

WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

DIE  
FREMDEN

Für mehr Mitgefühl

Weckruf aus einer  
anderen Zeit.  
VON ERSCHÜTTERNDER  
AKTUALITÄT

Mit einem Vorwort von **HERIBERT PRANTL**  
Herausgegeben und übersetzt  
von **FRANK GÜNTHER**



angespannte Lage in der Stadt; man sorgt sich wegen des massiven Zorns in der Bevölkerung und wundert sich, wieso die vom König privilegierten Fremden sich derart gegen die englische Bevölkerung wenden. Man beschließt, statt gleich mit Gewalt vorzugehen, zuerst den beliebten Untersheriff Thomas Morus zu den Aufrührern sprechen zu lassen. Derweil ruft Lincoln seine englischen Mitbürger zu Brandstiftungen und Plünderungen auf ...

# Die Fremden

# Sir Thomas More

## Scene 6

*[Near St. Martin's] Enter Lincoln, Doll, Clown, George [Betts], Williamson, [Sherwin], others; [Citizens and Prentices, armed]*

LINCOLN: Peace, hear me! He that will not see a red herring at a Harry groat, butter at elevenpence a pound, meal at nine shillings a bushel, and beef at four nobles a stone, list to me.

OTHER/GEORGE: It will come to that pass, if strangers be suffered. Mark him.

LINCOLN: Our country is a great eating country; *argo*, they eat more in our

country than they do in their own.

OTHER/CLOWN: By a halfpenny loaf, a day,  
troy weight.

LINCOLN: They bring in strange roots, which  
is merely to the undoing of poor  
prentices; for what's a sorry parsnip to a  
good heart?

OTHER/WILLIAMSON: Trash, trash. They  
breed sore eyes, and tis enough to infect  
the City with the palsey.

LINCOLN: Nay, it has infected it with the  
palsey; for these bastards of dung, as you  
know they grow in dung, have infected  
us, and it is our infection will make the  
city shake, which partly comes through  
the eating of parsnips.

OTHER/CLOWN: True; and pumpkins

together.

*Enter [Downes, a sergeant-at-arms]*

DOWNES:

What say ye to the mercy of the king?

Do ye refuse it?

LINCOLN: You would have us upon th' hip,  
would you? no, marry, do we not. We  
accept of the King's mercy, but we will  
show no mercy upon the strangers.

DOWNES:

You are the simplest things that ever  
stood

In such a question.

LINCOLN: How say ye now, prentices?

prentices simple! down with him!

ALL CITIZENS: Prentices simple! prentices