving  
off this, let me have a wife, the fairest maid in Germany, for I 140

119 *these elements* the four elements (fire, air, earth, and water) below the sphere of the moon

122 *one self place* one particular place

133 *fond* foolish

138ff The writing here seems to degenerate as the text becomes merely an excuse for some stage business with the devil-wife

139 *disputing* According to the Prologue (line 18) this is Faustus's great delight

am wanton and lascivious, and cannot live without a wife.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

How, a wife? I prithee Faustus, talk not of a wife.

FAUSTUS

Nay sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Well, thou wilt have one; sit there till I come.

I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name.

*Exit* 145

*Enter [again] with a DEVIL dressed like a woman,  
with fireworks*

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Tell Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife?

FAUSTUS

A plague on her for a hot whore!

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Tut Faustus, marriage is but a ceremonial toy;

If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,

150

And bring them every morning to thy bed:

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,

As wise as Saba, or as beautiful

As was bright Lucifer before his fall.

155

Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

The iterating of these lines brings gold;

The framing of this circle on the ground

Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and lightning.

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy self,

160

And men in armour shall appear to thee,

Ready to execute what thou desirest.

FAUSTUS

Thanks Mephistophilis, yet fain would I have a book

wherein I might behold all spells and incantations, that I

might raise up spirits when I please.

165

148 *ceremonial toy* trifling ceremony

149 *think no more B* (think more A)

150 *cull* pick

153 *Penelope* wife of Ulysses, renowned for her fidelity to an absent husband

154 *Saba* the Queen of Sheba, who confronted Solomon with 'hard questions', 1 Kings x



MEPHASTOPHILIS

Here they are in this book.

*There turn to them*

FAUSTUS

Now would I have a book where I might see all characters  
and planets of the heavens, that I might know their motions  
and dispositions.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Here they are too.

*Turn to them* 170

FAUSTUS

Nay, let me have one book more, and then I have done,  
wherein I might see all plants, herbs and trees that grow  
upon the earth.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Here they be.

FAUSTUS

O thou art deceived!

175

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Tut, I warrant thee.

*Turn to them*

FAUSTUS

When I behold the heavens, then I repent,  
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,  
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Why Faustus,

180

Think'st thou that heaven is such a glorious thing?

I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,

Or any man that breathes on earth.

FAUSTUS

How prov'st thou that?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

It was made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

185

FAUSTUS

If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:

I will renounce this magic, and repent.

*Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL*

GOOD ANGEL

Faustus repent, yet God will pity thee.

EVIL ANGEL

Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity thee.

FAUSTUS

Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit? 190  
 Be I a devil, yet God may pity me.  
 Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

EVIL ANGEL

Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

*Exeunt* [ANGELS]

FAUSTUS

My heart's so hardened I cannot repent!  
 Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven, 195  
 But fearful echoes thunders in mine ears,  
 'Faustus, thou art damned'; then swords and knives,  
 Poison, guns, halters, and envenomed steel,  
 Are laid before me to dispatch myself:  
 And long ere this I should have slain myself, 200  
 Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.  
 Have not I made blind Homer sing to me  
 Of Alexander's love, and Oenon's death?  
 And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes  
 With ravishing sound of his melodious harp, 205  
 Made music with my Mephistophilis?  
 Why should I die then, or basely despair?  
 I am resolved! Faustus shall ne'er repent.  
 Come Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,  
 And argue of divine astrology. 210

190 *buzzeth* whispers

191 *Be I* This could mean either 'Even if I am', or else 'Even though I were'

194 Hardness (also called blindness) of heart is recognized as a very complex spiritual condition; the Litany of the Book of Common Prayer offers a special supplication: 'From all blindness of heart . . . Good Lord, deliver us'

198 *halters* hangman's ropes

202 *blind Homer* The Greek poet was traditionally held to be blind

203 *Alexander . . . death* Alexander (Homer's name for Paris, son of Priam) fell in love with Oenone before he encountered Helen. After he was wounded in the Trojan War, he was carried to Oenone and died at her feet, whereupon she stabbed herself

204-5 At the sound of Amphion's harp the stones were so affected that they rose of their own accord to form the walls of Thebes

210-39 The Faustus of Marlowe's source was an astrologer – a calendar-maker and weather-forecaster – rather than an astronomer; and although the spirit promises to teach him about the planets, his approach is unscientific and the information a miscellaneous jumble. Marlowe's protagonist has the questioning mind of the

Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?  
 Are all celestial bodies but one globe,  
 As is the substance of this centric earth?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

As are the elements, such are the spheres,  
 Mutually folded in each other's orb. 215  
 And, Faustus, all jointly move upon one axletree  
 Whose termine is termed the world's wide pole,  
 Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter,  
 Feigned, but are erring stars.

FAUSTUS

But tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et* 220  
*tempore*?

---

Renaissance student, and the answers he is given accord with the sceptical authorities of the day (see Kocher, pp. 214–23 and F. R. Johnson, 'Marlowe's Astronomy and Renaissance Skepticism', *E.L.H.*, XIII [1946], iv). The Ptolemaic system, as yet unshaken by Copernicus, held that the universe was composed of concentric spheres with the earth (*this centric earth*) as the innermost. Beyond the earth was the sphere of the Moon, and further out still the spheres of the six other *erring stars* or planets: Mercury, Venus, Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn. The eighth was the firmament, or sphere of the fixed stars, which Marlowe, admitting only nine spheres (1. 235) identified with the *Primum Mobile*, the first moving thing which imparted movement to all the rest. The ninth sphere (tenth, if the *Primum Mobile* was allowed to be separate from the firmament) was the immovable empyrean (*the empyreal orb*)

211–19 *Tell me . . . erring stars* Faustus asks first for confirmation of the number of spheres beyond the Moon, and whether in fact these do form a single ball. Mephistophilis replies that just as the four elements enclose each other (earth is surrounded by water, water by air, and air by fire), so each sphere or heaven is circled round by the ones beyond it, and all rotate upon a single axletree. Saturn, Mars, and the other planets are individually recognizable: they are called *erring* or wandering stars to distinguish them from the fixed stars which are joined to the firmament

217 *termine* boundary (astronomical)

220–31 *But . . . days* 'Do all the planets move at the same speed and in the same direction?' is Faustus' next question. He is told that the planets have two movements: a daily west to east rotation round the earth governed by the *Primum Mobile*, and a slower, individual turning from west to east. Caxton (*Mirror of the World* [1480], i, 13) explains that each planet is like a fly crawling on a wheel: if the fly crawls in one direction and the wheel turns in the opposite, the fly may be said to have two motions. Faustus knows this well enough, and proceeds to detail with reasonable accuracy the different times taken by the planets in their individual revolutions – the farthest from the earth, naturally, taking the longest. The figures usually given are: Saturn 29<sup>F1</sup> years; Jupiter 11<sup>FL</sup> years, Mars 1 year 11 months; Sun 1 year; Venus 7<sup>F1</sup> months; and Mercury 3 months

220–1 *situ et tempore* in direction and time

MEPHASTOPHILIS

All jointly move from east to west in four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

FAUSTUS

Tush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide! 225

Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?

Who knows not the double motion of the planets?

The first is finished in a natural day, the second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia*? 230

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Ay.

FAUSTUS

How many heavens or spheres are there?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven. 235

FAUSTUS

Well, resolve me in this question: why have we not

231 *freshmen's suppositions* elementary facts given to first-year undergraduates for them to build an argument upon

232 *hath . . . intelligentia* The next question at issue relates to a theory first propounded by Plato and developed in the Middle Ages, that each planet was guided by an angelic spirit, commonly called the *intelligence*:

Let mans Soule be a Spheare, and then, in this,

The intelligence that moves, devotion is.

Donne, 'Good Friday, Riding Westwards'

Mephistophilis affirms the *intelligence*, but the theory was never really accepted by scientists

234–6 *How many . . . heaven* Faustus seems to return to his earlier query about the number of spheres or heavens. Aristotle accounted for eight, but another was added by the early Church Fathers who postulated the *empyrean heaven* which was the abode of God, unmoving and shining with a piercing, stainless light. Milton describes a similar cosmology in *Paradise Lost* when he identifies 'the planets seven', 'the fixed', 'And that crystalline sphere . . . that first moved' (III, 481–3)

237–40 *Resolve me . . . totius* Mephistophilis' answer to the next question sounds like a quotation from some astronomical textbook. Faustus asks about the behaviour of the planets, using technical but well-known astronomical terms; *conjunctio*ns are the apparent joinings together of two planets, whilst *oppositio*ns describes their relationships when most remote:

conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time,  
but in some years we have more, in some less?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

*Per inaequalem motum respectu totius.* 240

FAUSTUS

Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world?

MEPHASTOPHILIS

I will not.

FAUSTUS

Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

FAUSTUS

Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything? 245

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is.

Think thou on hell Faustus, for thou art damned.

FAUSTUS

Think, Faustus, upon God, that made the world.

MEPHASTOPHILIS

Remember this. *Exit*

FAUSTUS

Ay, go accursed spirit, to ugly hell, 250

'Tis thou hast damned distressed Faustus' soul:

Is't not too late?

*Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL [ANGEL]*

EVIL ANGEL

Too late.

---

Therefore the love which us doth bind,  
But Fate so enviously debars,  
Is the Conjunction of the Mind,  
And Opposition of the Stars.

Marvell, 'The Definition of Love'

Any position between the two extremes of conjunction and opposition was termed an *aspect*. To astrologers the differing situations and relations of the planets all have some particular significance – hence the horoscope. Faustus is finally told what he already knows: that the heavenly bodies do not all move at the same speed, and that for this reason ('through an irregular motion so far as the whole is concerned', 1. 240) there are more eclipses etc. in some years than in others

244 *Move me not* Don't make me angry

GOOD ANGEL

Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

EVIL ANGEL

If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces. 255

GOOD ANGEL

Repent, and they shall never rase thy skin.

*Exeunt* [ANGELS]

FAUSTUS

Ah Christ my Saviour, seek to save  
Distressed Faustus' soul.

*Enter* LUCIFER, BELZEBUB *and* MEPHASTOPHILIS

LUCIFER

Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just.  
There's none but I have interest in the same. 260

FAUSTUS

O who art thou that look'st so terrible?

LUCIFER

I am Lucifer, and this is my companion prince in hell.

FAUSTUS

O Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul!

LUCIFER

We come to tell thee thou dost injure us.  
Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise. 265  
Thou should'st not think of God; think of the devil,  
And of his dam too.

FAUSTUS

Nor will I henceforth; pardon me in this,  
And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,  
Never to name God, or to pray to him, 270  
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,  
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

LUCIFER

Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are  
come from hell to show thee some pastime; sit down, and  
thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their 275  
proper shapes.

256 *rase* graze

260 *have interest in* have a legal claim on

FAUSTUS

That sight will be as pleasing unto me, as Paradise was to Adam, the first day of his creation,

LUCIFER

Talk not of Paradise, nor creation, but mark this show; talk of the devil and nothing else. Come away. 280

*Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS*

Now Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the first?

PRIDE

I am Pride: I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea, I can creep into every corner of a wench: sometimes like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips. Indeed I do – what do I not! But fie, what a scent is here? I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed and covered with cloth of arras. 285

FAUSTUS

What are thou, the second? 290

COVETOUSNESS

I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag: and might I have my wish, I would desire that this house, and all the people in it, were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O my sweet gold!

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the third? 295

WRATH

I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leaped out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old, and ever since I have run up and down the world, with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight

281 *several* different

285 *Ovid's flea* The poet of 'Song of the Flea' (probably medieval but attributed to Ovid) envies the flea for its freedom of movement over his mistress' body

289 *cloth of arras* tapestry, woven at Arras in Flanders and used to make wall-hangings

292 *leathern bag* the miser's purse

298 *case* pair

withal. I was born in hell – and look to it, for some of you 300  
shall be my father.

FAUSTUS

What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY

I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper, and an oyster-  
wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were  
burnt; I am lean with seeing others eat – O that there 305  
would come a famine through all the world, that all might  
die, and I live alone; then thou should'st see how fat I  
would be! But must thou sit and I stand? Come down, with  
a vengeance.

FAUSTUS

Away, envious rascal! What art thou, the fifth? 310

GLUTTONY

Who, I sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the  
devil a penny they have left me but a bare pension, and  
that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers – a small trifle to  
suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage: my  
grandfather was a gammon of bacon, my grandmother a 315  
hogshead of claret wine; my godfathers were these: Peter  
Pickled-Herring, and Martin Martlemas-Beef. O, but my  
godmother! She was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved  
in every good town and city; her name was Mistress  
Margery March-Beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all 320  
my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

FAUSTUS

Ho, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

GLUTTONY

Then the devil choke thee!

FAUSTUS

Choke thyself, Glutton. What art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH

I am Sloth; I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have 325

300 *some of you* Wrath addresses the audience

303–4 *begotten . . . wife* Envy is filthy, and stinks

313 *bevers* snacks

317 *Martlemas-Beef* Meat, salted to preserve it for winter, was hung up around Martinmas (11 November)

320 *March-Beer* a rich ale, made in March and left to mature for at least two years

321 *progeny* lineage (obsolete)



lain ever since – and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence. Let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

FAUSTUS

What are you Mistress Minx, the seventh and last? 330

LECHERY

Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

LUCIFER

Away! To hell, to hell!

*Exeunt the [SEVEN DEADLY] SINS*

Now Faustus, how dost thou like this? 335

FAUSTUS

O this feeds my soul.

LUCIFER

Tut Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUSTUS

O might I see hell, and return again, how happy were I then!

LUCIFER

Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight. In meantime, 340  
take this book, peruse it thoroughly, and thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUSTUS

Great thanks, mighty Lucifer; this will I keep as chary as my life.

LUCIFER

Farewell, Faustus; and think on the devil. 345

FAUSTUS

Farewell, great Lucifer; come Mephistophilis.

*Exeunt omnes*

331–3 *I am one . . . Lechery* The words are rather obscure, but their sense is clear. Lechery prefers a small quantity of virility to a large extent of impotence: *stockfish*, a long strip of dried cod, is a common term of abuse, indicating impotence: 'he was begot between two stockfishes', *Measure for Measure*, III, ii, 98. The 'Minx' ends with a common form of jest: cf. 'Her name begins with Mistress Purge', Middleton, *The Family of Love*, II,iii, 53

343 *chary* carefully

## TEXTS

**P1 Ovid, from *Metamorphoses*, c. AD 10. Trans. A. D. Melville, 1986<sup>o</sup>**

The story of Pygmalion is one of those told by Orpheus in book 10 of the *Metamorphoses*. Ovid/Orpheus prefaces this story of Venus's benevolence to a faithful worshipper with two short examples of her vengeance on those who offended her: the Cerastae, who practised human sacrifice, and (in the opening lines below) the Propoetides, the first prostitutes.

- Even so the obscene Propoetides had dared  
Deny Venus' divinity. For that  
The goddess' rage, it's said, made them the first  
290 Strumpets to prostitute their bodies' charms.  
As shame retreated and their cheeks grew hard,  
They turned with little change to stones of flint.
- Pygmalion had seen these women spend  
Their days in wickedness, and horrified  
295 At all the countless vices nature gives  
To womankind lived celibate and long  
Lacked the companionship of married love.  
Meanwhile he carved his snow-white ivory  
With marvellous triumphant artistry  
300 And gave it perfect shape, more beautiful  
Than ever woman born. His masterwork  
Fired him with love. It seemed to be alive,  
Its face to be a real girl's, a girl  
Who wished to move – but modesty forbade.  
305 Such art his art concealed. In admiration  
His heart desired the body he had formed.  
With many a touch he tries it – is it flesh  
Or ivory? Not ivory still, he's sure!  
Kisses he gives and thinks they are returned;  
310 He speaks to it, caresses it, believes  
The firm new flesh beneath his fingers yields,  
And fears the limbs may darken with a bruise.  
And now fond words he whispers, now brings gifts  
That girls delight in – shells and polished stones,

<sup>o</sup> from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, trans. A. D. Melville, Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1986, book 10, lines 238–97 (of the Latin), pp. 232–4. Reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press.

- 315 And little birds and flowers of every hue,  
 Lilies and coloured balls and beads of amber,  
 The tear-drops of the daughters of the Sun.<sup>o</sup>  
 He decks her limbs with robes and on her fingers  
 Sets splendid rings, a necklace round her neck,  
 320 Pearls in her ears, a pendant on her breast;  
 Lovely she looked, yet unadorned she seemed  
 In nakedness no whit less beautiful.  
 He laid her on a couch of purple silk,  
 Called her his darling, cushioning her head,  
 325 As if she relished it, on softest down.
- Venus' day came, the holiest festival  
 All Cyprus celebrates; incense rose high  
 And heifers, with their wide horns gilded, fell  
 Beneath the blade that struck their snowy necks.  
 330 Pygmalion, his offering given, prayed  
 Before the altar, half afraid, 'Vouchsafe,  
 O Gods, if all things you can grant, my bride  
 Shall be' – he dared not say my ivory girl –  
 'The living likeness of my ivory girl.'  
 335 And golden Venus (for her presence graced  
 Her feast) knew well the purpose of his prayer;  
 And, as an omen of her favouring power,  
 Thrice did the flame burn bright and leap up high.  
 And he went home, home to his heart's delight,  
 340 And kissed her as she lay, and she seemed warm;  
 Again he kissed her and with marvelling touch  
 Caressed her breast; beneath his touch the flesh  
 Grew soft, its ivory hardness vanishing,  
 And yielded to his hands, as in the sun  
 345 Wax of Hymettus<sup>o</sup> softens and is shaped  
 By practised fingers into many forms,  
 And usefulness acquires by being used.  
 His heart was torn with wonder and misgiving,  
 Delight and terror that it was not true!  
 350 Again and yet again he tried his hopes –  
 She was alive! The pulse beat in her veins!

<sup>o</sup> **tear-drops of the daughters of the Sun:** in book 2 Ovid described how the daughters of the sun god Phoebus, grieving for their brother Phaethon, were transformed into trees which wept tears of amber.

<sup>o</sup> **Hymettus:** a mountain near Athens, famous for its free-range bees.

And then indeed in words that overflowed  
 He poured his thanks to Venus, and at last  
 His lips pressed real lips, and she, his girl,  
 355 Felt every kiss, and blushed, and shyly raised  
 Her eyes to his and saw the world and him.  
 The goddess graced the union she had made,  
 And when nine times the crescent moon had filled  
 Her silver orb, an infant girl was born,  
 360 Paphos, from whom the island takes its name.°

## P2 Clement of Alexandria, from *Exhortation to the Greeks*, c. AD 200°

Clement of Alexandria, c. AD 150–c.212, influential Greek Christian theologian. In the course of an argument against pagan idolatry he refers to an alternative version of the Pygmalion legend, citing as source the third-century BC historian Philostephanus.

Why, I ask you, did you assign to those who are no gods the honours due to God alone? Why have you forsaken heaven to pay honour to earth? For what else is gold, or silver, or steel, or iron, or bronze, or ivory, or precious stones? Are they not earth, and made from earth? . . . The Parian marble° is beautiful, but it is not yet a Poseidon. The ivory is beautiful, but it is not yet an Olympian Zeus. Matter will ever be in need of art, but God has no such need. Art develops, matter is invested with shape; and the costliness of the substance makes it worth carrying off for gain, but it is the shape alone which makes it an object of veneration. Your statue is gold; it is wood; it is stone; or if in thought you trace it to its origin, it is earth, which has received form at the artist's hands. But my practice is to walk upon earth, not to worship it. For I hold it sin ever to entrust the hopes of the soul to soulless things.

We must, then, approach the statues as closely as we possibly can in order to prove from their very appearance that they are inseparably associated with error. For their forms are unmistakably stamped with the characteristic marks of the

- ° **Paphos**: in other versions, Paphos was a boy. According to legend, her (or his) son Cinyras founded the city of Paphos, one of the main centres of Cyprus and site of a great temple of Aphrodite that was still a place of pilgrimage in Ovid's day. The claim that the whole island of Cyprus was named after Paphos seems to be Ovid's invention.
- ° from *Exhortation to the Greeks*, ch. 4. Reprinted from the Loeb Classical Library from *Clement of Alexandria: The Exhortation to the Greeks; The Rich Man's Salvation*, trans. G. W. Butterworth, Cambridge, MA.: Harvard University Press, 1919.
- ° **Parian marble**: marble from the island of Paros was particularly prized for its gleaming whiteness.

## ACT I

[Covent Garden at 11.15 p.m. **Torrents** of heavy summer rain. Cab whistles blowing **frantically** in all directions. Pedestrians running for shelter into the market and under the **portico** of St. Paul's Church, where there are already several people, among them a lady and her daughter in evening dress. They are all **peering** out **gloomily** at the rain, except one man with his back turned to the rest, who seems wholly **preoccupied** with a **notebook** in which he is writing busily.]

[The church clock strikes the first quarter.]

THE DAUGHTER.

[in the space between the central pillars, close to the one on her left] I'm getting **chilled** to the bone. What can Freddy be doing all this time? He's been gone twenty minutes.

THE MOTHER.

[on her daughter's right] Not so long. But he ought to have got us a cab by this.

A BYSTANDER.

[on the lady's right] He won't get no cab not until half-past **eleven, missus**, when they come back after dropping their theatre fares.

### Thesaurus

**chilled:** (*adj*) frozen, freezing, cool, refrigerated, icy, inhibited, restrained, confined, shivering, iced, stiff.

**eleven:** (*adj, n*) xi; (*n*) eight, squad, football team, team.

**frantically:** (*adv*) frenziedly, desperately, wildly, distractedly, furiously, excitedly, deliriously, ravingly, distraughtly, fiercely, crazily. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) sensibly, cautiously, peacefully, sluggishly.

**gloomily:** (*adv*) murkily, obscurely, drearily, darkly, somberly, morosely, sadly, sorrowfully, despondently, unhappily, glumly. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) brightly, favorably, happily, optimistically, contentedly; (*adj*) auspiciously.

**missus:** (*n*) lady, wife, matron, married woman.

**notebook:** (*n*) book, exercise book, exercise-book, jotter, books, laptop, pad, notebook computer, folder,

agenda, note pad.

**peering:** (*adj*) nosy, prying, snoopy.

**portico:** (*n*) portal, arcade, entrance, veranda, corridor, mouth, lips, inlet, chops, balcony, orifice.

**preoccupied:** (*adj*) absorbed, abstracted, thoughtful, lost, rapt, distracted, faraway, inattentive, deep in thought, engrossed, pensive. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) alert, carefree, uninterested.

**torrents:** (*n*) white water, rapids.

THE MOTHER.

But we must have a cab. We can't stand here until half-past eleven. It's too bad.

THE BYSTANDER.

Well, it ain't my fault, missus.

THE DAUGHTER.

If Freddy had a bit of **gumption**, he would have got one at the theatre door.

THE MOTHER.

What could he have done, poor boy?

THE DAUGHTER.

Other people got cabs. Why couldn't he?

Freddy **rushes** in out of the rain from the Southampton Street side, and comes between them **closing** a **dripping umbrella**. He is a young man of twenty, in evening dress, very wet around the ankles.

THE DAUGHTER.

Well, haven't you got a cab?

FREDDY.

There's not one to be had for love or money.

THE MOTHER.

Oh, Freddy, there must be one. You can't have tried.

THE DAUGHTER.

It's too **tiresome**. Do you expect us to go and get one **ourselves**?

FREDDY.

I tell you they're all **engaged**. The rain was so sudden: nobody was prepared; and everybody had to take a cab. I've been to Charing Cross one way and nearly to Ludgate Circus the other; and they were all engaged.

THE MOTHER.

Did you try Trafalgar Square?

## Thesaurus

**closing:** (*n*) end, finish, conclusion, close, ending, shutting, finishing; (*adj*) ultimate, last, final, terminal. ANTONYMS: (*adj, n*) opening; (*adj*) first.

**dripping:** (*adj*) wet, damp, drenched, sodden, soaked, soggy; (*adj, adv*) sopping, soaking; (*adj, v*) reeking; (*n*) dribble, a drop. ANTONYM: (*adj*) lacking.

**engaged:** (*adj*) occupied, betrothed, employed, affianced, engrossed,

reserved, absorbed, working, pledged, involved, committed. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) free, unengaged, unemployed, uncommitted, unattached, single, detached, idle.

**gumption:** (*n*) fortitude, nous, grit, backbone, mettle, judgment, sagaciousness, cleverness, sagacity, initiative, moxie.

**ourselves:** (*pron*) myself, herself, itself, oneself, themselves, yourself; (*n*) me, yourselves, usself.

**rushes:** (*n*) rush, grasses.

**tiresome:** (*adj*) tedious, dull, laborious, irksome, monotonous, annoying, slow, dreary, bothersome; (*adj, v*) wearisome, troublesome.

ANTONYMS: (*adj*) stimulating, fun, varied, soothing, pleasant, brisk, exciting, convenient, refreshing.

**umbrella:** (*n*) parasol, sunshade, shelter, canopy, cover, gamp, protection, tent, shield, screen, umbra.

FREDDY.

There wasn't one at Trafalgar Square.

THE DAUGHTER.

Did you try?

FREDDY.

I tried as far as Charing Cross Station. Did you expect me to walk to Hammersmith?

THE DAUGHTER.

You haven't tried at all.

THE MOTHER.

You really are very helpless, Freddy. Go again; and **don't** come back until you have found a cab.

FREDDY.

I shall simply get **soaked** for nothing.

THE DAUGHTER.

And what about us? Are we to stay here all night in this **draught**, with next to nothing on. You selfish pig--

FREDDY.

Oh, very well: I'll go, I'll go. [He opens his umbrella and dashes off Strandwards, but comes into **collision** with a flower girl, who is **hurrying** in for shelter, **knocking** her basket out of her hands. A **blinding** flash of **lightning**, followed instantly by a **rattling** peal of **thunder**, orchestrates the incident]

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Nah then, Freddy: look wh' y' gowin, deah.

FREDDY.

Sorry [he rushes off].

THE FLOWER GIRL

[picking up her scattered **flowers** and replacing them in the basket] There's

## Thesaurus

**blinding:** (*adj*) dazzling, blazing, amazingly impressive, bisson, blatant, fulgent, glory; (*n*) clogging, blind blocking, blindage.  
**collision:** (*n*) clash, hit, conflict, crash, smash, clashing, accident, rencounter, jar, striking, hitting.  
**don't:** (*adv*) not; (*n*) taboo, prohibition.  
**draught:** (*n, v*) draft, sketch, design, potation, plan; (*n*) dose, air current, wind, gulp, outline; (*v*) blueprint.  
**flowers:** (*n*) analecta, anthology.

**hurrying:** (*n*) hastening, speed, quickening, rushing, early, speeding, speeding up, stepping up, amphetamine, forward, eager.  
**knocking:** (*n*) sound, bang, beating, hit, rap, strike, belt, criticism, bash.  
**lightning:** (*n*) levin, electricity, thunderbolt, Leven, ignis fatuus, heat lightning, forked lightning, fetter, dart, chain lightning; (*adj*) wind.  
**peal:** (*n*) ding, noise, clang, dingdong, blast; (*v*) chime, knell, toll, echo; (*adj*,

*n*) swell; (*n, v*) bang.  
**rattling:** (*adj*) lively, brisk, racy, marvelous, fantastic, zippy, snappy, spanking, merry; (*adv*) very, real.  
**soaked:** (*adj*) wet, drenched, sopping, soggy, soaking, drunk, wet through, soaking wet, damp, sloshed; (*adj, v*) sodden. ANTONYM: (*adj*) dry.  
**thunder:** (*adj, n, v*) boom; (*n, v*) roar, bang, roll, bellow; (*adj, n*) peal; (*adj, v*) explode, detonate; (*v*) howl, rumble, fulminate.

menners f' yer! Te-oo banches o voylets trod into the mad. [She sits down on the **plinth** of the column, sorting her flowers, on the lady's right. She is not at all an attractive person. She is perhaps eighteen, perhaps twenty, hardly older. She wears a little sailor hat of black straw that has long been exposed to the dust and **soot** of London and has seldom if ever been brushed. Her hair needs washing rather badly: its **mousy color** can hardly be natural. She wears a **shoddy** black coat that reaches nearly to her knees and is shaped to her waist. She has a brown skirt with a coarse apron. Her boots are much the worse for wear. She is no doubt as clean as she can afford to be; but compared to the ladies she is very dirty. Her features are no worse than theirs; but their condition leaves something to be desired; and she needs the services of a dentist].

THE MOTHER.

How do you know that my son's name is Freddy, pray?

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Ow, eez ye-ooa san, is e? Wal, fewd dan y' de-ooty bawmz a mather should, eed now bettern to **spawl** a **pore** gel's flahrzn than ran awy atbaht pyin. Will ye-oo py me f'them? [Here, with apologies, this desperate attempt to represent her dialect without a phonetic alphabet must be abandoned as **unintelligible** outside London.]

THE DAUGHTER.

Do nothing of the sort, mother. The idea!

THE MOTHER.

Please allow me, Clara. Have you any **pennies**?

THE DAUGHTER.

No. I've nothing smaller than sixpence.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[hopefully] I can give you change for a tanner, kind lady.

## Thesaurus

**color:** (*n, v*) flush, blush, tint, tinge, paint, stain; (*adj, n, v*) colour; (*v*) redden; (*n*) guise, complexion; (*adj, n*) tone. ANTONYMS: (*v*) discolor, pale, show, whiten, untwist, denote, depict, represent, blanch, blench.  
**mousy:** (*adj*) mousey, shy, mouselike, fearful, silent, dull, gray, sheepish, frightened, dumb, chromatic.  
 ANTONYMS: (*adj*) bold, brazen.  
**pennies:** (*n*) change.  
**plinth:** (*n*) footstall, pedestal, dado,

shank, zocle, support, wainscot, socle, skirting board, stand, dais.  
**pore:** (*n*) stoma, interstice, emunctory, gully hole; (*v*) speculate, meditate, contemplate, concentrate, centre, engulf, engross.  
**shoddy:** (*adj*) inferior, poor, tawdry, shabby, tacky, paltry, low, substandard, cheapjack, sleazy, common. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) meticulous, polished, thorough, professional, perfect, tasteful.

**soot:** (*n*) smut, lampblack, carbon black, grime, carbon, crock, dirt; (*adj*) ink, ebony, coal pitch, jet.  
**spawl:** (*n*) spattle, spatula.  
**unintelligible:** (*adj*) opaque, inarticulate, unfathomable, impenetrable, unaccountable, ambiguous, not clear, obscure, indistinct, inconceivable, secret.  
 ANTONYMS: (*adj*) understandable, clear, comprehensible, intelligible, obvious.



THE MOTHER

[to Clara] Give it to me. [Clara parts reluctantly]. Now [to the girl] This is for your flowers.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Thank you kindly, lady.

THE DAUGHTER.

Make her give you the change. These things are only a penny a **bunch**.

THE MOTHER.

Do hold your tongue, Clara. [To the girl]. You can keep the change.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Oh, thank you, lady.

THE MOTHER.

Now tell me how you know that young gentleman's name.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

I didn't.

THE MOTHER.

I heard you call him by it. Don't try to **deceive** me.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[protesting] Who's trying to deceive you? I called him Freddy or Charlie same as you might yourself if you was talking to a stranger and wished to be pleasant. [She sits down beside her basket].

THE DAUGHTER.

Sixpence thrown away! Really, **mamma**, you might have spared Freddy that. [She retreats in **disgust** behind the pillar].

[An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN of the **amiable** military type rushes into shelter, and closes a dripping umbrella. He is in the same **plight** as FREDDY, very wet about the ankles. He is in evening dress, with a light **overcoat**. He takes the place left vacant by the daughter's retirement.]

## Thesaurus

**amiable:** (*adj*) friendly, genial, agreeable, benign, complaisant, sweet, cordial, pleasant, likable, nice, lovely. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) disagreeable, argumentative, aggressive, antisocial, unkind, hateful, mean, quarrelsome, rude, surly, cold.

**bunch:** (*n, v*) crowd, clump, pack, bundle, group, huddle; (*n*) batch, lot, band, troop, gang. ANTONYMS: (*v*) spread, separate, scatter; (*n*)

individual.

**deceive:** (*v*) cheat, circumvent, bamboozle, pretend, hoax, fool, cozen, trick, beguile; (*n, v*) dupe; (*n*) fraud. ANTONYMS: (*v*) guide, inform, undeceive, protect.

**disgust:** (*n*) antipathy, aversion, abhorrence, abomination, detestation, dislike, repugnance; (*n, v*) shock, distaste; (*v*) nauseate, displease. ANTONYMS: (*n, v*) delight; (*n*) love, attraction, liking, adoration; (*v*)

attract, allure, charm, entice, please.

**mamma:** (*n*) breast, mother, ma, knocker, boob, mum, mammy, mom, momma, mommy, mummy.

**overcoat:** (*n*) greatcoat, coat, cloak, robe, topcoat, surcoat, coating, overcoating, capote, chesterfield, gown.

**plight:** (*n*) condition, predicament, fix, fettle, quandary, dilemma, case, guarantee; (*n, v*) engage, promise; (*v*) covenant.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Phew!

THE MOTHER

[to the gentleman] Oh, sir, is there any sign of its **stopping**?

THE GENTLEMAN.

I'm afraid not. It started worse than ever about two minutes ago. [He goes to the plinth beside the **flower** girl; puts up his foot on it; and stoops to turn down his trouser ends].

THE MOTHER.

Oh, dear! [She retires sadly and joins her daughter].

THE FLOWER GIRL

[taking advantage of the military gentleman's **proximity** to establish friendly relations with him]. If it's worse it's a sign it's nearly over. So **cheer** up, Captain; and buy a flower off a poor girl.

THE GENTLEMAN.

I'm sorry, I haven't any change.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

I can give you change, Captain,

THE GENTLEMEN.

For a **sovereign**? I've nothing less.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Garn! Oh do buy a flower off me, Captain. I can change half-a-crown. Take this for **tuppence**.

THE GENTLEMAN.

Now don't be **troublesome**: there's a good girl. [Trying his pockets] I really haven't any change--Stop: here's three hapence, if that's any use to you [he retreats to the other pillar].

## Thesaurus

**cheer**: (*v*) animate, applaud, amuse, hearten, inspire, lighten; (*n, v*) comfort, delight, cry; (*adj, v*) embolden; (*n*) consolation.  
**ANTONYMS**: (*n*) sadness, boo, uncheerfulness, hiss, pessimism, raspberry; (*v*) depress, discourage, dissuade, complain, jeer.  
**flower**: (*n, v*) blossom, blow; (*v*) effloresce, flourish; (*adj, n*) prime; (*n*) efflorescence, elite, cream, bouquet, floret, florescence. **ANTONYMS**: (*n*)

residue; (*v*) wither.  
**proximity**: (*n*) propinquity, vicinity, adjacency, neighborhood, contiguity, presence, closeness, contact, nearby, juxtaposition, approach. **ANTONYM**: (*n*) remoteness.  
**sovereign**: (*n*) ruler, king, lord, emperor; (*adj*) independent, autonomous, imperial, royal, free, regal; (*adj, n*) prince. **ANTONYMS**: (*adj*) dependent, ineffective, useless.  
**stopping**: (*n*) stoppage, cessation,

shutdown, padding, fillet, suspension, stay, discontinuance, abeyance, interruption; (*adv*) haltingly.  
**troublesome**: (*adj*) difficult, hard, arduous, bothersome, inconvenient, onerous, awkward, annoying, laborious, tough, heavy.  
**ANTONYMS**: (*adj*) nice, helpful, useful, advantageous, convenient, uncomplicated, delightful.  
**tuppence**: (*n*) twopence.

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[disappointed, but thinking three halfpence better than nothing] Thank you, sir.

## THE BYSTANDER

[to the girl] You be careful: give him a flower for it. There's a bloke here behind taking down every blessed word you're saying. [All turn to the man who is taking notes].

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[springing up terrified] I ain't done nothing wrong by speaking to the gentleman. I've a right to sell flowers if I keep off the kerb. [**Hysterically**] I'm a respectable girl: so help me, I never spoke to him except to ask him to buy a flower off me. [General **hubbub**, mostly sympathetic to the flower girl, but **deprecating** her excessive sensibility. Cries of Don't start hollerin. Who's hurting you? Nobody's going to touch you. What's the good of fussing? Steady on. Easy, easy, etc., come from the elderly **staid spectators**, who pat her **comfortingly**. Less patient ones bid her shut her head, or ask her roughly what is wrong with her. A **remoter** group, not knowing what the matter is, crowd in and increase the noise with question and answer: What's the row? What she do? Where is he? A tec taking her down. What! him? Yes: him over there: Took money off the gentleman, etc. The flower girl, distraught and **mobbed**, breaks through them to the gentleman, crying mildly] Oh, sir, don't let him charge me. You dunno what it means to me. They'll take away my character and drive me on the streets for speaking to gentlemen. They--

## THE NOTE TAKER

[coming forward on her right, the rest **crowding** after him] There, there, there, there! Who's hurting you, you silly girl? What do you take me for?

## THE BYSTANDER.

It's all right: he's a gentleman: look at his boots. [Explaining to the note **taker**] She thought you was a copper's **nark**, sir.

## THE NOTE TAKER

[with quick interest] What's a copper's nark?

### Thesaurus

**comfortingly:** (*adv*) consolatorily, satisfyingly, cheeringly, encouragingly, soothingly.

**crowding:** (*n*) plough crowding, bunch, jostlement, overcrowding.

**deprecating:** (*adj*) deprecatory, belittling, ironic, deprecative, slighting, deadpan, critical, captious, depreciatory, depreciative, insulting.

**hubbub:** (*n*) commotion, uproar, disorder, din, noise, bustle, tumult, bedlam, brouhaha; (*n, v*) racket,

brawl. ANTONYM: (*n*) calm.

**hysterically:** (*adv*) feverishly, frantically, agitatedly, worriedly, wildly, violently, turbulently, excitedly, emotionally, passionately, stormily. ANTONYM: (*adv*) peacefully.

**mobbed:** (*adj*) packed, congested.

**nark:** (*v*) provoke, displease, annoy, irritate, rile, frustrate, get, harry, exasperate; (*n*) informer, narc.

**remoter:** (*adj*) ulterior, further, more

distant.

**spectators:** (*n*) spectator, gallery, viewer, viewers, attendance.

**staid:** (*adj, v*) serious, sedate, grave, solemn, sober, demure; (*adj*) calm, quiet, composed, somber, decorous.

ANTONYMS: (*adj*) frivolous, exciting, funny, daring, playful, bright, relaxed.

**taker:** (*n*) wagerer, user, customer, beggar, client, captor, stealer, respector, punter, parasite, better.

## THE BYSTANDER

[inept at definition] It's a--well, it's a copper's nark, as you might say. What else would you call it? A sort of informer.

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[still **hysterical**] I take my Bible **oath** I never said a word--

## THE NOTE TAKER

[overbearing but **good-humored**] Oh, shut up, shut up. Do I look like a policeman?

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[far from **reassured**] Then what did you take down my words for? How do I know whether you took me down right? You just show me what you've wrote about me. [The note taker opens his book and holds it steadily under her nose, though the pressure of the mob trying to read it over his shoulders would upset a weaker man]. What's that? That ain't proper writing. I can't read that.

## THE NOTE TAKER.

I can. [Reads, **reproducing** her **pronunciation** exactly] "Cheer ap, Keptin; n' haw ya flahr orf a pore gel."

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[much **distressed**] It's because I called him Captain. I meant no harm. [To the GENTLEMAN] Oh, sir, don't let him lay a charge agen me for a word like that. You--

## THE GENTLEMAN.

Charge! I make no charge. [To the note taker] Really, sir, if you are a detective, you need not begin protecting me against **molestation** by young women until I ask you. Anybody could see that the girl meant no harm.

## THE BYSTANDERS GENERALLY

[demonstrating against police **espionage**] Course they could. What business is it of yours? You mind your own affairs. He wants promotion, he does. Taking down people's words! Girl never said a word to him. What harm if

## Thesaurus

**distressed:** (*adj*) worried, distraught, anxious, sad, disturbed, downcast, hurt, distracted, wretched, shocked, troubled. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) composed, content, euphoric, happy, comforted, glad, joyful, collected, unconcerned, unaffected.

**espionage:** (*n*) reconnaissance, spy, intelligence, spying, watch, autopsy, speculation.

**good-humored:** (*adj*) affable, cheerful, good-natured, pleasant, sweet,

funny, amicable, congenial, mild, obliging.

**hysterical:** (*adj, n*) feverish; (*adj*) wild, violent, eccentric, frenzied, emotional, fitful, febrile, erratic; (*n*) fanatical, hysterics. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) relaxed, composed, restrained.

**molestation:** (*adj, n*) annoyance; (*n*) disturbance, badgering, baiting, molest, hindrance, affliction, inconvenience, sexual harassment; (*adj*) infestation, outrage.

**oath:** (*n*) expletive, malediction, imprecation, promise, affidavit, cuss, swearing, pledge, assurance, asseveration; (*v*) swear.

**pronunciation:** (*n*) accent, articulation, enunciation, elocution, delivery, pronouncing, speech, inflection, homophony, mispronunciation, pronounce.

**reassured:** (*adj*) hopeful, reinsured, secure, confident.

**reproducing:** (*adj*) fruitful, fecund.

she did? Nice thing a girl can't shelter from the rain without being **insulted**, etc., etc., etc. [She is **conducted** by the more sympathetic demonstrators back to her plinth, where she resumes her seat and struggles with her emotion].

THE BYSTANDER.

He ain't a tec. He's a **blooming busybody**: that's what he is. I tell you, look at his boots.

THE NOTE TAKER

[turning on him **genially**] And how are all your people down at Selsey?

THE BYSTANDER

[suspiciously] Who told you my people come from Selsey?

THE NOTE TAKER.

Never you mind. They did. [To the girl] How do you come to be up so far east? You were born in Lisson Grove.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[appalled] Oh, what harm is there in my leaving Lisson Grove? It wasn't fit for a pig to live in; and I had to pay four-and-six a week. [In tears] Oh, boo--hoo--oo--

THE NOTE TAKER.

Live where you like; but stop that noise.

THE GENTLEMAN

[to the girl] Come, come! he can't touch you: you have a right to live where you please.

A SARCASTIC BYSTANDER

[thrusting himself between the note taker and the gentleman] Park Lane, for instance. I'd like to go into the Housing Question with you, I would.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[subsiding into a **brooding melancholy** over her **basket**, and talking very **low-spiritedly** to herself] I'm a good girl, I am.

## Thesaurus

**basket**: (*n*) cage, hamper, basketful, creel, Corf, coop, bucket, spinner basket, bassinet, containerful, cradle.  
**blooming**: (*adj*) rosy, thriving, flourishing, healthy, prosperous, ruddy, booming, blossoming, cherry, verdant, green. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) arid, pale.  
**brooding**: (*adj*) pondering, thoughtful, contemplative, hatching, meditative, pensive, wistful; (*v*) brewing, batching; (*n*) chick management,

parturition. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) shallow, cheerful.  
**busybody**: (*n, v*) snoop; (*adj*) pickthank, devotee, enthusiast; (*n*) interloper, scandalmonger, big mouth, blabbermouth, chatterbox, chatterer; (*v*) meddle.  
**conducted**: (*adj*) directed, guided.  
**genially**: (*adv*) cordially, graciously, jovially, warmly, amiably, benignly, brightly, heartily, pleasantly, cheerfully, affably. ANTONYMS:

(*adv*) frostily, nastily, spitefully.  
**insulted**: (*adj*) affronted, offended, injured, huffy.  
**low-spiritedly**: (*adv*) depressedly.  
**melancholy**: (*adj, v*) dreary; (*adj, n*) gloom, melancholic; (*adj*) depressed, dejected, dismal, gloomy, doleful; (*n, v*) low spirits; (*n*) gloominess, depression. ANTONYMS: (*n*) happiness, cheerfulness, hopefulness, optimism; (*adj*) happy, bright, cheery, satisfied.

## THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER

[not attending to her] Do you know where I come from?

## THE NOTE TAKER

[promptly] Hoxton.

Titterings. Popular interest in the note taker's performance **increases**.

## THE SARCASTIC ONE.

[amazed] Well, who said I didn't? Bly me! You know everything, you do.

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[still nursing her sense of injury] Ain't no call to **meddle** with me, he ain't.

## THE BYSTANDER

[to her] Of course he ain't. Don't you stand it from him. [To the note taker] See here: what call have you to know about people what never offered to meddle with you? Where's your **warrant**?

## SEVERAL BYSTANDERS

[encouraged by this **seeming** point of law] Yes: where's your warrant?

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

Let him say what he likes. I don't want to have no **truck** with him.

## THE BYSTANDER.

You take us for **dirt** under your feet, don't you? Catch you taking **liberties** with a gentleman!

## THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER.

Yes: tell HIM where he come from if you want to go fortune-telling.

## THE NOTE TAKER.

Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge, and India.

## THE GENTLEMAN.

Quite right. [Great laughter. Reaction in the note taker's **favor**. Exclamations of He knows all about it. Told him proper. Hear him tell the **toff** where he come from? etc.]. May I ask, sir, do you do this for your living at a music hall?

## Thesaurus

**dirt:** (*n, v*) soil, grime; (*n*) filth, dust, scandal, garbage, ground, earth, crap, mire, contamination. ANTONYMS: (*n*) cleanness, purity, luxury, cleanliness, newness.

**favor:** (*n, v*) countenance, aid, grace, support, benefit, boon; (*adj, n*) kindness; (*n*) advantage; (*v*) befriend, encourage, patronize. ANTONYMS: (*v*) hinder, contradict, dislike, hurt, differ, thwart, reject, demean; (*n*) derogation, disapproval, unkindness.

**increases:** (*adj*) increasing; (*n*) augmentation, addition.

**liberties:** (*n*) freedoms, familiarity, intimacy.

**meddle:** (*v*) intervene, interfere, intrude, monkey, interpose, fiddle, pry, dabble, interlope; (*n*) interference; (*adj*) moil. ANTONYM: (*v*) disregard.

**seeming:** (*adj*) ostensible, superficial, illusory, outward, probable, deceptive, specious; (*adj, n*)

appearance, semblance; (*n*) aspect, show. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) actual, deep, inner.

**toff:** (*n*) fop, man of means, rich man.

**truck:** (*n, v*) barter, traffic; (*n*) lorry, van, hand truck, car, cart, trade, bogie; (*v*) swap, swop.

**warrant:** (*n, v*) permit, vouch, license, assure, sanction, empower; (*n*) authority, authorization, security; (*v*) justify, ensure. ANTONYMS: (*n*) break; (*v*) debar.

THE NOTE TAKER.

I've thought of that. Perhaps I shall some day.

The rain has stopped; and the persons on the outside of the crowd begin to drop off.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[resenting the reaction] He's no gentleman, he ain't, to interfere with a poor girl.

THE DAUGHTER

[out of patience, pushing her way **rudely** to the front and displacing the gentleman, who politely retires to the other side of the **pillar**] What on earth is Freddy doing? I shall get **pneumonia** if I stay in this **draught** any longer.

THE NOTE TAKER

[to himself, hastily making a note of her pronunciation of "monia"] Earlscourt.

THE DAUGHTER

[violently] Will you please keep your **impertinent** remarks to yourself?

THE NOTE TAKER.

Did I say that out loud? I didn't mean to. I beg your pardon. Your mother's Epsom, unmistakably.

THE MOTHER

[advancing between her daughter and the note **taker**] How very curious! I was brought up in Largetady Park, near Epsom.

THE NOTE TAKER

[uproariously **amused**] Ha! ha! What a devil of a name! Excuse me. [To the daughter] You want a cab, do you?

THE DAUGHTER.

Don't dare speak to me.

THE MOTHER.

Oh, please, please Clara. [Her daughter repudiates her with an angry shrug

## Thesaurus

**amused:** (*adj*) amusing, smiling, tickled pink, pleased, diverted.

**draught:** (*n, v*) draft, sketch, design, potation, plan; (*n*) dose, air current, wind, gulp, outline; (*v*) blueprint.

**impertinent:** (*adj*) fresh, pert, saucy, forward, audacious, brash, brazen, extraneous, discourteous, disrespectful, flippant. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) respectful, polite, courteous.

**pillar:** (*n*) brace, mainstay, post, obelisk, foundation, pier, monument,

stanchion, backbone, buttress; (*adj, n*) tower.

**pneumonia:** (*adj*) pertussis, necrosis, pyrosis, rubeola, ringworm, rachitis, quinsy, pyaemia, psora; (*n*) pneumonitis, pneumony.

**rudely:** (*adv*) crudely, coarsely, uncivilly, indelicately, impolitely, roughly, harshly, vulgarly, brutally, meanly, wildly. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) respectfully, graciously, decently, civilly, properly, attentively,

agreeably, tactfully, thoughtfully, acceptably, gently.

**taker:** (*n*) wagerer, user, customer, beggar, client, captor, stealer, respector, punter, parasite, better.

and retires haughtily.] We should be so grateful to you, sir, if you found us a cab. [The note taker produces a **whistle**]. Oh, thank you. [She joins her daughter]. The note taker blows a **piercing** blast.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER.

There! I knewed he was a plain-clothes **copper**.

THE BYSTANDER.

That ain't a police whistle: that's a **sporting** whistle.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[still preoccupied with her **wounded** feelings] He's no right to take away my character. My character is the same to me as any lady's.

THE NOTE TAKER.

I don't know whether you've noticed it; but the rain stopped about two minutes ago.

THE BYSTANDER.

So it has. Why didn't you say so before? and us **losing** our time listening to your **silliness**. [He walks off towards the Strand].

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER.

I can tell where you come from. You come from Anwell. Go back there.

THE NOTE TAKER

[helpfully] *Hanwell*.

THE SARCASTIC BYSTANDER

[affecting great distinction of speech] Thank you, teacher. Haw haw! So long [he touches his hat with **mock** respect and strolls off].

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Frightening people like that! How would he like it himself.

THE MOTHER.

It's quite fine now, Clara. We can walk to a motor bus. Come. [She gathers her skirts above her ankles and hurries off towards the Strand].

## Thesaurus

**copper:** (*n*) brass, bull, cop, Cu, constable, gold, fuzz, pig, cent, bobby, coin.

**losing:** (*v*) lose; (*n*) loss; (*adv*) losingly, behind; (*adj*) unbeneficial.  
ANTONYM: (*adj*) lucrative.

**mock:** (*adj, v*) counterfeit; (*n, v*) ridicule, jeer, gibe, laugh at, flout; (*adj, n, v*) burlesque, sham; (*v*) mimic, ape, taunt. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) real, natural; (*v*) praise, applaud, respect, approve.

**piercing:** (*adj, n*) sharp, cutting; (*adj, v*) keen, penetrating, biting, bitter, harsh, shrill; (*adj*) high, raw, loud.  
ANTONYMS: (*adj*) quiet, dull, soft, hot.

**silliness:** (*n*) absurdity, foolishness, folly, nonsense, giddiness, fatuousness, fatuity, lunacy, idiocy, inanity, stupidity. ANTONYMS: (*n*) logic, maturity, wisdom, responsibility, sensibleness.

**sporting:** (*adj*) fair, sportsmanlike,

clean, gambling, betting, dissipated, athletic, adventurous, sporty; (*v*) tauromachy; (*n*) diversion.  
ANTONYM: (*adj*) unsporting.

**whistle:** (*v*) sing, twitter, hiss, warble, tweet, cheep, chirp, wheeze; (*n, v*) cry; (*n*) whistling, tin whistle.

**wounded:** (*adj, v*) hurt; (*n*) casualty, maimed; (*adj*) bruised, injured, bloody, aggrieved, saddened; (*v*) stricken, wound, struck. ANTONYM: (*adj*) unaffected.



## THE DAUGHTER.

But the cab--[her mother is out of hearing]. Oh, how tiresome! [She follows angrily].

[All the rest have gone except the NOTE TAKER, the GENTLEMAN, and the FLOWER GIRL, who **sits arranging** her basket, and still **pitying** herself in murmurs.]

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

Poor girl! Hard enough for her to live without being worried and chivied.

## THE GENTLEMAN

[returning to his former place on the note taker's left] How do you do it, if I may ask?

## THE NOTE TAKER.

Simply phonetics. The science of speech. That's my profession; also my **hobby**. Happy is the man who can make a living by his hobby! You can spot an Irishman or a Yorkshireman by his **brogue**. I can place any man within six miles. I can place him within two miles in London. Sometimes within two streets.

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

Ought to be **ashamed** of himself, **unmanly coward**!

## THE GENTLEMAN.

But is there a living in that?

## THE NOTE TAKER.

Oh yes. Quite a fat one. This is an age of upstarts. Men begin in Kentish Town with 80 pounds a year, and end in Park Lane with a hundred thousand. They want to drop Kentish Town; but they give themselves away every time they open their mouths. Now I can teach them--

## THE FLOWER GIRL.

Let him mind his own business and leave a poor girl--

## Thesaurus

**arranging:** (*n*) arrange, arrangements, disposition, composing, composition, order, position, set, orchestration, organization, agreement.

**ashamed:** (*adj*) hangdog, guilty, embarrassed, sheepish, remorseful, regretful, bashful, disconcerted, contrite, chagrined; (*v*) dashed.  
ANTONYMS: (*adj*) proud, arrogant, unremorseful, unashamed, pleased, blatant, bold, happy, unabashed, unrepentant.

**brogue:** (*n*) dialect, shoe, patois, idiom, accent, burr, galligaskin, buskin, clodhopper, larrigan, work shoe.

**coward:** (*n*) cur, pantywaist, sneak, dastard, milksop, weakling, milquetoast; (*adj*) gutless, chickenhearted, pusillanimous, chicken-hearted. ANTONYMS: (*n*) daredevil, stalwart; (*adj*) brave.

**hobby:** (*n*) amusement, cockhorse, pursuit, avocation, interest, pastime, entertainment, indulgence, fancy,

hobbyhorse, sideline. ANTONYMS: (*n*) work, job.

**pitying:** (*adj*) sympathetic, merciful, pity, pityingly, gloomy, meritless, pitiful, sorry, sorry for, humane, dreary.

**sits:** (*n*) sat.

**unmanly:** (*adj*) pusillanimous, fearful, unmanlike, unchivalric, unknighly, unmanful, craven, weak; (*adv*) unmanfully, cowardly, effeminately. ANTONYM: (*adv*) manfully.

## THE NOTE TAKER

[explosively] Woman: cease this **detestable** boohooing instantly; or else seek the shelter of some other place of worship.

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[with feeble defiance] I've a right to be here if I like, same as you.

## THE NOTE TAKER.

A woman who utters such depressing and disgusting sounds has no right to be anywhere--no right to live. Remember that you are a human being with a soul and the divine gift of articulate speech: that your native language is the language of Shakespear and Milton and The Bible; and don't sit there crooning like a **bilious pigeon**.

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[quite overwhelmed, and looking up at him in **mingled** wonder and **deprecation** without daring to raise her head] Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--oo!

## THE NOTE TAKER

[whipping out his book] Heavens! what a sound! [He writes; then holds out the book and reads, reproducing her vowels exactly] Ah--ah--ah--ow--ow--ow--oo!

## THE FLOWER GIRL

[tickled by the performance, and laughing in **spite** of herself] Garn!

## THE NOTE TAKER.

You see this creature with her **kerbstone** English: the English that will keep her in the **gutter** to the end of her days. Well, sir, in three months I could pass that girl off as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party. I could even get her a place as lady's maid or shop assistant, which requires better English. That's the sort of thing I do for commercial millionaires. And on the profits of it I do genuine scientific work in phonetics, and a little as a poet on Miltonic lines.

## THE GENTLEMAN.

I am myself a student of Indian dialects; and--

### Thesaurus

**bilious:** (*adj*) atrabillious, liverish, dyspeptic, queasy, irascible, saturnine, touchy, testy, splenetic, peppery; (*v*) jaundiced.  
**deprecation:** (*n*) defamation, condemnation, disparagement, denigration, calumny, aspersion, censure, disfavour, denunciation, blame, criticism. ANTONYMS: (*n*) approval, commendation.  
**detestable:** (*adj*) hateful, abhorrent, damnable, odious, offensive,

despicable, execrable, horrible, infamous; (*adj, v*) cursed; (*adj, adv*) atrocious. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) admirable, adorable, sweet, loveable, lovable, likable, delightful, cherished, honorable, desirable, nice.  
**gutter:** (*n*) groove, trough, ditch, drain, chute, trench, canal, furrow, conduit, waterway, gully.  
**kerbstone:** (*n*) curbstone, kerb, curb.  
**mingled:** (*adj*) miscellaneous, complex, indiscriminate, heterogeneous,

medley, confused, eclectic, motley, different; (*v*) blended, blent.  
**pigeon:** (*n*) dove, gull, gudgeon, cully, ringdove, victim, cushat, gobemouche, cull; (*v*) bilk, mulct.  
**spite:** (*n*) malice, grudge, hatred, malevolence, rancour, venom, rancor, maliciousness, ill will, animosity; (*n, v*) pique. ANTONYMS: (*v*) please; (*n*) benevolence, goodwill, love, affection, harmony.

THE NOTE TAKER

[eagerly] Are you? Do you know Colonel Pickering, the **author** of Spoken Sanscrit?

THE GENTLEMAN.

I am Colonel Pickering. Who are you?

THE NOTE TAKER.

Henry Higgins, author of Higgins's Universal Alphabet.

PICKERING

[with enthusiasm] I came from India to meet you.

HIGGINS.

I was going to India to meet you.

PICKERING.

Where do you live?

HIGGINS.

27A Wimpole Street. Come and see me tomorrow.

PICKERING.

I'm at the Carlton. Come with me now and let's have a jaw over some **supper**.

HIGGINS.

Right you are.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[to PICKERING, as he passes her] Buy a flower, kind **gentleman**. I'm short for my **lodging**.

PICKERING.

I really haven't any change. I'm sorry [he goes away].

HIGGINS

[shocked at girl's **mendacity**] Liar. You said you could change half-a-crown.

THE FLOWER GIRL

[rising in **desperation**] You ought to be **stuffed** with nails, you ought. [**Flinging** the basket at his feet] Take the whole blooming basket for **sixpence**.

## Thesaurus

**author:** (*n*) writer, producer, founder, creator, inventor, parent, originator, architect, maker; (*v*) compose, create. ANTONYM: (*n*) reader.

**desperation:** (*adj, n*) despair, fury, rage; (*n*) recklessness, foolhardiness, desperateness, burst, confusion, trouble, misery; (*adj*) raving. ANTONYMS: (*n*) optimism, confidence, hopefulness, hope, happiness, caution, prudence, calmness.

**flinging:** (*n*) casting, cast.

**gentleman:** (*n*) gent, Mr, male, patrician, sir, adult male, esquire, sahib, gentlemen; (*adj*) gentlemanly, gentlemanly.

**lodging:** (*n*) abode, apartment, accommodation, housing, hostel, residence, quarter, home, lodgement, address, hospice.

**mendacity:** (*n*) falsehood, falsity, deception, lie, deceit, falseness, fabrication, untruth, untruthfulness;

(*v*) perjury; (*adj*) untrue. ANTONYM: (*n*) veracity.

**sixpence:** (*n*) bender, coin, teston, testern.

**stuffed:** (*adj*) crammed, packed, congested, replete, loaded, filled, fraught, chock-full, crowded, jammed, gorged. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) hungry, lacking.

**supper:** (*n*) meal, tea, lunch, repast, reception, mealtime, siesta, social affair; (*v*) dejeuner, beber, whet.

[The church clock strikes the second quarter.]

HIGGINS

[hearing in it the voice of God, rebuking him for his Pharisaic want of charity to the poor girl] A reminder. [He raises his hat **solemnly**; then throws a handful of money into the basket and follows PICKERING].

THE FLOWER GIRL

[picking up a half-crown] Ah--ow--ooh! [Picking up a couple of florins] Aaah--ow--ooh! [Picking up several coins] Aaaaaah--ow--ooh! [Picking up a half-sovereign] Aasaaaaaaaaah-- ow--ooh!!!

FREDDY

[springing out of a **taxicab**] Got one at last. **Hallo!** [To the girl] Where are the two ladies that were here?

THE FLOWER GIRL.

They **walked** to the bus when the rain stopped.

FREDDY.

And left me with a cab on my hands. **Damnation!**

THE FLOWER GIRL

[with **grandeur**] Never you mind, young man. I'm going home in a taxi. [She sails off to the cab. The driver puts his hand behind him and holds the door firmly shut against her. Quite understanding his **mistrust**, she shows him her handful of money]. Eightpence ain't no object to me, Charlie. [He **grins** and opens the door]. Angel Court, Drury Lane, round the corner of Micklejohn's oil shop. Let's see how fast you can make her hop it. [She gets in and pulls the door to with a **slam** as the taxicab starts].

FREDDY.

Well, I'm **dashed!**

## Thesaurus

**damnation:** (*n*) damn, condemnation, anathema, state, curse, execration, judgment, oath, imprecation, denunciation, denouncement.

**dashed:** (*v*) ashamed, cut up, sunk; (*adj*) broken, done for, dejected, discouraged, dotted.

**grandeur:** (*n*) dignity, splendor, magnitude, brilliance, glory, pomp, elegance, majesty, magnificence, grandness; (*adj, n*) solemnity. ANTONYMS: (*n*) modesty,

simplicity.

**grins:** (*n*) merriment, amusement, entertainment, fun, gaiety, levity, diversion, mirth, recreation, sport.

**hallo:** (*n*) hi, hullo.

**mistrust:** (*adj, n, v*) distrust; (*n, v*) doubt, query; (*n*) suspicion, misgiving, disbelief, apprehension, wariness; (*v*) suspect, disbelieve, discredit. ANTONYM: (*v*) believe.

**slam:** (*n, v*) knock, slap, smash, hit, bat; (*n*) sweep, crash, clap, shot, gibe;

(*v*) shut. ANTONYMS: (*v*) open, commend.

**solemnly:** (*adv*) earnestly, gravely, majestically, stately, sternly, staidly, thoughtfully, soberly, formally, ceremoniously, importantly. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) cheerfully, flippantly.

**taxicab:** (*n*) hack, cab, yellow cab, jade, car, political hack, plug, nag, motorcycle, hack writer, drudge.

**walked:** (*adj*) exempt; (*v*) yode.

## ACT IV

[The Wimpole Street laboratory. **Midnight**. Nobody in the room. The clock on the mantelpiece strikes twelve. The fire is not **alight**: it is a summer night.]

[Presently HIGGINS and PICKERING are heard on the stairs.]

HIGGINS

[calling down to PICKERING] I say, Pick: lock up, will you. I shan't be going out again.

PICKERING.

Right. Can Mrs. Pearce go to bed? We don't want anything more, do we?

HIGGINS.

Lord, no!

[ELIZA opens the door and is seen on the **lighted** landing in opera **cloak**, brilliant evening dress, and diamonds, with fan, flowers, and all **accessories**. She comes to the hearth, and switches on the electric lights there. She is tired: her **pallor** contrasts strongly with her dark eyes and hair; and her expression is almost tragic. She takes off her cloak; puts her fan and flowers on the piano; and sits down on the bench, brooding and silent. HIGGINS, in evening dress, with overcoat and hat, comes in, carrying a **smoking** jacket which he has picked up downstairs. He takes off the hat and overcoat; throws them **carelessly** on the newspaper stand; disposes of his coat in the same way; puts

### Thesaurus

**accessories:** (*n*) fittings, equipment, accessory, paraphernalia, attachments, props, appurtenances, accompaniments, trimmings, possession, garnishes.

**alight:** (*v*) light, land, perch, dismount, get down, settle, get off, descend; (*adj*) ablaze, burning, blazing.  
ANTONYM: (*v*) mount.

**carelessly:** (*adv*) incautiously, hastily, recklessly, heedlessly, casually, sloppily, imprudently,

inconsiderately, rashly, negligently, unwarily. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) thoroughly, diligently, carefully, warily, laboriously, thoughtfully, attentively, daintily, methodically, discreetly, economically.

**cloak:** (*n, v*) veil, mask, camouflage, wrap, masquerade, screen, pall; (*n*) cape; (*v*) conceal, dissemble, hide.  
ANTONYMS: (*v*) reveal, uncloak, unmask; (*n, v*) uncover.

**lighted:** (*adj*) illuminated, lit, light,

ablaze, bright, ignited, burn, burning, ignite, kindled, lighten.

**midnight:** (*n*) dark, noon, hour.

**pallor:** (*n*) pallidness, wanness, complexion, achromasia, lividity, lividness, luridness, pale, skin color, whiteness, sallowness. ANTONYMS: (*n*) rosiness, coloration, bloom.

**smoking:** (*n*) fume, marijuana, respiration, roll of tobacco, sens; (*v*) candent, ebullient, glowing; (*adj*) smoky, rabid; (*adv*) on a roll.

on the smoking jacket; and throws himself **wearily** into the easy-chair at the hearth. PICKERING, similarly **attired**, comes in. He also takes off his hat and overcoat, and is about to throw them on Higgins's when he hesitates.]

PICKERING.

I say: Mrs. Pearce will row if we leave these things lying about in the drawing-room.

HIGGINS.

Oh, **chuck** them over the bannisters into the hall. She'll find them there in the morning and put them away all right. She'll think we were drunk.

PICKERING.

We are, slightly. Are there any letters?

HIGGINS.

I didn't look. [PICKERING takes the overcoats and hats and goes down stairs. HIGGINS begins half singing half **yawning** an air from La Fanciulla del Golden West. Suddenly he **stops** and exclaims] I wonder where the devil my slippers are!

[ELIZA looks at him **darkly**; then leaves the room.]

[HIGGINS yawns again, and resumes his song. PICKERING returns, with the contents of the letter-box in his hand.]

PICKERING.

Only circulars, and this **coroneted** billet-doux for you. [He throws the circulars into the fender, and posts himself on the hearthrug, with his back to the grate].

HIGGINS

[glancing at the billet-doux] Money-lender. [He throws the letter after the circulars].

[ELIZA returns with a pair of large **down-at-heel** slippers. She **places** them on the **carpet** before HIGGINS, and sits as before without a word.]

## Thesaurus

**attired:** (*adj*) clad, appareled, clothed, garbed, habilimented, robed; (*adj, prep*) garmented.

**carpet:** (*v*) cover, drape, rebuke, encase, row, chew out; (*n*) rug, carpeting, tapis, runner, covering.

**chuck:** (*n, v*) fling; (*v*) ditch, toss, pitch, throw, throw away, discard, vomit, abandon, hurl; (*n*) chow.

ANTONYMS: (*v*) continue, endure, maintain.

**coroneted:** (*adj*) titled, highborn.

**darkly:** (*adv*) murkily, dimly, obscurely, duskily, somberly, shadily, mistily, secretly, dismally, heavily, overcastly. ANTONYM: (*adv*) openly.

**down-at-heel:** (*adj*) seedy, mean, threadbare, slovenly, sleazy, run-down.

**places:** (*n*) chairs, seating, spaces.

**stops:** (*n*) Chicago, Michigan, Newmarket, boodle, halts, stop, stoppages, stopped, stopping, card

game, moolah.

**wearily:** (*adv*) sickly, boredly, dully, languidly, jadedly, exhaustedly, sadly, soberly, gravely, heavily, seriously. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) hopefully, untiringly, energetically, dynamically.

**yawning:** (*adj, v*) gaping, oscitant; (*n*) yawn, hiation, pandiculation, oscitancy; (*adj*) cavernous, open, drowsy, profound, sleepy. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) cramped, narrow.

HIGGINS

[yawning again] Oh Lord! What an evening! What a crew! What a silly tomfoollery! [He raises his **shoe** to **unlace** it, and catches sight of the slippers. He stops unlacing and looks at them as if they had **appeared** there of their own accord]. Oh! they're there, are they?

PICKERING

[stretching himself] Well, I feel a bit tired. It's been a long day. The garden party, a dinner party, and the opera! Rather too much of a good thing. But you've won your bet, Higgins. Eliza did the trick, and something to spare, eh?

HIGGINS

[fervently] Thank God it's over!

[ELIZA flinches **violently**; but they take no notice of her; and she recovers herself and sits **stonily** as before.]

PICKERING.

Were you nervous at the garden party? I was. Eliza didn't seem a bit nervous.

HIGGINS.

Oh, she wasn't nervous. I knew she'd be all right. No, it's the strain of putting the job through all these months that has told on me. It was interesting enough at first, while we were at the phonetics; but after that I got **deadly** sick of it. If I hadn't backed myself to do it I should have chucked the whole thing up two months ago. It was a silly notion: the whole thing has been a bore.

PICKERING.

Oh come! the garden party was frightfully exciting. My heart began **beating** like anything.

HIGGINS.

Yes, for the first three minutes. But when I saw we were going to win hands down, I felt like a bear in a **cage**, hanging about doing nothing. The dinner was worse: sitting gorging there for over an hour, with nobody but a damned

## Thesaurus

**appeared:** (*n*) appearing.

**beating:** (*n*) reverse, defeat, whipping, thrashing, battery, flogging, pounding, pulsation, pulse, rout; (*adj*) pulsing. ANTONYMS: (*n*) victory, win.

**cage:** (*n, v*) jail; (*n*) basket, birdcage, hutch, gaol, frame, corral, cell; (*v*) confine, imprison, enclose. ANTONYMS: (*v*) release; (*n*) freedom, liberation.

**deadly:** (*adj, adv*) deathly; (*adj*)

baneful, lethal, fatal, destructive, mortal, pernicious, virulent, toxic; (*adv*) lifelessly, lethally.

ANTONYMS: (*adj*) interesting, uplifting, readable, mild, healthy, healthful, benign, innocuous, exciting.

**shoe:** (*n*) horseshoe, sandal, shoes, moccasin, footgear, footwear, skid, flippers, anklet, flipper, track shoe.

**stonily:** (*adv*) icily, pitilessly, unfeelingly, cruelly, hardly, roughly,

rockily, heartlessly, frigidly, insensitively, mercilessly.

ANTONYM: (*adv*) kindly.

**unlace:** (*v*) loosen, untie, unbrace, unlash, unlash, unloose.

**violently:** (*adj, adv*) vehemently, hotly, madly, ardently; (*adv*) wildly, passionately, strongly, hard, furiously, turbulently; (*adv, n*) vigorously. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) gently, nonviolently, feebly, impassively, peacefully, tamely.

fool of a fashionable woman to talk to! I tell you, Pickering, never again for me. No more artificial duchesses. The whole thing has been simple purgatory.

PICKERING.

You've never been broken in properly to the social routine. [Strolling over to the piano] I rather enjoy **dipping** into it occasionally myself: it makes me feel young again. Anyhow, it was a great success: an **immense** success. I was quite frightened once or twice because Eliza was doing it so well. You see, lots of the real people can't do it at all: they're such fools that they think style comes by nature to people in their position; and so they never learn. There's always something professional about doing a thing **superlatively** well.

HIGGINS.

Yes: that's what drives me mad: the silly people don't know their own silly business. [Rising] However, it's over and done with; and now I can go to bed at last without **dreading** tomorrow.

[ELIZA'S beauty becomes murderous.]

PICKERING.

I think I shall turn in too. Still, it's been a great occasion: a triumph for you. Good-night. [He goes].

HIGGINS

[following him] Good-night. [Over his shoulder, at the door] Put out the lights, Eliza; and tell Mrs. Pearce not to make coffee for me in the morning: I'll take tea. [He goes out].

[ELIZA tries to control herself and feel **indifferent** as she rises and walks across to the hearth to switch off the lights. By the time she gets there she is on the point of **screaming**. She sits down in Higgins's chair and holds on hard to the arms. Finally she gives way and flings herself **furiously** on the floor raging.]

## Thesaurus

**dipping:** (*n*) dipping treatment, immersion, sinking, dipping method, deep engagedness, run, dip coating; (*adj*) plunging, falling, plummeting. ANTONYM: (*adj*) rising.  
**dreading:** (*adj*) anxious.  
**furiously:** (*adv*) irately, angrily, fiercely, wildly, violently, ragingly, wrathfully, infuriatedly, rabidly, impetuously, frantically. ANTONYM: (*adv*) sluggishly.  
**immense:** (*adj*) vast, enormous, great,

gigantic, immeasurable, colossal, boundless, big, large, giant, infinite. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) tiny, small, insignificant, miniature, slight, negligible, compact, narrow, short, minor.  
**indifferent:** (*adj*) apathetic, impassive, cold, cool, callous, fair, insensible, unconcerned, careless, dull, average. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) enthusiastic, fervent, keen, obsessive, energetic, eager, involved, surprised,

exceptional, concerned, shocked.  
**screaming:** (*adv*) screamingly; (*n*) shrieking, shriek, screeching, screech, vociferation; (*adj*) garish, loud, uproarious, showy, noisy.  
**superlatively:** (*adv*) perfectly, preeminently, excellently, matchlessly, extremely, outstandingly, splendidly, magnificently, consummately, brilliantly, absolutely.



HIGGINS

[in **despairing wrath** outside] What the devil have I done with my slippers?  
[He appears at the door].

LIZA

[snatching up the slippers, and **hurling** them at him one after the other with all her force] There are your slippers. And there. Take your slippers; and may you never have a day's luck with them!

HIGGINS

[astounded] What on earth--! [He comes to her]. What's the matter? Get up.  
[He pulls her up]. Anything wrong?

LIZA

[breathless] Nothing wrong--with *you*. I've won your bet for you, haven't I? That's enough for you. *I* don't matter, I suppose.

HIGGINS.

*You* won my bet! You! Presumptuous **insect**! *I* won it. What did you throw those slippers at me for?

LIZA.

Because I wanted to **smash** your face. I'd like to kill you, you selfish brute. Why didn't you leave me where you picked me out of--in the gutter? You thank God it's all over, and that now you can throw me back again there, do you? [She crisps her fingers, frantically].

HIGGINS

[looking at her in cool wonder] The creature *is* nervous, after all.

LIZA

[gives a **suffocated scream** of fury, and **instinctively darts** her nails at his face]!!

HIGGINS

[catching her wrists] Ah! would you? **Claws** in, you cat. How dare you show your temper to me? Sit down and be quiet. [He throws her roughly into the easy-chair].

## Thesaurus

**claws:** (*v*) tentacle, tenaculum, unguis, hook, fangs, teeth; (*n*) clutches, jaws.

**darts:** (*n*) board game, game of dart.

**despairing:** (*adj*) hopeless, desperate, despondent, forlorn, desolate, dejected, pessimistic, sad, brokenhearted, miserable, inconsolable. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) hopeful, optimistic, rosy, happy, confident, cheerful.

**hurling:** (*adj*) moving; (*n*) field game.

**insect:** (*n*) worm, flea, hymenopteran,

hymenopteron, earwig, dirt ball, homopteran, hemipteran, gallfly, fish, biting louse.

**instinctively:** (*adv*) involuntarily, mechanically, spontaneously, automatically, intuitively, inherently, automatically, unconsciously, impulsively, unthinkingly, instinctually. ANTONYMS: (*adv*) consciously, objectively.

**scream:** (*n, v*) shout, call, howl, yell, screech, shriek, wail; (*v*) cry out, roar,

bellow, hollo. ANTONYM: (*n*) bore.

**smash:** (*n, v*) crash, hit, bang, clash, knock; (*v*) shatter, crush, mash, break, defeat, ruin. ANTONYMS: (*v*) mend, preserve; (*n*) flop.

**suffocated:** (*adj*) suffocate; (*v*) asphyxied.

**wrath:** (*n*) rage, resentment, ire, fury, displeasure, indignation, passion, madness, cholera, irritation; (*adj*) angry. ANTONYMS: (*n*) happiness, love, composure, serenity.

LIZA

[**crushed** by superior strength and weight] What's to become of me? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS.

How the devil do I know what's to become of you? What does it matter what becomes of you?

LIZA.

You don't care. I know you don't care. You wouldn't care if I was dead. I'm nothing to you--not so much as them slippers.

HIGGINS

[thundering] *Those slippers.*

LIZA

[with bitter **submission**] Those slippers. I didn't think it made any difference now.

[A pause. ELIZA **hopeless** and crushed. HIGGINS a little uneasy.]

HIGGINS

[in his **loftiest** manner] Why have you **begun** going on like this? May I ask whether you **complain** of your treatment here?

LIZA.

No.

HIGGINS.

Has anybody behaved badly to you? Colonel Pickering? Mrs. Pearce? Any of the **servants**?

LIZA.

No.

HIGGINS.

I **presume** you don't pretend that I have treated you badly.

LIZA.

No.

## Thesaurus

**begun:** (*adj*) present.

**complain:** (*v*) bemoan, protest, whine, squawk, bewail, beef, grudge, accuse, carp, plain, complaint. ANTONYMS: (*v*) praise, applaud, cheer, recommend, rejoice, laud, approve, agree, accept.

**crushed:** (*adj*) beaten, subdued, low, conquered, flattened, dispirited, compressed, overwhelmed, shattered; (*v*) victimized; (*n*) crushing. ANTONYMS: (*adj*)

victorious, euphoric.

**hopeless:** (*adj*) incurable, despondent, forlorn, disconsolate, desperate, impossible, useless, abject, despair, dismal, irreparable. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) cheerful, competent, promising, optimistic, encouraging, helpful, useful, successful, practical, laudable, effective.

**loftiest:** (*adj*) uppermost, top, sovereign.

**presume:** (*v*) dare, consider, believe,

think, infer, guess, expect, esteem, conclude, suppose, conjecture.

ANTONYMS: (*v*) appreciate, despair, speculate.

**servants:** (*n*) staff, suite.

**submission:** (*n*) compliance, obedience, acquiescence, bid, offer, deference, entry, presentation, conformity; (*adj, n*) resignation, surrender. ANTONYMS: (*n*) defiance, divergence, disobedience.

HIGGINS.

I am glad to hear it. [He moderates his tone]. Perhaps you're tired after the strain of the day. Will you have a glass of **champagne**? [He moves towards the door].

LIZA.

No. [**Recollecting** her manners] Thank you.

HIGGINS

[good-humored again] This has been coming on you for some days. I suppose it was natural for you to be anxious about the garden party. But that's all over now. [He pats her kindly on the shoulder. She writhes]. There's nothing more to worry about.

LIZA.

No. Nothing more for you to worry about. [She suddenly rises and gets away from him by going to the piano **bench**, where she sits and hides her face]. Oh God! I wish I was dead.

HIGGINS

[staring after her in **sincere** surprise] Why? in heaven's name, why? [Reasonably, going to her] Listen to me, Eliza. All this **irritation** is purely **subjective**.

LIZA.

I don't understand. I'm too ignorant.

HIGGINS.

It's only imagination. Low **spirits** and nothing else. Nobody's **hurting** you. Nothing's wrong. You go to bed like a good girl and sleep it off. Have a little cry and say your prayers: that will make you comfortable.

LIZA.

I heard *your* prayers. "Thank God it's all over!"

HIGGINS

[impatently] Well, don't you thank God it's all over? Now you are free and can do what you like.

## Thesaurus

**bench:** (*n*) banquet, chair, workbench, court, terrace, bank, bar, judicatory, Ottoman, board, form.  
**champagne:** (*v*) chain lightning, cocktail; (*n*) sparkling wine, blonde.  
**hurting:** (*adj*) aching, painful, tender; (*n*) hurt, ache, sting, pain, colic, dysmenorrhea, agony; (*v*) causing pain. ANTONYM: (*adj*) painless.  
**irritation:** (*n*) exasperation, anger, annoyance, displeasure, bother, excitation, temper, excitement,

irritability, vexation, annoying.  
 ANTONYMS: (*n*) satisfaction, balm, calm, calmness, equanimity, patience.  
**recollecting:** (*n*) recollection.  
**sincere:** (*adj, v*) earnest, devout; (*adj*) genuine, faithful, heartfelt, honest, serious, open, artless, candid; (*adj, n*) cordial. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) insincere, dishonest, guarded, flippant, affected, disingenuous, hypocritical, cunning, unfaithful, unenthusiastic, unbelievable.

**spirits:** (*n*) alcohol, booze, humor, frame of mind, liqueur, strong drink, hard drink; (*adj*) cheer, geniality, good humor; (*v*) wine.  
**subjective:** (*adj*) biased, internal, objective, personal, intellectual, derived from within, prejudiced, psychological, rational, immanent, subjectives. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) objective, impartial, transeunt, unbiased, general, logical.

LIZA

[pulling herself together in desperation] What am I fit for? What have you left me fit for? Where am I to go? What am I to do? What's to become of me?

HIGGINS

[enlightened, but not at all impressed] Oh, that's what's worrying you, is it? [He thrusts his hands into his pockets, and walks about in his usual manner, rattling the contents of his pockets, as if **condescending** to a trivial subject out of pure kindness]. I shouldn't bother about it if I were you. I should imagine you won't have much difficulty in settling yourself, somewhere or other, though I hadn't quite realized that you were going away. [She looks quickly at him: he does not look at her, but examines the dessert stand on the piano and decides that he will eat an apple]. You might marry, you know. [He bites a large piece out of the apple, and munches it noisily]. You see, Eliza, all men are not confirmed old bachelors like me and the Colonel. Most men are the marrying sort (poor devils!); and you're not bad-looking; it's quite a pleasure to look at you sometimes--not now, of course, because you're crying and looking as ugly as the very devil; but when you're all right and quite yourself, you're what I should call attractive. That is, to the people in the marrying line, you understand. You go to bed and have a good nice rest; and then get up and look at yourself in the glass; and you won't feel so cheap.

[ELIZA again looks at him, **speechless**, and does not stir.]

[The look is quite lost on him: he **eats** his apple with a **dreamy** expression of happiness, as it is quite a good one.]

HIGGINS

[a **genial afterthought occurring** to him] I daresay my mother could find some chap or other who would do very well--

LIZA.

We were above that at the corner of Tottenham Court Road.

HIGGINS

[waking up] What do you mean?

## Thesaurus

**afterthought:** (*n*) aftercome, aftercourse, aftergrowth, afterpart, afterpiece, second thought, reversal, turnaround, turnabout, improver, postscript. ANTONYMS: (*n*) presupposition, forethought.  
**condescending:** (*adj*) arrogant, snobbish, superior, haughty, gracious, patronizing, supercilious, arch, benign, affable, merciful. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) humble, unassuming, approachable,

unpretentious, friendly, admiring, modest, respectful, deferential.  
**dreamy:** (*adj*) faraway, romantic, impractical, somnolent, visionary, sleepy, pensive, moony, idealistic, drowsy; (*v*) balmy. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) cynical, vigorous, pragmatic, practical, awake, alert, ordinary, prosaic.  
**eats:** (*n*) grub, chuck, food, meat, meal, diet, nurture, eat, dinner, board, feed.  
**genial:** (*adj*) cheerful, bright, affable,

cordial, amiable, nice, friendly, convivial, warm, agreeable, suave. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) disagreeable, hostile, mean, discourteous, frosty, gloomy, reserved, unapproachable, abominable.  
**occurring:** (*adj*) going on.  
**speechless:** (*adj*) silent, mute, dumb, dumbfounded, voiceless, quiet, tongueless, tacit, noiseless, mum, wordless. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) loquacious, eloquent, talkative.

LIZA.

I sold flowers. I didn't sell myself. Now you've made a lady of me I'm not fit to sell anything else. I wish you'd left me where you found me.

HIGGINS

[slinging the core of the apple **decisively** into the **grate**] Tosh, Eliza. Don't you insult human relations by dragging all this **cant** about buying and selling into it. You needn't marry the fellow if you don't like him.

LIZA.

What else am I to do?

HIGGINS.

Oh, lots of things. What about your old idea of a florist's shop? Pickering could set you up in one: he's lots of money. [**Chuckling**] He'll have to pay for all those **togs** you have been wearing today; and that, with the hire of the jewellery, will make a big hole in two hundred pounds. Why, six months ago you would have thought it the **millennium** to have a flower shop of your own. Come! you'll be all right. I must clear off to bed: I'm **devilish sleepy**. By the way, I came down for something: I forget what it was.

LIZA.

Your slippers.

HIGGINS.

Oh yes, of course. You shied them at me. [He picks them up, and is going out when she rises and **speaks** to him].

LIZA.

Before you go, sir--

HIGGINS

[dropping the slippers in his surprise at her calling him sir] Eh?

LIZA.

Do my clothes belong to me or to Colonel Pickering?

## Thesaurus

**cant:** (*n*) jargon, lingo, slang, vernacular, argot; (*n, v*) bank, tilt, bias, incline; (*adj, n*) bevel; (*v*) list.

**chuckling:** (*n*) laughter.

**decisively:** (*adv*) resolutely, conclusively, firmly, finally, fatefully, crucially, definitively, positively, absolutely, definitely, flatly.

ANTONYMS: (*adv*) irresolutely, unconvincingly, indecisively, aimlessly, insignificantly, halfheartedly, hesitantly.

**devilish:** (*adj, v*) diabolic, satanic, infernal, mephistophelian, demoniacal; (*adj*) demonic, wicked, diabolical, terrific; (*v*) Stygian; (*adv*) devilishly. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) cherubic, godlike, good, saintly, virtuous.

**grate:** (*v*) grind, creak, scrape, abrade, gall, gnash, fret, rub, aggravate, provoke; (*n*) lattice.

**millennium:** (*n*) Happy Valley, chateaux en Espagne, future, century,

Atlantis, millenary, remote future, period, millennial, thousand years, crack of doom.

**sleepy:** (*adj*) drowsy, dozy, slow, lazy, hypnotic, inactive, comatose, dull, heavy, dreamy; (*adv*) asleep.

ANTONYMS: (*adj*) awake, energetic, vigorous, clear, lively, refreshed.

**speaks:** (*n*) talks.

**togs:** (*n*) threads, duds, gear, suit, livery, apparel, clothes, clothing, toggery, accouterment, caparison.

HIGGINS

[coming back into the room as if her question were the very **climax** of **unreason**] What the devil use would they be to Pickering?

LIZA.

He might want them for the next girl you pick up to experiment on.

HIGGINS

[shocked and hurt] Is *that* the way you feel towards us?

LIZA.

I don't want to hear anything more about that. All I want to know is whether anything belongs to me. My own clothes were burnt.

HIGGINS.

But what does it matter? Why need you start bothering about that in the middle of the night?

LIZA.

I want to know what I may take away with me. I don't want to be accused of **stealing**.

HIGGINS

[now deeply wounded] Stealing! You shouldn't have said that, Eliza. That shows a want of feeling.

LIZA.

I'm sorry. I'm only a common ignorant girl; and in my station I have to be careful. There can't be any feelings between the like of you and the like of me. Please will you tell me what belongs to me and what doesn't?

HIGGINS

[very **sulky**] You may take the whole damned houseful if you like. Except the **jewels**. They're hired. Will that satisfy you? [He turns on his heel and is about to go in extreme dudgeon].

LIZA

[drinking in his emotion like **nectar**, and **nagging** him to **provoke** a further

## Thesaurus

**climax:** (*n, v*) peak, crown; (*n*) top, zenith, culmination, acme, height, summit, pinnacle, meridian; (*adj, n*) orgasm. ANTONYMS: (*v*) dip, drop, delve; (*n*) low, nadir, bathos, anticlimax, comedown, base, trough, prelude.  
**jewels:** (*n*) jewelry, gems, wealth, hoops, Perrie, riches, studs, fortune, fineness, earrings, decoration.  
**nagging:** (*adj*) critical, troublesome, niggling, captious, vexatious,

bothersome, demanding, moaning, uneasy; (*n*) torment.  
**nectar:** (*n*) delicacy, secretion, juice, beebread, fruit crush, fruit juice, goody, kickshaw, liquid, bitterweed.  
**provoke:** (*n, v*) excite; (*v*) defy, offend, enrage, anger, irritate, arouse, kindle, inflame, invite, get. ANTONYMS: (*v*) please, soothe, mollify, deter, inhibit, dampen, arbitrate, allay, defuse, discourage, douse.  
**stealing:** (*n*) pilferage, larceny, theft,

steal, burglary, misappropriation, embezzlement, stolen, thievery, pilfering, thieving.  
**sulky:** (*adj*) gloomy, grouchy, morose, surly, peevish, moody, dismal, cross, petulant, crabby; (*adj, v*) glum. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) resigned, cheerful; (*n*) cheeriness.  
**unreason:** (*n*) insanity, absurdity, hysteria.

supply] Stop, please. [She takes off her jewels]. Will you take these to your room and keep them safe? I don't want to run the risk of their being missing.

HIGGINS

[furious] Hand them over. [She puts them into his hands]. If these belonged to me instead of to the **jeweler**, I'd ram them down your ungrateful throat. [He **perfunctorily** thrusts them into his pockets, unconsciously **decorating** himself with the **protruding** ends of the chains].

LIZA

[taking a ring off] This ring isn't the jeweler's: it's the one you bought me in Brighton. I don't want it now. [Higgins dashes the ring violently into the fireplace, and turns on her so **threateningly** that she crouches over the piano with her hands over her face, and exclaims] Don't you hit me.

HIGGINS.

Hit you! You infamous creature, how dare you accuse me of such a thing? It is you who have hit me. You have wounded me to the heart.

LIZA

[thrilling with hidden joy] I'm glad. I've got a little of my own back, anyhow.

HIGGINS

[with dignity, in his finest professional style] You have caused me to lose my temper: a thing that has hardly ever happen to me before. I prefer to say nothing more tonight. I am going to bed.

LIZA

[pertly] You'd better leave a note for Mrs. Pearce about the coffee; for she won't be told by me.

HIGGINS

[formally] Damn Mrs. Pearce; and damn the coffee; and damn you; and damn my own folly in having lavished *my* hard-earned knowledge and the treasure of my regard and intimacy on a **heartless** guttersnipe. [He goes out with impressive **decorum**, and spoils it by slamming the door savagely].

## Thesaurus

**decorating:** (*adj*) ornamental; (*n*) decoration.

**decorum:** (*n*) propriety, gentility, decorousness, dignity, fitness, manners, correctness, ceremony, properness, politeness, grace.

ANTONYMS: (*n*) impoliteness, rudeness, informality, indecorum, impropriety, indecency, corruption, abandon, vulgarity.

**heartless:** (*adj*) hardhearted, ruthless, cruel, pitiless, obdurate, merciless,

unfeeling, unkind, stony, insensitive, grim. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) kind, caring, hearted, warmhearted, compassionate, softhearted, merciful, sympathetic, concerned, flattering, generous.

**jeweler:** (*n*) goldsmith, shaper, merchandiser, maker, merchant, silversmith, jewelry maker.

**perfunctorily:** (*adv*) superficially, automatically, carelessly, as a formality, involuntarily, quickly,

hastily, unthinkingly, passingly, automatically, fleetingly. ANTONYM: (*adv*) thoroughly.

**protruding:** (*adj*) obtrusive, projecting, jutting, protrusive, salient, projected, bulging, protuberant, noticeable, sticking out, proposed.

**threateningly:** (*adv*) sinisterly, ominously, seriously, warningly, perilously, gloomily, dangerously, minatorily, grimly, minaciously, loweringly.

[ELIZA smiles for the first time; expresses her **feelings** by a wild **pantomime** in which an **imitation** of Higgins's **exit** is **confused** with her own **triumph**; and finally goes down on her **knees** on the hearthrug to look for the ring.]

## Thesaurus

**confused:** (*adj*) abashed, baffled, befuddled, bemused, dizzy, chaotic, confounded, deranged, incoherent, disjointed, indistinct. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) enlightened, orderly, alert, clearheaded, organized, oriented, precise, systematic, ordered, unimpressed, methodical.  
**exit:** (*n*) departure, door, egress, outlet, going, gate, way out; (*v*) leave, go, go out, die. ANTONYMS: (*n*) arrival, entry, entrance, greeting; (*v*) arrive,

come.  
**feelings:** (*n*) emotions, opinion, bosom, emotion, thought, reputation, honor, feeling, sentiments, thoughts, manner.  
**imitation:** (*adj, n*) fake, sham, reproduction; (*n*) dummy, forgery, mockery, copy, emulation; (*n, v*) parody; (*adj*) false, bogus. ANTONYMS: (*adj*) genuine, real, natural; (*n*) original, formalism.  
**knees:** (*n*) knee.

**pantomime:** (*n, v*) gesture; (*n*) dumb show, mummery, acting, playacting, performing, playing, pantomimist; (*v*) mimic, roleplay, playact.  
**triumph:** (*v*) exult, prevail, crow, rejoice, succeed; (*n, v*) glory, win, joy; (*n*) victory, conquest, exultation. ANTONYMS: (*n*) failure, defeat, sorrow, unhappiness, dud, sadness, loss, flop; (*v*) fail, lose, forfeit.