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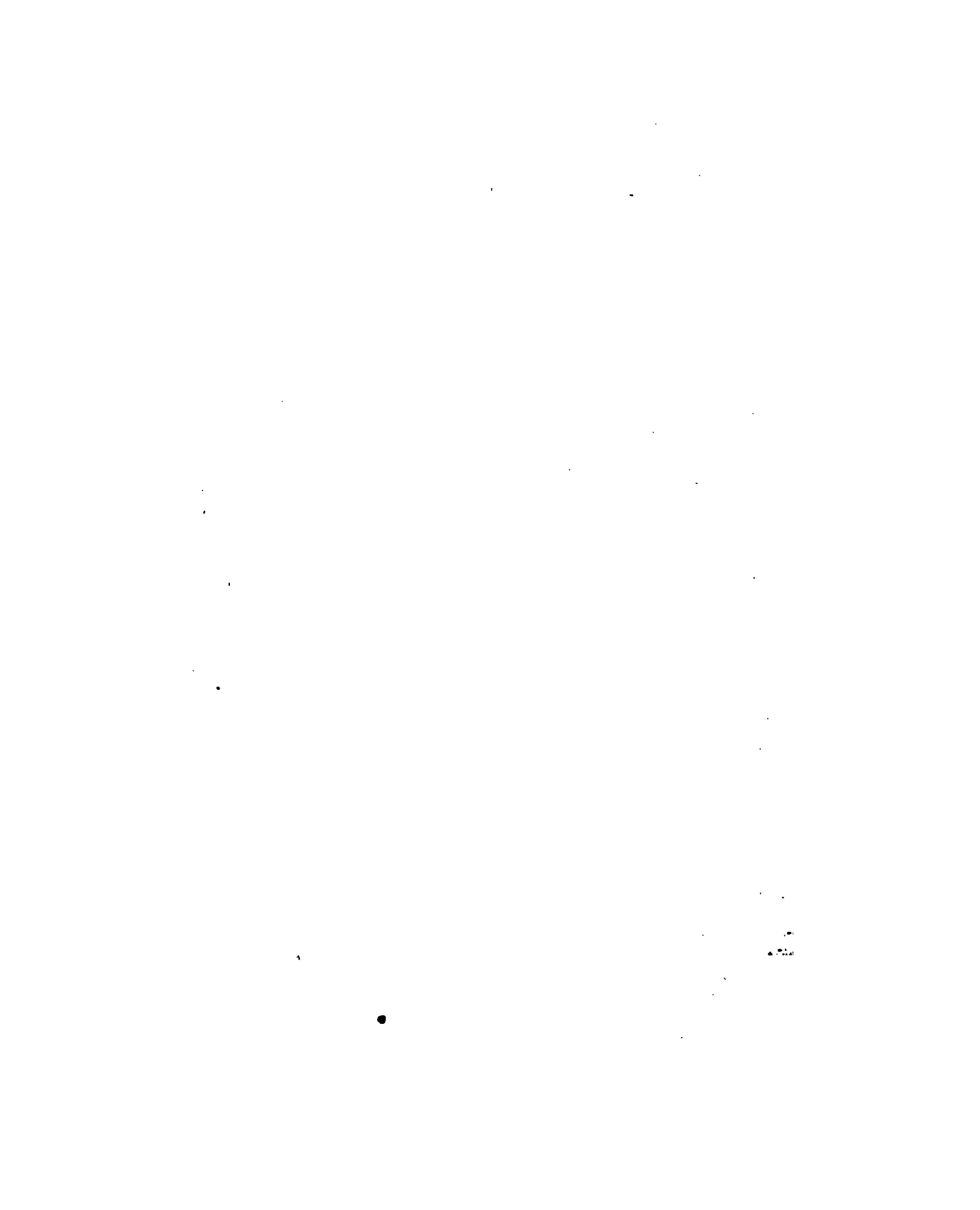
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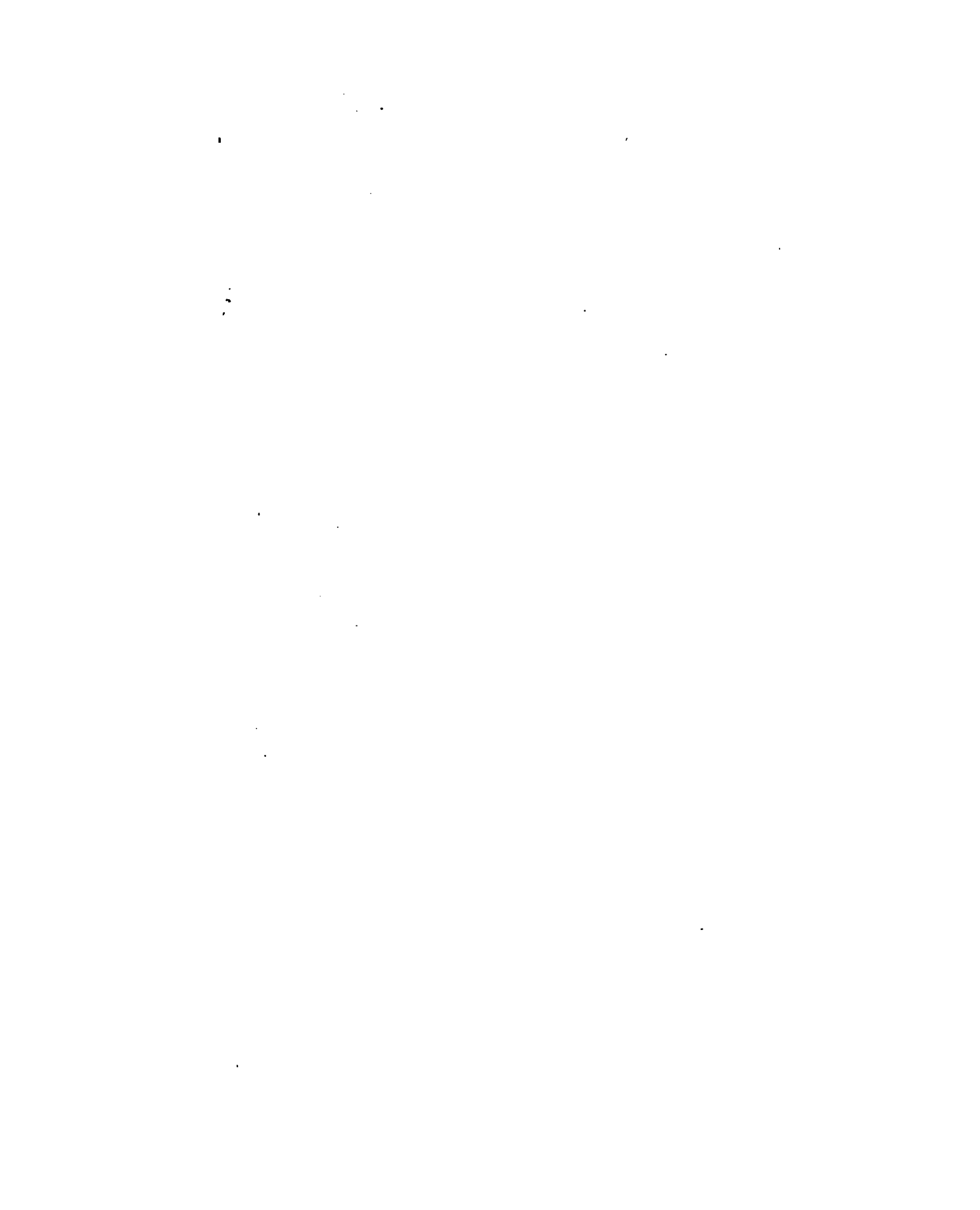
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T H E  
P L A Y S  
O F  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.



THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KING LEAR.  
ROMEO AND JULIET.

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VVANSU OROHAT?

**K I N G L E A R . \***

**Vol. XIV.**

**B**

\* KING LEAR.] The story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from these Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. Vol. I. From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1587, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work. I have referred to these pieces, wherever our author seems more immediately to have followed them, in the course of my notes on the play. For the first *King Lear*, see likewise *Six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published for S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

The reader will also find the story of *K. Lear*, in the second book and 10th canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harfnet's pamphlet to which it contains so many references, (as will appear in the notes) was not published till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674.) tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wife Speeches*. PERCY.

The story told by Camden in his *Remains*, 4to. 1605, is this:

"Ina, king of West Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and so would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder sware deeply they would; the youngest, but the wisest, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit she did love, honour, and reverence him, and so would whilst she lived, as much as nature and daughterly dutie at the uttermost could expect, yet she did think that one day it would come to passe that she should affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when she were married; who being made one flesh with her, as God by commandement had told, and nature had taught her, she was to cleave fast to, forsaking father and

mother, kiffe and kinne. [Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of king Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirroure for Magistrates*, as Camden's book was published recently before he appears to have composed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wise Speeches*, where the foregoing passage is found, furnished him with a hint in *Cerolanus*.

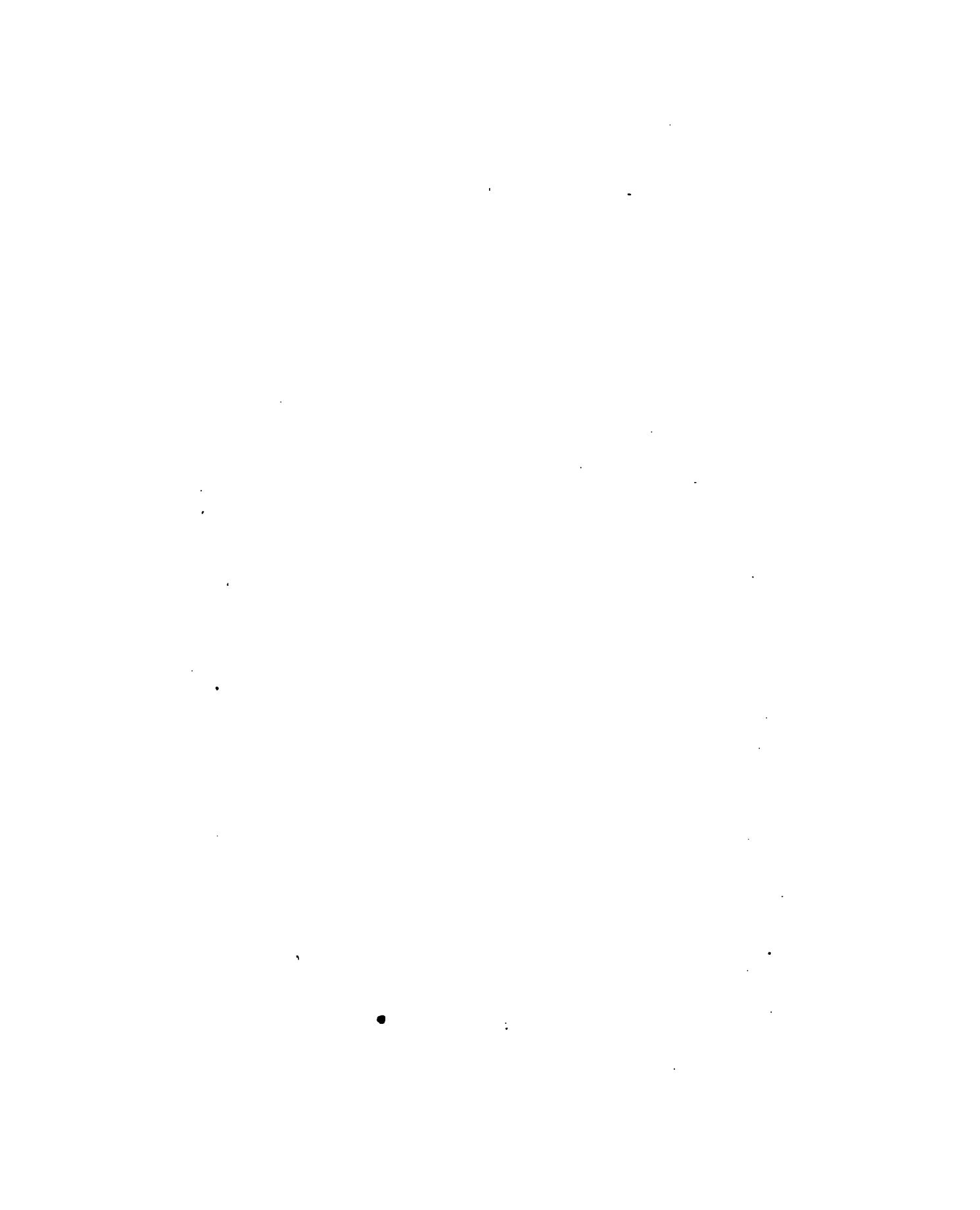
The story of King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed transcribed it; and in his Chronicle Shakspeare had certainly read it, as it occurs not far from that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the same subject probably *first* suggested to him the idea of making it the ground-work of a tragedy.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Leir, who was the eldest son of Bladud, "nobly governed his country for sixty years." According to that historian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Christ.


The name of Leir's youngest daughter, which in Geoffrey's history, in Holinshed, *The Mirroure for Magistrates*, and the old anonymous play, is *Cordeilla*, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakspeare found softened into *Cordelia* by Spenser in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably suggested by Holinshed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 122: "Edgar, the son of Edmund, brother of Athelstane," &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

As the episode of Gloster and his sons is undoubtedly formed on the story of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, I shall subjoin it, at the end of the play. MALONE.







THE  
P L A Y  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPE  
VOLUME THE FOURTEEN

PERSONS represented.

Lear, *King of Britain.*  
*King of France,*  
*Duke of Burgundy.*  
*Duke of Cornwall.*  
*Duke of Albany.*  
*Earl of Kent.*  
*Earl of Gloster.*  
*Edgar, Son to Gloster.*  
*Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster.*  
*Curan, a Courtier.*  
*Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.*  
*Physician.*  
*Fool.*  
*Oswald, Steward to Goneril.*  
*An Officer, employed by Edmund.*  
*Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.*  
*A Herald.*  
*Servants to Cornwall.*

Goneril, }  
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear.*  
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers*  
*Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Britain.

# K I N G L E A R.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Room of state in King Lear's Palace.*

*Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*

*KENT.* I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

*GLO.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom,<sup>2</sup> it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities<sup>3</sup> are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither<sup>4</sup> can make choice of either's moiety.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *in the division of the kingdom,*] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *equalities* —] So, the first quartos; the folio reads — *qualities.* JOHNSON.

Either may *serve*; but of the former I find an instance in the *Flower of Friendship*, 1568: "After this match made, and *equalities* considered," &c. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *that curiosity in neither* —] *Curiosity*, for exactest scrutiny. The sense of the whole sentence is, The qualities and properties of the several divisions are so weighed and balanced against one another, that the exactest scrutiny could not determine in preferring one share to the other. WARBURTON.

*Curiosity* is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iv:

"For *curious* I cannot be with you." STEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 616, n. 2; and the present tragedy, p. 32, n. 6. MALONE.

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.<sup>2</sup>

GLO. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this,<sup>3</sup> who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whore-son must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

<sup>1</sup> — of either's moiety.] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half, one of two equal parts*; but Shakspeare commonly uses it for *any part or division*:

“Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,


“In quantity equals not one of yours:”

and here the *division* was into *three parts*. STEEVENS.

Heywood likewise uses the word *moiety* as synonymous to *any part or portion*. “I would unwillingly part with the greatest *moiety* of my own means and fortunes.” *Hist. of Women*, 1624. See Vol. VIII. p. 492, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *being so proper*.] i. e. handsome. See Vol. V. p. 410, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *some year elder than this*.] *Some year*, is an expression used when we speak *indefinitely*. STEEVENS.



THE  
P L A Y  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPE  
VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH

5 KING LEAR.

Conferring them on younger strengths,<sup>1</sup> while we<sup>2</sup>  
 Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of  
 Cornwall,  
 And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
 We have this hour a constant will<sup>3</sup> to publish  
 Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife  
 May be prevented now. The princes, France and  
 Burgundy,  
 Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
 Long in our court have made their amorous so-  
 journ,  
 And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daugh-  
 ters,  
 (Since now<sup>4</sup> we will devert us, both of rule,  
 Interest of territory, cares of state,)  
 Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?  
 That we our largest bounty may extend  
 Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,  
 Our eldest-born, speak first.

<sup>1</sup> *Conferring them on younger strengths,*] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read, *Confirming them on younger years.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *while we &c.*] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *constant will* —] Seems a confirmation of *fast* intent.

JOHNSON.

*Constant is firm, determined. Constant will is the certa voluntas of Virgil. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in The Merchant of Venice:*

“ ——— else nothing in the world

“ Could turn so much the constitution

“ Of any *constant* man.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Since now &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Where merit doth most challenge it.*] The folio reads:

*Where nature doth with merit challenge:*

i. e. where the claim of *merit* is superadded to that of *nature*; or where a superiour degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*. STEEVENS.

GON.

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,  
 Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;  
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
 No less than life,<sup>5</sup> with grace, health, beauty, hon-  
 our:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.  
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
 Beyond all manner of so much<sup>6</sup> I love you.

COR. What shall Cordelia do?<sup>7</sup> Love, and be  
 silent. [Aside.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line  
 to this,

<sup>5</sup> Gon. *Sir, I**Do love you more than words can wield the matter, —*

No less than life,] So, in Holinshed: " — he first asked Go-  
 norilla the eldest, how well she loved him; who calling hir gods  
 to record, protested that *she loved him more than her own life*,  
 which by right and reason should be most deere unto hir. With  
 which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second,  
 and demanded of hir how well she loved him; who answered (con-  
 firming hir saicings with great othes,) that she loved him more  
 than toong could expresse, and farre above all other creatures of  
 the world.

Then called he his youngest daughter Cordeilla before him, and  
 asked hir, what account she made of him; unto whom she made  
 this answer as followeth: Knowing the great love and fatherlie  
 zeale that you have alwaies born towards me, (for the which I maie  
 not answere you otherwise than I thinke and as my conscience  
 leadeth me,) I protest unto you that I have loved you ever, and  
 will continuallie (while I live) love you as my natural father. And  
 if you would more understand of the love I bear you, ascertain  
 your selfe, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and  
 so much I love you, and no more." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Beyond all manner of so much —*] Beyond all assignable quan-  
 tity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for  
 how much soever I should name, it would be yet more. JOHNSON.

Thus Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, sc. i:

" — I can only

" Swear you reign here, *but never tell how much*." STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *do?*] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNSON.

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
 With plenteous rivers<sup>8</sup> and wide-skirted meads,  
 We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue  
 Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,  
 Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.<sup>9</sup>

REG. I am made<sup>2</sup> of that self metal as my sister,  
 And prize me<sup>3</sup> at her worth. In my true heart  
 I find, she names my very deed of love;  
 Only she comes too short,—that I profess<sup>4</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — and with champains rich'd,  
 With plenteous rivers —] These words are omitted in the  
 quartos. To *rich* is an obsolete verb. It is used by Tho. Drant  
 in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567:

“ To *rich* his country, let his words lyke flowing water fall.”  
 STEEVENS.

*Rich'd* is used for *enriched*, as *'sice* for *entice*, *'bate* for *abate*,  
*strain* for *constrain*, &c. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — Speak.] Thus the quartos. This word is not in the folio.  
 MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I am made* &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir, I  
 am made of the self-same metal that my sister is.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And prize me at her worth.* &c.] I believe this passage should  
 rather be pointed thus:

*And prize me at her worth, in my true heart  
 I find, she names, &c.*

That is, *And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true  
 heart I find, that she names, &c.* TYRWHITT.

I believe we should read:

“ And prize *you* at her worth;”

That is, set the same high value upon you that she does.

M. MASON.

*Prize me at her worth*, perhaps means, *I think myself as worthy  
 of your favours as she is.* HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> *Only she comes too short,—that I profess* &c.] *That* seems to stand  
 without relation, but is referred to *find*, the first conjunction being  
 inaccurately suppressed. I find *that* she names my deed, I *find* that  
 I profess, &c. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is this:—“ My sister has equally expressed  
 my sentiments, only she comes short of me in this, that I profess  
 myself an enemy to all joys but you.”—*That I profess*, means, *in  
 that I profess.* M. MASON.



Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;<sup>5</sup>  
And find, I am alone felicitate  
In your dear highness' love.

COR. Then poor Cordelia ! [*Aside.*  
And yet not so ; since, I am sure, my love's  
More richer than my tongue.<sup>6</sup>

LEAR. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom ;  
No less in space, validity,<sup>7</sup> and pleasure,  
Than that confirm'd<sup>8</sup> on Goneril.—Now, our joy,<sup>9</sup>

*In that, i. e. inasmuch as, I profess myself, &c.* Thus the folio.  
The quartos read :

“ Only the *came sort*, that I profess,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;*] Perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension*. JOHNSON.

So, in a *Parænesis to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604 :

“ The *square* of reason, and the mind's clear eye.”

Golding in his version of the 6th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis* translates

— quotiesque rogabat

*Ex justo*—

“ As oft as he demanded *out of square*.”

i. e. what was unreasonable. STEEVENS.

I believe that Shakspeare uses *square* for the full complement of all the senses. EDWARDS.

<sup>6</sup> *More richer than my tongue.*] The quarto's thus : the folio—more *ponderous*. STEEVENS.

We should read—*their tongue*, meaning her sisters. WARBURTON.

I think the present reading right. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *No less in space, validity,*] *Validity*, for worth, value ; not for integrity, or good title. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607 : “ The countenance of your friend is of less value than his counsel, yet both of very small *validity*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *confirm'd* —] The folio reads, *conferr'd*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *Now, our joy, &c.*] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads :

Although the last, not least ;<sup>2</sup> to whose young love  
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,  
Strive to be interefs'd ;<sup>3</sup> what can you say, to draw<sup>4</sup>  
A third more opulent than your sisters ? Speak.

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing ?

COR. Nothing.<sup>5</sup>

LEAR. Nothing can come of nothing : speak  
again.

COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave

— But now our joy,  
Although the last, not least in our dear love,  
What can you say to win a third, &c.

The folio :

— Now our joy,  
Although our last, *and* least ; to whose young love  
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,  
Strive to be int'refs'd. *What can you say, &c.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Although the last, not least ; &c.*] So, in the old anonymous  
play, King Leir speaking to Mumford :

“ — to thee last of all ;  
“ Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593 :

“ The *third and last, not least*, in our account.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Strive to be interefs'd ;*] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion* : “ — there is scarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is some way or other by his blood *interessed* therein.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :

“ Our sacred laws and just authority  
“ Are *interesi'd* therein.”

To *interest* and to *interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import ; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interesser*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — to draw —] The quarto reads—what can you say, to *win*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Lear. *Nothing ?*

Cor. *Nothing.*] These two speeches are wanting in the quartos.  
STEEVENS.

My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia?<sup>6</sup> mend your speech  
a little,  
Left it may mar your fortunes.

COR. Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit,  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,  
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,<sup>7</sup>  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall  
carry  
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.<sup>8</sup>

LEAR. But goes this with thy heart?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> How, how, *Cordelia*?] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—  
*Go to, go to.* STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *Haply, when I shall wed, &c.*] So, in *The Mirrour for  
Magistrates*, 1587, Cordila says:

“ — Nature so doth bind and me compell  
“ To love you as I ought, my father, well;  
“ Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,  
“ To find in heart to bear another more good will:  
“ Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.”

STEVENS.

See also the quotation from Camden's *Remaines*, near the end of  
the first note on this play. [p. 2.] MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To love my father all.*] These words are restored from the first  
edition, without which the sense was not complete. POPE.

<sup>9</sup> *But goes this with thy heart?*] Thus the quartos, and thus I  
have no doubt Shakspeare wrote, this kind of inversion occurring  
often in his plays, and in the contemporary writers. So, in *King  
Henry VIII*:

“ — and make your house our Tower.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ — That many may be meant  
“ By the fool multitude.”

COR. Ay, good my lord.

LEAR. So young, and so untender?<sup>2</sup>

COR. So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;  
The mysteries of Hecate,<sup>3</sup> and the night;  
By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this,<sup>4</sup> for ever. The barbarous  
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation<sup>5</sup> messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou my sometime daughter.

KENT. Good my liege,—

See Vol. V. p. 456. n. 2.

The editor of the folio, not understanding this kind of phraseology, substituted the more common form—But goes *thy heart with this?* as in the next line he reads, *Ay, my good lord*, instead of—*Ay, good my lord*, the reading of the quartos, and the constant language of Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *So young, and so untender?*] So, in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Ah me, quoth Venus, *young, and so unkind?*”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The mysteries of Hecate,*] The quartos have *mistress*, the folio—*miseret*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, who likewise substituted *operations* in the next line for *operation*, the reading of the original copies. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Hold thee, from this,*] i. e. from this time. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *generation* —] i. e. his children. MALONE.

LEAR. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:  
I lov'd her most,<sup>6</sup> and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my  
fight!— [To CORDELIA.<sup>7</sup>

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who  
stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my power,  
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly  
course,  
With reservation of an hundred knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *I lov'd her most,*] So Holinshed: “— which daughters he greatly loved, but especially Cordeilla, the youngest, farre above the two elder.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> [*To Cordelia.*] As Mr. Heath supposes, *to Kent*. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. STEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that Kent did not yet deserve such treatment from the King, as the only words he had uttered were “Good my liege.” REED.

Surely such quick transitions or inconsistencies, which ever they are called, are perfectly suited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choleric king so harsh a sentence, having only interposed in the mildest manner. Afterwards indeed, when he remonstrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the king exclaims—“Out of my fight!”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Only we still retain*—] Thus the quarto. Folio: *we shall retain*. MALONE.

The name, and all the additions to a king;<sup>9</sup>  
 The sway,  
 Revenue, execution of the rest;<sup>2</sup>  
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,  
 This coronet part between you. [*giving the crown.*]

*KENT.* Royal Lear,  
 Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,<sup>3</sup>—

*LEAR.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from  
 the shaft.

*KENT.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
 The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,  
 When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old  
 man?  
 Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — all the additions to a king;] All the titles belonging to a king. See Vol. XI. p. 309, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — execution of the rest,] The execution of the rest is, I suppose, all the other business. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> As my great patron thought on in my prayers,] An allusion to the custom of clergymen praying for their patrons, in what is commonly called the bidding prayer. HENLEY.

See also note to the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* Part II. Vol. IX. p. 254, n. 3. REED.

<sup>4</sup> Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak, &c.] I have given this passage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have silently departed, for the sake of better numbers, with a degree of insincerity, which, if not sometimes detected and censured, must impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much mischief may be done by such clandestine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reserve thy state*, it gives, *reverse thy doom*, and has *sloops*, instead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *answer my life my judgement*, is, *Let my life be answerable for my judgement*, or, *I will stake my life on my opinion*.—The reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies is this:

When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,  
 When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;  
 And, in thy best consideration, check  
 This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,  
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;  
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound  
 Reverbs<sup>5</sup> no hollowness.

*LEAR.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*KENT.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
 To wage against thine enemies;<sup>6</sup> nor fear to lose  
 it,

—— to plainness honour  
 Is bound, when majesty to folly falls.  
 Reserve thy state; with better judgment check  
 This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,  
 Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakspeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reserve thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quartos. *Reserve* was formerly used for *preferve*. So, in our poet's 52d Sonnet:

“ *Reserve* them for my love, not for their rhymes.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Reverbs* ——] This is perhaps a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —— a pawn

*To wage against thine enemies*;] i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies.

*To wage against* is an expression used in a letter from Guil. Webbe to Rob. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592: “ —— you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action.” STEEVENS.

*My life &c.*] That is, I never considered my life as of more value than that of the commonest of your subjects. A *pawn* in

Thy safety being the motive.

LEAR. Out of my sight!

KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.<sup>7</sup>

LEAR. Now, by Apollo,<sup>8</sup>—

KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

LEAR. O, vassal! miscreant!  
[Laying his hand on his sword.]

ALB. CORN. Dear sir, forbear.<sup>9</sup>

KENT. Do;  
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;<sup>2</sup>  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

chefs is a *common man*, in contradistinction to the *knight*; and Shakespeare has several allusions to this game, particularly in *King John*:

“Who painfully with much expedient march,  
“Have brought a *counter-check* before your gates.”

Again, in *King Henry V*:

“Therefore take heed how you *impowr* our person.”

HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white* or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See *better*, says Kent, and keep me always in your view. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 557, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — by Apollo, —] Bladud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, attempting to fly, fell on the temple of *Apollo*, and was killed. This circumstance our author must have noticed, both in Holinshed's *Chronicle* and *The Mirror for Magistrates*. MALONE.

Are we to understand from this circumstance, that the *foe* swears by *Apollo*, because the *father* broke his neck on the temple of that deity? STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *thy gift*;] The quartos read—*thy doom*. STEEVENS.



LEAR. Hear me, recreant!  
 On thine allegiance hear me!—  
 Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow,  
 (Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd  
 pride,<sup>3</sup>  
 To come betwixt our sentence and our power;<sup>4</sup>  
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)  
 Our potency made good,<sup>4</sup> take thy reward.

<sup>3</sup> ——— strain'd *pride*,] The oldest copy reads—*strayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *To come betwixt our sentence and our power*;] Power, for execution of the sentence. WARBURTON.

Rather, as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence*. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> (*Which nor our nature nor our place can bear*,)

*Our potency made good*,] *As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain, that power.*

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place*.—Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. JOHNSON.

In my opinion, *made*, the reading of all the editions, but one of the quartos (which reads *make good*) is right. Lear had just delegated his power to Albany and Cornwall, contenting himself with only the name and all the additions of a king. He could therefore have *no power* to inflict on Kent the punishment which he thought he deserved. *Our potency made good* seems to me only this: *They to whom I have yielded my power and authority, yielding me the ability to dispense it in this instance, take thy reward.*

STEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, As a proof that I am not a mere threatener, that I have power as well as will to punish, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy sentence. The words *our potency made good* are in the absolute case.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
 To shield thee from diseases of the world;<sup>6</sup>  
 And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
 Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,  
 Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
 The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,<sup>7</sup>  
 This shall not be revok'd.

KENT. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou  
 wilt appear,  
 Freedom lives hence,<sup>8</sup> and banishment is here.—  
 The gods to their dear shelter<sup>9</sup> take thee, maid,  
 [To CORDELIA.]

In *Osbello* we have again nearly the same language:

“ My spirit and my place have in them power  
 “ To make this bitter to thee.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *To shield thee from diseases of the world;*] Thus the quartos. The folio has *disasters*. The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diseases*, in old language, meant the slighter inconveniencies, troubles, or distresses of the world. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. IX. p. 575, n. 4:

“ And in that case I'll tell thee my *disease*.”

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with kindness*, by T. Heywood, 1617:

“ Fie, fie, that for my private business

“ I should *disease* a friend, and be a trouble

“ To the whole house.”

The provision that Kent could make in five days, might in some measure guard him against the *diseases* of the world, but could not shield him from its *disasters*. MALONE.

Which word be retained is, in my opinion, quite immaterial. Such recollection as an interval of five days will afford to a considerate person, may surely enable him in some degree to provide against the *disasters*, (i. e. the calamities,) of the world.

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *By Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Freedom lives hence,*] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *dear shelter* —] The quartos read—*protection*.

STEVENS.

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!<sup>2</sup>—  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love.—  
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course<sup>3</sup> in a country new.

[Exit.

*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.*

GLO, Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,  
We first address towards you, who with this king  
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?<sup>4</sup>

BUR. Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

<sup>2</sup> *That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!*] Thus the folio.  
The quartos read:

That *rightly* thinks, and hast most *justly* said. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims;  
he will continue to act upon the same principles. JOHNSON.

— adieu;

*He'll shape his old course in a country new.*] There is an odd  
coincidence between this passage, and another in *The Battell of*  
*Alcazar &c.* 1594:

“ — adue;

“ For here Tom Stukley *shapes his course anew.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — quest of love?] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition*. The  
term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in  
which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with  
in *The Fairy Queen*. STEEVENS.

**LEAR.** Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;<sup>5</sup>  
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;  
If aught within that little, seeming<sup>6</sup> substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

**BUR.** I know no answer.

**LEAR.** Sir,  
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,<sup>7</sup>  
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our  
oath,  
Take her, or leave her?

**BUR.** Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *we did hold her so*;] We esteemed her worthy of that dowry, which, as you say, we promised to give her. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *seeming*—] is beautiful. JOHNSON.

*Seeming* rather means *specious*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ — pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — hence shall we see,

“ If power change purpose, what our seemers be.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *owes*,] i. e. is possessed of. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ All the power this charm doth owe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Election makes not up on such conditions.*] To *make up* signifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this sense it has, I think, always the subject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward*, *to make advances*, which, I think, is meant here. JOHNSON.

I should read the line thus:—

Election makes not, *upon* such conditions. M. MASON.

*Election makes not up*, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a*

LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power  
that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[To FRANCE.  
I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you  
To avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
Almost to acknowledge hers.

FRANCE. This is most strange!  
That she, that even but now was your best object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
Most best, most dearest,<sup>9</sup> should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it,<sup>2</sup> or your fore-vouch'd affection

*decision*; in the same sense as when we say, "I have *made up* my mind on that subject."

In *Cymbeline* this phrase is used, as here, for *finished, completed*:

"—— Being scarce *made up*,

"I mean, to man,"— &c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— remain assur'd,

"That he's a *made up* villain."

In all these places the allusion is to a piece of work completed by a tradesman.

The passages just cited show that the text is right, and that our poet did not write, as some have proposed to read,

Election makes not, *upon* such conditions. MALONE,

<sup>9</sup> Most best, most dearest;] Thus the quartos. The folios read—

The best, the dearest.—— STEVENS.

We have just had *more worthier*, and in a preceding passage *more richer*. The same phraseology is found often in these plays and in the contemporary writings. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— such *unnatural degree*,

That *monsters it*,] This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *Coriolanus*:

Fall into taint :<sup>3</sup> which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle  
Could never plant in me.

“ But with *such* words *that* are but rooted in  
“ Your tongue.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ — No, not with *such* friends,  
“ *That* thought them sure of you.”

Three of the modern editors, however, in the passage before us,  
have substituted *As* for *That*. MALONE.

[*That* monsters it,] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Corio-*  
*lanus*, Act II. sc. ii :

“ To hear my nothings *monster*’d.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — or your fore-vouch’d affection

Fall into taint :] The common books read :

— or your fore-vouch’d affection

Fall’n into taint :—

This line has no clear or strong sense, nor is this reading autho-  
rized by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions.  
The early quarto reads :

— or you, for vouch’d *affections*

Fall’n into taint,

The folio :

— or your fore-vouch’d *affection*

Fall into taint.

*Taint* is used for *corruption* and for *disgrace*. If therefore we take  
the oldest reading it may be reformed thus :

— sure her offence

Must be of such unnatural degree,

That monsters it; or you for vouch’d affection

Fall into taint.

Her offence must be prodigious, or you must *fall into reproach* for  
having *vouch’d affection* which you did not feel. If the reading of  
the folio be preferred, we may with a very slight change produce  
the same sense :

— sure her offence

Must be of such unnatural degree,

That monsters it, or your fore-vouch’d affection

Falls into taint.—

That is, *falls into reproach* or *censure*. But there is another pos-  
sible sense. Or signifies *before*, and *or ever* is *before ever*; the  
meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime must be*  
*monstrous before your affection can be affected with hatred*. Let the

COR. I yet beseech your majesty,  
 (If for I want <sup>4</sup> that glib and oily art,  
 To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,  
 I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known  
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,  
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
 That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:  
 But even for want of that, for which I am richer;

reader determine.—As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I should prefer the latter sense, which requires no change of reading. JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage as I have printed it [*fall'n* into taint] is, I think, Either her offence *must* be monstrous, or, if she has not committed any such offence, the affection which you always professed to have for her *must* be tainted and decayed, and is now without reason alienated from her.

I once thought the reading of the quartos right,—or *you, for* vouch'd affections, &c. i. e. on account of the extravagant professions made by her sisters: but I did not recollect that France had not heard these. However, Shakspeare might himself have forgot this circumstance. The plural *affections* favours this interpretation.

The interpretation already given, appears to me to be supported by our author's words in another place:

“When *love* begins to sicken and decay,” &c. MALONE.

The present reading which is that of the folio, is right; and the sense will be clear, without even the slight amendment proposed by Johnson, to every reader who shall consider the word *must*, as referring to *fall* as well as to *be*. Her offence *must* be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her, must *fall* into taint; that is, become the subject of reproach. M. MASON.

*Taint* is a term belonging to falconry. So, in *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: “A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *If for I want* &c.] If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. MALONE.

*For* has the power of—*because*. Thus, in p. 32:

“*For* that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines  
 “Lag of a brother.” STEVENS,

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,  
Hath lost me in your liking.

*LEAR.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me  
better.

*FRANCE.* Is it but this?<sup>4</sup> a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,  
When it is mingled with respects,<sup>5</sup> that stand  
Aloof from the entire point.<sup>6</sup> Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.<sup>7</sup>

*BUR.* Royal Lear,<sup>8</sup>  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*LEAR.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*BUR.* I am sorry then, you have so<sup>o</sup> lost a father,  
That you must lose a husband.

*COR.* Peace be with Burgundy!

<sup>4</sup> *Is it but this? &c.*] Thus the folio. The quartos, disregarding metre,—

*Is it no more but this? &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *with respects,*] i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations. See Vol. XI. p. 284, n. 6.

Thus the quartos. The folio has—*regards.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *from the entire point.*] Single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is right. The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity;

“Who seeks for aught in love but love alone.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *She is herself a dowry.*] The quartos read:

She is herself *and dower.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Royal Lear,*] So, the quarto; the folio has—*Royal king.*

STEEVENS.



Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,  
being poor;  
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st  
neglect  
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy  
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:  
Thou lovest here,<sup>9</sup> a better where to find.

LEAR. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;  
for we  
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—  
Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,  
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.

COR. The jewels<sup>2</sup> of our father, with wash'd eyes

<sup>9</sup> *Thou lovest here,*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns.  
Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another  
place. JOHNSON.

So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1592:

“ That growes not here, takes roote in other *where*.”

See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, Vol. VII. p. 226, n. 3.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The jewels* —] As this reading affords sense, though an  
awkward one, it may stand: and yet *Ye* instead of *The*, a change  
adopted by former editors, may be justified; it being frequently

Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you are ;  
And, like a sifter, am most loath to call  
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our fa-  
ther :<sup>2</sup>

To your professed bosoms<sup>3</sup> I commit him :  
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So farewell to you both.

GON. Prescribe not us our duties.<sup>4</sup>

REG. Let your study  
Be, to content your lord ; who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms.<sup>5</sup> You have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.<sup>6</sup>

impossible, in ancient MSS. to distinguish the one word from the customary abbreviation of the other. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — Use *well our father* :] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Love well.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — professed *bosoms* —] All the ancient editions read—*professed.* Mr. Pope—*professing* ; but, perhaps, unnecessarily, as Shakspeare often uses one participle for the other ;—*longing* for *longed* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Prescribe *not us our duties.*] *Prescribe* was used formerly without *to* subjoined. So, in *Maffinger's Picture* :

“ — Shall I *prescribe* you,  
“ Or blame your fondness.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *At fortune's alms.*] The same expression occurs again in *Othello* :  
“ And shoot myself up in some other course,”  
“ *To fortune's alms.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *King Henry VI.* Act IV. sc. i : “ Though I *want* a kingdom,” i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 137 : “ Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick,” i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

Thus the folio. In the quartos the transcriber or compositor inadvertently repeated the word *worth.* They read :

COR. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning<sup>7</sup>  
hides;  
Who cover faults,<sup>8</sup> at last shame them derides.  
Well may you prosper!

FRANCE. Come, my fair Cordelia.  
[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

GON. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of  
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think,  
our father will hence to-night.

And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted.

This, however, may be explained by understanding the second  
*worth* in the sense of *wealth*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — plaited *cunning* —] i. e. *complicated, involved cunning*.  
JOHNSON.

I once thought that the author wrote *plated*:—*cunning superin-*  
*duced*, thinly spread over. So, in this play:

“ — Plate fin with gold,

“ And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.”

But the word *unfold*, and the following lines in our author's  
*Rape of Lucrece*, show, that *plaited*, or (as the quartos have it)  
*pleated*, is the true reading:

“ For that he colour'd with his high estate,

“ Hiding base fin in *pleats* of majesty.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Who cover faults, &c.*] The quartos read,  
Who *covers* faults, at last *shame them* derides.

The former editors read with the folio:

Who *covers* faults at last with shame derides. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason believes the folio, with the alteration of a letter,  
to be the right reading:

Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,

Who *covert* faults at last with shame derides.

The word *who* referring to *time*.

In the third Act, Lear says:

“ — Caitiff, shake to pieces,

“ That under *covert*, and convenient seeming,

“ Haft practis'd on man's life.” REED.

In this passage Cordelia is made to allude to a passage in Scrip-  
ture: *Prov.* xxviii. 13. “ He that *covereth* his sins shall not prosper:  
but whofe confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy.

HENLEY.

**REG.** That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

**GON.** You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

**REG.** 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

**GON.** The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,<sup>9</sup> but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

**REG.** Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

**GON.** There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit<sup>2</sup> together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

**REG.** We shall further think of it.

**GON.** We must do something, and i' the heat.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> — of long-engrafted condition,] i. e. of qualities of mind, confirmed by long habit. So, in *Othello*: “—a woman of so gentle a condition!” See also Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — let us hit—] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us fit.* JOHNSON.

— let us hit—] i. e. let us agree. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — i' the heat.] i. e. We must strike while the iron's hot.

STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

EDM. Thou, nature, art my goddess;<sup>4</sup> to thy  
law

My services are bound: Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom;<sup>5</sup> and permit

<sup>4</sup> *Thou, nature, art my goddess;*] Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven.

“ Now gods stand up for bastards!” STEVENS.

Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a *natural* son: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society is *nullius filius*. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Stand in the plague of custom;*] The word *plague* is in all the old copies: I can scarcely think it right, nor can I yet reconcile myself to *plage*, the emendation proposed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer. JOHNSON.

The meaning is plain, though oddly expressed. Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom?

Shakspeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plage* to be *the place, the country, the boundary* of custom; a word, I believe, to be found only in Chaucer.

STEVENS.

The curiosity of nations <sup>6</sup> to deprive me,<sup>7</sup>  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

<sup>6</sup> *The curiosity of nations* —] *Curiosity*, in the time of Shakespeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in *Timon*. "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curiosity*." Barrett in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*: and again in this play of *King Lear*, Shakespeare seems to use it in the same sense, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald changed into *courtesy*, though the former is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, with the meaning for which I contend.

It is true, that Orlando, in *As You Like It*, says: "The *courtesy* of nations allows you my better; but Orlando is not there inveighing against the law of primogeniture, but only against the unkind advantage his brother takes of it, and *courtesy* is a word that fully suits the occasion. Edmund, on the contrary, is turning this law into ridicule; and for such a purpose, the *curiosity of nations*, (i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world) is a phrase of contempt much more natural in his mouth, than the softer expression of—*courtesy of nations*. STEEVENS.

*Curiosity* is used before in the present play, in this sense: "For equalities are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*:

"Frank nature, rather *curious* than in haste,

"Hath well compos'd thee."

In THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, or Interpreter of hard Words, by H. Cockeram, 8vo. 1655, *Curiosity* is defined—"More diligence than needs." MALONE.

By "the *curiosity of nations*" Edmund means the *nicety*, the *strictness* of civil institution. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the dust of Alexander might be employed to stop a bung-hole, Horatio says, "that were to consider the matter too *curiously*."

M. MASON

<sup>7</sup> — to deprive me,] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exheredo* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of *the line of Henry before deprived*.

Lag of a brother? \* Why bastard? wherefore base?  
 When my dimensions are as well compact,  
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature,<sup>9</sup> take  
 More composition and fierce quality,  
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
 Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,  
 Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
 As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!  
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602. B. III. ch. xvi:

“ To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ The one restored, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd.”

STEVENS.

\* *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I or any man*. HANMER.

<sup>9</sup> *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, &c.*] How much the following lines are in character, may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. “ *O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluisent ardentius, ac cumulatum affatimque generosa semina contulissent, & quibus ego formæ blanditiam & elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque inuubilem consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis.*” Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this affage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject. WARBURTON.

And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
 Shall top the legitimate.<sup>2</sup> I grow; I prosper:—  
 Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

<sup>2</sup> *Shall top the legitimate.*] Here the Oxford editor would show us that he is as good at coining phrases as his author, and so alters the text thus:

Shall *tee* th' legitimate.——

i. e. says he, *stand on even ground with him*, as he would do with his author. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's emendation will appear very plausible to him that shall consult the original reading. The quartos read:

—— Edmund the base

Shall *tooth*' legitimate.——

The folio,

—— Edmund the base

Shall *to* th' legitimate.——

Hanmer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *tee* him, is perhaps to *kick* him out, a phrase yet in vulgar use; or, to *tee*, may be literally to *supplant*. The word *be* [which stands in some editions] has no authority. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read,—Shall *top* the legitimate.

I have received this emendation, because the succeeding expression, *I grow*, seems to favour it, and because our poet uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

“—— so far he *topp'd* my thought,” &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“—— Not in the legions

“ Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,

“ In evils to *top* Macbeth.”

A passage in *Hamlet* adds some support to *tee*, Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading: “—— for the *tee* of the peasant comes so near to the *heel* of the courtier, that he galls his kybe.”

In Devonshire, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes to me, “to *tee* a thing up, is, to tear it up by the roots; in which sense the word is perhaps used here; for Edmund immediately adds—*I grow*, *I prosper*.” MALONE.



*Enter GLOSTER.*

GLO. Kent banish'd thus ! And France in choler parted !  
And the king gone to-night ! subscrib'd his power !<sup>3</sup>  
Confin'd to exhibition !<sup>4</sup> All this done  
Upon the gad !<sup>5</sup>—Edmund ! How now ? what news ?

EDM. So please your lordship, none.

[*putting up the letter.*]

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter ?

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

<sup>3</sup> — subscrib'd *his power* !] To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building.

JOHNSON.  
To *subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surrender*. So, afterwards : “ — You owe me no *subscription*.” Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ For Hector in his blaze of wrath *subscribes*

“ To tender objects.” MALONE.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *exhibition* !] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ What maintenance he from his friends receives,

“ Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *All this done*

*Upon the gad* !] To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly. JOHNSON.

*Done upon the gad* is done suddenly, or, as before, while the *iron* is hot. A *gad* is an *iron bar*. So, in *I'll never leave thee*, a Scottish song, by Allan Ramsay :

“ Bid iceshogles hammer red *gads* on the studdy.”

The statute of 2 and 3 Eliz. 6. c. 27. is a “ Bill against false forging of iron *gadds*, instead of *gads* of steel.” RITSON.

GLG. What paper were you reading?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLG. No? What needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

GLG. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLG. Let's see, let's see.

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.<sup>6</sup>

GLG. [reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age,<sup>7</sup> makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps*

<sup>6</sup> ——— taste of my virtue.] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read—*essay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Bring me to the *test*.” JOHNSON.

*Essay* and *Taste*, are both terms from royal tables. See note on Act V. sc. iii. Mr. Henley observes, that in the eastern parts of this kingdom the word *say* is still retained in the same sense.

STEEVENS.

Both the quartos and folio have *essay*, which may have been merely a mis-spelling of the word *assay*, which in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, is defined—“a proof or trial.” But as *essay* is likewise defined by Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, “a trial,” I have made no change.

To *assay* not only signified to make trial of coin, but to *taste* before another; *prælibo*. In either sense the word might be used here. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This policy, and reverence of age,*] Butter's quarto has, *thi*

*our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond<sup>s</sup> bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

*EDM.* It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*GLO.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*EDM.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*GLO.* It is his.

*EDM.* It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

*GLO.* Hath he never heretofore founded you in this business?

*EDM.* Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*policy of age; the folio, this policy and reverence of age. JOHNSON.*

The two quartos published by Butter, concur with the folio in reading *age*. Mr. Pope's duodecimo is the only copy that has *ages*.

STEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — *idle and fond* — ] Weak and foolish. JOHNSON.

*GLO.* O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, firrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

*EDM.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you<sup>9</sup> violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,<sup>2</sup> and to no other pretence<sup>3</sup> of danger.

*GLO.* Think you so?

*EDM.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by

<sup>9</sup> — where, if you —] *Where* was formerly often used in the sense of *whereas*. See Vol. X. p. 116, n. 2. MALONE.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Vol. XIII. p. 409, n. 9:

“ *Where* now you're both a father and a son.”

See also Act II. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — to your honour,] It has been already observed that this was the usual mode of address to a lord in Shakspeare's time.

MALONE.

See Vol. X. p. 572, where the Pursuivant uses this address to Lord Hastings. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — pretence —] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards in this play:

“ *Pretence* and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Against the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight

“ Of treasonous malice.”

But of this, numberless examples can be shown; and I can venture to assert, with some degree of confidence, that Shakspeare never uses the word *pretence*, or *pretend*, in any other sense. STEEVENS.

an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be such a monster.

EDM.<sup>4</sup> Nor is not, sure.

GLO. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him,<sup>5</sup> I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Edm.] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *wind me into him,*] I once thought it should be read, *you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phrase, like *do me this*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “—challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him.” Instances of this phraseology occur in *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV.* Part I. and in *Othello*.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.*] i. e. I will throw aside all consideration of my relation to him, that I may act as justice requires. WARBURTON.

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the business*, who can act with less emotion; *I would unstate myself*; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due resolution*, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. The words *would* and *should* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

“ *Unstate* his happiness, and be stag'd to show

“ Against a sword.” —

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To *enstate* is to confer a fortune. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

EDM. I will seek him, fir, presently; convey the business<sup>7</sup> as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

“ — his possessions  
“ We do *estate* and widow you withal.” STEEVENS.

It seems to me, that *I would unstate myself* in this passage means simply *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.)

TYRWHITT.

Both Warburton and Johnson have mistaken the sense of this passage, and their explanations are such as the words cannot possibly imply. Gloucester cannot bring himself thoroughly to believe what Edmund told him of Edgar. He says, “ Can he be such a monster ? ” He afterwards desires Edmund to sound his intentions, and then says, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due resolution*.

Othello uses the word *resolved* in the same sense more than once:

“ — to be once in doubt,  
“ Is—once to be *resolved*.—”

In both which places, *to be resolved* means, *to be certain* of the fact.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, Amintor says to Evadne:

“ 'Tis not his crown  
“ Shall buy me to thy bed, now I *resolve*  
“ He hath dishonour'd thee.”

And afterwards, in the same play, the King says:

“ Well I am *resolv'd*  
“ You lay not with her.” M. MASON.

Though to *resolve* in Shakspeare's time certainly sometimes meant to *satisfy*, *declare*, or *inform*, I have never found the substantive *resolution* used in that sense: and even had the word ever borne that sense, the author could not have written—to be *in* a due resolution, but must have written, “ — *to attain* a due resolution.” Who ever wish'd “ to be *in* due information ” on any point?

MALONE.

Mr. Ritson's explanation of the word—*resolution*, concurs with that of Mr. M. Mason. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — convey the business — ] To *convey* is to *carry through*; in this place it is to *manage artfully*: we say of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lyly, 1599: “ Two, they say

*GLO.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature<sup>8</sup> can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd between son and father. \* This villain<sup>9</sup> of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownes, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! \*—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[*Exit.*

*EDM.* This is the excellent foppery of the world!<sup>2</sup>

may keep counsel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery two are too few, and four are too many."

Again, in *A mad World, my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608:

" — thus I've *convey'd* it; —

" I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness." STEEVENS.

So, in Lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607:

" A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,

" Doth oft mar all, when not with care *convey'd*."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *the wisdom of nature* —] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *This villain* —] All from asterisk to asterisk is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *This is the excellent foppery of the world! &c.*] In Shakspeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers, and, in *As You Like It*, the fantastick humour of courtiers, is exposed and satirized with infinite

that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the forfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our

pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Leor*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seems to intimate; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had so little foundation in nature or reason, so detestable an original, and such fatal consequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time strangely besotted with it, certainly deserved the severest lash of satire. It was a fundamental in this noble science, that whatever seeds of good dispositions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet if, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any casualty so accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominancy of a malignant constellation, that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities: so wretched and monstrous an opinion did it set out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as most other unnatural crimes and follies of these latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the most detestable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponensis, an Italian physician of the 13th century, assures us that those prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a just indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradise Regained*, satirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting these reveries into the mouth of the devil.\* Nor could the licentious Rabelais himself forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquisite address and humour, where, in the fable which he so agreeably tells from Æsop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loss of his hatchet, he makes those who, on the poor man's good success, had projected to trick Jupiter by the same petition, a kind of astrologick atheists, who ascribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of some rare conjunction and configuration of the stars. "Hen, hen, disent ils—Et doncques, telle est au temps present la revolution des Cieux, la constellation des Astres, & aspect des Planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, soubdain deviendra ainsi riche?"—*Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.*—

\* Book IV. v. 383.



disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,<sup>3</sup> by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the

But to return to Shakspeare. So blasphemous a delusion, therefore, it became the honesty of our poet to expose. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumstances of the scene furnished him with as good an opportunity as he could wish. The persons in the drama are all Pagans, so that as, in compliance to custom, his good characters were not to speak ill of judicial astrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expose it the more, he with great judgement, makes these Pagans fatalists; as appears by these words of Lear:

“ By all the operations of the orbs,

“ From whom we do exist and cease to be.”

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial astrology. Having thus discredited it by the very commendations given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct satire against it mistaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying regard to custom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villain and atheist, especially when he has added such force of reason to his ridicule, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. **WARBURTON.**

<sup>3</sup> ——— and treachers,] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the first copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“ How smooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!”

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ ——— Oh, you *treachour*!”

Again, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“ ——— Hence, *trecher* as thou art.”

Again, in *The Bloody Banquet*, 1639:

“ To poison the right use of service—a *trecher*.”

Chaucer, in his *Romannt of the Rose*, mentions “ the false *treacher*,” and Spenser often uses the same word. **STEVENS.**

charge of a star!<sup>4</sup> My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

*Enter* EDGAR.

and pat he comes,<sup>5</sup> like the catastrophe of the old comedy:<sup>6</sup> My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *of a star!*] Both the quartos read—to the charge of *stars*. So Chaucer's *Wif of Bath*, 6196:

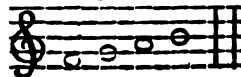
“ I folwed ay min inclination  
“ By vertue of my *constellation*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *pat he comes,*] The quartos read,  
——— and *out* he comes.—— STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:*] I think this passage was intended to ridicule the very awkward conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage.

WARNER.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.*] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmifation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on musick say, *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa sol la mi*. DR. BURNBY.



*EDG.* How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

*EDM.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*EDG.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*EDM.* I promise you,<sup>8</sup> the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; <sup>9</sup> as of<sup>9</sup> unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts,<sup>2</sup> nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*EDG.* How long have you<sup>3</sup> been a sectary astronomical?

The words *fa, fol, &c.* are not in the quarto. The folio, and all the modern editions, read corruptly *me* instead of *mi*. Shakespeare has again introduced the gamut in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. VI. p. 470. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I promise you,*] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentations or insertions, but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *as of* —] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *dissipation of cohorts,*] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnson reads — *of courts*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *How long have you* —] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies. STEEVENS.

*EDM.* Come, come; \* when saw you my father last?

*EDG.* Why, the night gone by.

*EDM.* Spake you with him?

*EDG.* Ay, two hours together.

*EDM.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

*EDG.* None at all.

*EDM.* Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person <sup>4</sup> it would scarcely allay.

*EDG.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*EDM.* That's my fear.<sup>5</sup> \*I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:— If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

*EDG.* Arm'd, brother?\*

*EDM.* Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good

<sup>4</sup> — *that with the mischief of your person* —] This reading is in both copies; yet I believe the author gave it, *that* but ~~with~~ *the mischief* of your person it would scarce allay. JOHNSON.

I do not see any need of alteration. He could not express the violence of his father's displeasure in stronger terms than by saying it was so great that it would scarcely be appeased by the destruction of his son. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next asterisk, is omitted in the quartos. STEVENS.

meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.]

## S C E N E III.

*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and STEWARD.*

GON. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

STEW. Ay, madam.

GON. By day and night! he wrongs me;<sup>6</sup> every hour

<sup>6</sup> *By day and night! he wrongs me;*] It has been suggested by Mr. Whalley that we ought to point differently:

By day and night, he wrongs me;  
not considering these words as an adjuration. But that an adjuration was intended, appears, I think, from a passage in *King Henry VIII.* The king, speaking of Buckingham, [Act I. sc. ii.] says,

“ ——— *By day and night*

“ He's traitor to the height.”

It cannot be supposed that Henry means to say that Buckingham is a traitor in the night as well as by day.

The regulation which has been followed in the text, is likewise

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it :  
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On every trifle :—When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick :—  
If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

STEW. He's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[Horns within.

GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to ques-  
tion :

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
\*Not to be over-rul'd.<sup>7</sup> Idle old man,<sup>8</sup>  
That still would manage those authorities,  
That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd  
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen  
abus'd.\*<sup>9</sup>

supported by *Hamlet*, where we have again the same adjuration :  
“ O day and night ! but this is wondrous strange.” MALONE.

*By night and day*, is, perhaps, only a phrase signifying—*always*,  
*every way*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you *night and day*

“ For many weary months.”

See Vol. III. p. 352, n. 3. I have not, however, displaced Mr.  
Malone's punctuation. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Not to be over-rul'd. &c.*] This line, and the four following  
lines, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *Idle old man, &c.*] The lines from one asterisk to the other,  
as they are fine in themselves, and very much in character for  
Goneril, I have restored from the old quarto. The last verse,  
which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus :

With checks, like flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.

THEOBALD.

<sup>9</sup> *Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd*

*With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.*] The sense

Remember what I have said.

STEW. Very well, madam.

GON. And let his knights have colder looks  
among you ;

What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows  
so :

I would breed<sup>a</sup> from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my sister,  
To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

seems to be this: *Old men must be treated with checks, when as they are seen to be deceived with flatteries: or, when they are weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be used with checks.* There is a play of the words *used* and *abused*. To *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the same as to *deceive*. This construction is harsh and ungrammatical; Shakspeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiousness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad use of. TOLLET.

I understand this passage thus. *Old fools—must be used with checks, as well as flatteries, when they [i. e. flatteries] are seen to be abused.* TYRWHITT.

The objection to Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that he supplies the word *with* or *by*, which are not found in the text: “—when as they are seen to be deceived *with* flatteries,” or, “when they are weak enough to be seen abused *by* flatteries,” &c. and in *his* mode of construction the word *with* preceding *checks*, cannot be understood before *flatteries*.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

The sentiment of Goneril is obviously this: “When old fools will not yield to the appliances of persuasion, harsh treatment must be employed to compel their submission.” When *flatteries are seen to be abused* by them, *checks must be used*, as the only means left to subdue them. HENLEY.

<sup>a</sup> *I would breed* &c.] This line and the first four words of the next are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio.

MALONE.

## S C ' E N E I V.

*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech diffuse,<sup>3</sup> my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd my likenefs.—Now, banish'd  
Kent,

<sup>3</sup> *If but as well I other accents borrow,*

*That can my speech diffuse,]* We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To *diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it; as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. sc. vii :

“ ——— rush at once

“ With some *diffused* song.” —

Again, in *The Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid says to the *Passionate Man*, who appears disordered in his dress :

“ ——— Go not so *diffusedly*.”

Again, in our author's *King Henry V* :

“ ——— swearing, and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire.”

Again, in a book entitled, *A Green Forest, or A Natural History*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567 :—“ In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with bespotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and *desusedly*.”—To *diffuse speech* may, however, mean to *speake broad*, with a clownish accent.

STEEVENS.

*Diffused* certainly meant, in our author's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617 :

“ I have seen an English gentleman so *desused* in his suits, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face.” MALONE.



If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand con-  
demn'd,  
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get  
it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what  
art thou?

KENT. A man, sir.

LEAR. What dost thou profess? What would'st  
thou with us?

KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem;  
to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to  
love him that is honest; to converse with him that  
is wise, and says little;<sup>4</sup> to fear judgement; to  
fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— to converse with him that is wise, and says little;] To  
*converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to  
*discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chooses for his com-  
panions men of reserve and caution; men who are not talkers nor  
tale-bearers. JOHNSON.

We still say in the same sense—he had criminal *conversation* with  
her—meaning *commerce*.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ His apparent open guilt omitted,

“ I mean his *conversation* with Shore's wife.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— and to eat no fish.] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists  
were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government.  
Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no  
fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant.  
The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such  
a badge of popery, that when it was enjoind for a season by act  
of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was  
thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's  
fish*. To this disgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his

*LEAR.* What art thou?

*KENT.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*LEAR.* If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*KENT.* Service.

*LEAR.* Who would'st thou serve?

*KENT.* You.

*LEAR.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*KENT.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

*LEAR.* What's that?

*KENT.* Authority.

*LEAR.* What services canst thou do?

*KENT.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

*LEAR.* How old art thou?

*KENT.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for fingering; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*LEAR.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part

*Woman-bater*, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he called for *fish*." And Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat *fish* a *friday*." WARBURTON.

from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

*Enter STEWARD.*

You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

*STEW.* So please you,— [*Exit.*

*LEAR.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

*KNIGHT.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*LEAR.* Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

*KNIGHT.* Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*LEAR.* He would not!

*KNIGHT.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness\* appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

*LEAR.* Ha! say'st thou so?

*KNIGHT.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

*LEAR.* Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect

\* — of kindness —] These words are not in the quartos.

of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity,<sup>6</sup> than as a very pretence<sup>7</sup> and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. —But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*KNIGHT.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.<sup>8</sup>

*LEAR.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

*Re-enter STEWARD.*

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

*STEW.* My lady's father.

*LEAR.* My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whorson dog! you slave! you cur!

*STEW.* I am none of this, my lord;<sup>9</sup> I beseech you, pardon me.

*LEAR.* Do you bandy looks<sup>2</sup> with me, you rascal?  
[*striking him.*]

<sup>6</sup> — *jealous curiosity.*] By this phrase King Lear means, I believe, a *punctilious jealousy*, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *a very pretence.*—] *Pretence* in Shakspeare generally signifies *design*. So, in a foregoing scene in this play: “—to no other *pretence* of danger.” Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 648: “—the *pretensed* evill purpose of the queene.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.*] This is an endearing circumstance in the Fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I am none of this, my lord; &c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—I am none of *these*, my lord; I beseech *your* pardon.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *bandy looks.*—] A metaphor from *Tennis*:

STEW. I'll not be struck, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. *[tripping up his heels.]*

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom?<sup>3</sup> so. *[pushes the Steward out.]*

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

*[giving KENT money.]*

*Enter Fool.*

FOOL. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. *[giving KENT his cap.]*

LEAR. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool?<sup>4</sup>

FOOL. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the

“Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience.”  
*Decker's Satiromastix, 1602.*

Again:

“—buckle with them hand to hand,  
“And *bandy* blows as thick as hailstones fall.”

*Wily Beguiled, 1606. STEEVENS.*

“To *bandy* a ball,” Cole defines, *clava pilam torquere*; “to *bandy* at tennis,” *reticulo pellere*. Dict. 1679. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Have you wisdom?* Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*you have wisdom*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Why, fool?* The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this question to Lear. STEEVENS.

wind fits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: <sup>4</sup> There, take my coxcomb: <sup>5</sup> Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? <sup>6</sup> 'Would I had two coxcombs, <sup>7</sup> and two daughters! <sup>8</sup>

LEAR. Why, my boy?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living, <sup>9</sup> I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters. <sup>2</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *thou'lt catch cold shortly:*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. FARMER.

<sup>5</sup> — *take my coxcomb:*] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. WARBURTON.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation, who has since added, that Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, says, "Natural ideots and fools, have, and still do accustom themselves to wear in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a neck and bead of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon," &c. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *How now, nuncle?*] *Aunt* is a term of respect in France. So, in *Lettres D'Eliz. de Barviere Duchesse D'Orleans*, tom. ii. p. 65, 66: "C'etoit par un espece de plaisanterie de badinage sans consequence, que la Dauphine appelloit Madame de Maintenon *ma tante*. Les filles d'honneur appelloient toujours leur gouvernante *ma tante*." And it is remarkable at this day that the lower people in Shropshire call the Judge of assize—"my *nuncle* the Judge."

VAILLANT.

<sup>7</sup> — *two coxcombs,*] Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters.

<sup>8</sup> — *and two daughters.*] Perhaps we should read—*as*' two daughters; i. e. *if*. FARMER.

<sup>9</sup> — *all my living,*] *Living* in Shakspeare's time signified estate, or property. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by R. Greene, 1594:

"In Laxfield here my land and *living* lies." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *beg another of thy daughters.*] The fool means to say,

LEAR. Take heed, firrah; the whip.

FOOL. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,<sup>3</sup> may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,  
 Speak less than thou knowest,  
 Lend less than thou owest,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ride more than thou goest,  
 Learn more than thou trowest,<sup>5</sup>  
 Set less than thou throwest;

that it is by *begging* only that the old king can obtain any thing from his daughters: even a badge of folly in having reduced himself to such a situation. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — Lady, the brach,] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind.

“ Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur. Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*.”

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but the other quarto editions concur in reading *lady otb'e brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

“ I had rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Poem to a Friend*, &c:

“ Do all the tricks of a salt *lady* bitch.”

In the old black letter *Book of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus: “ — and small *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes.” We might read—“ when *lady, the brach*,” &c. STEEVENS.

Both the quartos of 1608 read—when *Lady otb'e brach*. I have therefore printed—*lady, the brach*, grounding myself on the reading of those copies, and on the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry IV*. P. I. The folio, and the late editions, read—when *the lady brach*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Lend less than thou owest,] That is, do not lend all that thou

Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

LEAR. This is nothing, fool.<sup>6</sup>

FOOL. Then 'tis like the breath of an unsee'd  
lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make  
no use of nothing, nuncle?

LEAR. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out  
of nothing.

FOOL. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of  
his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To KENT.

LEAR. A bitter fool!

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference, my boy,  
between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

LEAR. No, lad;<sup>7</sup> teach me.

FOOL. That lord, that counsel'd thee  
To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me,—  
Or do thou<sup>8</sup> for him stand:

*baft.* To owe, in old English, is to possess. If owe be taken for  
to be in debt, the more prudent precept would be:

Lend more than thou owest. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> Learn more than thou trowest,] To trow, is an old word which  
signifies to believe. The precept is admirable. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> This is nothing, fool.] The quartos give this speech to Lear.  
STEEVENS.

In the folio these words are given to Kent. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> No, lad;] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to  
*Give me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald.  
It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed  
to censure the monopolies. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Or do thou—] The word *or*, which is not in the quartos, was  
supplied by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.



The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here,  
The other found out there.

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast given away;  
that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not  
let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have  
part on't:<sup>9</sup> and ladies too, they will not let me  
have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—  
Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two  
crowns.

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the mid-  
dle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the

<sup>9</sup> — if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't:]  
A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the  
corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went  
shares with the patentee. WARBURTON.

The modern editors, without authority, read—

— a monopoly on't, —

*Monopolies* were in Shakspeare's time the common objects of  
satire. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ — Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a *monopoly*.”

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“ A knight that never heard of smock fees! I would I had a  
*monopoly* of them, so there was no impost set on them.”

Again, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ — So foul a monster would be a fair *monopoly* worth the  
begging.”

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the fol-  
lowing entry. “ John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: lycensed unto  
him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *only* ymprinting  
of all manner of billes for plaiers.” Again, Nov. 6. 1615, The  
liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Pur-  
foot. STEVENS.

egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*<sup>2</sup> [Singing.  
*For wise men are grown foppish;*  
*And know not how their wits to wear,*  
*Their manners are so apish.*

LEAR. When were you wont to be so full of songs, firrah?

FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother:<sup>3</sup> for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,*<sup>4</sup> [Singing.  
*And I for sorrow sung,*  
*That such a king should play bo-peep,*<sup>5</sup>  
*And go the fools among.*

<sup>2</sup> *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;*] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

— *less grace* —] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*less wit*. STEVENS.

In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lyly, 1594, we find, "I think gentlemen *had never less wit in a year*." I suspect therefore the original to be the true reading. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *since thou madest thy daughters thy mother:*] i. e. when you invested them with the authority of a mother. Thus the quartos. The folio reads, with less propriety;—*thy mothers*.

MALONE.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

*LEAR.* If you lie, firrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

*FOOL.* I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*LEAR.* How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet<sup>4</sup> on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

<sup>4</sup> *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

“ When Tarquin first in court began,

“ And was approved king,

“ So men for sudden joy did weep,

“ But I for sorrow sing.”

I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the fourth impression. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *That such a king should play bo-peep,*] Little more of this game, than its mere denomination, remains. It is mentioned, however, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1593, in company with two other childish plays, which it is not my office to explain:

“ Cold parts men plaie, much like old plaine bo-peepe,

“ Or counterfeit, in-dock-out-nettle, still.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *that frontlet* —] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. So, in the play called *The Four P's*, 1569:

“ Forfooth, women have many lets,

“ And they be masked in many nets:

“ As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bracelets:

“ And then their bonets and their pionets.”

**FOOL.** Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure:<sup>6</sup> I am better than thou<sup>7</sup> art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forthoother, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,  
 He that keeps nor crust nor crum,  
 Weary of all, shall want some.—  
 That's a sheal'd peascod.<sup>8</sup> . [*pointing to LEAR.*]

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:

“ — Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knotstrings, glasses,” &c.  
 Again, and more appositely, in *Zepheria*, a Collection of Sonnets, 4to. 1594:

“ But now, my sunne, it fits thou take thy set,

“ And vayne thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet*.”

STEEVENS.

A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, used formerly by ladies at night to render that part smooth. Lear, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet.

So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580: “ The next day I coming to the gallery where she was solitarily walking, with her *frowning cloth*, as sicke lately of the fullens,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *now thou art an O* without a figure:] The fool means to say, that Lear, “ having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle,” is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unless preceded or followed by some figure. In *The Winter's Tale* we have the same allusion, reversed:

“ — and therefore, like a cypher,

“ Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,

“ With one—we thank you,—many thousands more

“ Standing before it.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *I am better than thou* &c.] This bears some resemblance to Falstaff's reply to the Prince in *King Henry IV.* P. I: “ A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. JOHNSON.

*That's a sheal'd peascod.*] The robing of Richard IId's effigy in Westminster-abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*;

Gov. Not only, fir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
 But other of your insolent retinue  
 Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth  
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,  
 I had thought, by making this well known unto you,  
 To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,  
 By what yourself too late have spoke and done,  
 That you protect this course, and put it on<sup>9</sup>  
 By your allowance; <sup>2</sup> which if you should, the fault  
 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;  
 Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
 Might in their working do you that offence,  
 Which else were shame, that then necessity  
 Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,  
 The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
 That it had its head bit off by its young.  
 So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.<sup>3</sup>

perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty,  
 but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674,  
 p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> ——— put it on —] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in  
*Macbeth*:

“ ——— the powers above  
 “ Put on their instruments.” — STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> By your allowance;] By your *approbation*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— were left darkling.] This word is used by Milton, *Pa-  
 radise Lost*, Book I:

“ ——— as the wakeful bird  
 “ Sings *darkling*.” —

and long before, as Mr. Malone observes, by Marston, &c.

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in supposing, that the words—*So  
 out went the candle*, &c. are a fragment of some old song.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals  
 whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sar-  
 castick. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still  
 necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said  
 should have a playful air: we may suppose therefore that they had

**LEAR.** Are you our daughter?

**GON.** Come, fir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you<sup>4</sup> from what you rightly are.

**FOOL.** May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug!<sup>5</sup> I love thee.

**LEAR.** Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear:<sup>6</sup> does Lear walk thus? speak thus?

a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes this fool's speeches. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

In a very old dramattick piece, entitled *A very merry and pythie comedy, called The longer than livest the more foole thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following stage-direction: "En-treth Moros, counterfaying a vaine gesture and a foolish countenance, *synging the foote of many songs, as fools were wont.*"

MALONE.

See my note on Act III. sc. vi. in which this passage was brought forward, long ago, [1778] for a similar purpose of illustration. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — transform you —] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*transport you.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *Whoop, Jug! &c.*] There are in the fool's speeches several passages which seem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps not now to be understood. JOHNSON.

— *Whoop, Jug! I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old song. STEEVENS.

*Whoop, Jug, I'll do thee no harm,* occurs in *The Winter's Tale.*

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *this is not Lear:*] This passage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shepherd*:

" ——— this is not Marian!

" Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her!

" Ask her, good shepherds! ask her all for me:

" Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;

" Or I be I." STEEVENS.

Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.<sup>7</sup>—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow?<sup>8</sup> I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.<sup>9</sup>—

<sup>7</sup> —*sleeping or waking?*—*Ha! sure 'tis not so.*] Thus the quartos. The folio: *Ha! waking? 'Tis not so.* MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*Lear's shadow?*] The folio gives these words to the Fool.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, &c.*] His daughters prove so unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reason of things, he must conclude, they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingship or sovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being false pointed, has lost its sense. We should read:

Of sovereignty of knowledge.—  
i. e. the understanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phrase, in *Hamlet*,—*Sovereignty of reason.* And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. See note, Act I. sc. vii. of that play. WARBURTON.

The contested passage is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The difficulty, which must occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason*, should be of any use to persuade Lear that he had, or had not, daughters. No logick, I apprehend, could draw such a conclusion from such premises. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the passage thus:

—*for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded—I had daughters.—Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

The chain of Lear's speech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the succession and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter so disconcerts him, that he doubts, by turns, whether she is Goneril, and whether he himself is Lear. Upon her first speech, he only exclaims,

—*Are you our daughter?*

Upon her going on in the same style, he begins to question his own sanity of mind, and even his personal identity. He appeals to the by-standers,

**FOOL.** Which they will make an obedient father.<sup>2</sup>

**LEAR.** Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Who is it that can tell me who I am?*

I should be glad to be told. For (if I was to judge myself) by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, which once distinguished Lear, (but which I have now lost) I should be false (against my own consciousness) persuaded (that I am not Lear). He then slides to the examination of another distinguishing mark of Lear:

— *I had daughters.*

But not able, as it should seem, to dwell upon so tender a subject, he hastily recurs to his first doubt concerning Goneril, —

*Your name, fair gentlewoman?* TYRWHITT.

This note is written with confidence disproportionate to the conviction which it can bring. Lear might as well know by the marks and tokens arising from sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, that he had or had not daughters, as he could know by any thing else. But, says he, if I judge by these tokens, I find the persuasion false by which I long thought myself the father of daughters. JOHNSON.

I cannot approve of Dr. Warburton's manner of pointing this passage, as I do not think that *sovereignty of knowledge* can mean *understanding*; and if it did, what is the difference between *understanding* and *reason*? In the passage he quotes from Hamlet, *sovereignty of reason* appears to me to mean, the ruling power, the governance of reason; a sense that would not answer in this place,

Mr. Tyrwhitt's observations are ingenious, but not satisfactory; and as for Dr. Johnson's explanation, though it would be certainly just had Lear expressed himself in the past, and said, "I have been false persuaded I had daughters," it cannot be the just explanation of the passage as it stands. The meaning appears to me to be this:

"Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion;—It cannot be."

I could not at first comprehend why the tokens of sovereignty should have any weight in determining his persuasion that he had daughters; but by the marks of sovereignty he means, those tokens of royalty which his daughters then enjoyed as derived from him:

M. MASON.

Lear, it should be remembered, has not parted with all the marks of *sovereignty*. In the midst of his prodigality to his children,



GON. Come, fir;  
 This admiration is much o' the favour<sup>1</sup>  
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
 To understand my purposes aright:  
 As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:<sup>4</sup>  
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;  
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,  
 That this our court, infected with their manners,  
 Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
 Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,

he referred to himself *the name and all the additions to a king*.—Shakspeare often means more than he expresses. Lear has just asked whether he is a shadow. I wish, he adds, to be resolv'd on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of sovereignty, and the consciousness of reason, I should be persuaded that I am not a shadow, *but a man, a king, and a father*. But this latter persuasion is false; for those whom I thought my daughters, are *unnatural bags*, and never proceeded from these loins.

As therefore I am not a father, so neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a shadow. However, let me be certain.  
*Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

All the late editions, without authority, read—by the marks of sovereignty, *of knowledge, and of reason*.—The words—*I would learn that, &c.* to—*an obedient father*, are omitted in the folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Which *they will make an obedient father*.] *Which*, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — o' the favour — ] i. e. of the complexion. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ In favour's like the work we have in hand.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:] The redundancy of this line convinces me of its interpolation. What will the reader lose by the omission of the words—*you should?* I would print:

*As you are old and reverend, be wise:*

In the fourth line from this, the epithet—*riotous*, might for the same reason be omitted. To make an *inn* of a private house, by taking unwarrantable liberties in it, is still a common phrase.

STEEVENS.

Than a grac'd palace.<sup>3</sup> The shame itself doth speak  
 For instant remedy : Be then desir'd  
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
 A little to disquantity your train ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And the remainder, that shall still depend,<sup>5</sup>  
 To be such men as may befort your age,  
 And know themselves and you.

*LEAR.* Darknes and devils !—  
 Saddle my horses ; call my train together.—  
 Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee ;  
 Yet have I left a daughter.

*GON.* You strike my people ; and your disorder'd  
 rabble  
 Make servants of their betters.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a grac'd palace.*] A palace graced by the presence of a sovereign. *WARBURTON.*

<sup>4</sup> *A little to disquantity your train;*] *A little* is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Goneril. *POPE.*

Mr. Pope for—*A little* substituted—*Of fifty.* *MALONE.*

If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—

To have a thankless child.—Away, away,  
 and goes out, while Albany and Goneril have a short conference of two speeches; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without :

“ What ? *fifty* of my followers at a clap !”

This renders all change needless; and *away, away*, being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Goneril with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>5</sup> ——— *still depend,*] *Depend,* for continue in service.

*WARBURTON.*

*Enter ALBANY.*

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents,<sup>6</sup>—O, fir, are you come?<sup>7</sup>

Is it your will? [*to ALB.*] Speak, fir.—Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
Than the sea-monster!<sup>8</sup>

ALB. Pray, fir, be patient.<sup>9</sup>

LEAR. Detested kite! thou liest: [*to GONERIL.*  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know;  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
Which, like an engine,<sup>2</sup> wrench'd my frame of  
nature

<sup>6</sup> Woe, *that too late repents,*] This is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos—for *Woe*, have *We*, and that of which the first signature is B, reads—*We* that too late *repent's*—; i. e. *repent us*: which I suspect is the true reading. Shakspeare might have had *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, in his thoughts:

“ They call'd him doting foole, all his requests debarr'd,  
“ Demanding if with life he were not well content:  
“ Then he *too late his rigour did repent*  
“ 'Gainst me,—” *Story of Queen Cordila.* MALONE.

My copy of the quarto, of which the first signature is A, reads:—*We* that too late *repent's us.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> O, fir, are you come?] These words are not in the folio.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says—“ that he killeth his fire, and ravisheth his own dam.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Pray, fir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — like an engine,] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an en-

From the fix'd place ; drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*striking his head.*  
And thy dear judgement out!—Go, go, my people.<sup>3</sup>

*ALB.* My lord, I am guiltless; as I am ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.<sup>4</sup>

*LEAR.* It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature,  
hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if  
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!  
Into her womb convey sterility!  
Dry up in her the organs of increase;

gine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer,  
to *strain* upon the *rack*; and in the following passage from *The*  
*Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* seems to be used for the same  
instrument of torture:

“ From Spain they come with *engine* and intent

“ To slay, subdue, to triumph, and *torment*.”

Again, in *The Night-Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Their souls shot through with adders, torn on *engines*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Go, go, my people.*] Perhaps these words ought to be  
regulated differently:

Go, go:—my people!

By Albany's answer it should seem that he had endeavoured to  
appease Lear's anger; and perhaps it was intended by the author  
that he should here be put back by the king with these words,—  
“ Go, go;” and that Lear should then turn hastily from his son-  
in-law, and call his train: “ My people!” *Mss. Gens. Fr.* So,  
in a former part of this scene:

“ You strike *my people*; and your disorder'd rabble

“ Make servants of their betters.”

Again, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. i:

“ — Call up *my people*.”

However the passage be understood, these latter words must  
bear this sense. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be  
only—“ Away, away, my followers!” MALONE.

With Mr. Malone's last explanation I am perfectly satisfied.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

And from her derogate body<sup>5</sup> never spring  
 A babe to honour her! If she must teem,  
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,  
 And be a thwart<sup>6</sup> disnatur'd<sup>7</sup> torment to her!  
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;  
 With cadent tears<sup>8</sup> fret channels in her cheeks;  
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,  
 To laughter and contempt;<sup>9</sup> that she may feel

<sup>5</sup> — from her derogate body —] Derogate for unnatural.

WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded*; *blasted*. JOHNSON.

Her shrunk and wasted body, See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*,  
 616: "Derogate. To impaire, diminish, or take away."

MALONE.

*Degraded* (Dr. Johnson's first explanation) is surely the true one.  
 So, in *Cymbeline*: "Is there no *derogation* in't?—You cannot *de-  
 rogate*, my lord," i. e. *degrade* yourself. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — thwart —] Thwart as a noun adjective is not frequent  
 in our language, it is however to be found in *Promos and Cassandra*,  
 1578, "Sith fortune thwart doth crosse my joys with care."

HENDERSON.

<sup>7</sup> — disnatur'd —] Disnatur'd is wanting natural affection.  
 So Daniel, in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"I am not so *disnatura'd* a man." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — cadent tears —] i. e. Falling tears. Dr. Warburton  
 would read *cadent*. STEEVENS.

The words—*these hot tears*, in Lear's next speech, may seem to  
 authorize the amendment; but the present reading is right. It is  
 a more severe imprecation to wish, that tears by constant flowing  
 may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long life of  
 wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by  
 scalding tears, which does not mark the same continuation of misery.

The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. iii.

"Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

"Their eyes o'er-galled with *recourse* of tears,"

should prevent his going to the field. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,  
 To laughter and contempt;] "Her mother's pains" here signifies,  
 not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which  
 this "disnatur'd babe" being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*]

*ALB.* Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes  
this?

*GON.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause;  
But let his disposition have that scope  
That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*LEAR.* What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!  
Within a fortnight?

*ALB.* What's the matter, sir?

*LEAR.* I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am  
asham'd  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:  
[*to GONERIL.*]  
That these hot tears,<sup>1</sup> which break from me per-  
force,  
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs  
upon thee!

*despise them,)* but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for the  
welfare of her child. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ 'Tis time to speak; my *pains* are quite forgot.”

*Benefits* mean *good offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the  
education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion,  
explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in  
supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*;  
which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. “*Her*  
mother's *pains*” means—the pains which she (*Goneril*) takes as a  
mother. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *That these hot tears, &c.*] I will transcribe this passage from  
the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted  
with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indul-  
gence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—  
*That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the  
worst blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse,  
peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause again,*  
&c. JOHNSON.

The untented woundings<sup>3</sup> of a father's curse  
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,  
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;  
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,<sup>4</sup>  
 To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?  
 Let it be so:<sup>5</sup>—Yet have I left a daughter,  
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;  
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,  
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think  
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and *Attendants*.

GON. Do you mark that, my lord?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
 To the great love I bear you,—

GON. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!  
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool*.

FOOL. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and  
 take the fool with thee.

<sup>3</sup> *The untented woundings*——] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —— *that you lose*.] The quartos read—that you *make*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Let it be so*: &c.] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition. JOHNSON.

*Let it be so*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

And *is it come to this* is omitted in the folio. *Yet have I left a daughter* is the reading of the quartos; the folio has, *I have another daughter*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —— *thou shalt, I warrant thee*.] These words are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

A fox, when one has caught her,  
 And such a daughter,  
 Should fure to the slaughter,  
 If my cap would buy a halter;  
 So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

\*GON.<sup>6</sup> This man hath had good counsel:—A  
 hundred knights!

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep  
 At point,<sup>7</sup> a hundred knights. Yes, that on every  
 dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,  
 And hold our lives in mercy.<sup>8</sup>—Oswald, I say!—

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

GON. Safer than trust:<sup>9</sup>

Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:  
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;  
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,  
 When I have show'd the unfitness,<sup>\*</sup>—How now,  
 Oswald?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> \*Gon.] All from this asterisk to the next, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> At point,] I believe, means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And hold our lives in mercy.] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope who could not endure that the language of Shakspeare's age should not correspond in every instance with that of modern times, reads —at mercy; and the subsequent editors have adopted his innovation. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Safer than trust:] Here the old copies add—too far; as if these words were not implied in the answer of Goneril. The redundancy of the metre authorizes the present omission. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— How now, Oswald? &c.] The quartos read—*what Oswald, ho!*

Osw. Here, madam.

Gon. What, have you writ this letter, &c. STEEVENS.



*Enter STEWARD.*

What, have you writ that letter to my sifter?

STEW. Ay, madam.

GON. Take you some company, and away to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear;  
And thereto add such reasons of your own,  
As may compact it more.<sup>3</sup> Get you gone;  
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,  
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more attack'd<sup>4</sup> for want of wisdom,

<sup>3</sup> ——— *compact it more.*] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. JOHNSON.

*More* is here used as a disyllable. MALONE.

I must still withhold my assent from such new disyllables. Some monosyllable has in this place been omitted. Perhaps the author wrote—

Go, *get you gone.* STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *more attack'd* ———] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses: *I'll take you to task*, i. e. *I will reprehend and correct you.* To be *at task*, therefore, is to be liable to reprehension and correction. JOHNSON.

Both the quartos instead of *at task*—read, *alapt*. A late editor of *King Lear*, [Mr. Jennens] says, that the first quarto reads—*at-task'd*; but unless there be a third quarto which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous. STEVENS.

The quarto printed by N. Butter, 1608, of which the first signature is B, reads—*attask'd* for want of wisdom. The other quarto printed by the same printer in the same year, of which the first signature is A, reads—*alapt* for want of wisdom, &c. Three copies of the quarto first described, (which concur in reading *attask'd*), and one copy of the other quarto, are now before me. The folio reads—*at task*.—The quartos have *praise* instead of *prais'd*. *Attask'd* I suppose, means, *charged, censured*. So, in *King Henry IV*:

“How shou'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?”

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*ALB.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.<sup>5</sup>

*GON.* Nay, then—

*ALB.* Well, well; the event. [Exeunt.

See Vol. VIII. p. 573, n. 2.

In the notes on this play I shall hereafter call the quarto first mentioned, quarto B; the other, quarto A. MALONE.

Both the quartos described by Mr. Malone are at this instant before me, and they concur in reading—*alapt*. I have left my two copies of Butter's publication (which I had formerly the honour of lending to Mr. Malone) at the shop of Messieurs White, Book-sellers, in Fleet-street.

I have no doubt, however, but that Mr. Malone and myself are equally justifiable in our assertions, though they contradict each other; for it appears to me that some of the quartos (like the folio 1623) must have been partially corrected while at press. Consequently the copies first worked off, escaped without correction. Such is the case respecting two of the three quartos (for three there are) of *King Henry IV.* P. II. 1600. STEEVENS.

The word *task* is frequently used by Shakspeare, and indeed by other writers of his time, in the sense of *tax*. Goncril means to say, that he was more taxed for want of wisdom, than praised for mildness.

So, in *The Island Princess*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, Quisana says to Ruy Dias:

“ You are too saucy, too impudent,

“ To *task* me with those errors.” M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

“ Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend,*

“ To mar the subject that before was well?” MALONE.

## SCENE V.

*Court before the same.**Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

**LEAR.** Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.<sup>6</sup>

**KENT.** I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [Exit.

**FOOL.** If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

**LEAR.** Ay, boy.

**FOOL.** Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

**LEAR.** Ha, ha, ha!

<sup>6</sup> — *there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster. JOHNSON.

The word *there* in this speech shews, that when the king says, "Go you before to *Gloster*," he means the town of Gloster, which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed, Shakspeare chose to make the residence of the duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their setting out late from thence, on a visit to the earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city. Our old English earls usually resided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his son-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the earl of Gloster's castle. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in p. 111, n. 4.

*FOOL.* Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly:<sup>7</sup> for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*LEAR.* Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?<sup>8</sup>

*FOOL.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i' the middle of his face?

*LEAR.* No.

*FOOL.* Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*LEAR.* I did her wrong:<sup>9</sup>—

*FOOL.* Can't tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*LEAR.* No.

*FOOL.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

*LEAR.* Why?

*FOOL.* Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*LEAR.* I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

*FOOL.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

*LEAR.* Because they are not eight?

<sup>7</sup> — *thy other daughter will use thee kindly:*] The *Fool* uses the word *kindly* here in two senses; it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her *kind*. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*What canst tell, boy?* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I did her wrong:*] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

*FOOL.* Yes, indeed: Thou would'st make a good fool.

*LEAR.* To take it again perforce!<sup>9</sup>—Monster ingratitude!

*FOOL.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*LEAR.* How's that?

*FOOL.* Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wife.

*LEAR.* O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! Are the horses ready?

*GENT.* Ready, my lord.

*LEAR.* Come, boy.

<sup>9</sup> *To take it again perforce!*] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON:

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him. STEVENS.

The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom which he had given to Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife:—"Well, well; the event:"—what Lear himself projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan:—

"— Yet I have left a daughter,

"Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;

"When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

"She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,

"That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think

"I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee."

And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he asks Edmund: "Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?" HENLEY.

*FOOL.* She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.<sup>2</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

---

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*A Court within the Castle of the earl of Gloster.*

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*EDM.* Save thee, Curan.

*CUR.* And you, fir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

*EDM.* How comes that?

*CUR.* Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?<sup>3</sup>

*EDM.* Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

<sup>2</sup> — *unless things be cut shorter.*] This idle couplet is apparently addressed to the females present at the performance of the play; and, not improbably, crept into the playhouse copy from the mouth of some buffoon actor, who "spoke more than was set down for him."

I am aware, that such liberties were exercised by the authors of *Lochrine*, &c; but can such another offensive and extraneous address to the audience be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakspeare?

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *ear-kissing arguments?*] *Ear-kissing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whisper'd ones*. STEEVENS.

CUR.<sup>4</sup> Have you heard of no likely wars toward,  
'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDM. Not a word.

CUR. You may then, in time. Fare you well, fir.  
[Exit.

EDM. The duke be here to-night? The better!  
Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!  
My father hath set guard to take my brother;  
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,<sup>5</sup>  
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—  
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O fir, fly this place;  
Intelligence is given where you are hid;  
You have now the good advantage of the night:—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

<sup>4</sup> Cur.] This and the following speech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — queazy question,] Something of a *suspicious, questionable, and uncertain nature*. This is, I think the meaning. JOHNSON.

*Queazy*, I believe, rather means *delicate, unsettled*, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonson, in *Sejanus*:

“ Those times are somewhat *queazy* to be touch'd.—

“ Have you not seen or read part of his book?”

Again, in *Letters from the Paston Family*, Vol. II. p. 127.  
“ — the world seemeth *queazy* here.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

“ Notes of a *queazy* and sick stomach, labouring

“ With want of a true injury.”

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ Despight of his quick wit, and *queazy* stomach.”

STEEVENS.

*Queazy* is still used in Devonshire, to express that sickishness of stomach which the slightest disgust is apt to provoke. HENLEY.

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,<sup>6</sup>  
 And Regan with him; Have you nothing said  
 Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?<sup>7</sup>  
 Advise yourself.<sup>8</sup>

EDG. I am sure on't, not a word.

EDM. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—  
 In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—  
 Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you  
 well.

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho,  
 here!—

Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[Exit EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunk-  
 ards

Do more than this in sport.<sup>9</sup>—Father! father!

Stop, stop! No help?

<sup>6</sup> — i' the haste,] I should have supposed we ought to read only—in haste, had I not met with our author's present phrase in *XII merry Jestis of the Wyddow Edyth*, 1573:

“ To London they tooke in all the haste,  
 “ They wolde not once tarry to breake their faste.”

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — Have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?] The meaning is, have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany? HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:

Against his party, for the duke of Albany? JOHNSON.

Upon his party — ] i. e. on his behalf. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> Advise yourself.] i. e. consider, recollect yourself. So, in *Twelfth Night*: “ Advise you what you say.” STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.] So, in a passage already quoted in a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. sc. ii. “ Have I not been drunk for your health, eat glasses, drunk urine, stabb'd arms, and done all offices of protested gallantry for your sake?”



*Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.*

*GLO.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*EDM.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword  
out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon<sup>2</sup>  
To stand his auspicious mistress:<sup>3</sup>—

*GLO.* But where is he?

*EDM.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*GLO.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*EDM.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means  
he could—

*GLO.* Pursue him, ho!—Go after.— [*Exit Ser.*]  
By no means,—what?

*EDM.* Persuade me to the murder of your lord-  
ship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders<sup>4</sup> bend;  
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,  
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood

By accident, I omitted to take down the name of the old play  
from which this passage was selected. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon—*] This was  
a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster; who appears, by what  
passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be  
very superstitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* instead of *mumbling*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *—conjuring the moon*  
*To stand his auspicious mistress:]* So, in *All's well that ends*  
*well:*

“ And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
“ As thy auspicious mistress.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *—their thunders—*] First quarto; the rest have it, *the*  
*thunder.* JOHNSON.

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
 With his prepared sword, he charges home,  
 My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:  
 But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,  
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,  
 Or whether gasted<sup>5</sup> by the noise I made,  
 Full suddenly he fled.

GLO. Let him fly far:  
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
 And found—Despatch.—The noble duke<sup>6</sup> my mas-  
 ter,  
 My worthy arch<sup>7</sup> and patron, comes to-night:  
 By his authority I will proclaim it,  
 That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,  
 Bringing the murderous coward<sup>8</sup> to the stake;  
 He, that conceals him, death.

EDM. When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — gasted —] Frighted. JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*:  
 " — either the sight of the lady has gasted him, or else he's drunk."  
 STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
 And found—Despatch.—The noble duke &c.] The sense is inter-  
 rupted. He shall be caught—and found, he shall be punish'd.  
 Despatch. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — arch —] i. e. Chief; a word now used only in com-  
 position, as arch-angel, arch-duke.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613:  
 " Poole, that arch for truth and honesty." STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — murderous coward —] The first edition reads *cattiff*.  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> And found him pight to do it, with curst speech —] Pight is  
 pitched, fixed, settled. Curst is severe, harsh, vehemently angry.  
 JOHNSON.

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

" Therefore my heart is surely pyght  
 " Of her alone to have a fight."

I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,  
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,*  
*If I would stand against thee, would the reposal<sup>2</sup>*  
*Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee*  
*Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,*  
*(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce*  
*My very character,<sup>3</sup>) I'd turn it all*  
*To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:*  
*And thou must make a dullard of the world,<sup>4</sup>*  
*If they not thought the profits of my death*  
*Were very pregnant and potential spurs<sup>5</sup>*  
*To make thee seek it.*

GLO. Strong and fasten'd villain!<sup>6</sup>  
 Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.<sup>7</sup>

[*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he  
 comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;  
 The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— tents

“ Thus proudly *pitch* upon our Phrygian plains.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *would the reposal*—] i. e. Would any opinion that men  
 have repos'd in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposeure*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *though thou didst produce*

*My very character*,—] i. e. my very handwriting. See  
 Vol. IV. p. 358, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *make a dullard of the world*,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ What, mak'st thou me a *dullard* in this act?” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *pregnant and potential spurs*—] Thus the quartos. Folio:  
*potential spirits*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Strong and *fasten'd villain!*] Thus the quartos. The folio  
 reads—*O strange and fasten'd villain*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.*] Thus the quartos.  
 The folio omits the words—*I never got him*; and, instead of them,  
 substitutes—*said he?* MALONE.

I will fend far and near, that all the kingdom  
 May have due note of him; and of my land,  
 Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
 To make thee capable.<sup>7</sup>

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

CORN. How now, my noble friend? since I came  
 hither,  
 (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange  
 news.<sup>8</sup>

REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
 Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my  
 lord?

GLO. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is  
 crack'd!

REG. What, did my father's godson seek your  
 life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

GLO. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

REG. Was he not companion with the riotous  
 knights

That tend upon my father?

GLO. I know not, madam:  
 It is too bad, too bad.—

EDM. Yes, madam, he was.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — of my land, —  
 To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land,  
 notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.

So, in *The Life and Death of Will Summers, &c.*—"The king  
 next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were capable  
 to inherit any land," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — strange news.] Thus the quartos. Instead of these words  
 the folio has—*strangeness*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Yes, madam, he was.] Thus the quartos. The folio deranges  
 the metre by adding—

————— of that comfort. STEEVENS.

REG. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;  
 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
 To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.<sup>2</sup>  
 I have this present evening from my sister  
 Been well inform'd of them; and with such cau-  
 tions,  
 That, if they come to sojourn at my house,  
 I'll not be there.

CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—  
 Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
 A child-like office.

EDM. 'Twas my duty, sir.

GLO. He did bewray his practice;<sup>3</sup> and receiv'd  
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

<sup>2</sup> *To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.*] Thus quarto B.  
 The other quarto reads—

To have *these*—and waste of *this* his revenues.

The folio:

To have *the expence and waste* of his revenues.

*These* in quarto A was, I suppose, a misprint for—*the use*.

MALONE.

The remark made in p. 76, n. 4, is confirmed by the present circumstance; for both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A:

To have *these*—and waste of *this* his revenues.

It is certain therefore that there is a third quarto which I have never seen. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *He did bewray his practice;*] i. e. *Discover, betray.* So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“We were *bewray'd*, beset, and forc'd to yield.”

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“Thy solitary passions should *bewray*

“Some discontent.”—

*Practice* is always used by Shakspeare for *infidious mischief*. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II. “—his heart fainted and gat a conceit, that with *bewraying* this *practice*, he might obtaine pardon.”

The quartos read—*betray*. STEVENS.

See Minshew's *Dist.* 1617, in v. “To *bewrain*, or diselose, a Goth. *bewrye*.” MALONE.

CORN. Is he pursued?

GLO. Ay, my good lord, he is.<sup>2</sup>

CORN. If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please.—For you, Ed-  
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth ' this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;  
You we first seize on.

EDM. I shall serve you, fir,  
Truly, however else.

GLO. For him I thank your grace.<sup>4</sup>

CORN. You know not why we came to visit you,—

REG. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd  
night.<sup>5</sup>

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *be is.*] These words were supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Whose virtue and obedience doth* — ] i. e. whose virtuous obedience. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> For him *I thank your grace.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, judiciously, in my opinion, omits—*For him*, as needless to the sense, and injurious to the metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *threading dark-ey'd night.*] The quarto reads:  
— *tbreat'ning* dark-ey'd night. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*, Act III:

“ They would not *tbread* the gates.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *of some poize,*] i. e. of some weight or moment. So, in *Otbello*:

“ — full of *poize* and difficulty,

“ And fearful to be granted.”

Thus the quarto B. The other quarto of 1608, and the folio, have *prize*. MALONE.

Here again both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A.—*prize*; though *poize* is undoubtedly the preferable reading.

STEEVENS.

Wherein we must have use of your advice:—  
 Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
 Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
 To answer from our home; <sup>7</sup> the several messengers  
 From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
 Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
 Your needful counsel to our business, <sup>8</sup>  
 Which craves the instant use.

GLO. I serve you, madam :  
 Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*Before Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter KENT and Steward, severally.*

STEW. Good dawning to thee, friend : <sup>9</sup> Art of  
 the house ? <sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *from our home ;*] Not at home, but at some other place.

JOHNSON.  
 Thus the folio. The quarto B reads—which I *best* thought it fit  
 to answer from our *home*. The other quarto :—which I *best* thought  
 it fit to answer from our *hand*. MALONE.

Both my quartos—*best*,—and—*from our hand*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *to our business,*] Thus the quartos. Folio :—*to our bu-  
 sinesse*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Good dawning to thee, friend :*] Thus the folio. The quartos  
 —*Good even*. STEEVENS.

We should read with the folio—“ Good *dawning* to thee  
 friend.” The latter end of this scene shows that it passed in the  
 morning; for when Kent is placed in the stocks, Cornwall says,  
 “ There he shall sit 'till noon;” and Regan replies, “ ‘Till noon,  
 'till night :” and it passed very early in the morning; for Regan  
 tells Gloster, in the preceding page, that she had been *threading*  
*dark-ey'd night* to come to him. M. MASON.

*Dawning* is again used in *Cymbeline* as a substantive, for morn-  
 ing :

KENT. Ay.

STEW. Where may we set our horses?

KENT. I' the mire.

STEW. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

STEW. Why, then I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,<sup>1</sup> I would make thee care for me.

" — that *dawning*

" May bare the raven's eye."

It is clear from various passages in this scene, that the morning is now just beginning to dawn, though the moon is still up, and though Kent early in the scene calls it still night. Towards the close of it, he wishes Gloucester *good morrow*, as the latter goes out, and immediately after calls on the *sun* to shine, that he may read a letter. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — of the *house*?] So the quartos. Folio—of *this* house.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Lipsbury pinfold*,] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lily-liver'd* is cowardly; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. An *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off clothes, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*: it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing clothes at the *third hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three suits* only. FARMER.

*Lipsbury pinfold* may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*:

" To marry her, and say he was the party

" Found in *Lob's Pound*."

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, 1587:

" In such a *pin-folde* were his pleasures pent."



STEW. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

STEW. What dost thou know me for?

KENT. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-

*Three-suited knave* might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three suits* would furnish him with; so, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "—wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel:" or it may signify a fellow *thrice-sued at law*, who has *three suits* for debt standing out against him. A *one-rank-inheriting slave* may be a term used to describe a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too inherited from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty*; a poor rogue hereditary, as Timon calls *Apemantus*. A *worsted-socking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595) were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even (as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages.—So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath lost its Pearl*, 1614, by R. Taylor: "—good parts are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*."

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Green sicknesses and serving-men light on you,  
"With greasy breeches, and in *woollen stockings*."

Again, in *The Miseries of enforced Marriage*, 1607, two sober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother who is a spendthrift, and tell him: "Our birth-right, good brother: this town craves maintenance; *silk stockings* must be had," &c.

Silk stockings were not made in England till 1560, the second year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th song of his *Polyolbion*:

"Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted fin,  
"Before the costly coach and *silken stock* came in."

STEVENS.

This term of reproach also occurs in *the Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607: "Metteza Auriola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband; walk in *worsted stockings*, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary." MALONE.

fuited, hundred-pound,<sup>4</sup> filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave;<sup>5</sup> a whorson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue;<sup>6</sup> one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'ft be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ft the least syllable of thy addition.<sup>7</sup>

*STEW.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

*KENT.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ft me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine

<sup>4</sup> — *hundred-pound.*] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *action-taking knave;*] i. e. a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *a whorson, glass-gazing—rogue;*] This epithet none of the commentators have explained; nor am I sure that I understand it. In *Timon of Athens* “the *glass-fac'd* flatterer” is mentioned, that is, says Dr. Johnson, “he that shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron.”—*Glass-gazing* may be licentiously used for one enamoured of himself; who gazes often at his own person in a glass. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *addition.*] i. e. titles. The Statute 1 Hen V. ch. 5. which directs that in certain writs a description should be *added* to the name of the defendant, expressive of his estate, mystery, degree, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*. MALONE.

Kent is not only boisterous in his manners, but abusive in his language. His excessive ribaldry proceeds from an over solicitude to prevent being discovered: like St. Peter's swearing from a similar motive. HENLEY.

of you :<sup>8</sup> Draw, you whorson cullionly barber-monger,<sup>9</sup> draw. [*drawing his sword.*]

STEW. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

<sup>8</sup> — *I'll make a fop o' the moonshine of you :*] This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making *the sun shine through any one*. But, alluding to the natural philosophy of that time, it is obscure. The Peripatetics thought, though falsely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moist. The speaker therefore says, he would make a fop of his antagonist, which should absorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reason Shakspeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, says:

“ — the moonshine's watry beams.”

And, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon.”

WARBURTON.

I much question if our author had so deep a meaning as is here imputed to him by his more erudite commentator. STEEVENS.

*I'll make a fop o' the moonshine of you.*] Perhaps here an equivocal was intended. In *The Old Shepheard's Calendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyue*, “ One is *egges in moonshine.*”

FARMER.

Again, in some verses within a letter of Howell's to Sir Thomas How :

“ Could I those whitely stars go nigh,  
“ Which make the milky way i' th' skie,  
“ I'd poach them, and as *moonshine* dress,  
“ To make my Delia a curious mess.” STEEVENS.

I suppose he means, that after having beaten the Steward sufficiently, and made his flesh as soft as moistened bread, he will lay him flat on the ground, like a fop in a pan, or a tankard. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ And make a *fop* of all this solid globe.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *barber-monger,*] Of this word I do not clearly see the force. JOHNSON.

*Barber-monger* may mean, *dealer in the lower tradesmen*: a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. FARMER.

A *barber-monger*; i. e. a fop, who deals much with barbers, to adjust his hair and beard. M. MASON.

*Barber-monger* perhaps means one who consorts much with barbers. MALONE.

**KENT.** Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,<sup>2</sup> against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your thanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

**STEW.** Help, ho! murder! help!

**KENT.** Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave,<sup>3</sup> strike. [*beating him.*]

**STEW.** Help ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

**EDM.** How now? What's the matter? Part.

**KENT.** With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

**GLO.** Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

**CORN.** Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies, that strikes again:<sup>4</sup> What is the matter?

**REG.** The messengers from our sister and the king.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *vanity the puppet's part,*] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shows, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

So, in *Volpone, or the Fox*:

“Get you a cittern, Lady *Vanity*.” STEEVENS.

The description is applicable only to the old *moralties*, between which and the *mysteries* there was an essential difference. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *neat slave,*] You mere slave, you very slave.

JOHNSON.  
*You neat slave*, I believe, means no more than *you finical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster*:

“By thy leave, my *neat* scoundrel.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *He dies, that strikes again:*] So, in *Othello*:

“He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

“*He dies* upon the motion.” STEEVENS.

CORN. What is your difference? speak.

STEW. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee;<sup>5</sup> a tailor made thee.

CORN. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

KENT. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

CORN. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

STEW. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

KENT. Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!<sup>6</sup>—My lord, if you will give me leave, I

<sup>5</sup> — nature disclaims in thee;] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

— nature disclaims her share in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

“ — I will *disclaim* in your favour hereafter.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609:

“ Thus to *disclaim* in all th' effects of pleasure.”

Again:

“ No, I *disclaim* in her, I spit at her.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:

“ Not these, my lords, make me *disclaim* in it which all pursue.” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter!*] Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter. C (as Dr. Johnson supposed) cannot be the unnecessary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be supplied by any other, as *charity, chastity, &c.* STEVENS.

will tread this unbolted villain<sup>7</sup> into mortar,<sup>8</sup> and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

CORN. Peace, firrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT. Yes, fir; but anger has a privilege.<sup>9</sup>

CORN. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,<sup>2</sup>

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Which are too intrinse t'unloose:<sup>3</sup> smooth every passion<sup>4</sup>

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, "Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom seen:—S is become its lieutenant general. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." FARMER.

<sup>7</sup> — *this unbolted villain* —] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouse.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *into mortar*,] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I. sc. i:

" — I will help your memory,

" And tread thee into mortar." STEEVENS.

*Unbolted mortar* is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This *unbolted villain* is therefore this *coarse rascal*.

TOLLET.

<sup>9</sup> *Yes, fir; but anger has a privilege.*] So, in *King Jobn*:

" Sir, fir, impatience hath its privilege." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Such smiling rogues as these*,] The words—*as these*, are, in my opinion, a manifest interpolation, and derange the metre without the least improvement of the sense. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain*

*Which are too intrinse, t'unloose:*] By these *holy cords* the poet

That in the natures of their lords rebels;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

means the natural union between parents, and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the sanctuary*; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble. **WARBURTON.**

The quartos read—*so intrench*. The folio—*intrinse*. *Intrinse*, for so it should be written, I suppose was used by Shakspeare for *intrinsic*, a word which, as Theobald has observed, he has used in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — Come, mortal wretch,  
“ With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsic*  
“ Of life at once untie.”

We have had already in this play *reverbs* for *reverberates*. Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ Season your admiration for a while  
“ With an *attent* ear.”

The word *intrinsic* was but newly introduced into our language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: “ I know he will vouchsafe it some of his new-minted epithets; as *real*, *intrinsic*, *Delphicke*,” &c.

I doubt whether Dr. Warburton has not, as usual, seen more in this passage than the poet intended. In the quartos the word *holy* is not found, and I suspect it to be an interpolation made in the folio edition. We might perhaps better read, with the elder copy,

Like rats, oft bite *those* cords in twain, *which are*  
Too, &c. **MALONE.**

4 — [smooth every passion —] So the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors substituted *sooth*. The verb to *smooth* occurs frequently in our elder writers. So, in Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, 1592:

“ For since he learn'd to use the poet's pen,  
“ He learn'd likewise with *smoothing* words to feign.”

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“ Yield to his humour, *smooth*, and speak him fair.”

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III*:

“ Smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog.”

**MALONE.**

Mr. Holt White has observed, in a note on *Pericles*, that in some counties they say—“ *smooth* the cat,” instead of “ *broke* the cat.” Thus also Milton:

“ — *smoothing* the raven down  
“ Of darkness—” **STEVENS.**

Vol. XIV: H

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
 With every gale and vary of their masters,<sup>3</sup>  
 As knowing nought,<sup>4</sup> like dogs, but following.—  
 A plague upon your epileptick visage!<sup>5</sup>  
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.<sup>6</sup>

CORN. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

<sup>3</sup> — and turn their halcyon beaks

[With every gale and vary of their masters.] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means show from what point it blew. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

“ But how now stands the wind?

“ Into what corner peers my *halcyon's* bill?”

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolfey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:

“ Or as a *halcyon* with her turning breast,

“ Demonstrates wind from wind, and east from west.”

Again, in *The tenth Booke of Notable Things*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. 1: “ A lytle byrde called the *Kings Fisher*, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or strayght against ye winde.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> As knowing nought,] *As* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of connection as well as metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — epileptick visage!] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — Camelot.] Was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

“ — raise more powers

“ To man with strength the castle *Camelot*.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

“ Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?

“ Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round.”

STEEVENS.

In Somersethire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers. HANMER.



GLO. How fell you out?  
Say that.

KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy,  
Than I and such a knave.<sup>7</sup>

CORN. Why dost thou call him knave? What's  
his offence?

KENT. His countenance likes me not.<sup>8</sup>

CORN. No more, perchance, does mine, or his,  
or hers.

KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;  
I have seen better faces in my time,  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see  
Before me at this instant.

CORN. This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A faucy roughness; and constrains the garb,  
Quite from his nature:<sup>9</sup> He cannot flatter, he!—  
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-  
ness  
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

<sup>7</sup> *No contraries hold more antipathy,  
Than I and such a knave.*] Hence Mr. Pope's expression:  
"The strong antipathy of good to bad." TOLLET.

<sup>8</sup> —likes me not.] i. e. pleases me not. So, in *Every Man  
out of his Humour*:

"I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,  
"Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat lik'd me."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —constrains the garb,  
*Quite from his nature:*] Forces his *outside* or his *appearance* to  
something total<sup>ly</sup> different from his natural disposition. JOHNSON.

Than twenty silly ducking observants,<sup>2</sup>  
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,  
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering Phœbus' front,<sup>3</sup>—

CORN. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-  
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer :  
he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain  
knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though  
I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Than twenty silly ducking observants.*] *Silly* means *simple*, or  
rustick. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iii :

“ There was a fourth man in a *silly* habit,” meaning Posthu-  
mus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely* is with *punctilious folly*.  
Niais. Fr. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 198, n. 8. *Nicely* is, I think, with the ut-  
most exactness, with an attention to the most *minute trifle*. So, in  
*Romeo and Juliet* :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *On flickering Phœbus' front.*] Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary*  
says this word means to *futter*. I meet with it in *The History of*  
*Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599 :

“ By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace shall under-  
stand.”

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ ——— some castrel

“ That hovers over her, and dares her daily ;

“ Some *flickring* slave.” ———

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the fourth book of Virgil's  
*Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris,

“ From the sky down *flickering*,” &c.

And again in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus, Troes*, 1633 :

“ With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is too vague for the purpose. To  
*flicker* is indeed to *futter*; but in a particular manner, which may  
be better exemplified by the motion of a *flame*, than explained by  
any verbal description. HENLEY.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.*]

CORN. What was the offence you gave him?

STEW. Never any:<sup>5</sup>

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
When he, conjunct,<sup>6</sup> and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king  
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;  
And, in the fleshment<sup>7</sup> of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here.<sup>8</sup>

KENT. None of these rogues, and cowards,  
But Ajax is their fool.<sup>9</sup>

Though I should win you, displeas'd as you now are, to like me  
so well as to intreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Never any:*] Old copy:

*I never gave him any.*

The words here omitted, which are unnecessary to sense and injurious to metre, were properly extruded by Sir Thomas Hanmer, as a manifest interpolation. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *conjunct,*] is the reading of the old quartos; *compact,* of the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *fleshment* —] A young foldier is said to flesh his sword, the first time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment,* therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the first act of service which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his master; and, at the same time, in a sarcastick sense, as though he had esteem'd it an heroic exploit to trip a man behind, that was actually falling. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> *Drew on me here.*] Old copy:

*Drew on me here* again.

But as Kent *had not drawn on him before,* and as the adverb—*again* corrupts the metre, I have ventured to leave it out. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But Ajax is their fool.*] Meaning, as we should now express it. Ajax is a fool to them, there are none of these knaves and cowards, that if you believe themselves, are not so brave, that Ajax is a fool compared to them; alluding to the steward's account of their quarrel, where he says of Kent, "This ancient ruffian, whose life I have spared in pity to his gray beard." When a man is compared to one who excels him very much in any art or quality—it is a vulgar expression to say, "He is but a fool to him."

**CORN.** Fetch forth the stocks, ho!  
 You stubborn ancient knave,<sup>8</sup> you reverend brag-  
 gart,  
 We'll teach you—

**KENT.** Sir, I am too old to learn:  
 Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;  
 On whose employment I was sent to you:  
 You shall do small respect, show too bold malice  
 Against the grace and person of my master,  
 Stocking his messenger.

**CORN.** Fetch forth the stocks:—  
 As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till  
 noon.

**REG.** Till noon! till night, my lord; and all  
 night too.

**KENT.** Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
 You should not use me so.

**REG.** Sir, being his knave, I will.  
 [*Stocks brought out.*]<sup>9</sup>

So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Alphonso says:

“The experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,  
 “And let them drink their wish, I'll make them idiots.”

M. MASON.

The foregoing explanation of this passage was suggested also by  
 Mr. Malone, in his *Second Appendix to the Supp. to Shakspeare*, 8vo.  
 1783, in opposition to an idea of mine, which I readily allow to  
 have been erroneous. STEEVENS.

Our poet has elsewhere employed the same phraseology. So, in  
*The Taming of the Shrew*:

“Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“—now this mask

“Was cry'd incomparable, and the ensuing night

“Made it a fool and beggar.”

The phrase in this sense is yet used in low language. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — ancient knave,] Two of the quartos read—*mifcreant*  
 knave, and one of them—*unreverend*, instead of *reverend*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Stocks &c.*] This is not the first time that stocks had been in-

CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same colour <sup>a</sup>  
Our sifter speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

GLO. Let me beseech your grace not to do so :  
\*His fault <sup>3</sup> is much, and the good king his master  
Will check him for't : your purpos'd low correction  
Is such, as basest and contemned't wretches,<sup>4</sup>  
For pilferings and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with :\* the king must take it ill,  
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

CORN. I'll answer that.

REG. My sifter may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.<sup>5</sup>—Put in his legs.—

[KENT is put in the stocks.<sup>6</sup>  
Come, my good lord; away.  
[Exeunt REG. and CORN.]

roduced on the stage. In *Hick-scorner*, which was printed early  
in the reign of *King Henry VIII.* *Pity* is put into them, and left  
there till he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> — colour —] The quartos read, *nature*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *His fault* —] All between the asterisks is omitted in the  
folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — and contemned't wretches,] The quartos read—and  
*temnest* wretches. This conjectural emendation was suggested by  
Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I found this correction already made in an ancient hand in the  
margin of one of the quarto copies. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For following her affairs. &c.*] This line is not in the folio.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the  
*stocks* be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's  
*Bartholomew-Fair*.

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still  
in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of  
the servants. FARMER.

GLO. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd:<sup>7</sup> I'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray, do not, fir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;  
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.  
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:  
Give you good morrow!

GLO. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.

KENT. Good king, that must approve the common law!<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd:*] Metaphor from bowling.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Goodking, that must approve the common law! &c.*] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of, &c.* That changeft better for worfe. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON.

The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, Book II. chap. v:

“ In your running from him to me, ye runne  
“ Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.”

TYRWHITT.

Kent was not thinking of the king's being *turned out of house and home to the open weather*, a misery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worse reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from his elder daughter Goneril. Hanmer therefore certainly misunderstood the passage.

A quotation from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, may prove the best comment on it. “ This Augustine after his arrival converted the Saxons indeed from Paganisme, but, as the proverb sayth, bringing them out of *Godde's blessing into the warme sunne*, he also imbued them with no lesse hurtful superstition than they did know before.”

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
 To the warm sun!  
 Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
 That by thy comfortable beams I may  
 Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,<sup>9</sup>  
 But misery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;<sup>2</sup>  
 Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
 Of my obscured course; and shall find time  
 From this enormous state,—seeking to give  
 Losses their remedies:<sup>3</sup>—All weary and o'er-  
 watch'd,

See also Howell's Collection of English Proverbs in his Dictionary, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. from good to worse." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *Nothing almost sees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Nothing almost sees my wrack. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *I know, 'tis from Cordelia; &c.*] This passage, which some of the editors have degraded as spurious, to the margin, and others have silently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The passage is very obscure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

—Cordelia—has been—informed  
 Of my obscured course, and shall find time  
 From this enormous state-seeking, to give  
 Losses their remedies.—

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the enormous care of seeking her fortune will allow her time, she will employ it in remedying losses. This is harsh; perhaps something better may be found. I have at least supplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things. JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, p. 647, "The maior perceiving this enormous doing," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *and shall find time*

*From this enormous state,—seeking to give*

*Losses their remedies:*] I confess I do not understand this passage, unless it may be considered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.

natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of this passage cannot be right; for although in the old ballad from whence this play is supposed to be taken, Cordelia is forced to seek her fortune, in the play itself she is queen of France, and has no fortune to seek; but it is more difficult to discover the real meaning of this speech, than to refute his conjecture. It seems to me, that the verb, *shall find*, is not governed by the word Cordelia, but by the pronoun *I*, in the beginning of the sentence; and that the words *from this enormous state*, do not refer to Cordelia, but to Kent himself, dressed like a clown, and condemned to the stocks,—an enormous state indeed for a man of his high rank.

The difficulty of this passage has arisen from a mistake in all the former editors, who have printed these three lines, as if they were a quotation from Cordelia's letter, whereas they are in fact the words of Kent himself; let the reader consider them in that light, as part of Kent's own speech, the obscurity is at an end, and the meaning is clearly this:—"I know that the letter is from Cordelia, (who hath been informed of my obscured course) and shall gain time, by this strange disguise and situation, which I shall employ in seeking to remedy our present losses." M. MASON.

Notwithstanding the ingenuity and confidence of Mr. M. Mason, (who has not however done justice to his own idea) I cannot but concur with Mr. Steevens, in ascribing these broken expressions to the letter of Cordelia.—For, if the words were Kent's, there will be no intimation from the letter that can give the least insight to Cordelia's design; and the only apparent purport of it will be, to tell Kent that she knew his situation. But exclusive of this consideration, what hopes could Kent entertain, in a condition so deplorable as his—unless Cordelia should take an opportunity, from the anarchy of the kingdom, and the broils subsisting between Albany and Cornwall—of *finding a time, to give losses their remedies?*—Curan had before mentioned to Edmund, the rumour of *wars toward*, between these dukes. This report had reached Cordelia, who, having also discovered the situation and fidelity of Kent, writes to inform him, that she should avail herself of the



Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!  
 [He sleeps.]

first opportunity which the enormities of the times might offer, of restoring him to her father's favour, and her father to his kingdom. [See Act III. sc. i. Act IV. sc. iii.] HENLEY.

In the old copies these words are printed in the same character as the rest of the speech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wishes for the rising of the sun, that he *may* read it. I suspect that two half lines have been lost between the words *state* and *seeking*. This *enormous state* means, I think, the confusion subsisting in the state, in consequence of the discord which had arisen between the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herself. He says in a subsequent scene,

“ — There is division,

“ Although as yet the face of it be cover'd

“ With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall.”

In the modern editions, after the words *under globe*, the following direction has been inserted: “*Looking up to the moon.*” Kent is surely here addressing, not the moon, but the sun, which he has mentioned in the preceding line, and for whose rising he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. He has just before said to Gloucester, “Give you *good morrow!*” The *comfortable* beams of the moon no poet, I believe, has mentioned. Those of the sun are again mentioned by Shakspeare in *Timon of Athens*:

“ Thou *sun*, that *comfort'st*, burn!” MALONE.

My reason for concurring with former editors in a supposition that the *moon*, not the *sun*, was meant by the *beacon*, arose from a consideration that the term, *beacon*, was more applicable to the *moon*, being, like that planet, only designed for night-service.

As to the epithet—*comfortable*, it suits with either luminary; for he who is compelled to travel, or sit abroad, in the night, must surely have derived *comfort* from the lustre of the *moon*.

The mention of the *sun* in the preceding proverbial sentence is quite accidental, and therefore ought not, in my opinion, to have weight on the present occasion.—By what is here urged, however, I do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Malone's opinion is indefensible. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E III.

*A Part of the Heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

EDG. I heard myself proclaim'd ;  
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,  
 Escap'd the hunt. No port is free ; no place,  
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
 Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,  
 I will preserve myself : and am bethought  
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with  
 filth ;  
 Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And with presented nakedness out-face  
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
 The country gives me proof and precedent  
 Of Bedlam beggars,<sup>5</sup> who, with roaring voices,

<sup>4</sup> — *elf all my hair in knots ;*] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — plats the manes of horses in the night,  
 “ And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,  
 “ Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Of Bedlam beggars,*] In *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abram-Man*. “ — he swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose : you see *pimes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms  
 Pins, wooden pricks,<sup>6</sup> nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,<sup>7</sup>  
 Poor pelting villages,<sup>8</sup> sheep-cotes, and mills,

*Poor Tom*, and coming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so fullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

Again, in *O per se O*, &c. *Being an Addition &c. to the Bell-man's Second Night-walke &c.*, 1612.

"Crackers tyed to a dogges tayle make not the poore curre runne faster, than these *Abram* ninnies doe the silly *villages* of the country, so that when they come to any doore a begging, nothing is denied them."

To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *wooden pricks*,] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Denill*, bl. l. no date. "I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to fet up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde." STEEVENS.

Steevens is right: the *enonymus*, of which the best skewers are made, is called *prick-wood*. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *low farms*,] The quartos read, *low service*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Poor pelting villages*,] *Pelting* is used by Shakspeare in the sense of beggarly: I suppose from *pel* a skin. The poor being generally cloathed in leather. WARBURTON.

*Pelting* is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakspeare uses it in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream* of *small brooks*. JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakspeare. So, in *King and no King*, Act IV:

"This *pelting*, prating peace is good for nothing."

*Spanish Curate*, Act II. sc. ult. ——"To learn the *pelting* law."  
 Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—"every *pelting* river."  
*Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. vii:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Sometime with lunatick bans,<sup>9</sup> sometime with  
 prayers,  
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor  
 Tom!<sup>2</sup>  
 That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.<sup>3</sup>  
 [Exit.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles:

“ We have had *pelting* wars since you refus'd  
 “ The Grecian cause.”

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be a *corruption of petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*: and if it comes from *pelt* a skin, as Dr. Warburton says, the poets have furnished *villages, peace, laws, rivers, officers of justice and wars*, all out of one wardrobe.

STEVENS.

See Vol. V., p. 42, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *lunatick bans*,] To *ban*, is to curse.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lyly:

“ Well, be as be may, is no *banning*.”

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“ Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth.”

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *poor Turlygood! poor Tom!*] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, a *fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretics*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. “ *Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu.*” Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads—*poor Turluru*. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political existence. JOHNSON.

The critick's idea is both too complex and too puerile for one in Edgar's situation. He is pursued, it seems, and proclaimed, i. e. a reward has been offered for taking or killing him. In assuming this character, says he, I may preserve myself; as Edgar I am inevitably gone. RITSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I may exist: appearing as Edgar, I am lost. MALONE.

## S C E N E IV.

*Before Gloster's Castle.*<sup>4</sup>*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*LEAR.* 'Tis strange, that they should so depart  
from home,  
And not send back my messenger.

*GENT.* As I learn'd,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

*KENT.* Hail to thee, noble master!

<sup>4</sup> *Before Gloster's castle.*] It is not very clearly discovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he sent a letter to Gloster; but no hint is given of its contents. He seems to have gone to visit Gloster while Cornwall and Regan might prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the earl of Gloucester's in consequence of his having been at the duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his son and daughter were gone to the earl of Gloucester's. His first words show this: "'Tis strange that they (Cornwall and Regan) should so depart from home, and not send back my messenger (Kent)." It is clear also from Kent's speech in this scene, that he went directly from Lear to the duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, instead of being sent back with any answer, was ordered to follow the duke and duchess to the earl of Gloucester's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent in the preceding act, scene v. *Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.*—The obvious meaning, and what will agree best with the course of the subsequent events, is, that the duke of Cornwall and his wife were then residing at Gloucester. Why Shakspeare should choose to suppose them at Gloucester, rather than at any other city, is a different question. Perhaps he might think, that Gloucester implied such a neighbourhood to the earl of Gloucester's castle, as his story required. TYRWHITT.

See p. 77, n. 6. MALONE.

LEAR. How!  
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT. No, my lord.<sup>5</sup>

FOOL. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!<sup>6</sup>  
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by  
the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the  
legs: when a man is over-lusty<sup>7</sup> at legs, then he  
wears wooden nether-stocks.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *he wears cruel garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Crewel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and it is used in that sense in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Act II:

“ For who that had but half his wits about him  
“ Would commit the counfel of a serious sin  
“ To such a *crewel* night-cap.” —

So again in the comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599:

“ — I'll warrant you, he'll have  
“ His *crnell* garters cros about the knee.”

So, in *The Bird in a cage*, 1633:

“ I speak the prologue to our silk and *crnel*  
“ Gentlemen in the hangings.”

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

“ Wearing of *silk*, why art thou still so *crnel*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *over-lusty* —] *Over-lusty* in this place has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ — upon pain of being plagued for their *lustynesi*.”

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ — she'll snarl and bite,  
“ And take up Nero for his *lustynesi*.”

Again, in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

“ Cassius' soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborne and *lustie* in the campe,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *then he wears wooden nether-stocks.*] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called “ men's *overstocks*,” as I learn from Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580:

It appears from the following passage in the second part of *The Map of Mock Beggar Hall*, &c. an ancient ballad, that the *stockings* were formerly sewed to the *breeches*:

LEAR. What's he, that hath so much thy place  
mistook  
To set thee here?

KENT. It is both he and she,  
Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No.

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No, I say.

KENT. I say, yea.

LEAR.<sup>9</sup> No, no; they would not.

KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear, ay.<sup>2</sup>

LEAR. They durst not do't;  
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than  
murder,  
To do upon respect such violent outrage:<sup>3</sup>

“ Their fathers went in homely frees,  
“ And good plain broad-cloth breeches;  
“ Their stockings with the same agrees,  
“ Sew'd on with good strong stiches.”

Stubbs, in his *Anatomic of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversitie of Nether-Stockes worn in England*, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

“ Thy upper-socks, be they stuf with filke or flocks,  
“ Never become thee like a nether paire of socks.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Lear*.] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.—I have left the rest as I found them, without any attempt at metrical division; being well convinced that, as they are collected from discordant copies, they were not all designed to be preserved, and therefore cannot, in our usual method, be arranged.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *By Juno, I swear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *To do upon respect such violent outrage:*] To violate the publick and venerable character of a messenger from the king. JOHNSON.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way  
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,  
Coming from us.

KENT. My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,  
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth  
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;  
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,<sup>4</sup>  
Which presently they read: on whose contents,  
They summon'd up their meiny,<sup>5</sup> straight took  
horse;

To do an outrage upon *respect*, does not, I believe, primarily mean, to behave outrageously to *persons* of a respectable character, (though that in substance is the sense of the words,) but rather, to be *grossly deficient in respect* to those who are entitled to it, considering *respect* as personified. So before in this scene:

" You shall do small *respect*, show too bold malice  
" Against the grace and person of my master,  
" Stocking his messengers." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,*] *Intermission*, for another message, which they had then before them, to consider of; called *intermission*, because it came between their leisure and the steward's message. WARBURTON.

*Spite of intermission* is *without pause, without suffering time to intervene*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" — gentle heaven,  
" Cut short all *intermission*," &c. STEEVENS.

*Spite of intermission*, perhaps means in spite of, or without regarding, that message which *intervened*, and which was entitled to precedent attention.

*Spite of intermission*, however,<sup>6</sup> may mean, in spite of being obliged to pause and take breath, after having *panted forth* the salutation from his mistress. In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 1604, *intermission* is defined, "*foreflowing, a pausing or breaking off.*" MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *They summon'd up their meiny,*] *Meiny*, i. e. people. POPP.

*Mesnie*, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr.  
So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606.



Commanded me to follow, and attend  
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:  
 And meeting here the other messenger,  
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,  
 (Being the very fellow that of late  
 Display'd so saucily against your highness,)  
 Having more man than wit about me, drew;<sup>6</sup>  
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:  
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
 The shame which here it suffers.

“ ——— if she, or her sad *meiny*,  
 “ Be towards sleep, I'll wake them.”

Again, in the bl. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date:

“ Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,  
 “ And of all the *meiny* that was there.”

Again:

“ Here cometh the king of Israel,  
 “ With a fayre *meinye*.” STEEVENS.

Though the word *meiny* be now obsolete, the word *menial*, which is derived from it, is still in use. On *whose* contents, means the contents of which. M. MASON.

*Menial* is by some derived from servants being *intra moenia* or domesticks. An etymology favoured by the Roman termination of the word. *Many*, in Kent's sense, for *train* or *retinue* was used so late as Dryden's time:

“ The *many* rend the skies with loud applause.”

*Ode on Alexander's Feast.*

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> *Having more man than wit about me, drew;*] The personal pronoun which is found in a preceding line, is understood before the word *having*. The same license is taken by our poet in other places. See Act IV. sc. ii. “ —and amongst them *fell'd* him dead;” where *they* is understood. So, in Vol. XI. p. 40:

“ ——— which if granted,  
 “ As he made semblance of his duty, *would*  
 “ Have put his knife into him.”

where *be* is understood before *would*. See also *Hamlet*, Act II. sc. ii. “ —whereat griev'd,—*sends* out arrests.”—The modern editors, following Sir Thomas Hanmer, read—I drew. MALONE.

*FOOL.* Winter's not gone yet,<sup>7</sup> if the wild geefe fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,  
Do make their children blind;  
But fathers, that bear bags,  
Shall see their children kind.  
Fortune, that arrant whore,  
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours<sup>8</sup> for thy daughters,<sup>9</sup> as thou can't tell in a year.

*LEAR.* O, how this mother<sup>2</sup> swells up toward my heart!

<sup>7</sup> *Winter's not gone yet, &c.*] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. JOHNSON.

This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *dolours*—] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*.  
HANMER.

The same quibble had occurred in *The Tempest*, and in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *for thy daughters,*] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the first part of the sentence *dolours* is understood in its true sense; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. The modern editors have adopted an alteration made by Mr. Theobald, — *from* instead of *for*; and following the second folio, read—*thy dear daughters*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *O, how this mother &c.*] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harfnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes, p. 263, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. "The disease, I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*; wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce; whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . .

*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing sorrow,  
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir, here within.

LEAR. Follow me not;  
Stay here. [Exit.

GENT. Made you no more offence than what you  
speak of?

KENT. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for  
that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant,<sup>3</sup> to

When I was sicke of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctor of physick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis*. It riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakspeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Motber*, if this passage in Harfnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted. PERCY.

In p. 25 of the above pamphlet it is said "Ma: Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica passio*, as seems, from his youth, he himselfe termes it the *Motber*." RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *We'll set thee to school to an ant, &c.*] "Go to the ant, thou fluggard, (says Solomon,) learn her ways, and be wise; which having no guide, over-seer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

By this allusion more is meant than is expressed. If, says the Fool, you had been school'd by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived; and desert him, whose "mellow hangings" have been shaken down, and who by "one winter's bruh" has been left "open and bare for every storm that blows."

MALONE.

teach thee there's no labouring in the winter: All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking.<sup>4</sup> Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, left it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wife man gives thee ' better counsel, give

<sup>4</sup> *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking.* The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason supposes we should read *sinking*. What the Fool, says he, wants to describe is, the sagacity of mankind, in finding out the man whose fortunes are declining. REED.

*Stinking* is the true reading. See a passage from *All's well that ends well* which I had quoted, before I was aware that it had likewise been selected by Mr. Malone, for the same purpose of illustration, in the following note. Mr. M. Mason's conjecture, however, may be countenanced by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
“ And *sinks* most lamentably.” STEEVENS.

Mankind, says the Fool, may be divided into those who can see and those who are blind. All men, but blind men, though they follow their noses, are led by their eyes; and this class of mankind, *seeing* the king ruined, have all deserted him: with respect to the other class, the blind, who have nothing but their noses to guide them, they also fly equally from a king whose fortunes are declining; for of the noses of twenty blind men there is not one but can smell him, who “ *being muddy'd in fortune's mood, smells somewhat strongly of her displeasure.*” You need not therefore be surpris'd at Lear's coming with so small a train.

The quartos read—among a *hundred*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *When a wife man gives thee &c.*] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense,—“ I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.”

WARBURTON.

me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, 'fir, which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack, when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.  
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,  
And let<sup>6</sup> the wife man fly:  
The knave turns fool, that runs away;  
The fool no knave, perdy.

*KENT.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*FOOL.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.*

*LEAR.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick?  
they are weary?  
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;<sup>7</sup>  
The images of revolt and flying off!  
Fetch me a better answer.

*GLO.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the duke;

<sup>6</sup> *But I will tarry; the fool will stay,*  
*And let &c.]* I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read:

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,  
And let the wife man fly;  
The fool turns knave, that runs away;  
The knave no fool,——

That I stay with the king is a proof that I am a fool; the wife men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no folly. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Mere fetches;]* Though this line is now defective, perhaps it originally stood thus:

*Mere fetches all;—* STEEVENS.

How unremoveable and fix'd he is  
In his own course.

*LEAR.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—  
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,  
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

*GLO.* Well, my good lord,<sup>6</sup> I have inform'd them  
so.

*LEAR.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand  
me, man?

*GLO.* Ay, my good lord.

*LEAR.* The king would speak with Cornwall;  
the dear father  
Would with his daughter speak, commands her ser-  
vice:

Are they inform'd of this?<sup>7</sup>—My breath and  
blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that<sup>8</sup>—  
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well;  
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,  
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;  
And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore  
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Glo. Well, &c.*] This, with the following speech, is omitted  
in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Are they inform'd of this?*] This line is not in the quartos.

<sup>8</sup> — *Tell the hot duke, that —*] The quartos read—*Tell the  
hot duke, that Lear—* MALONE.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *This act persuades me,*] As the measure is here defective,  
perhaps our author wrote:

— *This act almost persuades me,*— STEEVENS,

That this remotion<sup>2</sup> of the duke and her  
 Is practice only.<sup>3</sup> Give me my servant forth :  
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,  
 Now, presently : bid them come forth and hear me,  
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,  
 Till it cry, *Sleep to death*.<sup>4</sup>

GLO. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

LEAR. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,  
 down.

FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney<sup>5</sup> did to

<sup>2</sup> — *this remotion* —] From their own house to that of the  
 earl of Gloster. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Is practice only.*] *Practice* is in Shakspeare, and other old  
 writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Till it cry, Sleep to death.*] This, as it stands, appears to be  
 a mere nonsensical rhapsody :—Perhaps we should read—*Death to*  
*sleep* instead of *Sleep to death*. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — *the cockney* —] It is not easy to determine the exact  
 power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Can-*  
*terbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally  
 borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of *The*  
*Tournament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second  
 volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a cook :

“ At that feast were they served in rich array ;

“ Every five and five had a cokeney.”

i. e. a cook, or scullion, to attend them.

Shakspeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown say,  
 “ I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a cockney.”  
 In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which  
 it bears at present ; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reve's Tale*,  
 ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning :

“ And when this jape is told another day,

“ I shall be halden a daffe or a cokenay.”

Meres likewise in the second part of his *Wit's Commonwealth*,  
 1598, observes, that “ many cockney and wanton women are often  
 sick, but in faith they cannot tell where.” *Declar*, also, in his  
*Newes from Hell*, &c. 1606, has the following passage, “ 'Tis  
 not their fault, but our mother's, our cockering mothers, who for  
 their labour made us to be called cockneys.” See the notes on the

the eels, when she put them i' the paste<sup>6</sup> alive;  
she rapp'd 'em ' o' the coxcombs with a stick, and  
cry'd, *Down, wantons, down*: 'Twas her brother,  
that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his  
hay.

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORN. Hail to your grace!

[KENT *is set at liberty.*]

REG. I am glad to see your highness.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what  
reason

*Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Vol. IV. p. 253. where the reader  
will meet with more information on this subject. STEEVENS.

*Cockney*, as Dr. Percy imagines, cannot be a cook or scullion,  
but is some dish which I am unable to ascertain. My authority is  
the following epigram from Davies:

“ He that comes every day, shall have a *cock-nay*,  
“ And he that comes but now and then, shall have a fat hen.”

Ep. on Eng. Prov. 179.  
WHALLEY.

Mr. Malone expresses his doubt whether *cockney* means a *scullion*,  
&c. in *The Tournament of Tottenham*; and to the lines already quoted  
from J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, adds the two next:

“ But cocks that to hens come but now and then,  
“ Shall have a *cock-nay*, not the fat hen.”

I have been lately informed by an old lady that, during her child-  
hood, she remembers having eaten a kind of fugar pellets called at  
that time *cockneys*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *the eels, when she put them i' the paste* — ] Hinting  
that the eel and Loar are in the same danger. JOHNSON.

This reference is not sufficiently explained. — The *paste*, or *crust*  
of a *pie*, in Shakespeare's time, was called a *coffin*. HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> — *she rapp'd 'em* — ] So the quartos. The folio reads —  
she *knapt* 'em. MALONE.

*Rapp'd* must be the true reading, as the only sense of the verb —  
to *knapt*, is to *snap*, or *break asunder*. STEEVENS.



I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,  
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulch'ring<sup>8</sup> an adu'trefs.—O, are you free?

[to KENT.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,  
Thy sifter's naught: O Regan, she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,<sup>9</sup>—  
[points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,  
Of how deprav'd a quality<sup>2</sup>—O Regan!

REG. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,  
You less know how to value her desert,  
Than she to scant her duty.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Sepulch'ring* —] This word is accented in the same manner  
by *Fairfax and Milton*:

“As if his work should his *sepulcher* be,” C. i. st. 25.

“And so *sepulcher'd* in such pomp dost lie.”

*Milton on Shakspeare*, line xv. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *she hath tied*

*Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,*] Alluding to the  
fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *Of how deprav'd a quality* —] Thus the quarto. The folio  
reads:

*With how deprav'd a quality* — JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Than she to scant her duty.*] The word *scant* is directly con-  
trary to the sense intended. The quarto reads:

— *slack* her duty,

which is no better. May we not change it thus:

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to *scan* her duty.

To *scan* may be to *measure* or *proportion*. Yet our author uses  
his negatives with such licentiousness, that it is hardly safe to  
make any alteration.—*Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to *fit*, to *propor-  
tion*; which sense seems still to be retained in the mechanical term  
*scantling*. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had proposed this change of *scant* into *scan*;  
but surely no alteration is necessary. The other reading—*slack*,  
would answer as well. You less know how to value her desert,  
than she (knows) to *scant* her duty, i. e. than she can be capable of

LEAR.

Say,<sup>4</sup> how is that?

being wanting in her duty. I have at least given the *intended* meaning of the passage. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare without doubt intended to make Regan say, *I have hope that the fact will rather turn out, that you know not how to appreciate her merit, than that she knows how to scant, or be deficient in, her duty.* But that he has expressed this sentiment inaccurately, will, I think, clearly appear from inverting the sentence, without changing a word. "I have hope (says Regan) that she knows *more* [or *better*] how to scant her duty, than you know how to value her desert,"—i. e. I have hope, that she is *more perfect*, more an adept, (if the expression may be allowed) in the *non-performance* of her duty, that you are perfect, or accurate, in the estimation of her merit.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the same kind:

" — I ne'er heard yet,  
 " That any of these bolder vices *wanted*  
 " *Leis* impudence to gain say what they did,  
 " Than to perform it first."

where, as Dr. Johnson has justly observed, "*wanted* should be *bad*, or *leis* should be *more*."—Again, in *Cymbeline*: "—be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *leis* quality." Here also *leis* should certainly be *more*.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" Who *cannot want* the thought how monstrous  
 " It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
 " To kill the gracious Duncan?"

Here unquestionably for *cannot* the poet should have written *can*, See also Vol. XII. p. 628, n. 9.

If Lear is *leis* knowing in the valuation of Goneril's desert, than she is in her scanting of her duty, then she knows *better* how to *scant* or be deficient in her duty, than he knows how to appreciate her desert. Will any one maintain, that Regan meant to express a hope that this would prove the case?

Shakspeare perplexed himself by placing the word *leis* before *know*; for if he had written, "I have hope that you rather know how to make her *desert leis* than it is, (to under-rate it in your estimation) than that she at all knows how to scant her duty," all would have been clear; but, by placing *leis* before *know*, this meaning is destroyed.

Those who imagine that this passage is accurately expressed as it now stands, deceive themselves by this fallacy: in paraphrasing it,

REG. I cannot think, my sifter in the least  
 Would fail her obligation: If, fir, perchance,  
 She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,  
 As clears her from all blame.

LEAR. My curses on her!

REG. O, fir, you are old;  
 Nature in you stands on the very verge  
 Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led  
 By some discretion, that discerns your state  
 Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,  
 That to our sifter you do make return;  
 Say, you have wrong'd her, fir.

LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?  
 Do you but mark how this becomes the house:<sup>5</sup>

they always take the word *less* out of its place, and connect it, or some other synonymous word, with the word *desert*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Say, &c.*] This, as well as the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Do you but mark how this becomes the house?*] The order of families, duties of relation. WARBURTON.

In *The Tempest* we have again nearly the same sentiment:

“ But O how oddly will it found that I

“ Must ask my child forgiveness?” MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following passage in *Milton on Divorce*, B. II. ch. xii. “ — the restraint whereof, who is not too thick-sighted, may see how hurtful, how destructive, it is to *the house*, the church, and commonwealth!”

TOLLET.

The old reading may likewise receive additional support from the following passage in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

“ Come up to supper; it will *become the house* wonderfull well.”

Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with the following extract from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. II. which has much the same expression, and explains it. “ They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *house*. The *house* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary:*<sup>4</sup> *on my knees I beg,* [kneeling.  
*That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.*

REG. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly  
tricks:  
Return you to my sifter.

LEAR. Never, Regan:  
She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me;<sup>5</sup> struck me with her  
tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,  
You taking airs, with lameness!

CORN.

Fie, fie, fie!

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*:—"The gentleman's wife one day could not refrain (beholding a stagges head set up in the gentleman's house) from breaking into a laughter before his face, saying how that head *became the house* very well."

HENDERSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Age is unnecessary*:] i. e. Old age has few wants. JOHNSON.

This usage of the word *unnecessary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who seems to have designed to say no more than that it seems *unnecessary* to children that the lives of their parents *should be prolonged*. *Age is unnecessary*, may mean, *old people are useless*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

"—your laws extend not to desert,

"But to *unnecessary* years; and, my lord,

"His are not such." STEEVENS.

*Unnecessary* in Lear's speech, I believe, means—in want of necessities, unable to procure them. TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> Look'd black upon me;] To look black, may easily be explain'd to look cloudy or gloomy. See Milton:

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell

"Grew darker at their frown."— JOHNSON.

So, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 1157: "—The bishops threat repined, and looked black." TOLLET.

LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
 Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,  
 To fall and blast her pride!<sup>6</sup>

REG. O the blest gods!  
 So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.<sup>7</sup>

LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my  
 curse;  
 Thy tender-hefted nature<sup>8</sup> shall not give

<sup>6</sup> *To fall and blast her pride!*] Thus the quarto: The folio reads not so well, *to fall and blister*. JOHNSON.

*Fall* is, I think, used here as an active verb, signifying to humble or pull down. *Ye fen-suck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the sun, infect her beauty, so as to fall and blast, i. e. humble and destroy, her pride.* Shakspeare in other places uses *fall* in an active sense. So, in *Othello*:

“ Each drop she *falls* will prove a crocodile.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — make him *fall*

“ His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.”

In the old play of *King Leir* our poet found,

“ I ever thought that *pride* would have a *fall*.”

MALONE.

I see no occasion for supposing with Malone, that the word *fall* is to be considered in an active sense, as signifying to humble or pull down; it appears to me to be used in this passage in its common acceptation; and that the plain meaning is this, “ You fen suck'd fogs, drawn up by the sun in order to fall down again and blast her pride.” M. MASON.

I once proposed the same explanation to Dr. Johnson, but he would not receive it. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *when the rash mood's on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only, — *when the rash mood* — perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished, as indeed I should wish it to be left, rather than countenance the admission of a line so inharmonious as that in the text. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thy tender-hefted nature* —] *Hefsted* seems to mean the same as *beaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be

Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but  
thine

Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,<sup>2</sup>  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

REG.

Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*]

grammatically accounted for. Shakspeare uses *bests* for *beavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Both the quartos however read, "tender-*bested* nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle dispositions. *Hest* is an old word signifying command. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Must yield to *best* of others that be free."

*Hested* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— to *scant my sizes*,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. JOHNSON.

A *fixer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

*Sizes* are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in publick societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*:

"You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *fixeth* the devil's butteries."

"Fidlers, set it on my head; I use to *fixe* my musick, or go on the score for it." *Return from Parnassus*.

*Size* sometimes means *company*. So, in *Cintbia's Revenge*, 1613:

"He now attended with a barbal *fixe*

"Of sober statesmen," &c.

I suppose a *barbal fixe* is a *bearded company*. STEEVENS.

See a *fixe* in Minthew's *Dictionary*. TOLLET.

LEAR. Who put my man i' the stocks?

CORN. What trumpet's that?

*Enter Steward.*

REG. I know't, my fister's:<sup>2</sup> this approves her letter,  
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride  
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—  
Out, varlet, from my sight!

CORN. What means your grace?

LEAR. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have  
good hope  
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O  
heavens,

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Corn. *What trumpet's that?*

Reg. I know't, *my fister's*:] Thus, in *Othello*:  
"The Moor,—*I know his trumpet.*"

It should seem from both these passages, and others that might be quoted, that the approach of great personages was announced by some distinguishing note or tune appropriately used by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the present sound; but to Regan, who had often heard her fister's trumpet, the first flourish of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,*] Mr. Upton has proved by irresistible authority, that to *allow* signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my  
part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand? [to GON.]

GON. Why not by the hand, fir? How have I  
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,<sup>4</sup>  
And dotage terms so.

LEAR. O, fides, you are too tough!  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the  
stocks?

CORN. I set him there, fir: but his own disor-  
ders

Deferv'd much less advancement.<sup>5</sup>

which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not re-  
collecting the scripture expression, *The Lord alloweth the righteous*,  
Psalm, xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: “— she  
*allows* of thee for love, not for lust.” Again, in his *Farewell to  
Follie*, 1617: “I *allow* those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which  
begin,” &c. Again, Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*,  
concerning the reception with which the death of Cæsar met:  
“they neither greatly reprov'd, nor *allowed* the fact.” Dr.  
Warburton might have found the emendation which he proposed,  
in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was first published in  
1687. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *that indiscretion finds,*] *Finds* is here used in the same  
sense as when a jury is said to *find* a bill, to which it is an allusion.  
Our author again uses the same word in the same sense in *Hamlet*,  
Act V. sc. i:

“Why, 'tis *found* so.” EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French use their  
word *trouver* in the same sense; and we still say I *find* time tedious,  
or I *find* company troublesome, without thinking on a jury.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *much less advancement.*] The word *advancement* is ironi-  
cally used for *conspicuousness* of punishment; as we now say, *a man  
is advanced to the pillory*. We should read:



LEAR. You! did you?

REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.<sup>6</sup>  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!<sup>7</sup>—Return with her?  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life<sup>8</sup> afoot:—Return with her?

— but his own disorders

Deserv'd much *more* advancement. JOHNSON.

By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful  
situation; a situation not so reputable. PERCY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had entitled  
him even to a post of less honour than the stocks. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.*] The meaning is,  
since you are weak, be content to think yourself weak. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose*

*To wage against the enmity o' the air;*

*To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—*

Necessity's sharp pinch!] *To wage* is often used absolutely  
without the word *war* after it, and yet signifies *to make war*, as  
before in this play:

My life I never held but as a pawn

To wage against thine enemies.

The words—*necessity's sharp pinch!* appear to be the reflection of  
Lear on the wretched sort of existence he had described in the  
preceding lines. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *base life* —] i. e. In a *servile* state. JOHNSON.

Perfuate me rather to be flave and fumpter<sup>9</sup>  
To this detefted groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

GON. At your choice, fir.

LEAR. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me  
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more fee one another:—  
But yet thou art my flefh,<sup>2</sup> my blood, my daughter;  
Or, rather, a difeafe that's in my flefh,  
Which I muft needs call mine: thou art a boil,<sup>3</sup>  
A plague-fore, an emboffed carbuncle,<sup>4</sup>  
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;  
Let fhame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer fhoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:

<sup>9</sup> — and fumpter —] *Sumpter* is a horfe that carries neceffaries on a journey, though fometimes ufed for the cafe to carry them in.—See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Seward's edit. Vol. viii. note 35; and *Cupid's Revenge*:

“ — I'll have a horfe to leap thee,

“ And thy bafe iffue fhall carry *fumpters*.”

Again, in Webfter's *Dutchefs of Malfy*, 1623,

“ He is indeed a guarded *fumpter-cloth*,

“ Only for the remove o' the court.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *But yet thou art my flefh, &c.*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“ God knows, thou art a *collop of my flefh*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *thou art a boil, &c.*] The word in the old copies is written *byle*, and all the modern editors have too ftrictly followed them. The miftake arofe from the word *boil* being often pronounced as if written *bile*. In the folio, we find in *Coriolanus* the fame falfe fpelling as here:

“ — *Byles* [boils] and plagues

“ Plafter you o'er!” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — emboffed *carbuncle*,] *Emboffed* is *fwelling, protuberant*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ Whom once a day with his *emboffed* froth

“ The turbulent furge fhall cover.” STEEVENS.

Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:  
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I, and my hundred knights.

*REG.* Not altogether so, fir;  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome: Give ear, fir, to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does.

*LEAR.* Is this well spoke now?

*REG.* I dare avouch it, fir: What, fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one  
house,

Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

*GON.* Why might not you, my lord, receive at-  
tendance  
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

*REG.* Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd  
to slack you,  
We could control them: If you will come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you  
To bring but five and twenty; to no more  
Will I give place, or notice.

*LEAR.* I gave you all—

*REG.* And in good time you gave it.

*LEAR.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries;  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number: What, must I come to you  
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

*REG.* And speak it again, my lord; no more with  
me.

LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-  
favour'd,  
When others are more wicked;<sup>5</sup> not being the  
worst,  
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;  
[To GONERIL.  
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

GON. Hear me, my lord;  
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

REG. What need one?

LEAR. O, reason not the need: our basest beg-  
gars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true  
need,—

<sup>5</sup> *Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,  
When others are more wicked;]* A similar thought occurs in  
*Cymbeline*, Act V:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ it is I  
“ That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,  
“ By being worse than they.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ Then thou look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
“ Thy favour's good enough.” MALONE.

This passage, I think, should be pointed thus:

*Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,  
When others are more wicked; not being the worst  
Stands in some rank of praise.—*  
That is, *To be not the worst* deserves some praise. TYRWHITT.

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!<sup>6</sup>

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,<sup>7</sup>  
 As full of grief as age; wretched in both!  
 If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
 Against their father, fool me not so much  
 To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!  
 O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
 Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,  
 I will have such revenges on you both,  
 That all the world shall—I will do such things,—  
 What they are, yet I know not;<sup>8</sup> but they shall be  
 The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;  
 No, I'll not weep:—  
 I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— patience, patience *I need!*] I believe the word *patience* was repeated inadvertently by the compositor. MALONE.

The compositor has repeated the wrong word. Read:

You heavens, give me that patience *that* I need.

Or, still better, perhaps:

You heavens, give me patience!—that I need. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *poor old man,*] The quarto has, *poor old fellow.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *I will do such things,—*

*What they are, yet I know not;*]

——— magnum est quodcunque paravi,

Quid sit, adhuc dubito. *Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.*

——— haud quid sit scio,

Sed grande quiddam est. *Senecæ Thyestes.*

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations. STEEVENS.

Evidently from Golding's translation, 1567:

“ The thing that I do purpose on is great, whater it is

“ I know not what it may be yet.” RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *into a hundred thousand flaws,*] A *flaw* signifying a crack or other similar imperfection, our author, with his accustomed

Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

CORN. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

REG. This house  
Is little; the old man and his people cannot  
Be well bestow'd.

GON. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put  
Himself from rest,<sup>2</sup> and must needs taste his folly.

REG. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.

GON. So am I purpos'd.  
Where is my lord of Gloster?

*Re-enter* GLOSTER.

CORN. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is re-  
turn'd.

GLO. The king is in high rage.

CORN. Whither is he going?<sup>3</sup>

GLO. He calls to horse;<sup>3</sup> but will I know not  
whither.

CORN. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him-  
self.

license, uses the word here for a *small broken particle*. So again,  
in the fifth act:

“ ——— But his *flaw'd* heart

“ Burst smilingly.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— he *batb* put

*Himself from rest,*] The personal pronoun was supplied by Sir  
Thomas Hanmer. *He batb* was formerly contracted thus; *H'atb*;  
and hence perhaps the mistake. The same error has, I think, hap-  
pened in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. IV. p. 214, n. 3.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Corn. *Whither is he going?*

Glo, *He calls to horse;*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLO. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak  
winds

Do forely ruffle;<sup>4</sup> for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

REG. O, fir, to wilful men,  
The injuries, that they themselves procure,  
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;  
He is attended with a desperate train;  
And what they may incense him to,<sup>5</sup> being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

CORN. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild  
night;  
My Regan counfels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Do forely ruffle;*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Do  
forely *ruffel*, i. e. *ruffle*. STEEVENS.

*Ruffle* is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler*, in our author's  
time, was a noisy, boisterous, fwaggerer. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — incense *him to,*] To *incense* is here, as in other places, to  
instigate. MALONE.

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*A Heath.*

*A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

KENT. Who's here, beside foul weather?

GENY. One minded like the weather, most un-quietly.

KENT. I know you; Where's the king?

GENY. Contending with the fretful element:<sup>6</sup>  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,<sup>7</sup>  
That things might change, or cease: tears his  
white hair;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *the fretful element:*] i. e. the air. Thus the quartos; for which the editor of the folio substituted *elements*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Or *swell the curled waters 'bove the main,*] The *main* seems to signify here the *main land, the continent*. So, in *Bacon's War with Spain*: "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land. STEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——— The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this *solid globe*."

The *main* is again used for *the land*, in *Hamlet*:

"Goes it against *the main* of Poland, fir?" MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *tears his white hair;*] The six following verses were



Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
 Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:  
 Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
 The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.<sup>9</sup>  
 This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would  
 couch,<sup>2</sup>

omitted in all the late editions; I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakspeare's. POPE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease*, and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn*

*The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.*] Thus the old copies. But I suspect we should read—*out-storm*: i. e. as Nestor expresses it in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

“ *Returns* to chiding fortune:”

i. e. makes a return to it, gives it as good as it brings, *confronts it with self-comparisons*.

Again, in *King Lear*, Act V:

“ Myself could else *out-frown* false fortune's *frown*.”

Again, in *King Jobn*:

“ Threaten the threatner, and *out-face* the brow

“ Of bragging horror.”

Again, (and more decisively) in *The Lover's Complaint*, attributed to our author:

“ *Storming* her world with sorrow's wind and rain.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whose dens are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, “ that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night.”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare has the same image in *As you like it*:

“ A lionsess, *with udders all drawn dry*,

“ Lay couching —.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“ Food to the *suck'd and hungry lionsess*.” STEEVENS.

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.<sup>3</sup>

KENT. But who is with him?

GENY. None but the fool; who labours to out-  
jest

His heart-struck injuries.

KENT. Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,<sup>4</sup>  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-  
wall;

Who have (as who have not,<sup>5</sup> that their great stars  
Thron'd and fet high?) servants, who seem no less;  
Which are to France the spies and speculations  
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *And bids what will take all.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Enobarbus says

“ I'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — upon the warrant of my art,] Thus the quartos. The folio—“ my note.”—“ The warrant of my art” seems to mean—on the strength of my skill in physiognomy. STEEVENS.

— upon the warrant of my art,] On the strength of that art or skill, which teaches us “ to find *the mind's construction in the face.*” The passage in *Macbeth* from which I have drawn this paraphrase, in which the word *art* is again employed in the same sense, confirms the reading of the quartos. The folio reads—upon the warrant of my note: i. e. says Dr. Johnson, “ my observation of your character.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Who have (as who have not,*] The eight subsequent verses were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be understood; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion: nor without them is the sense of the context complete. THEOBALD.

The quartos omit these lines. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — what hath been seen,] What follows, are the circum-

Either in snuffs and packings<sup>7</sup> of the dukes;  
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;<sup>8</sup>—  
 [But, true it is,<sup>9</sup> from France there comes a power  
 Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
 In some of our best ports,<sup>2</sup> and are at point

stances in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Either in snuffs and packings* —] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

So, in *Henry IV.* P. I: "Took it in *snuff*;" and in *King Edward III.* 1599:

"This *packing* evil, we both shall tremble for it."

Again, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

"With two gods *packing* one woman filly to cozen."

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has "*pack'd* cards with Cæsar." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — are but furnishings;] *Furnishings* are what we now call colours, external pretences. JOHNSON.

A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to Greene's *Greatworth of Wit*, 1621: "To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But, true it is, &c.*] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, which seem necessary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in Act IV. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> — from France there comes a power

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports,] This speech as it now stands is col-

lected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines inclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the

To show their open banner.—Now to you :  
 If on my credit you dare build so far  
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
 Some that will thank you, making just report  
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
 The king hath cause to plain.  
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding ;  
 And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer  
 This office to you.]

KENT. I will talk further with you.

KENT. No, do not.  
 For confirmation that I am much more  
 Than my out wall, open this purse, and take  
 What it contains : If you shall see Cordelia,

second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakspeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene. *Scattered* means *divided, unsettled, disjointed*.

JOHNSON.

— have secret feet

*In some of our best parts,]* One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer) reads *secret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot*, i. e. footing. So, in a following scene:

— what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late *footed* in the kingdom? STEVENS.

These lines, as has been observed, are not in the folio. Quarto A reads—*secret fee*; quarto B—*secret feet*. I have adopted the latter reading, which I suppose was used in the sense of *secret footing*, and is strongly confirmed by a passage in this act: "These injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a *power* already *footed*: we must incline to the king." Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" — Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,

" We have a *power* on *foot*." MALONE.

(As fear not but you shall,<sup>3</sup>) show her this ring;  
 And she will tell you who your fellow is  
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
 I will go seek the king.

*GENT.* Give me your hand: Have you no more  
 to say?

*KENT.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all  
 yet;  
 That, when we have found the king, (in which  
 your pain  
 That way; I'll this;) he that first<sup>4</sup> lights on him,  
 Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

<sup>3</sup> (*As fear not but you shall,*) Thus quarto B and the folio.  
 Quarto A—*As doubt not but you shall.* MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the king, (in which your pain,  
 That way; I'll this;) be that first &c.*] Thus the folio. The  
 late reading:

— for which you take  
 That way, I this, —  
 was not genuine. The quartos read:  
 That when we have found the king,  
 He this way, you that, he that first lights  
 On him, hollow the other. STEEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*Another part of the beatb. Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

LEAR. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!<sup>5</sup>  
 rage! blow!  
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the  
 cocks!  
 You sulphurous and-thought-executing<sup>6</sup> fires,  
 Vaunt couriers<sup>7</sup> to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,

<sup>5</sup> *Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks!*] Thus the quartos. The folio has—*winds*. The poet, as Mr. M. Mason has observed in a note on *The Tempest*, was here thinking of the common representation of the winds, which he might have found in many books of his own time. So again, as the same gentleman has observed, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
 Outswell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon.”

We find the same allusion in Kempe's *Nine daies wonder*, &c. quarto, 1600: “ —he *swells* presently, like one of the four winds.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *thought-executing* —] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Vaunt couriers* —] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakspeare's time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

—“ as soon as the first *vancurrier* encountered him face to face.”

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

“ Might to my death, but the *vaunt-courier* prove.”

Again, in *Darius*, 1603:

“ Th' *avant-couriers*, that came for to examine.”

STEEVENS.

Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat<sup>8</sup> the thick rotundity o' the world!  
 Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,<sup>9</sup>  
 That make ingrateful man!

*FOOL.* O nuncle, court holy-water<sup>2</sup> in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's a night pities neither wife men nor fools.

*LEAR.* Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!

In *The Tempest* "Jove's lightnings" are termed more familiarly,  
 "——— the *precursors*

"O' the dreadful thunder-claps—." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Strike *flat* &c.] The quarto reads,—*Smite flat.* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,*] Crack nature's mould, and spill all the *seeds of matter*, that are hoarded within it. Our author not only uses the same thought again, but the word that ascertains my explication, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

"And mar the *seeds* within." THEOBALD.

So, again in *Macbeth*:

"——— and the sum

"Of nature's *germens* tumble altogether." STEEVENS.

—— spill at once,] To *spill* is to destroy. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 67:

"So as I shall myself *spill*." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— court holy-water —] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase. *Eau benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambraud's Dictionary*.

The same phrase also occurs in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595:

"The great good turnes in *court* that thousands felt,

"Is turn'd to cleer faire *bolie water* there" &c.

STEEVENS.

Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, defines *Eau benite de cour*, "*court bolie water*; compliments, faire words, flattering speeches," &c. See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Mantellizare*, To flatter, to claw,—to give one *court bolie-water*." MALONE.

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :  
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,  
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
 You owe me no subscription ;<sup>4</sup> why then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :—  
 But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
 Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul !<sup>5</sup>

*FOOL.* He that has a house to put his head in,  
 has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will bouse,  
 Before the head has any,  
 The head and he shall louse ;—  
 So beggars marry many.<sup>6</sup>  
 The man that makes his toe  
 What he his heart should make,  
 Shall of a corn cry woe,<sup>7</sup>  
 And turn his sleep to wake.*

<sup>4</sup> *You owe me no subscription ;]* Subscription for obedience,

WARBURTON.

See p. 35, n. 3. MALONE.

So, in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 17 : " I tell yee besides this he is an obstinat wilfull fellow, for since this idolatrous adoration given to him here by men, he has kept the scepter in his owne hand and commands every man : which rebellious man now seeing (or rather indeed too obedient to him) inclines to all his hefts, yields no subscription, nor will he be commanded by any other power," &c. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — 'tis foul !] Shameful ; dishonourable. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON.

Rather, " So many beggars marry ;" meaning, that they marry in the manner he has described, before they have houses to put their heads in. M. MASON.



—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glafs.

*Enter KENT.*

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will fay nothing.<sup>8</sup>

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wife man, and a fool.<sup>9</sup>

KENT. Alas, fir, are you here? <sup>7</sup> things that love night,  
Love not fuch nights as thefe; the wrathful skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — cry woe,] i. e. be grieved, or pained. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ You live, that fhall cry woe for this hereafter.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will fay nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, fpeaking of *Leir*:

“ But he, the myrrour of mild patience,

“ Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wife man, and a fool.] In Shakspeare's time “ the king's grace” was the ufual expref-  
fion. In the latter phrafe, the fpeaker perhaps alludes to an old  
notion concerning fools. See Vol. XI. p. 191, n. 4. MALONE.

Alluding perhaps to the faying of a contemporary wit; that there  
is no difcretion below the girdle. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — are you here?] The quartos read—fit you here?

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ —'ftonifh'd as night-wanderers are.” MALONE.

Gallow, a weft-country word, fignifies to fcare or frighten.

WARBURTON.

So, the Somerfetshire proverb: “ The dunder do gally the beans.” Beans are vulgarly fupposed to fhoot up fafter after  
thunder-ftorms. STEEVENS.

And make them keep their caves: Since I was  
 man,  
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
 Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot  
 carry  
 The affliction, nor the fear.<sup>4</sup>

*LEAR.* Let the great gods,  
 That keep this dreadful pother<sup>5</sup> o'er our heads,  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
 Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody  
 hand;  
 Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue  
 That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
 That under covert and convenient seeming<sup>6</sup>  
 Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up  
 guilts,  
 Rive your concealing continents,<sup>7</sup> and cry

<sup>4</sup> — *fear.*] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *this dreadful pother* —] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading of the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ ——— slain out with their meat, and kept a pudder.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *That under covert and convenient seeming* —] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance* such as may promote his purpose to destroy.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *concealing continents,*] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Heart, once be stronger than thy continent !”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the XIIth Book of Homer's *Odyssy*:

These dreadful summoners grace.<sup>8</sup>—I am a man,<sup>9</sup>  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

KENT. Alack, bare-headed!<sup>3</sup>  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tem-  
pest;  
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,  
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Deny'd me to come in,) return, and force  
Their scant'd courtesy.

" I told our pilot that past other men  
" He most must bear firm spirits, since he sway'd  
" The continent that all our spirits convey'd," &c.

The quartos read, *concealed centers.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and cry

[*These dreadful summoners grace.*] *Summoners* are here the officers  
that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. See Chaucer's  
*Sompnour's Tale*, v. 625—670. Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. I.

STEEVENS.

I find the same expression in a treatise published long before this  
play was written: "—they seem to brag most of the strange events  
which follow for the most part after blazing starres, as if they  
were the *summoners* of God to call princes to the seat of judgment."  
*Defensative against the poison of supposed prophecies*, 1581. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, represents himself in  
the same light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

τοῦ ἄρχου μου

Πεποιθὸς εἶμι μὲλλον ἢ δειδρακότα. TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old  
king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded  
Shakspeare's, is founded on an historical fact. Lear, says Geoffrey  
of Monmouth, "when he betook himself to his youngest daughter  
in Gaul, waited before the city where she resided, while he sent a  
messenger to inform her of the misery he was fallen into, and to  
desire her relief to a father that suffered both hunger and nakedness.  
Cordella was startled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with  
tears asked him, how many men her father had with him. The  
messenger answered he had none but *one man*, who had been his  
armour-bearer, and was staying with him without the town."

MALONE.

LEAR. — My wits begin to turn.—  
 Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?  
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?  
 The art of our necessities is strange,  
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your  
 hovel,  
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart<sup>9</sup>  
 That's sorry yet for thee.<sup>3</sup>

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—  
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,<sup>3</sup>—  
 Must make content with his fortunes fit ;  
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

LEAR. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to  
 this hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.<sup>4</sup>  
 —I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;  
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;  
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;<sup>5</sup>  
 No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors :<sup>6</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *one part in my heart* —] Some editions read :

— *thing* in my heart ;

from which Hamner, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made  
*string*, very unnecessarily ; but the copies have *part*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *That's sorry yet &c.*] The old quartos read :

That *sorrow* yet for thee. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *a little tiny wit,—*

*With heigh, ho, &c.*] See song in Vol. IV. p. 171. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *This is a brave night &c.*] This speech is not in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;*] i. e. invent fashions for  
 them. WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors :*] The disease to which

When every case in law is right ;  
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;  
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;  
 Nor cutpurfes come not to throngs ;  
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;  
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;—  
 Then shall the realm of Albion  
 Come to great confusion.<sup>7</sup>  
 Then comes the time,<sup>8</sup> who lives to see 't,  
 That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before  
 his time. [Exit.

*wenches' suitors* are particularly exposed, was called in Shakspeare's time the *breuning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Isaiah*, iii. 24: " — and *burning* instead of beauty." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Then shall the realm of Albion*

*Come to great confusion.*] These lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1580, quotes them as follows :

" When faith fails in priestes laws,  
 " And lords hests are holden for laws,  
 " And robbery is tane for purchase,  
 " And letchery for solace,

" *Then shall the realm of Albion*  
 " *Be brought to great confusion.*" STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Then comes the time, &c.*] This couplet Dr. Warburton transposed, and placed after the fourth line of this prophecy. The four lines, "*When priests,*" &c. according to his notion, are " a satirical description of the *present manners*, as *future*;" and the six lines from "*When every case—to churches build,*" " a satirical description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening." His conception of the first four lines is, I think, just : but instead of his far-fetched conceit relative to the other six lines, I should rather call them an *ironical*, as the preceding are a satirical, description of the time in which our poet lived. The transposition recommended by this critick and adopted in the late editions, is in my opinion as unnecessary, as it is unwarrantable. MALONE.

## S C E N E III.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*GLO.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*EDM.* Most savage, and unnatural!

*GLO.* Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

*EDM.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too:—  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
That which my father loses; no less than all:  
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

## SCENE IV.

*A part of the beat, with a bowel.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,  
enter:  
The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. *[Storm still.*

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?<sup>9</sup>

KENT. I'd rather break mine own: Good my  
lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this con-  
tentious storm  
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt.<sup>2</sup> Thou'dst shun a bear:

<sup>9</sup> *Wilt break my heart?*] I believe that Lear does not address this question to Kent, but to his own bosom. Perhaps therefore we should point the passage thus:

*Wilt break, my heart?*

The tenderness of Kent indeed induces him to reply, as to an interrogation that seemed to reflect on his own humanity.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt.*] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I.  
c. vi:

“ He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief.”

STEEVENS.

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the  
     mind's free,  
 The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
 Save what beats there.—Ffilial ingratitude!  
 Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
 For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—  
 No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
 To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:<sup>3</sup>—  
 In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—  
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,<sup>4</sup>—  
 O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
 No more of that,—

*KENT.* Good my lord, enter here.

*LEAR.* Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own  
     ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
 On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:

<sup>2</sup> — raging sea,] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—roaring sea. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — In such a night  
 To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,] Old copies:  
 Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—

STEEVENS.

I have already observed that the words, *father*, *brother*, *rather*, and many of a similar sound, were sometimes used by Shakespeare as monosyllables. The editor of the folio, supposing the metre to be defective, omitted the word *you*, which is found in the quartos.

MALONE.

That our author's versification, to modern ears, (I mean to such as have been tuned by the melody of an exact writer like Mr. Pope) may occasionally appear overloaded with syllables, I cannot deny; but when I am told that he used the words—*father*, *brother*, and *rather*, as monosyllables, I must withhold my assent in the most decided manner. STEEVENS.



In, boy; go first.<sup>5</sup>—[*to the Fool.*] You houseless  
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—  
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wherefoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness,<sup>6</sup> defend you

<sup>5</sup> *In, boy; go first. &c.*] These two lines were added in the author's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *loop'd and window'd raggedness,*] So, in *The Amorous War*, 1648:

“ ——— spare me a doublet which

“ Hath linings in't, and no glass windows.”

This allusion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whose plays it is found.

Again, in the comedy already quoted:

“ ——— this jerkin

“ Is wholly made of doors.” STEEVENS.

*Loop'd* is full of small apertures, such as were made in ancient castles, for firing ordnance, or spying the enemy. These were wider without than within, and were called *loops* or *loop-holes*: which Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders by the word *fenestella*.

MALONE.

*Loops*, as Mr. Henley observes, particularly in castles and towers, were often designed “ for the admission of light, where windows would have been incommodious.” Shakspeare, he adds, “ in *Othello*, and other places, has alluded to them.”

To discharge *ordnance*, however, from *loop-holes*, according to Mr. Malone's supposition, was, I believe, never attempted, because almost impossible; although such outlets were sufficiently adapted to the use of arrows. Many also of these *loops*, still existing, were contrived before fire arms had been introduced. STEEVENS.

Mr. Warton, in his excellent edition of Milton's *Juvenile Poems*, (p. 511) quotes the foregoing line as explanatory of a passage in that poet's verses in *Quintum Novembris*:

“ *Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.*

“ *Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo*

“ *Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,*”——

But from the succeeding in *Buchanan's Franciscanus & Fratres*,

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
 Too little care of this! Take physick, pomp;  
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
 That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
 And show the heavens more just.<sup>7</sup>

EDG. [*within.*] Fathom<sup>8</sup> and half, fathom and  
 half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the bovel.*

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.  
 Help me, help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor  
 Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there  
 i' the straw?  
 Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.*

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
 Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—

these shoes or buskins with *windows on them* appear to have com-  
 posed a part of the habit of the Franciscan order:

“*Atque fenestratum soleas captare cotburnum.*”

The Parish Clerk in *Chaucer*, (*Cant. Tales*, v. 3318. edit. 1775.)  
 has “*Paulis windows corven on his shoos.*” HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> — Take physick, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.] A kindred thought occurs in  
*Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

“O let those cities that of plenty's cup

And her prosperities so largely taste,

With their superfluous riots,—hear these tears;

“The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Fathom &c.*] This speech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos.  
 He gives the sign used by those who are founding the depth at  
 sea. STEEVENS.

Humph! go to thy cold bed,<sup>9</sup> and warm thee.

LEAR. Haft thou given all to thy two daughters?<sup>2</sup>  
And art thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,<sup>3</sup> through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Humph! go to thy cold bed, &c.*] So, in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, Sly says, "go to thy cold bed and warm thee." A ridicule, I suppose, on some passage in a play as absurd as *The Spanish Tragedy*. STEEVENS.

This line is a sneer on the following one spoken by Hieronimo in *The Spanish Tragedy*, Act II:

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,"

WHALLEY.

*Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee,*] Thus the quartos. The editor of the folio 1623, I suppose, thinking the passage nonsense, omitted the word *cold*. This is not the only instance of unwarrantable alterations made even in that valuable copy. That the quartos are right, appears from the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, where the same words occur. See Vol. VI. p. 388, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Haft thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didst thou give all to thy daughters?* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *led through fire and through flame,*] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *laid knives under his pillow,*] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harfenet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV. sc. i.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:

"Swords, poisons, halts, and envenom'd steel,

"Are laid before me to dispatch myself." STEEVENS.

The passage in Harfenet's book which Shakspeare had in view, is this:

and halters in his pew; set ratbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! 5

“ This Exam. further sayth, that one Alexander, an apothecarie, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the same upon the gallerie floore, in her maisters house.—A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither,—till Ma. Mainy in his next fit said, it was reported that the *devil* layd them in the gallerie, that *some of those that were possessed, might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades.*”

The kind of temptation which the fiend is described as holding out to the unfortunate, might also have been suggested by the story of Cordila, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1575, where DESPAIRE visits her in prison, and shows her various instruments by which she may rid herself of life:

“ And there withall she spred her garments lap assyde,  
 “ Under the which a thousand things I sawe with eyes;  
 “ Both knives, sharpe swords, poynadoes all bedyde  
 “ With bloud, and poysons prest, which she could well  
 devise.” MALONE.

5 — *Bless thy five wits!*] So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Five Elements*, one of the characters is *Sensual Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience:

“ I am callyd sensual apetyte,  
 “ All creatures in me delyte,  
 “ I comferte the *wyttys five*;  
 “ The tastyng smelling and herynge  
 “ I refreshe the fyghte and felynge  
 “ To all creaturs alyve.”

Sig. B. iij. PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

“ *Every man*, thou art made, thou hast thy *wyttis five.*”

Again, in *Hycke Scorne*:

“ I have spent amys my *wittes.*”

Again, in *The Interlude of the Four Elements*, by John Rastell, 1519:

“ Brute bestis have memory and their *wyttis five.*”

Again, in the first book of Gower *De Confessione Amantis*:

“ As touchende of my *wittes five.*” STEEVENS.

Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!<sup>6</sup> Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

LEAR. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—  
Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—  
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.<sup>7</sup>

Shakspeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet seems to have considered the *five wits*, as distinct from *the senses*:

“ But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses* can  
“ Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *taking!*] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence:

“ — strike her young bones,  
“ Ye *taking* airs, with lameness!” JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, second part:

EDG. Pillicock fat<sup>8</sup> on pillicock's-hill;—  
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us all to fools  
and madmen.

EDG. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy  
parents; keep thy word justly;<sup>9</sup> swear not; com-  
mit not<sup>2</sup> with man's sworn spouse; set not thy  
sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been?

EDG. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind;  
that curl'd my hair;<sup>3</sup> wore gloves in my cap,<sup>4</sup>

“ Shall a filly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young  
ones? the *pelican* does it, and shall not I?”

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ The *pelican* loves not her young so well

“ That digs upon her breast a hundred springs.”

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Pillicock *fat* &c.] I once thought this a word of Shakespeare's  
formation; but the reader may find it explained in Minshew's *Dict.*  
p. 365, Article, 3299-2.—*Killico* is one of the devils mentioned  
in Harfenet's *Declaration*. The folio reads—Pillicock-hill. I  
have followed the quartos. MALONE.

The inquisitive reader may also find an explanation of this word  
in a note annexed to Sir Thomas Urquart's translation of *Rabelais*,  
Vol. I. B. I. ch. ii. p. 184, edit. 1750. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — keep thy word justly;] Both the quartos, and the folio,  
have *words*. The correction was made in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — commit not &c.] The word *commit* is used in this sense by  
Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

“ His weight is deadly who *commits* with strumpets.”

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair; &c.]  
“ Then Ma. Mainy, by the instigation of the first of the seven  
[*spirits*], began to set his hands unto his side, curled his hair, and  
used such gestures, as Ma. Edmunds [the exorcist] presently affirm-  
ed that that spirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curse and  
banne, saying, What a poxe do I here? I will stay no longer amongst  
a company of rascal priests, but goe to the court, and brave it

ferred the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear,<sup>5</sup> bloody of

amongst my fellows, the noblemen there assembled." Harfnet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603.

"—shortly after they [the seven spirits] were all cast forth, and in such manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil should depart in some certaine forme representing either a beast or some other creature, that had the resemblance of that sinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the spirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock; the spirit of *sloth* in the likenes of an asse; the spirit of envie in the similitude of a dog; the spirit of *gluttony* in the forme of a *wolfe*, and the other devils had also in their departure their particular likenesses agreeable to their natures." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — [*wore gloves in my cap*,] i. e. His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So, in the play called *Campaspe*: "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, *gloves* *worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven helmets."

WARBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he *will pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca says to Sir Quintilian, in *Decker's Satyromastix*:

"— Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch:" and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"— he that first presents me with his head,  
" Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will wear for his sake: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier. STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — [*light of ear*,] *Credulous of evil*; ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness,<sup>6</sup> dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,<sup>7</sup> thy pen from lenders' books,<sup>8</sup> and defy the foul fiend.—

<sup>6</sup> — [*Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, &c.*] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainz in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainz by gestures acted that particular sin; curling his hair to show *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring for *lust*, &c.—Harfnet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — [*thy hand out of plackets,*] It appeareth from the following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a silly comedy, that *placket* doth not signify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: “—between which is discovered the *open part* which is now called the *placket*.” Bayly in his *Dictionary*, giveth the same account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath some deeper meaning in *The Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus saith—“You might have pinch'd a *placket*, it was senseless:”—and, now I bethink me, sir Thomas Urquart, knight, in his translation of that wicked varlet Rabelais, styleth the instrument wherewith Garagantua played at carnal tennis, his “*placket-racket*.” See that work, Vol. I. p. 184, edit. 1750.

Impartiality nevertheless compelleth me to observe, that Master Coles in his *Dictionary* hath rendered *placket* by *sinus muliebris*; and a pleasant commentator who signeth himself T. C. hath also produced instances in favour of that signification; for, saith he,—but hear we his own words:

“Peradventure a *placket* signified neither a petticoat nor any part of one; but a *stomacher*.” See the word *Torace* in Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. “The breast or bulke of a man.—Also a *placket* or *stomacher*.”—The word seems to be used in the same sense in *The Wandering Whores*, &c. a comedy, 1663: “If I meet a cull in Morefields, I can give him leave to dive in my *placket*.”

So that, after all, this matter is enwrapped in much and painful uncertainty. AMNER.

<sup>8</sup> — [*thy pen from lenders' books,*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:



Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind:  
Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy,  
my boy, seffa; let him trot by.<sup>9</sup> [*Storm continues.*]

“ If I but write my name in mercers’ books,

“ I am as sure to have at six months end

“ A rascal at my elbow with his mace;” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, seffa; let him trot by.] The quartos read—the cold wind; hay, no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, cease, let him trot by. The folio:—the cold wind: sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy Sessy, let him trot by. The text is formed from the two copies. I have printed *Sessa*, instead of *Sessy*, because the same cant word occurs in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*: “ Therefore, pauca pallabris; let the world slide: *Sessa*. MALONE.

*Hey no nonny* is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (said to be written by Shakspeare in conjunction with Fletcher) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophelia’s* songs.—

*Dolphin, my boy, my boy,*

*Cease, let him trot by;*

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin* (so called and spelt at those times) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore as different champions are supposed to cross the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced.

*Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.*

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me.—As for the words, *says suum, mun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compositors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more

*LEAR.* Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.<sup>9</sup>—  
[tearing off his clothes.]

*FOOL.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.<sup>2</sup>—Now a little fire in a

of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense.

*STEEVENS.*

*Cokes* cries out in *Bartholomew Fair*:

“ God's my life!—He shall be *Dauphin my boy!*”

*FARMER.*

It is observable that the two songs to which Mr. Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no nonny*, are both sung by girls distracted from disappointed love. The meaning of the burden may be inferred from what follows: Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593, 410:

“ Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing vaine,

“ And doth but heare this scurrill minftralcy,

“ These *nonnos* of filthie ribauldry,

“ That doth not muse.”

Again, in White's *Wit of a Woman*:

“ —these dauncers sometimes do teach them trickes above trenchmore, yea and sometimes such lavoltas, that they mount so high, that you may see their *bey nony, nony, nony, no.*” *HENLEY.*

<sup>9</sup> *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads: *Come on, be true.* *STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> — *a naughty night to swim in.*] So Tuffer, chap. 42, fol. 93.

“ Ground grauellie, fandie, and mixed with claie,

“ Is *naughtie* for hops anie manner of waie.”

*Naughtie* signifies *bad, unfit, improper.* This epithet which, as it stands here, excites a smile, in the age of Shakspeare was employed on serious occasions. The merriment of the fool therefore depended on his general image, and not on the quaintness of its auxiliary. *STEEVENS.*

wild field were like an old lecher's heart;<sup>3</sup> a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

EDG. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:<sup>4</sup> he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock;<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — an old lecher's heart;] This image appears to have been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Humorous Lieutenant*:

“ — an old man's loose desire  
 “ Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at;  
 “ Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,  
 “ And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.”

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — Flibbertigibbet:] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him; and Heywood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibbet*:

“ Thou Flebergibbet, Flebergibbet, thou wretch!  
 “ Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch?  
 “ Leave that word, or I'll baste thee with a libet;  
 “ Of all words I hate words that end with gibbet,”

STEVENS.

“ Frateretto, Fliberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice . . . . These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse.” *Harfnet*, p. 49. PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> — he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock:] It is an old tradition that spirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the close of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the first cock-crowing. Hence in *The Tempest* they are said to “rejoice to hear the solemn curfew.” See *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. i:

“ — and at his [the cock's] warning,  
 “ Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 “ The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
 “ To his confine.”

Again, sc. v:

“ I am thy father's spirit,  
 “ Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,  
 “ And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,—” MALONE.

See Vol. III. p. 36, n. 4. STEVENS.

he gives the web and the pin,<sup>6</sup> squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;  
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;  
Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — [*web and the pin,*] Diseases of the eye. JOHNSON,

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609. One of the characters is giving a ludicrous description of a lady's face, and when he comes to her eyes he says, "a *pin and web* argent, in hair du roy." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;  
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;  
Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!* We should read it thus:  
Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,  
He met the night-mare, and her name told,  
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,  
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right,

i. e. Saint Withold traversing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epialtes. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. *Bedlams*, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders, and addressed to various saints. We have another of them in the *Monsieur Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a *night-spell*, and is in these words:

"Saint George, Saint George, our lady's knight,  
"He walks by day, so he does by night;  
"And when he had her found,  
"He her beat and her bound;  
"Until to him her troth she plight,  
"She would not stir from him that night." WARBURTON,

KENT. How fares your grace?

This is likewise one of the "magical cures" for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. STEEVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. "Swithalde footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* seems to be put (for the sake of the rhyme) instead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legend of St. Vitalis, who, I suppose, is here called St. Withold.

TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King Jobn*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So, in *The Coventry Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii. p. 23. Herod says to one of his officers:

"Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,  
"And wyfely behold all abowte," &c.

Dr. Hill's reading, the *cold*, (mentioned in the next note,) is the reading of Mr. Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681.

Lest the reader should suppose the compound—night-mare, has any reference to *horse-flesh*, it may be observed that *maria*, Saxon, signifies an *incubus*. STEEVENS.

It is pleasant to see the various readings of this passage. In a book called the *Ænor*, which has been ascribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted "Swithin footed thrice the *cold*." Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*,

"Swithin footed thrice the *world*."

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds*: in fact it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds*: the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles*: and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles*,

He met the night-mare, and her nine *foals*, &c.

FARMER.

I was surpris'd to see in the *Appendix* to the last edition of Shakspeare, [i. e. that of 1773] that my reading of this passage was "Swithin footed thrice the *world*." I have ever been averse to capricious variations of the old text; and, in the present instance,

*Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.*

LEAR. What's he?

KENT. Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLO. What are you there? Your names?

EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog,  
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the wa-  
ter;<sup>8</sup> that in the fury of his heart, when the foul  
fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallers; swallows  
the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green  
mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from

the rhyme, as well as the sense, would have induced me to abide  
by it. *World* was merely an error of the press. *Wold* is a word  
still in use in the North of England; signifying a kind of down  
near the sea. A large tract of country in the East-Riding of York-  
shire is called the *Wolds*. COLMAN.

Both the quartos and the folio have *old*, not *olds*. *Old* was merely  
the word *wold* misspelled, from following the sound. There are a  
hundred instances of the same kind in the old copies of these plays.

For what purpose the Incubus is enjoined to *plight her troth*, will  
appear from a passage in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584;  
which Shakspeare appears to have had in view: "—howbeit,  
there are magical cures for it, [the *night-mare* or *incubus*,] as for  
example:

" S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,

" He walk'd by daie, so did he by night,

" Until such time as he hir found:

" He hir beat and he hir bound,

" Until hir troth she to him plight

" She would not come to hir [r. *him*] that night."

Her *nine fold* are her *nine familiars*. *Avoine thee!* [*Dii te aver-*  
*rucent!*] has been already explained in Vol. VII. p. 342, n. 4.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — [*the walk-newt, and the water;*] i. e. the water-newt.  
This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. "He was a wise  
man and a merry," was the common language. So Falstaff says to  
Shallow, "he is your serving-man, and your husband," i. e. hus-  
band-man. MALONE.

tything to tything,<sup>9</sup> and stock'd, punish'd, and  
imprison'd;<sup>2</sup> who hath had three suits to his back,  
six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon  
to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.<sup>3</sup>*

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace,<sup>4</sup>  
thou fiend!

GLO. What, hath your grace no better company?<sup>5</sup>

EDG. The prince of darknes is a gentleman;<sup>6</sup>  
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *whipp'd from tything to tything.*] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of *Queen Elizabeth* and *James I.* against rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39 Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c. shall be publickly *whipped and sent* from parish to parish. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd;*] So the folio. The quartos read perhaps rightly: — *and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd,* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*] This distich is part of a description given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

“ Rattes and myce and such smal dere  
“ Was his meate that seven yere.” Sig. F. iij. PERCY.

<sup>4</sup> — *Peace, Smolkin; peace,*] “ The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these: *Hilco, Smolkin, Hillio,*” &c. Harfnet, p. 49. PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> *The prince of darknes is a gentleman;*] This is spoken in repentment of what Gloster had just said—“ Has your grace no better company?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The prince of darknes is a gentleman;  
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] So, in Harfnet's *Declaration*, *Mabo* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested

GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,  
That it doth hate what gets it.

EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLO. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer<sup>7</sup>  
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:  
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;  
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,  
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR. First let me talk with this philosopher:—  
What is the cause of thunder?

KENT. Good my lord, take his offer;  
Go into the house.

LEAR. I'll talk a word with this same learned  
Theban:<sup>8</sup>—  
What is your study?

by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes: "Furthermore it is pretended, . . . that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu*;" he is elsewhere called, "the prince *Modu*:" so, p. 269, "When the said priests had dispatched their business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee, upon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* . . . out mee." STEEVENS.

In *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced which concludes with these two lines:

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

"Mahu, Mahu is his name."

I am inclined to think this catch not to be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's speech. REED.

<sup>7</sup> — cannot suffer —] i. e. my duty will not suffer me &c.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — learned Theban:] Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage. STEEVENS.



EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

LEAR. Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,

His wits begin to unfettle.<sup>9</sup>

GLO. Can'st thou blame him? His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life, But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,— No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*]

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!

I do beseech your grace,—

LEAR.

O, cry you mercy,

<sup>9</sup> *His wits begin to unfettle.*] On this occasion, I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, [now Lord Orford] inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that when "*Belvidera* talks of

"*Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,*— she is not mad, but high-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet."

Noble philosopher, your company.

*EDG.* Tom's a-cold.

*GLO.* In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

*LEAR.* Come, let's in all.

*KENT.* This way, my lord.

*LEAR.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

*KENT.* Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

*GLO.* Take him you on.

*KENT.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*LEAR.* Come, good Athenian.

*GLO.* No words, no words:  
Hush.

*EDG.* *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*<sup>a</sup>  
*His word was still,—Fie, fob, and fum,*  
*I smell the blood of a British man.* [Exit.

<sup>a</sup> *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old historical songs and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in *The Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. f. iv. v. 97, where in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines:

“ The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his steed;

“ Syr Cawline bold abode:

“ Then either shook his trusty spear,

“ And the timber these two *children* bare

“ So soon in funder flode.”

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child waters*, *child Maurice*, (Vol. III. f. xx.) &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser's Faery Queen*, where the famous knight sir Tristram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V. c. ii. ft. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. ft. 36. *ibid.* c. viii. ft. 15. PERCY.

## S C E N E V.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

**CORN.** I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize*, refer also to this:

“ ——— a mere hobby-horse

“ She made the *Child Rowland*.”

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1598, part of these lines repeated by Edgar is quoted:

“ ——— a pedant, who will find matter enough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

“ Fy, fa, fum,

“ I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

Both the quartos read:

——— to the dark town come. STEEVENS.

*Child* is a common term in our old metrical romances and ballads; and is generally, if not always, applied to the hero or principal personage, who is sometimes a *knight*, and sometimes a *thief*. *Syr Tryamour* is repeatedly so called both before and after his knight-hood. I think, however, that this line is part of a translation of some Spanish, or perhaps, French, ballad. But the two following lines evidently belong to a different subject: I find them in the Second part of *Jack and the Giants*, which, if not as old as Shakespeare's time, may have been compiled from something that was so: They are uttered by a giant:

“ Fee, saw, fum,

“ I smell the blood of an Englishman;

“ Be he alive, or be he dead,

“ I'll grind his bones to make me bread.”

*English* is here judiciously changed to *British*, because the characters are *Britons*, and the scene is laid long before the English had any thing to do with this country. Our author is not so attentive to propriety on every occasion. RITSON.

*EDM.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*CORN.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit,<sup>3</sup> set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

*EDM.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*CORN.* Go with me to the dukes.

*EDM.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*CORN.* True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*EDM.* [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting<sup>4</sup> the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will

<sup>3</sup> ——— [*but a provoking merit,*] *Provoking*, here means *stimulating*; a merit he felt in himself, which irritated him against a father that had none. M. MASON.

Cornwall, I suppose, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloster, provoked or instigated Edgar to seek his father's death. Dr. Warburton conceived that the merit spoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this consistent with the rest of the sentence? MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*comforting* ———] He uses the word in the juridical sense for *supporting*, *helping*, according to its derivation; *salvia confortat nervos.*—*Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

Johnson refines too much on this passage; *comforting* means merely giving *comfort* or *assistance*. So Gloster says in the beginning of the next scene:

“ ——— I will piece out the *comfort* with what addition I can.”

M. MASON.

persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be fore between that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E VI.

*A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.*

GLO. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness! [*Exit GLOSTER.*

EDG. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler<sup>5</sup> in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent,<sup>6</sup> and beware the foul fiend.

<sup>5</sup> Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler &c.] See p. 165, n. 4.

Mr. Upton observes that Rabelais, B. II. c. xxx. says that Nero was a fidler in hell, and Trajan an angler.

Nero is introduced in the present play above 800 years before he was born. MALONE.

The *History of Gargantua* had appeared in English before 1575, being mentioned in Langham's *Letter*, printed in that year.

RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — Pray, innocent,] Perhaps he is here addressing the Fool. Fools were anciently called *Innocents*. So, in *Al's well that ends well*: “ — the Sheriff's Fool—a dumb *innocent*, that could not say him nay.” See Vol. VI. p. 327, n. 8.

*FOOL.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me,<sup>7</sup> whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

*LEAR.* A king, a king!

*FOOL.*<sup>8</sup> No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*LEAR.* To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hissing in upon them:—

*EDG.*<sup>9</sup> The foul fiend bites my back.

*FOOL.* He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,<sup>2</sup> a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Again, in "The Whipper of the Satyre his pennance in a white Sheete," &c. 1601:

"A gentleman that had a wayward *foole*,  
"To passe the time, would needes at push-pin play;  
"And playing false, doth stirre the wav'ring stoole;  
"The *innocent* had spi'd him, and cri'd stay," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me,] And before in the same Act, sc. iii:—"Cry to it, *nuncle*." Why does the Fool call the old king, *nuncle*? But we have the same appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

"Farewell, *nuncle*,—" Act IV. sc. i.

And in the next scene, alluding to Shakspeare:

"What mops and mowes it makes." WHALLEY.

See Mr. Vaillant's very decisive remark on this appellation, p. 56, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Fool.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Edg.*] This and the next thirteen speeches (which Dr. Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — a horse's health,] Without doubt we should read—*beels*, i. e. to stand behind him. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is here speaking not of things maliciously treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

*Beels* is certainly right. "Trust not a horse's beel, nor a dog's

LEAR. It shall be done, I will arraign them  
straight :—  
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;<sup>3</sup>—  
[To EDGAR.  
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now,  
you the foxes !—  
EDG. Look, where he stands and glares !—Want-  
est thou eyes<sup>4</sup> at trial, madam ?<sup>5</sup>

tooth," is a proverb in Ray's collection ; as ancient at least as the  
time of our Edward II :

*Et ideo Babio in comædiis insinuat, dicens ;*

*In fide, dente, pede, mulieris, equi, canis, est fraus.*

*Hoc sic vulgariter est dici :*

" Till horsis fote thou never traift,

" Till hondis toth, no womans faith."

*Forduni Scotichronicon, l. XIV. c. xxxii.*

That in the text is probably from the *Italian*. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> — *most learned justicer;—*] The old copies read—*justice*.  
The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Wantest &c.*] I am not confident that I understand the mean-  
ing of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look where he*  
*stands and glares!* he seems to be speaking in the character of a  
mad man, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial,*  
*madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary  
Goneril, or some other abandon'd female, and may signify, *Do*  
*you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of*  
*justice?* Mr. Seward proposes to read, *wanton'st* instead of *wantest*.

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *at trial, madam?*] It may be observed that Edgar, being sup-  
posed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge  
of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues  
his own train of delirious or fantastick thought. To these words,  
*At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should  
be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture.

JOHNSON.

*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me :<sup>3</sup>—*  
**FOOL.** *Her boat bath a leak,*  
*And she must not speak*  
*Why she dares not come over to thee.*

<sup>3</sup> *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me :*] Both the quartos and the folio have—*o'er the broome*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read :

Come o'er the *brook*, Bessy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very mery and pythic commedie, called, The longer thou livest, the more Foole thou art, &c.* Imprinted at London by Wylliam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth *Moras*, counterfaiting a vaine gesture and foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;" and among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption :

"Com over the *boorne* Bessé,

"My little pretie Bessé,

"Com over the *boorne*, Bessé, to me."

This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A *boorn* in the north signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Sherburn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following instances, at once confirm the justness of Dr. Johnson's remark, and support the reading.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1 :

"The *boorns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vi :

"My little boat can safely passe this perilous *bourne*."

Shakspeare himself, in *The Tempest*, appears to have discriminated *boorn* from *bound of land* in general :

"*Bourne*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none."

Again, in *The Vision of Pierce Plowman*, line 8 :

"Under a brode banke by *bourne* syde."

To this I may add, that *boorn*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be spelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. STEEVENS.

There is a peculiar propriety in this address, that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems,



**EDG.** The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.<sup>6</sup> *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly<sup>7</sup> for two white herring.<sup>8</sup> Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

**KENT.** How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:  
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

usually travelled together. The author of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars, idle rogues, and counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates:

- " Another sort there is among you; they
- " Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique
- " They knew not what they did, but every day
- " Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique;
- " Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme;
- " One calls herself poor *Beffe*, the other *Tom*."

The old song of which Mr. Steevens has given a part, consisted of nine lines, but they are not worth insertion. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— [*in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harfnet's book, (p. 225.) says, that the mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night called, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakspeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale*.

PERCY.

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly* ———] In Harfnet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacs) deposes, " — that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . and that the wind was the devil." And, " as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly* . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. STEEVENS.

" One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said *croaking in her belly*, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake *with the voice of a toad*." *Ibidem*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*white herring.*] *White herrings* are pickled herrings. See *The Northumberland Household Book*, p. 8. STEEVENS.

LEAR. I'll see their trial first :—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ;—

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To EDGAR.  
Bench by his side :—You are of the commission,  
Sit you too. [To KENT.

EDG. Let us deal justly.

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepheard?<sup>9</sup>  
Thy sheep be in the corn ;  
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,  
Thy sheep shall take no harm.*

Pur!<sup>a</sup> the cat is grey.

LEAR. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

<sup>9</sup> *Sleepest, or wakest &c.*] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou or wakest?* Yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. JOHNSON.

*Minikin* was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the interlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, "What *mynikin* carnal concupiscence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome."

In *The Interlude of the Four Elements, &c.* printed by Rastell, 1519, *Ignorance* sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakspeare may have designed a parody :

"Sleepyft thou, wakyft thou, Geffery Coke."

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Pur!*] This may be only an imitation of the noise made by a cat. *Purre* is, however, one of the devils mentioned in Harfnet's book, p. 50. MALONE.

*FOOL.* Come hither, mistress; Is your name  
Goneril?

*LEAR.* She cannot deny it.

*FOOL.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-  
fool.<sup>3</sup>

*LEAR.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks  
proclaim  
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!  
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!  
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*EDG.* Bless thy five wits!

*KENT.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,  
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*EDG.* My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

*LEAR.* The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at  
me.<sup>4</sup>

*EDG.* Tom will throw his head at them:—A-  
vaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,<sup>5</sup>  
Tooth that poisons if it bite;

<sup>3</sup> *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint fool.*] This is a proverbial expression which occurs likewise in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *see, they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumstance might have been taken from the pretended madness of one of the brothers in the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

“ Here's an old mastiff bitch stands barking at me,” &c.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Be thy mouth or black or white,*] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine.

STEEVENS.

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,  
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;<sup>6</sup>  
Or bobtail tike,<sup>7</sup> or trundle-tail;<sup>8</sup>  
Tom will make them<sup>9</sup> weep and wail:

<sup>6</sup> — *brach or lym*; &c.] Names of particular sorts of dogs.  
POP E.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartolomeu Fair*, Quarlous says,—“all the *lime*-bounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent.”—A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or *leash* in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.—So, in the book of *Antient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, “*canes domini regis lesor*,” are translated “*Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a leash, or liam.*”

Again, in *The Muses Elysium*, by Drayton:

“My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam*'s ty'd.”

Again:

“My *bound* then in my *lyam*,” &c.

Among the presents sent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, “A cupple of *lyme*-boundes of singular qualities.”

Again, in Massinger's *Bastful Lover*:

“—smell out

“Her footing like a *lime*-bound.”

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to *The Return from Par-nassus*, p. 237, says, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes, and that the female of it is called a *brache*: and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton; printed by Raftell, no date, is the following line:

“Here is a *leyshe* of *ratches* to renne an hare.”

STEVENS.

What is here said of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, p. 14, where the sleuthound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches*; and Ulitius upon Gratius observes, “*Rachæ* Saxonibus canem significabat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis est *Brache*.” TOLLET.

— *brache, or lym*; &c.] The old copies have—*brache* or *hym*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. A *brache* signified a particular kind of hound, and also a bitch. A *lym* or *lyme*, was a blood-hound. See Minshew's Dict. in v. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *bobtail tike*.] *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog:

“Are Mr. Robinson's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanion?”

*Witches of Lancaster*, 1634. STEVENS.

For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de; de de. Seffa. Come,<sup>1</sup> march to wakes and

<sup>1</sup> ——— *trundle-tail*;] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

“ ——— your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs.”

Again, in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

“ ——— dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*,” &c. STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Tom will make them* —] Thus the quartos. Folio—will make him. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Do de, de de. Seffa. Come, &c.*] The quartos read—*loudla, doudla, come, &c.* The folio as in the text, except that the word *Seffa* is spelt *sefe*. See p. 163, n. 9. MALONE.

Here is *seffey* again, which I take to be the French word *cesser* pronounced *cessy*, which was, I suppose, like some others in common use among us. It is an interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. It seems to have been gradually corrupted into, *so, so*. JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *sefe*. It is difficult in this place to say what is meant by it. It should be remembered, that just before, Edgar had been calling on *Bessy* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Seffy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impossible but that this may be a part of some old song, and originally stood thus:

Siffy, come march to wakes,

And fairs, and market towns.—

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date:

“ To make *Siffe* in love withal.”

Again:

“ My heart's deare blood, sweet *Siffe* is my carouse.”

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

“ Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.”

STEVENS.

Dr. Johnson is surely right, in supposing that *seffy* is a corruption of *cesser*, be quiet, stop, hold, let alone. It is so used by Christoforo Sly, the drunken Tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and by Edgar himself in a preceding scene—“ Dolphin, my boy, *Seffy*; let him trot by.”—But it does not seem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *so, so*. RITSON.

fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.<sup>3</sup>

*LEAR.* Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire;<sup>4</sup> but let them be changed. [To EDGAR.

*KENT.* Now, good my lord, lie here,<sup>5</sup> and rest a-while.

<sup>3</sup> — *thy horn is dry.*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *O per se O*, 4to. 1612. He is speaking of beggars. “The second begins:—what will you give *poore Tom* now? one pound of your sheepes feathers to make *poore Tom* a *blanket*, or one cutting of your Sow side &c. to make *poore Tom* a *sharing borne* &c.—give *poore Tom* an old sheete to keepe him from the cold” &c. Sig. M. 3.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, however, appears to be a proverbial expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said all he had to say. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a phrase current in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words *aside*. Being quite weary of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, “—I can no more: all my materials for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted; *my horn is dry*: i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, “—I cannot daub it further.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *you will say, they are Persian attire;*] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *lie here,*] i. e. on the cushions to which he points. He had before said,

“Will you lie down, and rest upon the cushions?”

MALONE,

**LEAR.** Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i'the morning: So, so, so.

**FOOL.** And I'll go to bed at noon.<sup>6</sup>

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

**GLO.** Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

**KENT.** Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

**GLO.** Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:  
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,  
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,  
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;<sup>7</sup>  
And follow me, that will to some provision  
Give thee quick conduct.

[**KENT.** Oppress'd nature sleeps:<sup>8</sup>—

<sup>6</sup> *And I'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Take up, take up;*] One of the quartos reads—Take up *the king*, &c, the other—Take up *to keep*, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Oppress'd nature sleeps:*] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. The soliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the sentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the subject. Besides, with regard to the stage, it is absolutely necessary: for as Edgar is not designed, in the con-

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,<sup>9</sup>  
Which, if convenience will not allow,  
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy mas-  
ter;

Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

GLO. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the king.

EDG. When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;  
Leaving free things,<sup>2</sup> and happy shows, behind:

stitution of the play, to attend the king to Dover; how absurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the scene without one word said, or the least intimation what we are to expect from him? THEOBALD.

The lines inserted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes, than of continuing the action. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *thy broken senses,*] The quarto, from whence this speech is taken, reads,—thy broken *sinews*. *Senses* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. STEEVENS.

A passage in *Macbeth* adds support to Theobald's emendation:

“ — the innocent *sleep*,  
“ *Balm* of hurt minds,—”

[The following is from Mr. Malone's Appendix.]

I had great doubts concerning the propriety of admitting Theobald's emendation into the text, though it is extremely plausible, and was adopted by all the subsequent editors. The following passage in *Twelfth Night* sufficiently supports the reading of the old copy: “Nay, patience, or we *break* the *sinews* of our plot.”

MALONE.

I cannot reconcile myself to the old reading, as I do not understand how *sinews*, if *broken*, could be *balmed*, in any obvious sense of that word. *Broken* (i. e. interrupted) *senses*, like *broken* slumbers, would admit of a soothing cure. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *free things,*] States clear from distress. JOHNSON.



But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,  
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.<sup>3</sup>  
 How light and portable my pain seems now,  
 When that, which makes me bend, makes the king  
     bow;  
 He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:  
 Mark the high noises;<sup>4</sup> and thyself bewray,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep,  
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.*] So, in our  
 author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Or, if four woe delights in fellowship—”

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.—*Incer. Auct.*

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Mark the high noises;*] Attend to the great events that are  
 approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now  
 prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy  
 integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to honour  
 and reconciliation. JOHNSON.

By the *high noises*, I believe, are meant the loud tumults of the  
 approaching war.

Thus *Claudian* in his *Epist. ad Serenam*:

*Præliaque altisoni referens Phlegæa mariti.* STEVENS.

The *high noises* are perhaps the calamities and quarrels of those  
 in a higher station than Edgar, of which he has been just speaking.  
 The words, however, may allude to the proclamation which had  
 been made for bringing in Edgar:

“ I heard myself proclaim'd,

“ And by the happy hollow of a tree,

“ Escap'd the hunt.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — and *thyself bewray,*] *Bewray*, which at present has only  
 a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*. In  
 this sense it is used by Spenser; and in *Promos and Cassandra*,  
 1578:

“ Well, to the king Andrugio now will hie,

“ Hap lyfe, hap death, his safetie to *bewray*.”

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

“ With ink *bewray* what blood began in me.”

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

“ — lest my head break, and so I *bewray* my brains.”

STEVENS.

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles  
 thee,<sup>6</sup>  
 In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.  
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!  
 Lurk, lurk.] [Exit.]

## S C E N E VII.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

*Enter* CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and  
 Servants.

CORN. Post speedily to my lord your husband;  
 show him this letter:—the army of France is land-  
 ed:—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

REG. Hang him instantly.

GON. Pluck out his eyes.

CORN. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,  
 keep you our sister company; the revenges we are  
 bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not  
 fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where  
 you are going, to a most festinate preparation;<sup>7</sup> we

<sup>6</sup> — *whose wrong thought defiles thee,*] The quartos, where  
 alone this speech is found, read—*whose wrong thoughts defile thee.*  
 The rhyme shows that the correction, which was made by Mr.  
 Theobald, is right. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *a most festinate preparation;*] Here we have the same  
 error in the first folio, which has happened in many other places;  
 the *s* employed instead of an *n*. It reads—*festinate*. The quartos  
*festinant*. See Vol. XI. p. 584, n. 9; and Vol. III. p. 474, n. 3.  
 MALONE.

are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift,  
and intelligent betwixt us.<sup>8</sup> Farewell, dear sifter;  
—farewell, my lord of Gloster.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter Steward.*

How now? Where's the king?

STEW. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him  
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrifts after him,<sup>2</sup> met him at gate;  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,  
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they  
boast

To have well-arm'd friends.

CORN. Get horses for your mistress.

GON. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*

CORN. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor  
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice; yet our power

<sup>8</sup> ——— *and intelligent betwixt us.*] So, in a former scene:

——— spies and speculations

*Intelligent of our state.* STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quartos read—*swift and intelligence betwixt us*: the poet might have written—*swift in intelligence*—.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *my lord of Gloster.*] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Hot questrifts after him.*] A *questrift* is one who goes in search or *quest* of another. Mr. Pope and Sir T. Hanmer read—*questers*.

STEEVENS.

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,' which men  
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The  
traitor?

*Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.*

REG. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORN. Bind fast his corky arms.<sup>4</sup>

GLO. What mean your graces? — Good my  
friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORN. Bind him, I say. [Servants *bind him.*

<sup>3</sup> *Though well we may not pass upon his life*  
—— *yet our power*  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,] *To do a courtesy is to gratify,*  
to comply with. *To pass,* is to pass a judicial sentence.

JOHNSON.

I believe, "do a *courtesy* to our wrath," simply means—*bend* to our wrath, as a *courtesy* is made by *bending* the body.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one*, may be traced from *Magna Charta*:

" — nec *super eum ibimus*, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum."

It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: "I do not nowe consider the mischievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *pass* upon them." Again, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612: "A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply sworn to *pass* on all villains in hell." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *corky arms.*] Dry, wither'd, husky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in his eye *Bishop Harmer's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, &c. 1603, 4to, it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet, *corky*, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious pamphlet. "It would pose all the cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morrice gamboles, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." PERCY.

REG. Hard, hard :—O filthy traitor !

GLO. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.<sup>5</sup>

CORN. To this chair bind him :—Villain, thou shalt find— [REGAN plucks his beard.

GLO. By the kind gods,<sup>6</sup> 'tis most ignobly done To pluck me by the beard.

REG. So white, and such a traitor !

GLO. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken,<sup>7</sup> and accuse thee : I am your host ; With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours<sup>8</sup> You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I am none.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—I am true. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *By the kind gods,*] We are not to understand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men ; but that particular species of them called by the ancients *dii hospitales, kind gods.* So, Plautus, in *Pænulo* :

“ *Deum hospitalem ac tesseram mecum fero.*”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare hardly received any assistance from mythology to furnish out a proper oath for Gloster. People always invoke their deities as they would have them show themselves at particular times in their favour ; and he accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition. STEEVENS.

Cordelia also uses the same invocation in the 4th Act :

“ O, you *kind gods,*

“ Cure this great breach in his abused nature !”

M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *Will quicken,*] i. e. quicken into life. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *my hospitable favours*——] *Favours* means the same as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in Drayton's epistle from *Matilda to King John* :

“ Within the compass of man's face we see,

“ How many sorts of several favours be.”

Again, in *David & Bethsabe*, 1599 :

“ To daunt the favours of his lovely face.” STEEVENS.

CORN. Come, fir, what letters had you late from France?

REG. Be simple-answer'd,<sup>8</sup> for we know the truth.

CORN. And what confederacy have you with the traitors  
Late footed in the kingdom?

REG. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

GLO. I have a letter gueffingly fet down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunning.

REG. And false.

CORN. Where haft thou sent the king?

GLO. To Dover.

REG. Wherefore  
To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril?<sup>9</sup>—

CORN. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

GLO. I am tied to the stake,<sup>1</sup> and I must stand the course.<sup>2</sup>

REG. Wherefore to Dover?

GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

<sup>8</sup> *Be simple-answer'd,*] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer*.—Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *thy peril*—] I have inserted the pronoun—*thy*, for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *I am tied to the stake,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,

“ But, bear-like, I must fight the course.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the course.*] The running of the dogs upon me.

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister  
 In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.<sup>4</sup>  
 The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
 In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,  
 And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,  
 He holp the heavens to rain.<sup>5</sup>  
 If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,<sup>6</sup>  
 Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*  
 All cruels else subscrib'd:<sup>7</sup>—But I shall see  
 The winged vengeance overtake such children.

CORN. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold  
 the chair:—

Upon these eyes<sup>8</sup> of thine I'll set my foot.

[GLOSTER is held down in his chair, while CORNWALL  
 plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.

<sup>4</sup> —stick *boarish fangs*.] The quartos read—*rafb* boarish fangs. This verb occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:  
 “And shields did share, and mailes did *rafb*, and helmes did hew.”

Again, B. V. c. iii:

“*Rafing* off helmes, and rying plâtes asunder.”

To *rafb* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —to rain.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —that stern time,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read,—that *dearn* time.—*Dearn* is a north-country word, signifying *lonely*, solitary, melancholy, uncomfortable, far from neighbours. So, in *The Valiant Scot*:

“Of all thy joys the *dearne* and dismal end.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i:

“They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride.”

Again, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“By many a *dearne* and painful perch.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*subscrib'd*:] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> Upon these eyes &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one

GLO. He, that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

REG. One side will mock another; the other too.

CORN. If you see vengeance,—

SERV. Hold your hand, my lord:  
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;  
But better service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dog?

SERV. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

CORN. My villain!<sup>9</sup> [*draws, and runs at him.*]

SERV. Nay, then come on, and take the chance  
of anger.

[*draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

REG. Give me thy sword.—[*to another Serv.*] A  
peasant stand up thus!

[*snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

SERV. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one  
eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*dies.*]

CORN. Left it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile  
jelly!

of the sons of Bajazet pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage,  
and says,

“ Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,  
“ Wanting the tapers that should give thee light.

[*“ Pulls out his eyes.”*]

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this  
passage to show that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary  
than that of his contemporaries. STEEVENS.

In Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602. Piero's tongue is torn out  
on the stage. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *My villain!* Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense  
of one in servitude. STEEVENS.



Where is thy lustre now ?

[tears out GLOSTER's other eye, and throws it on the ground.]

GLO. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund ?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.

REG. Out, treacherous villain !  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he  
That made the overture of thy treasons <sup>2</sup> to us ;  
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLO. O my follies !  
Then Edgar was abus'd.—  
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

REG. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him  
smell  
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord ? How  
look you ?

CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt :—Follow me,  
lady.—  
Turn out that eyeless villain ;—throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace :  
Untimely comes this hurt : Give me your arm.

[Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN ;—Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.]

I. SERV. I'll never care what wickedness I do,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — the overture of thy treasons —] Overture is here used for an opening or discovery. It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us. Coles in his Dict. 1679, renders *Overture*, by *apertior apertura*. An overt act of treason, is the technical phrase.

MALONE.  
<sup>3</sup> I'll never care what wickedness I do,] This short dialogue I have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their

If this man come to good.

2. *SERV.* If she live long,  
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,<sup>4</sup>  
Women will all turn monsters.

1. *SERV.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the  
Bedlam  
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness  
Allows itself to any thing.

2. *SERV.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax,<sup>5</sup> and  
whites of eggs,  
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help  
him! [*Exeunt severally.*

master, without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage. THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloucester; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant.

<sup>4</sup> — *meet the old course of death,*] That is, *die a natural death.* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *some flax, &c.*] This passage is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609:

“ — go, get a white of an egg, and a little flax, and close the breaches of the head, it is the most conducive thing that can be.” STEEVENS.

*The Case is alter'd* was written before the end of the year 1599; but Ben Jonson might have inserted this sneer at our author, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Heath.**Enter EDGAR.*

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be contemptn'd,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Yet better thus, and known to be contemptn'd,*] The meaning is, 'Tis better to be thus contemptn'd, and known to yourself to be contemptn'd. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemptn'd.

When a man divests himself of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, because he supposes it incurred only by a voluntary disguise which he can throw off at pleasure. I do not think any correction necessary. JOHNSON.

The sentiment is this:—It is better to be thus contemptn'd and know it, than to be flattered by those who secretly contemptn us.

HENLEY.

I cannot help thinking that this passage should be written thus:

Yet better thus *unknown* to be contemptn'd,  
Than still contemptn'd and flatter'd to be *worse*.

The lowest, &c.

The quarto edition has no stop after *flatter'd*. The first folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expression in this speech—*owes nothing to thy blasts*—(in a more learned writer) might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn. xi. 51*:

“*Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis*

“*Debentem, vano mœsti comitamur honore.*” TYRWHITT.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnson's conjecture is well founded, and that the poet wrote—*unknown*. MALONE.

The meaning of Edgar's speech seems to be this. Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible state,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
 The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,  
 Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :<sup>7</sup>  
 The lamentable change is from the best ;  
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace !  
 The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,  
 Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes  
 here?—

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an old man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world !  
 But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,<sup>9</sup>

than, living in affluence, to be flattered and despised at the same time. He who is placed in the worst and lowest state, has this advantage ; he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverse of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worse, who is already as low as possible. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

<sup>7</sup> — *lives not in fear :*] So, in Milton's *Par. Reg.* B. III :

“ For where no hope is left, is left no fear.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *World, world, O world !*

*But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,*] The sense of this obscure passage is, O world ! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuse it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, I suppose, why he said,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgement, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all. WARBURTON.

O world ! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see

Life would not yield to age.

*OLD MAN.* O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

*GLO.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
Thee they may hurt.

*OLD MAN.* Alack, fir, you cannot see your way.

*GLO.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;  
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,  
Our mean secures us;<sup>2</sup> and our mere defects

and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequence, infirmity and death. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Our mean secures us;*] *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies a middle state, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, "It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean." See more instances in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

Both the quartos and the folio read—our *means* secure us. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. I am not sure that it is necessary. In Shakspeare's age writers often thought it necessary to use a plural, when the subject spoken of related to more persons than one. So, in the last act of this play, "O, our *live's* sweetness!" not, "O, our *life's* sweetness." Again:

"——— O, you mighty gods,

" This world I do renounce, and, in your *figh'ts*," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

" To worry lambs, and lap their gentle *bloods*."

*Means* therefore might have been here used as the plural of *mean*, or moderate condition. Gloster's meaning is, that in a moderate condition or middle state of life, we are secure from those temptations to which the more prosperous and affluent are exposed; and our very wants prove in this respect an advantage. MALONE.

I believe, *means* is only a typographical error. STEEVENS.

Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abused father's wrath!  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,<sup>3</sup>  
I'd fay, I had eyes again!

OLD MAN. How now? Who's there?

EDG. [*aside.*] O gods! Who is't can fay, *I am  
at the worst?*

I am worfe than e'er I was.

OLD MAN. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDG. [*Aside.*] And worfe I may be yet: The  
worft is not,

So long as we can fay, *This is the worst.*<sup>4</sup>

OLD MAN. Fellow, where goest?

GLO. Is it a beggar-man?

OLD MAN. Madman and beggar too.

GLO. He has some reason, else he could not  
beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man a worm: My son  
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard  
more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

<sup>3</sup> ——— *to see thee in my touch,*] So, in another scene, I see it  
*feelingly.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Who is't can fay, I am at the worst?*

————— *The worst is not,*

*So long as we can fay, This is the worst.*] i. e. While we live;  
for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something  
worfe than the present may still happen. What occasioned this  
reflection was his rashly saying in the beginning of this scene,

“————— To be worst,

“The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune, &c.

“The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, &c.”

WARBURTON.

They kill us for their sport.<sup>5</sup>

*EDG.* How should this be?—  
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,  
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,  
master!

*GLO.* Is that the naked fellow?

*OLD MAN.* Ay, my lord.

*GLO.* Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my  
fake,  
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*OLD MAN.* Alack, fir, he's mad.

*GLO.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead  
the blind:  
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone.

*OLD MAN.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I  
have,  
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

*GLO.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*EDG.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it<sup>6</sup>  
further. [*Aside.*

<sup>5</sup> *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;  
They kill us for their sport.*]

“*Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.*”—*Plaut. Captiv. Prol.*

l. 22. *STEVENS.*

The quartos read—*They bit us for their sport.* *MALONE.*

<sup>6</sup> — *I cannot daub it* — ] i. e. *Disguise,* *WARBURTON.*

So, in *King Richard III:*

“*So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue.*”

GLO. Come hither, fellow.

EDG. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLO. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend!<sup>7</sup> [Five fiends<sup>8</sup> have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness: *Mabu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;<sup>9</sup> who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.<sup>2</sup> So, bless thee, master!]

Again, in one of the *Passon Letters*, Vol. III. p. 173: “—and faith to her, there is good craft in *dawbing*.”

The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Bless the good man from the foul fiend!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

Bless *thee*, good man's *son*, from the foul fiend!

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Five fiends &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harfnet's* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves, viz. “By commaundement of the exorcist . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame.” “Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company, might be cast out.” This passage will account for *five fiends having been in poor Tom at once*.

PERCY.

<sup>9</sup> — *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;] “If she have a little helpe of the mother, epilepsie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnash her teeth, starte with her body, hold her armes and handes stiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow* and *mop* like an ape,—then no doubt—the *young girle* is owle-blasted and *possessed*.” *Harfnet's Declaration*, p. 136. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a



GLO. Here, take this purse, thou whom the  
 heaven's plagues  
 Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,  
 Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!  
 Let the superfluous,<sup>3</sup> and lust-dieted man,  
 That slaves your ordinance,<sup>4</sup> that will not see

vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harfnet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harfnet has one chapter on the *strange names of their devils*; *lest, says he, meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tappers or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, because I suppose as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Let the superfluous,*] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

*Superfluous* is here used for one living in abundance.

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *That slaves your ordinance, &c.*] The language of Shakspeare is

Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly ;  
So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Do-  
ver ?

EDG. Ay, master.

GLO. There is a cliff, whose high and bending  
head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep :<sup>5</sup>  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,  
With something rich about me : from that place  
I shall no leading need.

very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *beslave* another is to *treat* him *with terms of indignity*: in a kindred sense, to *slave the ordinance*, may be, to *slight* or *ridicule* it. JOHNSON.

To *slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613 :

“ — none

“ Could *slave* him like the Lydian Omphale.”

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger :

“ — that *slaves* me to his will.” STEEVENS.

Heywood, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uses this verb in the same sense :

“ What shall I do ? my love I will not *slave*

“ To an old king, though he my love should crave.”

Again, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604 :

“ O powerful blood, how dost thou *slave* their soul !”

That *slaves* your ordinance, is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos have—That *stands* your ordinance ; perhaps for *withstands*. *Stands*, however, may be right :—*that abides* your ordinance. The poet might have intended to mark the criminality of the *lust-dieted man* only in the subsequent words, *that will not see, because he doth not feel*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Looks fearfully in the confined deep :*] So the folio. The quartos read—*Looks firmly*. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors for *in read on*. I see no need of change. Shakspeare considered the sea as a *mirrou*. To look *in* a glass, is yet our colloquial phraseology. MALONE.

EDG. Give me thy arm;  
 Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

*Before the duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.*

GON. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband<sup>6</sup>  
 Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your master?

STEW. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:  
 I told him of the army that was landed;  
 He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;  
 His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,  
 And of the loyal service of his son,  
 When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;  
 And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—  
 What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to  
 him;  
 What like, offensive.

GON. Then shall you go no further.  
 [To EDMUND.  
 It is the cowardly terror of his spirit,  
 That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

<sup>6</sup> — *our mild husband* —] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. JOHNSON.

Which tie him to an answer : Our wishes, on the  
way,  
May prove effects.<sup>7</sup> Back, Edmund, to my brother ;  
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers :  
I must change arms<sup>8</sup> at home, and give the distaff  
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to  
hear,  
If you dare venture in your own behalf,  
A mistress's command. Wear this ; spare speech ;  
[*giving a favour.*  
Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,  
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;<sup>9</sup>—  
Conceive, and fare thee well.

<sup>7</sup> — *Our wishes, on the way,*

*May prove effects.*] I believe the meaning of the passage to be this : " What we wish, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen," i. e. the murder or despatch of her husband.— *On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expression we now use, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en passant*. STEEVENS.

The wishes we have formed and communicated to each other, on our journey, may be carried into effect. M. MASON.

She means, I think, The wishes, which we expressed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and prove effectual to the destruction of my husband. On her entrance she said,

" — I marvel our mild husband

" Not met us *on the way*."

Again, more appositely, in *King Richard III* :

" Thou know'st our *reasons, urg'd upon the way*."

See also Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : "*Umbrella*. A kind of round thing like a round skreene, that gentlemen use in Italic in time of summer,—to keep the sunne from them, when they are riding *by the way*." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I must change arms*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*change names*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,*

*Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;*] She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present) and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. STEEVENS.

EDM. Yours in the ranks of death.

GON. My most dear Gloster!

[Exit EDMUND.]

O, the difference of man, and man!<sup>2</sup> To thee  
A woman's services are due; my fool  
Usurps my bed.<sup>3</sup>

STEW. Madam, here comes my lord.  
[Exit Steward.]

Enter ALBANY.

GON. I have been worth the whistle.<sup>4</sup>

ALB. O Goneril!  
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

<sup>2</sup> O, the difference of man and man!] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.  
Some epithet to *difference* was probably omitted in the folio.

MALONE.  
According to the present regulation of this passage, the measure is complete. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — my fool

*Usurps my bed.*] One of the quartos read:  
My foot usurps my head; the other,  
My foot usurps my body. STEEVENS.

The quarto of which the first signature is A, reads—My foot usurps my head. Some of the copies of quarto B, have—My foot usurps my body; others—A fool usurps my bed. The folio reads—My fool usurps my body. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> I have been worth the whistle.] This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one that thinks me worth calling.* JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

“It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.”

Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you; reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present critical occasion.* STEEVENS.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. MALONE.

Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :<sup>5</sup>  
 That nature, which contemns its origin,  
 Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;<sup>6</sup>  
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch<sup>7</sup>  
 From her material sap,<sup>8</sup> perforce must wither,

<sup>5</sup> — *I fear your disposition :*] These words, and the lines that follow to *monsters of the deep*, are found in the quartos, but are improperly omitted in the folio. They are necessary, as Mr. Pope has observed, “ to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *That nature, which contemns its origin,*  
*Cannot be border'd certain in itself ;*] The sense is, That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to contemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be *restrained within any certain bounds*, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer.

HEATH.

<sup>7</sup> *She that herself will sliver and disbranch —*] To *sliver* signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — slips of yew

“ *Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipse.” WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *She that herself will sliver and disbranch*

*From her material sap,*] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that *sap* which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the *matter* of which it is composed. So, in *A Brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacyon and death of Syr Johan Oldcastle, 1544* : “ Then sayd the lorde Cobham, and spredde his armes abroad: This is a very crosse, yea and so moche better than your crosse of *wode*, in that yt was created as God : yet will I not seke to have yt worshipped. Than sayd the byshop of London, Syr, ye wote wele that he dyed on a *materyall* crosse.”

Mr. Theobald reads *maternal*, and Dr. Johnson thinks that the true reading. Syr John Froissart's *Chronicle* (as Dr. Warburton has observed) in the title-page of the English translation printed in 1525, is said to be *translated out of French to our material English tongue by John Bourchier*. And I have found *material* (from *mater*) used in some other old books for *maternal*, but neglected to note the instances. I think, however, that the word is here used in its ordinary sense. *Maternal* sap (or any synonymous words,) would introduce a mixed and confused metaphor. *Material* sap is

And come to deadly use.<sup>9</sup>

GON. No more; the text is foolish.

ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem  
vile:

Filths favour but themselves. What have you done?  
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,<sup>2</sup>  
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd.  
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,<sup>3</sup>  
'Twill come,  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
Like monsters of the deep.<sup>4</sup>

GON.

Milk-liver'd man!

strictly correct. From the word *herself* to the end, the *branch* was the figurative object of the poet's thought. MALONE.

Throughout the plays of our author I do not recollect a single instance of the adjective—*maternal*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the *use* that witches and enchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have supported his interpretation by the passage in *Macbeth*, quoted in the preceding page, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *would lick,*] This line, which had been omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *these vile offences,*] In some of the impressions of quarto B, we find—*this* vile offences; in others, and in quarto A,—*the* vile. *This* was certainly a misprint for *these*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. JOHNSON.

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,<sup>5</sup>  
 Fools do those villains pity,<sup>6</sup> who are punish'd  
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy  
 drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;  
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;  
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,  
*Alack! why does he so?*

*ALB.* See thyself, devil!  
 Proper deformity<sup>7</sup> seems not in the fiend  
 So horrid, as in woman.

*GON.* O vain fool!

*ALB.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing,<sup>8</sup> for  
 shame,

<sup>5</sup> ——— *that not know'st, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Fools do those villains pity, &c.*] She means, that *none but* fools would pity those villains, who are prevented from executing their malicious designs, and punished for their evil intention. It is not clear whether this fiend means her father, or the king of France. If these words were intended to have a retrospect to Albany's speech, which the word *pity* might lead us to suppose, Lear must be in her contemplation; if they are considered as connected with what follows—*Where's thy drum? &c.* the other interpretation must be adopted. The latter appears to me the true one; and perhaps the punctuation of the quarto, in which there is only a comma after the word *mischief*, ought to have been preferred.

MALONE.

I do not perceive, to what the word—*fiend*, in the fourth line of the foregoing note, refers. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Proper deformity* ———] i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who un-naturally assumes them. WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou changed and self-cover'd thing.*] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus:

Thou chang'd, and *self-converted* thing;  
 but I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou



Be-monster not thy feature.<sup>9</sup> Were it my fitness  
 To let these hands obey my blood,<sup>2</sup>  
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
 Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,  
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

GON. Marry, your manhood now !—

*Enter a Messenger.*

ALB. What news ?

MES. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's  
 dead ;

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
 The other eye of Gloster.

ALB. Gloster's eyes !

that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness ; thou that hast *hid* the  
 woman under the fiend. JOHNSON.

This and the next speech are wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The following words *bemonster not thy nature*, seem rather to  
 support the reading of the former editors, which was *self-converted* ;  
 and a thought somewhat similar occurs in Fletcher's play of *The  
 Captain*, where the father says to Lelia :

“ ——— Oh, good God !

“ To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,

“ Hast thou begot thyself again !” — M. MASON.

By thou *self-cover'd* thing, the poet, I think, means, thou who  
 hast put a *covering on thyself*, which nature did not give thee. The  
 covering which Albany means, is, the semblance and appearance  
 of a fiend. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Be-monster not thy feature.*] *Feature* in Shakspeare's age meant  
 the general cast of countenance, and often beauty. Bullokar, in  
 his *Expofitor*, 1616, explains it by the words, “ handsomeness,  
 comeliness, beautie.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *To let these hands obey my blood,*] As this line wants a foot,  
 perhaps our author wrote :

“ To let these hands *of mine* obey my blood,—.”

So, in *King John* :

“ ——— This hand *of mine*

“ Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand.” STEEVENS.

*MES.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:<sup>2</sup>  
But not without that harmful stroke, which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*ALB.* This shows you are above,  
You justicers,<sup>3</sup> that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!  
Lost he his other eye!

*MES.* Both, both, my lord.—  
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;  
'Tis from your sister.

*GON.* [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;<sup>4</sup>  
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,  
May all the building in my fancy<sup>5</sup> pluck  
Upon my hateful life: Another way,  
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

*ALB.* Where was his son, when they did take  
his eyes?

*MES.* Come with my lady hither.

<sup>2</sup> — and amongst them fell'd him dead:] i. e. they (Cornwall and his other servants) amongst them fell'd him dead. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> You justicers,] Most of the old copies have *justices*; but it was certainly a misprint. The word *justicer* is used in two other places in this play; and though printed rightly in the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in the same manner as here. Some copies of quarto B read rightly—*justicers*, in the line before us. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> One way I like this well;] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister—to marry Edmund—to murder Albany—and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleas'd at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — all the building in my fancy —] So, in *Coriolanus*. Act II. sc. i. “—the buildings in my fancy.” STEVENS.

*ALB.* He is not here.

*MES.* No, my good lord ; I met him back again.

*ALB.* Knows he the wickedness ?

*MES.* Ay, my good lord ; 'twas he inform'd  
against him ;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-  
ment

Might have the freer course.

*ALB.* Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend ;  
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

[S C E N E III.<sup>6</sup>

*The French Camp, near Dover,*

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.<sup>7</sup>*

*KENT.* Why the king of France is so suddenly  
gone back<sup>8</sup> know you the reason ?

<sup>6</sup> [*Scene III.*] This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition ; it being manifestly of Shakspeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted. POPE,

The scene seems to have been left out only to shorten the play, and is necessary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the first folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets, JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back &c.*] The king of France being no longer a necessary personage, it was fit that some pretext for getting rid of him should be formed,

*GENT.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which  
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his personal return was most requir'd,  
And necessary.

*KENT.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*GENT.* The Marechal of France, Monsieur le Fer.<sup>9</sup>

*KENT.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any  
demonstration of grief?

*GENT.* Ay, sir;<sup>a</sup> she took them, read them in  
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen  
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

before the play was too near advanced towards a conclusion. Decency required that a Monarch should not be silently shuffled into the pack of insignificant characters; and therefore his dismissal (which could be effected only by a sudden recall to his own dominions) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpose, among others, the present scene was introduced. It is difficult indeed to say what use could have been made of the King, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and survived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occasion, might have weakened the effect of Lear's parental sorrow; and, being an object of respect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the spectator's attention, and thereby diminished the consequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whose exemplary virtues deserved to be ultimately placed in the most conspicuous point of view.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The marechal of France, Monsieur le Fer.*] Shakspeare seems to have been poor in the names of Frenchmen, or he would scarce have given us here a *Monsieur le Fer* as marechal of France, after he had appropriated the same appellation to a common soldier, who was *fer'd*, *ferreted*, and *ferk'd*, by Pistol in *King Henry V.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Ay, fir;*] The quartos read—*I say.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

KENT.

O, then it mov'd her.

GENY. Not to a rage : patience and sorrow strove<sup>3</sup>  
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once : her smiles and tears  
Were like a better day :<sup>4</sup> Those happy smiles,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *patience and sorrow strove* —] The quartos for *strove* have *streme*. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *her smiles and tears*

*Were like a better day* :] It is plain, we should read—*a wetter May*, i. e. A spring season wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Philoctetes*. The same book, in another place, says,—"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read,—*a better way*, which may be an accidental inversion of the *M*.

A *better day*, however, is the *best day*, and the *best day* is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead of the *positive* and *superlative*, as well as by Shakspeare himself, in the play before us :

"The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate

"Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

"—— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again,

"—— Go not my horse the *better*."

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that :

"The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand

"Shot trembling rays," &c.

i. e. his *best* hand, his *right*. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience? But it seem'd that she was a queen over her passion; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. "Her smiles and tears were like a *better day*," or "like a *better May*," may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*, Act V. sc. iii. we see in the king "*sunshine and hail at once*, but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way : the time is fair again, and he is like a *day of season*," i. e. a *best day*. TOLLET.

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
 What guests were in her eyes ; which parted thence,  
 As pearls from diamonds dropp'd,<sup>6</sup>—In brief, for-  
 row

Both the quartos read—a *better way*; which being perfectly unintelligible, I have adopted part of the emendation introduced by Dr. Warburton. The late editions have given—a *better day*, a reading which first appeared in a note of Mr. Theobald's. A *better day*, however it be understood, is, in my opinion, inconsistent with the context. If a *better day* means either a *good day*, or the *best day*, it cannot represent Cordelia's smiles and tears; for neither the one or the other necessarily implies *rain*, without which, there is nothing to correspond with her *tears*; nor can a *rainy day*, occasionally brightened by sunshine, with any propriety be called a *good* or the *best day*. We are compelled therefore to make some other change.

A *better May*, on the other hand, whether we understand by it, a good May, or a May better than ordinary, corresponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every May rain may be expected, and in a good, or a better May than ordinary, the sunshine, like Cordelia's smiles, will predominate. With respect to the corrupt reading, I have no great faith in the inversion of the *av* at the press, and rather think the error arose in some other way.

Mr. Steevens has quoted a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, which Shakspeare may have had in view. Perhaps the following passage in the same book, p. 163, edit. 1593, bears a still nearer resemblance to that before us: "And with that she prettily *smiled*, which mingled with her *tears*, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightful forrow; but like when a few *April drops* are scattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers." MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—a *better May*.—As objections may be started against either reading, I declare my inability to decide between them. I have therefore left that word in the text which I found in possession of it. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *smiles*,] The quartos read *smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakspeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd*.— &c.] In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the same image:

"A sea of melting *pearl*, which some call *tears*."

MALONE.

The harshness of the foregoing line in the speech of the *Gentleman*, induces me to believe that our author might have written:

Would he a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

KENT. Made she no verbal question?'

GENT. 'Faith, once, or twice,<sup>8</sup> she heav'd the  
name of *father*

Pantingly forth, as if it prefs'd her heart;  
Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*  
*Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the*  
*night?*

*Let pity not be believed!*<sup>9</sup>—There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

“ Like pearls from diamonds dropping.”

The idea might have been taken from the ornaments of the ancient carcanet or necklace, which frequently consisted of table *diamonds* with *pearls* appended to them, or, in the jewellers' phrase, *dropping* from them. Pendants for the ear are still called—*drops*.

A similar thought to this of Shakspeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, no date:

“ — the holy dew lies like a pearl

“ Dropt from the opening eye-lids of the morn

“ Upon the bashful rose.”

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas*:

“ Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Made she no verbal question?*] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*. Did she give you to understand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow?

So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ — she told me

“ In a sweet *verbal* brief,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> 'Faith, once, or twice,] Thus the quartos. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Yes, once, &c.* Regan in a subsequent scene, in like manner, uses the rejected word, however inelegant it may now appear:

“ *Faith*, he is posted hence on serious matter.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Let pity not be believed!*] i. e. Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read,

Let pity not believe it;— STEEVENS.

And clamour moisten'd:<sup>9</sup> then away she started  
To deal with grief alone.

KENT. It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions;<sup>2</sup>  
Else one self mate and mate<sup>3</sup> could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

GENT. No.

KENT. Was this before the king return'd?

GENT. No, since.

KENT. Well, sir; The poor distrefs'd Lear is  
i'the town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

GENT. Why, good sir?

<sup>9</sup> *And clamour moisten'd:*] It is not impossible but Shakspeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph; who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud*, and discovered himself to his brethren. THEOBALD.

*Clamour moisten'd* —] That is, *her out-cries were accompanied with tears.* JOHNSON.

The old copies read—And clamour moisten'd *her*. I have no doubt that the word *her* was inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the middle of the preceding line, where that word occurs; and therefore have omitted it. It may be observed that the metre is complete without this word. A similar error has happened in *The Winter's Tale*. See Vol. VII. p. 177, n. 4. She *moisten'd clamour*, or the exclamations she had uttered, with tears. This is perfectly intelligible; but *clamour moisten'd her*, is certainly nonsense. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *govern our conditions;*] i. e. regulate our *dispositions*. See Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *one self mate and mate* —] The same husband and the same wife. JOHNSON.

*Self* is used here, as in many other places in these plays, for *self-same*. MALONE.



KENT. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his  
own unkindness,  
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame<sup>4</sup>  
Detains him from Cordelia.

GENT. Alack, poor gentleman!

KENT. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you  
heard not?

GENT. 'Tis so; they are afoot.<sup>5</sup>

KENT. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master  
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause<sup>6</sup>  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me.] *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>4</sup> — *these things sting*

*His mind so venomously, that burning shame —*] The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature. The venom of poisonous animals being a high caustick salt, that has all the effect of fire upon the part. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> *'Tis so; they are afoot.*] Dr. Warburton thinks it necessary to read, *'tis said*; but the sense is plain, *So it is that they are on foot.* JOHNSON.

*'Tis so,* means, I think, I have heard of them; they do not exist in report only; they are actually on foot. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Some dear cause —*] Some important business. See Vol. XI. p. 649, n. 7. MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — a ring, that I must use

“ In dear employment.” STEVENS.

## S C E N E IV.

*The same. A Tent.**Enter* CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

COR. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now  
 As mad as the vex'd sea: finging aloud;  
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,  
 With harlocks, hemlock,<sup>7</sup> nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
 Darnel,<sup>8</sup> and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn.—A century fend forth;  
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
 And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What  
     can man's wisdom do,  
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

PHY. There is means, madam:  
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

<sup>7</sup> *With harlocks, hemlock, &c.*] The quartos read—With *bar-*  
*docks*; the folio—With *bardokes*. MALONE.

I do not remember any such plant as a *bardock*, but one of the  
 most common weeds is a *burdock*, which I believe should be read  
 here; and so Hanmer reads. JOHNSON.

*Hardocks* should be *barlocks*. Thus Drayton in one of his  
*Eclogues*:

“ The honey-suckle, the *barlocke*,  
 “ The lilly, and the lady-smocke,” &c. FARMER.

One of the readings offer'd by the quartos (though mis-spelt) is  
 perhaps the true one. The *boar-dock*, is the dock with whitish  
 woolly leaves. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Darnel*,] According to Gerard, is the most hurtful of weeds  
 among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634:

“ That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,  
 “ May choak his grain,” &c.

See Vol. IX. p. 594, n. 9. STEEVENS.

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*COR.* All blefs'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,  
In the good man's distrefs!—Seek, seek for him;  
Left his ungovern'd rage diffolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MES.* Madam, news;  
The British powers are marching hitherward.

*COR.* 'Tis known before; our preparation stands  
In expectation of them.—O dear father,  
It is thy businefs that I go about;  
Therefore great France  
My mourning, and important<sup>a</sup> tears, hath pitied.  
No blown ambition<sup>3</sup> doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:  
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *the means to lead it.*] The reason which should guide it.

<sup>a</sup> — *important* —] In other places of this author for *important*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 300, n. 8. The folio reads, *importuned*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *No blown ambition* —] No inflated, no swelling pride.  
Beza on the Spanish armada:

“ Quam bene te ambitio merfit vaniffima, ventus,

“ Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ.” JOHNSON.

In *The Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the same epithet is given to ambition.

Again, in *The Little French Lawyer*:

“ I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you.” STEEVENS.

## S C E N E V.

*A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter REGAN and Steward.*

REG. But are my brother's powers set forth?

STEW. Ay, madam.

REG. Himself

In person there?

STEW. Madam, with much ado:  
Your sifter is the better soldier.

REG. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord<sup>4</sup>  
at home?

STEW. No, madam.

REG. What might import my sifter's letter to  
him?

STEW. I know not, lady.

REG. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious mat-  
ter.

<sup>4</sup> — *your lord* —] The folio reads, *your lord*; and rightly. Goneril not only converses with Lord Edmund, in the Steward's presence, but prevents him from speaking to, or even seeing her husband. RITSON.

The quartos read—with your *lady*. In the manuscripts from which they were printed an L only was probably set down, according to the mode of that time. It could be of no consequence to Regan, whether Edmund spoke with Goneril *at home*, as they had travelled together from the earl of Gloster's castle to the duke of Albany's palace, and had on the road sufficient opportunities for laying those plans of which Regan was apprehensive. On the other hand, Edmund's abrupt departure without even speaking to the duke, to whom he was sent on a commission, could not but appear mysterious, and excite her jealousy. MALONE.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,  
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves  
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to despatch  
His nighted life;<sup>5</sup> moreover, to descry  
The strength o' the enemy.

STEW. I must needs after him, madam, with my  
letter.<sup>6</sup>

REG. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with  
us;  
The ways are dangerous.

STEW. I may not, madam;  
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

REG. Why should she write to Edmund? Might  
not you  
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,  
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee  
much,  
Let me unseal the letter.<sup>7</sup>

STEW. Madam, I had rather—

REG. I know, your lady does not love her husband;  
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,  
She gave strange œiliads,<sup>8</sup> and most speaking looks

<sup>5</sup> *His nighted life;*] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *with my letter.*] So the folio. The quartos read—*letters.* The meaning is the same. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Let me unseal &c.*] I know not well why Shakspeare gives the steward, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *She gave strange œiliads,*] *Œillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.

STEW. I, madam?

REG. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:<sup>9</sup>

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:<sup>2</sup>  
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;  
And more convenient is he for my hand,  
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.<sup>3</sup>  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;<sup>4</sup>  
And when your mistress hears thus much from  
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

STEW. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show

Greene, in his *Disputation between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592: speaks of "amorous glances, smirking ociliades," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I speak in understanding; you are, I know it.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—in understanding, *for I know't.* MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "I speak as my understanding instructs me." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *I do advise you, take this note:*] *Note* means in this place not a letter, but a remark. Therefore *observe* what I am saying.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" — takes note of what is done." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry V.* P. I:

"Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *give him this;*] I suppose Regan here delivers a ring or some other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund.

MALONE.

What party<sup>s</sup> I do follow.

REG.

Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.<sup>6</sup>

*The Country near Dover.*

*Enter GLOSTER and EDGAR, drefs'd like a Peasant.*

GLO. When shall we come to the top of that  
same hill?

EDG. You do climb up it now: look, how we  
labour.

GLO. Methinks, the ground is even.

EDG. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea?

GLO. No, truly.<sup>7</sup>

EDG. Why, then your other senses grow imper-  
fect

By your eyes' anguish.

GLO. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd;<sup>8</sup> and thou speak'st  
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

<sup>5</sup> *What party* —] Quarto, *What lady*. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Scene VI.] This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *No, truly.*] Somewhat, necessary to complete the measure, is omitted in this or the foregoing hemistich. Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect, though perhaps but awkwardly, by reading—  
No truly, *not*. STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —] *thy voice is alter'd*; &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit. JOHNSON.

*EDG.* You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I  
chang'd,  
But in my garments.

*GLO.* Methinks, you are better spoken.

*EDG.* Come on, fir; here's the place:—stand  
still.—How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!<sup>8</sup>  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway  
air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *How fearful*

*And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!]* This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that "he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror.

JOHNSON.

It is to be considered that Edgar is describing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore supposed to be so strongly impressed with the dreadful prospect of inevitable destruction, as a person would be who really found himself on the brink of one.

M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — *Half way down*

*Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!]* "Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." Smith's *History of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. TOLLET.

This personage is not a mere creature of Shakspeare's imagination, for the gathering of samphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it being carried and cried about the streets,



Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:  
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
 Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,  
 Diminish'd to her cock; <sup>2</sup> her cock, a buoy  
 Almost too small for fight: The murmuring surge,  
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
 Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;  
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient fight  
 Topple down headlong.<sup>3</sup>

GLO. Set me where you stand.

EDG. Give me your hand: You are now within  
 a foot

and much used as a pickle. So, in a song in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome:

" I ha' rock-*samphier*, rock-*samphier*;  
 " Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;  
 " First they go up street, and then they go downe:  
 " Buy a map, a mil-mat," &c.

Again, in Venner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622: "*Samphire* is in like manner preserved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleasant and familiar fauce, and agreeing with man's body."

MALONE.

\* — *ber cock*;] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

" — I caused my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at last our *cock* and we were cast ashore."

Again, in the ancient bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

" B. Lanche out the *cocke*, *boies*, and fet the maister aihoare.

" M. The *cocke* is lanthed, eche man to his oare.—

" M. Boie, come up, and grounde the *cocke* on the fande."

Again, in Barclay's *Ship of Fools*:

" — our ship can hold no more,

" Haufe in the *cocke*." —

Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Topple down headlong.] To *topple* is to *tumble*. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*. So, in Nath's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: " — fifty people *toppled* up their heels there." Again: " — he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the sea." STEEVENS.

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.<sup>4</sup>

GLO. Let go my hand.  
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,  
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]

GLO. With all my heart.

<sup>4</sup> — for all beneath the moon

[*Would I not leap upright.*] But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards*? He who leaps thus must needs fall again on his feet upon the place from whence he rose. We should read:

Would I not leap *outright*;

i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice he must needs fall headlong. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the word—*outright*, was even in use at the time when this play was written.

*Upright*, with the strict definition—“*perpendicularly erect*,” is absurd; for such a leap is *physically* impossible. *Upright* is barely expletive: “*upwards*,”—“*from the ground*.” FARMER.

One of the senses of the word *upright* in Shakspeare's time, was that in which it is now used. So, in *The Tempest*:

“—time goes *upright* with his carriage.”

Again, in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603:

“I have seene a man take his full carier: standing boult *upright* on both his feete in the saddle.”

And with this signification, I have no doubt it was used here. Every man who leaps, in his first effort to raise himself from the ground, *springs upright*. Far from thinking of leaping *forward*, for which, being certain destruction, nothing could compensate, Edgar says, he would not for all beneath the moon run the risk of even leaping *upwards*.

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he who leaps upwards, must needs fall again on his feet upon the same place from whence he rose. If the commentator had tried such a leap *within a foot* of the edge of a precipice, before he undertook the revision of these plays, the world would, I fear, have been deprived of his labours.

*Upright* in our author's time meant also *supinus*. See Minshew's Dict. 1617: “*Upright*, or on the back, with the face upward. G. renversé, ventre en haut. L. supinus, resupinus:” but this sense is here inadmissible. MALONE.

EDG. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,  
Is done to cure it.<sup>5</sup>

GLO. O you mighty gods!  
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great oppofelefs wills,  
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should  
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, blefs him!—  
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*

EDG. Gone, fir? farewell.<sup>6</sup>—  
And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,  
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?  
Ho, you fir! friend!—Hear you, fir?—speak!  
Thus might he pass indeed:<sup>7</sup>—Yet he revives:  
What are you, fir?

<sup>5</sup> *Why I do trifle thus with his despair,*

*Is done to cure it.*] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton, who read, with one of the quartos—'*Tis done*, place an interrogation point at the end of the first of these lines; but, in my opinion improperly. STEEVENS.

*Is done* —] Thus the quarto A, and the folio. The other quarto reads—'*Tis done*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Gone, fir? farewell.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good fir, &c.* STEEVENS.

They followed the arbitrary alteration of the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps, a mere typographical error. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *when life itself*

*Yields to the theft:*] When life is willing to be destroyed.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Thus might he pass indeed:*] Thus might he die in reality. We still use the word *passing* bell. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

“Disturb him not, let him *pass* peaceably.” STEEVENS.

*GLO.* Away, and let me die.

*EDG.* Had'st thou been aught but gossamer,  
feathers, air,<sup>2</sup>

So many fathom down precipitating,  
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost  
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art  
found.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,<sup>3</sup>  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;  
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

*GLO.* But have I fallen, or no?

<sup>2</sup> *Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,]* *Gossamer*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. Skinner says, in a book called *The French Gardiner*, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

“As sure some wonder on the cause of thunder,

“On ebb and flood, on *gossamer* and mist,

“And on all things, till that the cause is wift.” GREY.

The substance called Gossamer is formed of the collected webs of flying spiders, and during calm weather in Autumn sometimes falls in amazing quantities. HOLT WHITE.

See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. vi. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ten masts at each make not the altitude,]* So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and seeing it corrupt, judiciously corrected it to *attach*. But Mr. Theobald restores again the old nonsense, *at each*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may stand if the word which he uses were known in our author's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may say:

Ten masts *on end*—— JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—at *reach*, i. e. extent.

In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten masts at least*. STEEVENS.

*Ten masts at each make not the altitude,]* i. e. each, at, or near, the other. Such I suppose the meaning, if the text be right; but it is probably corrupt. The word *attach'd* certainly existed in Shakespeare's time, but was not used in the sense required here. In Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, “To take, lay hold on.” It was *verbum juris*. MALONE.

EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky  
bourn :<sup>4</sup>

Look up a-height ;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

GLO. Alack, I have no eyes.—  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

EDG. Give me your arm :  
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You  
stand.

GLO. Too well, too well.

EDG. This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar.

EDG. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes  
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd,<sup>5</sup> and wav'd like the enridged sea; <sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — chalky bourn:] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *bosky bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. JOHNSON.

Here it certainly means "this chalky boundary of England, towards France." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Horns whelk'd,*] *Whelk'd*, I believe, signifies *varied with protuberances*. So, in *King Henry V.* Fluellen speaking of Bardolph: "—his face is all bubukles, and *whelks*," &c. STEEVENS.

Twisted, convolved. A *welk* or *whilk* is a small shell-fish. Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4<sup>to</sup>. 1596, seems to use this participle in the sense of *rolling* or *curled*:

"The funny palfreys have their traces broke,

"And setting fire upon the *welk'd* throuds

"Now through the heaven flie gadding from the yoke."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — enridged sea:] Thus the 4<sup>to</sup>. The folio *enraged*.

STEEVENS.

It was some fiend : Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest gods,<sup>7</sup> who make them hon-  
ours

Of men's impossibilities,<sup>8</sup> have preserv'd thee.

*GLO.* I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear  
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,  
*Enough, enough, and, die.* That thing you speak of,  
I took it for a man ; often 'twould say,  
*The fiend, the fiend :* he led me to that place.

*EDG.* Bear free and patient thoughts.<sup>9</sup>—But who  
comes here ?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

'The safer sense will ne'er accommodate  
His master thus.<sup>2</sup>

*Enridged* was certainly our author's word ; for he has the same  
expression in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,

“ Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.”

MALONE,

— *the clearest gods,*] The purest ; the most free from evil.

JOHNSON,

So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ Roots ! you clear gods !”

See Vol. XI. p. 546, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *who make them honours*

*Of men's impossibilities,*] Who are graciously pleased to pro-  
serve men in situations in which they think it impossible to escape :  
Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what man  
can not do. MALONE.

By *men's impossibilities* perhaps is meant, what men call impossi-  
bilities, what appear as such to mere mortal beings. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Bear free and patient thoughts.*] To be melancholy is to have  
the mind *chained down* to one painful idea ; there is therefore great  
propriety in exhorting Gloucester to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation  
of his soul from grief and despair. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

*His master thus.*] I read :

*The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

*His master thus.*

*LEAR.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; <sup>3</sup>  
I am the king himself.

*EDG.* O thou side-piercing fight!

*LEAR.* Nature's above art in that respect.—  
There's your prefs-money.<sup>4</sup> That fellow handles  
his bow like a crow-keeper: <sup>5</sup> draw me a clothier's

“ Here is Lear, but he must be mad: his sound or *sane* senses  
would never suffer him to be thus disguised.” JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but that *safer* was the poet's word. So, in  
*Measure for Measure*:

“ Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion

“ That does affect it.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — for coining;] So the quartos. Folio—for *crying*.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *There's your prefs-money.*] It is evident from the whole of this  
speech, that Lear fancies himself in a battle: but, *There's your  
prefs-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money  
which was paid to soldiers when they were retained in the King's  
service; and it appears from some antient statutes, and particularly  
7 Henry VII. c. 1. and 3 Henry VIII. c. 5. that it was felony in  
any soldier to withdraw himself from the King's service after re-  
ceipt of this money, without special leave. On the contrary, he  
was obliged at all times to hold himself *in readiness*. The term is  
from the French “ prest,” *ready*. It is written *prest* in several  
places in *King Henry VIII's* Book of household expences still  
preserved in the Exchequer. This may serve also to explain the  
following passage in Act V. sc. ii. “ And turn our *imprest* lances  
in our eyes;” and to correct Mr. Whalley's note in *Hamlet*, Act I.  
sc. i. —“ Why such *imprest* of shipwrights?” DOWCE.

<sup>5</sup> *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:]* Mr. Pope in  
his last edition reads *cow-keeper*. It is certain we must read *crow-  
keeper*. In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure,  
representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to  
fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as  
a *scare-crow*. THEOBALD.

This *crow-keeper* was so common in the author's time, that it is  
one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius in his account  
of our island. JOHNSON.

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton:

“ Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,

“ To some base rustic do thyself prefer;

yard.<sup>9</sup>—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheefe will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.<sup>2</sup>—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,<sup>3</sup> i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.<sup>4</sup>

“ And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,  
“ Practise thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper*.”

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, says, that such servants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers*. STEEVENS.

So, in *Bonduca*, by Fletcher:

“ — Can these fight? They look  
“ Like empty scabbards all; no mettle in them;  
“ Like *men of clouts*, set to keep *crows* from orchards.”

See also *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv. MALONE.

The following curious passage in Latimer's *Fruitful Sermons*, 1584. fol. 69. will show how indispensable was practice to enable an archer to *handle his bow* skilfully. “ In my time (says the good bishop) my poor father was diligent to teach me to shoote, as to learne me any other thing, and so I thinke other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, howe to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with strength of armes as other nations doe, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes bought me according to my age and strength: as I encreased in them, so my bowes were made bigger and bigger: for men shall neuer shoote well, except they be brought up in it.” HOLT WHITE.

<sup>9</sup> — *draw me a clothier's yard*.] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace*:

“ An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,  
“ Up to the head drew he,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *the brown bills*.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe, affixed to a long staff:

“ Which is the constable's house?—  
“ At the sign of the *brown bill*.”

*Blurt Mr. Constable*, 1602.

Again, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1622:

“ Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,  
“ *Brown bills*, and targetiers,” &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 477-8, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *O, well flown, bird!*—i' the clout, &c.] Lear is here rav-



EDG. Sweet marjoram.

LEAR. Pafs.

GLO. I know that voice.

LEAR. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—  
They flatter'd me like a dog;<sup>6</sup> and told me, I had  
white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were  
there.<sup>7</sup> To fay *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I faid!—  
Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the

ing of *archery*, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they fet up and aim at: hence the phrafe, to *hit the white*. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

“ Change your mark, shoot at a white; come stick me in the  
*clout*, fir.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

“ For kings are *clouts* that every man shoots at.”

Again, in *How to choose a good Wife from a bad One*, 1602:

“ — who could mis the *clout*,

“ Having fuch steady aim ?” —

Mr. Heath thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the swiftness of its flight, especially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown bird*, was the falconer's expression when the hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*.

STEEVENS.

The quarto read—O, well flown bird *in the ayre*, hugh, give the word. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *Give the word.*] Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan! they flattered me*, &c. which is not so forcible. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *They flatter'd me like a dog;*] They played the spaniel to me.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.*] They told me that I had the wisdom of age, before I had attained to manhood. MALONE.

rain came to wet me<sup>1</sup> once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

*GLO.* The trick of that voice<sup>1</sup> I do well remember: Is't not the king?

*LEAR.* Ay, every inch a king:  
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.<sup>2</sup>  
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—  
*Adultery.*—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:  
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.  
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son  
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.  
To't, luxury,<sup>3</sup> pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—  
Behold yon' simpering dame,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *When the rain came to wet me &c.*] This seems to be an allusion to king Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The trick of that voice* ———] *Trick* (says Sir Thomas Hanmer) is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. We still say "— he has a trick of winking with his eyes, of speaking loud," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 11, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, every inch a king:*  
*When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,  
Whereat each tributary subject quakes." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *To't, luxury, &c.*] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for incontinence. See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Cressida*, Act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

Whose face between her forks <sup>4</sup> prefageth snow ;  
 That minces virtue, <sup>5</sup> and does shake the head  
 To hear of pleasure's name ;  
 The fitchew, <sup>6</sup> nor the soiled horse, <sup>7</sup> goes to't  
 With a more riotous appetite.  
 Down from the waist they are centaurs, <sup>8</sup>  
 Though women all above :  
 But to the girdle <sup>9</sup> do the gods inherit,  
 Beneath is all the fiends' ; <sup>a</sup> there's hell, there's  
 darkness,

<sup>4</sup> *Whose face between her forks* —] The construction is not "whose face between her forks," &c. but "whose face prefageth snow between her forks." So, in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. iii :

" Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
 " That lies on Dian's lap." EDWARDS.

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the words *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *That minces virtue,*] Whose virtue consists in appearance only ; in an affected delicacy and prudery : who is as nice and squeamish in talking of virtue and of the frailer part of her sex, as a lady who walks *mincingly* along :

" — and turn two *mincing* steps

" Into a manly stride." *Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

This is a passage which I shall not venture to explain further than by recommending a reconsideration of the passage, quoted by Mr. Malone, from *The Merchant of Venice*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *The fitchew,*] A polecat. POPE.

<sup>7</sup> — nor the soiled horse,] *Soiled horse* is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Down from the waist they are centaurs,*] In *The Malcontent*, is a thought as singular as this :

" 'Tis now about the immodest *waist* of night."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But to the girdle* &c.] To *inherit* in Shakspeare is, to possess. See Vol. III. p. 249, n. 9. *But* is here used for *only*. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *Beneath is all the fiends' ;*] According to Grecian superstition,

there is the sulphurous pit,<sup>3</sup> burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

*GLO.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*LEAR.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*GLO.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

*LEAR.* I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squint at me?<sup>4</sup> No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*GLO.* Were all the letters furs, I could not see one.

*EDG.* I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

every limb of us was conigned to the charge of some particular deity. Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes by saying:

“ And Venus through the letcherie

“ For whiche thei hir deifie,

“ *She kept all doune the remenant*

“ *To thilke office appertainant.*” COLLINS.

In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's speech is printed as prose. I doubt much whether any part of it was intended for metre. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *there is the sulphurous pit, &c.*] Perhaps these lines should be regulated as follows:

There is the sulphurous pit, stench, burning, scalding,

Consumption: fie, fie, fie! pah! pah! pah!

An ounce of civet, &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Dost thou squint at me?*] To *squint* is to look askint. The word is used by our poet's fellow-comedian, Robert Armin, in *A Nesh of Ninnies*, &c. 4to, 1609: “ The world—*squinties* at this, and looks as one scorning.” MALONE.

LEAR. Read.

GLO. What, with the case of eyes?<sup>5</sup>

LEAR. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

GLO. I see it feelingly.

LEAR. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy,<sup>6</sup> which is the justice, which is the thief?—

<sup>5</sup> *What, with the case of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without necessity, I have restored the old reading. The *case of eyes* is the *socket* of either eye. Statius in his first *Thebaid*, has a similar expression. Speaking of Oedipus he says:

“ Tunc *wacuos orbes* crudum ac miserabile vitæ  
“ Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis  
“ Pulsat inane solum.

“ *Inane solum*, i. e. *wacui oculorum loci*.”

Shakspeare has the expression again in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear  
*the cases* of their eyes.” STEEVENS.

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we have the same expression:

“ — her eyes as jewel-like,  
“ And cas'd as richly.”

Again, *ibid-m*:

“ Her *eye-lids*, *cases* to those heavenly jewels  
“ Which Pericles hath lost,  
“ Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.”

*This* could not have been the author's word; for “ *this case of eyes*” in the language of his time signified—*this pair of eyes*, a sense directly opposite to that intended to be conveyed. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Change places; and, handy-dandy,*] The words *change places*, *and*, are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which something is shaken between two hands, and then a guess is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: “ *Bazzicchiare*. To shake between two hands; to play *bandy-dandy*.” Coles in his Latin Dict, 1679,

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*GLO.* Ay, fir.

*LEAR.* And the creature run from the cur?  
There thou might'st behold the great image of  
authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own  
back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs  
the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.<sup>7</sup> Plate sin<sup>8</sup>  
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:<sup>9</sup>

renders "to play handy-dandy," by *digitis micare*; and he is followed by Ainsworth; but they appear to have been mistaken; as is Dr. Johnson in his definition in his Dictionary, which seems to have been formed on the passage before us, misunderstood. He says, Handy-dandy is "a play in which children *change hands and places*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:  
"Hiding base sin in pleats of majesty." MALONE.

From *hide all to accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revival. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Plate sin* —] The old copies read—*Place sin*. Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

So, in *King Richard II*:

"Thus *plated* in habiliments of war." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I'll able 'em*:] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:

"Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,

"And *able me* to mercie or thou deme." WARBURTON.

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widow's Tears*, 1612:

"Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I'll *able* it."

STEEVENS.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,  
now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

EDG. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!  
Reason in madness!

LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my  
eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:  
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl, and cry: <sup>2</sup>—I will preach to thee; mark  
me.

GLO. Alack, alack the day!

LEAR. When we are born, we cry, that we are  
come

To this great stage of fools;—This a good  
block? <sup>3</sup>—

<sup>2</sup> *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl, and cry:]*

“ Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est  
“ Cui tantum in vitâ restat transire malorum.” *Lucretius.*  
STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — [*This a good block?*] Perhaps, we should read—  
*'Tis a good block.* RITSON.

Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to  
have meant him to pull off his *bat*, and keep turning it and feeling  
it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times, (whom I  
have seen so represented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*,  
which the good *bat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in  
his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that  
which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him  
start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part*  
of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the  
hat itself.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*: “ He wears his faith  
but as the fashion of his *bat*; it changes with the next *block*.”

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt :<sup>4</sup> I'll put it in proof;

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons* :

" I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd *bat*

" Of the last progress *block*, with the young hatband."

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: " — my haberdasher has a new *block*, and will find me and all my generation in *beavers*," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: " — that cannot observe the time of his hatband, nor know what fashion'd *block* is most kin to his head; for in my opinion, the braine that cannot chuse his *felt* well," &c.

Again, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London* by Decker, 1606. " — The *blocke* for his head alters faster than the *felt*maker can fitte him."

Again, in *Run and a great Cast*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to. without date, *Epigram 46. In Sextinum* :

" A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *bat*;

" So much the fitter for his head by that." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe*

*A troop of horse with felt* :] i. e. with flocks kneaded to a mass, a practice I believe sometimes used in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Ariosto* :

" — fece nel cadar strepito quanto

" Avesse avuto sotto i piedi il *feltro*." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare however might have adopted the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with *felt*, from the following passage in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, 4to. b. l. 1567: " — he attyreth himselfe for the purpose in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of *shoes* of *felte*, leaste the noyse of his *fecte* shoulde discover his goinge." P. 58.

Again, in *Hay any Worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: " Their adversaries are very eager: the faines in heaven have *felt* o' their tongues." STEEVENS.

This " delicate stratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p. 41. " And now," says that historian, " having feasted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Lisle, [Oct 13, 1513.] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who caused there a juste to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while *the horses*, to



And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

GENY. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,  
Your most dear daughter—

LEAR. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even  
The natural fool of fortune.<sup>6</sup>—Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,  
I am cut to the brains.

GENY. You shall have any thing.

LEAR. No seconds? All myself?  
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,<sup>7</sup>  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,  
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.<sup>8</sup>

prevent sliding, *were sod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sine tormento*): after which the ladies danced all night."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Then, kill, kill, &c.*] This was formerly the word given in  
the English army, when an onset was made on the enemy. So, in  
*Venus and Adonis*:

" Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,

" And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill.*"

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1610, p. 315:

" For while the Frenchmen fresh assaulted still,

" Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,

" Crying, Saint George, Salisbury, *kill, kill,*

" And offer'd freshly with their foes to fight." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" O, I am *fortune's* fool!" STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *a man of salt,*] *A man of salt is a man of tears.* In *All's Well that ends Well*, we meet with—" your *salt tears'* head;" and  
in *Truillius and Cressida*, " the *salt* of broken *tears.*" Again, in  
*Coriolanus*:

" He has betray'd your business, and given up,

" For certain drops of *salt*, your city Rome." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.*] These words are not in  
the folio. MALONE.

GENT. Good fir,<sup>9</sup>—

LEAR. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom:  
What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,  
My masters, know you that?

GENT. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR. Then there's life in it.<sup>2</sup> Nay, an you get  
it, you shall get it by running. Sa, fa, fa, fa.

[Exit, running; Attendants follow.]

GENT. A fight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;  
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daugh-  
ter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

EDG. Hail, gentle fir.

GENT. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

EDG. Do you hear aught, fir, of a battle toward?

GENT. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears  
that,

Which can distinguish sound.

EDG. But, by your favour,  
How near's the other army?

GENT. Near, and on speedy foot; the main def-  
cry

For the sake of metre, I have here repeated the preposition—  
*for*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old  
copies. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Gent. *Good fir*,] These words I have restored from one of the  
quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:

— a *smug* bridegroom— STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Then there's life in it.*] The case is not yet desperate.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ There's sap in't yet.” STEEVENS.

Stands on the hourly thought.<sup>3</sup>

EDG. I thank you, fir: that's all.

GENT. Though that the queen on special cause  
is here,  
Her army is mov'd on.

EDG. I thank you, fir. [*Exit GENT.*]

GLO. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from  
me;

Let not my worser spirit<sup>4</sup> tempt me again  
To die before you please!

EDG. Well pray you, father.

GLO. Now, good fir, what are you?

EDG. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's  
blows;<sup>5</sup>

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *the main desery*

*Stands on the hourly thought.*] The *main* body is *expected* to be *desery'd* every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *my worser spirit* — ] By this expression may be meant—*my evil genius.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *made tame by fortune's blows.*] So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

“*Taming my wild heart to thy gentle hand.*”

The quartos read:

— *made lame by fortune's blows.* STEEVENS.

The folio has—*made tame to fortune's blows.* I believe the original is here, as in many other places, the true reading. So, in our poet's 37th Sonnet:

“*So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spight,—*”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,*] i. e. Sorrows past and present. WARBURTON.

*Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*

I doubt whether *feeling* is not used, with our poet's usual licence, for *felt*. Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience.

MALONE.

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some biding.

*GLO.* Hearty thanks :  
The bounty and the benison of heaven  
To boot, and boot !

*Enter Steward.*

*STEW.* A proclaim'd prize ! Most happy !  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
Briefly thyself remember :<sup>1</sup>—The sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*GLO.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*

*STEW.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? Hence ;  
Lest that the infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*EDG.* Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'caasion.

*STEW.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*EDG.* Good gentleman, go your gait,<sup>2</sup> and let  
poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd  
out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis

<sup>1</sup> *Briefly thyself remember :*] i. e. Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven.

WARBURTON.

So Othello says to Desdemona :

“ If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
“ Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
“ Solicit for it straight.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *go your gait,*] *Gang your gate* is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismissal, their phrase was, *gang your gait.* STEEVENS.

by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye,<sup>9</sup> or ise try whether your costard<sup>2</sup> or my bat<sup>3</sup> be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

STEW. Out, dunghill!

EDG. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.<sup>4</sup>

[*Tbey fight; and EDGAR knocks bim down.*]

STEW. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
To Edmund earl of Gloster;<sup>5</sup> feek him out

<sup>9</sup> — *che vor'ye,*] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. JOHNSON.

When our ancient writers have occasion to introduce a rustick, they commonly allot him this Somersetshire dialect. Mercury, in the second book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, assumes the appearance of a clown, and our translator *Golding* has made him speak with the provinciality of Shakspeare's Edgar. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *your costard!*—] *Costard*, i. e. head. So, in *K. Richard III*:  
“Take him over the *costard* with the hilt of thy sword.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *my bat* —] i. e. club. So, in *Spenser*:

“— a handsome *bat* he held,

“On which he leaned, as one far in eld.”

Again, in *Mucedorus*, 1598:

“With this my *bat* I will beat out thy brains.”

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“— let every thing be ready,

“And each of you a good *bat* on his neck.” STEEVENS.

Rather in this place a *staff*. In Suffex a walking-stick is called a *bat*. *Bats* and *clubs* are distinguished in *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i.  
“where go you with *bats* and *clubs*.” HOLT WHITE.

<sup>4</sup> — *no matter vor your foins.*] *To foin*, is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *To Edmund earl of Gloster;*] Mr. Smith has endeavoured,

Upon the British party:—O, untimely death !  
[Dies.

EDG. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;  
 As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
 As badness would desire.

GLO. What, is he dead ?

EDG. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—  
 Let's see his pockets : these letters, that he speaks  
 of,  
 May be my friends.—He's dead ; I am only sorry  
 He had no other death's-man.—Let us see :—  
 Leave, gentle wax ; and, manners, blame us not :  
 To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;  
 Their papers, is more lawful.<sup>6</sup>

without any success, to prove in a long note, that we ought to read—*letter* both here and below, because the Steward had only one letter in his pocket, namely that written by Goneril. But there is no need of change, for *letters* formerly was used like *epistolæ* in Latin, when one only was intended. So, in Act I. sc. v. Lear says to Kent, “ Go, you, before to Gloster, with *these letters* ;” and Kent replies, “ I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your *letter*.” Again, in Act IV. sc. v. the Steward says to Regan, “ I must needs after him, madam, with my *letters*,” meaning only Goneril's letter, which Edgar presently reads. Such, as I observed on that passage, is the reading of the original quarto copies, which in the folio is changed to *letter*. Whether the Steward had also a letter from Regan, it is not here necessary to inquire. The words which he uses, do not, for the reason I have assigned, necessarily imply two letters : and as Edgar finds no letter from Regan, we may infer that when she said to the Steward in a former scene, *take thou this*, she gave him a ring or some other token of regard for Edmund, and not a letter. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;*

*Their papers, is more lawful.*] This is darkly expressed : the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confession of their secrets ; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

— *we'd rip* —] Thus the quartos, The folio reads—*we rip*. The editor of the second folio, imagining that *papers* was

[reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

*Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,<sup>7</sup>*

Goneril

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!<sup>8</sup>—  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the  
sands,  
Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified<sup>9</sup>

the nominative case, for *is* substituted *are*: Their papers *are* more lawful. But the construction is,—*to rip* their papers, is more lawful. His alteration, however, has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *affectionate servant,*] After *servant*, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: “ — and for you her owne for venter, Goneril.” STEEVENS.

In this place I have followed the quarto of which the first signature is A. The other reads—“ Your (wife, so I would say) *your* affectionate servant;” and adds the words mentioned by Mr. Steevens. The folio, reads—“ Your (wife so I would say) affectionate servant, Goneril.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—of woman's *wit!* The meaning (says Dr. Warburton in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition,) is, “ The variations in a woman's will are so sudden, and their liking and loathing follow so quick upon each other, that there is no distinguishable space between them.” MALONE.

I believe, the plain meaning is—*O undistinguishing licentiousness of a woman's inclinations!* STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified &c.*] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

Of murderous lechers : and, in the mature time,  
 With this ungracious paper strike the fight  
 Of the death-practis'd duke :<sup>2</sup> For him 'tis well,  
 That of thy death and bufinefs I can tell.

[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the body*.]

GLO. The king is mad : How stiff is my vile  
 fenfe,  
 That I ftand up, and have ingenious feeling<sup>3</sup>  
 Of my huge sorrows ! Better I were diftract :  
 So fhould my thoughts be fever'd<sup>4</sup> from my griefs ;  
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lofe  
 The knowledge of themfelves.

*Re-enter* EDGAR.

EDG. Give me your hand :  
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
 Come, father, I'll beftow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt*.]

The epithet, *unfancified*, refers to his want of burial in *consecrated* ground. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the death-practis'd duke :*] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by *practice* or treason. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *and have ingenious feeling —*] *Ingenious feeling* fignifies a feeling from an understanding not difturbed or difordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the fenfe of pain the more exquisite. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *fever'd —*] The quartos read *fenced*. STEEVENS.



## S C E N E VII.

*A Tent in the French camp. LEAR on a bed, asleep;  
Physician, Gentleman,<sup>5</sup> and Others, attending:  
Enter CORDELIA and KENT.*

COR. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and  
work,  
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,  
And every measure fail me.<sup>6</sup>

KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-  
pay'd.  
All my reports go with the modest truth;  
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

COR. Be better suited:<sup>7</sup>  
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — [*Physician, Gentleman, &c.*] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Doctor*," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in those copies is a speaker in the course of the scene, and remains with KENT, when the rest go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Gentleman*;" to the latter of whom all the speeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *physician* and the *gentleman*. I suppose, from a penury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we see, were originally distinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor*:

"Be govern'd by *your knowledge*, and proceed

"I' the sway of your own will." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — [*every measure fail me.*] All good which I shall allot thee, or *measure out* to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> [*Be better suited:*] i. e. Be better dress'd, put on a better suit of clothes. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> [*These weeds are memories of those worser hours;*] *Memories,*

I pr'ythee, put them off.

*KENT.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent :<sup>9</sup>  
My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
Till time and I think meet.

*COR.* Then be it so, my good lord.—How does  
the king? [*to the Physician.*]

*PHYS.* Madam, sleeps still.

*COR.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father!<sup>1</sup>

i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense, *As You Like It*, Act II. sc. iii:

“ O, my sweet master! O you *memory*  
“ Of old Sir Rowland!” — STEEVENS.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618:—“ A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *my made intent*:] There is a dissonancy of terms in *made intent*; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, undone. I suppose Shakspeare wrote—*laid intent*, i. e. projected.

WARBURTON.

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to *make a design*, and to *make a resolution*. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Of this child-changed father!*] i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. STEEVENS.

Lear is become insane, and this is the change referred to. Infancy is not the property of second childhood, but dotage. Consonant to this explanation is what Cordelia almost immediately adds:

“ O my dear father! restoration hang  
“ Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
“ Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
“ Have in thy reverence made!” HENLEY.

*Of this child-changed father!*] That is, *changed by his children*; a father, whose jarring senses have been untuned by the monstrous

*PHYS.* So please your majesty,  
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

*COR.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the fway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*GENT.* Ay, madam;<sup>3</sup> in the heaviness of his sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

*PHYS.* Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*COR.* Very well.<sup>4</sup>

*PHYS.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick there.<sup>5</sup>

ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-craz'd*, crazed by care; *wave-worn*, worn by the waves; *woe-wearied*, harassed by woe; &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, madam; &c.*] The folio gives these four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the same year, and for the same printer) gives the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. STEEVENS.

In the folio the *Gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *Physician*, is one and the same person. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Very well.*] This and the following line I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *Louder the musick there.*] I have already observed in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. IX. p. 192, n. 4, that Shakspeare considered *soft musick* as favourable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the Physician desires *louder musick* to be played, for the purpose of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to recover Thaisa, who had been thrown into the sea, says,

**COR.** O my dear father! Restoration, hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; <sup>6</sup> and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

**KENT.** Kind and dear princess!

**COR.** Had you not been their father, these white  
flakes  
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
[To stand <sup>7</sup> against the deep dread-bolted thunder?  
In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)  
With this thin helm? <sup>8</sup>] Mine enemy's dog,<sup>9</sup>

"The rough and woeful musick that we have,  
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Musick, awake her; strike!" MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — Restoration, *bang*

[*Thy medicine on my lips*;] This is fine. She invokes the goddess of health, Hygeia, under the name of *Restoration*, to make her the minister of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's lost senses. WARBURTON.

*Restoration* is no more than *recovery* personified. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> [*To stand &c.*] The lines within crotchets are omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — to watch (*poor perdu!*)

[*With this thin helm?*] The allusion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*. These *enfants perdus* being always slightly and badly armed, is the reason that she adds, With this thin helm? i. e. bare-headed. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is just, though the latter part of his assertion has not the least foundation. Paulus Jovius, speaking of the body of men who were anciently sent on this desperate adventure, says, "Hos ab immoderatâ fortitudine *perditos* vocant, et in summo honore atque admiratione habent." It is not likely that those who deserved so well of their country for exposing themselves to certain danger, should be sent out, *summâ admiratione*, and yet slightly and badly armed.

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,

The same allusion occurs in Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"—— I have endur'd  
" Another night would tire a *perdu*,  
" More than a wet furrow and a great frost."

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary*:

"—— as for *perdues*,  
" Some choice fous'd fish, brought couchant in a dish  
" Among some fennel or some other grafs,  
" Shows how they lye i' th' field." STEEVENS.

In Polemon's *Collection of Battels*, 4to. bl. l. printed by Bynne-  
man, p. 98, an account of the battle of Marignano is translated  
from Jovius, in which is the following passage:—" They were  
very chosen felowes taken out of all the Cantons, men in the  
prime of youth, and of singular forwardnesse: who by a very  
auntient order of that country, that by dooyng some deede of  
passyng prowesse they may obtaine rare honour of warrefare before  
they be growen in yeares, doe of themselves request all perillous  
and harde pieces of service, and often use with deadlye praise to  
runne unto proposed death. These men do they call, of their  
immoderate fortitude and stoutnesse, the desperats forlorne hopen,  
and the Frenchmen *enfants perdus*: and it is lawfull for them, by  
the prerogative of their prowesse, to beare an ensigne, to have  
conducte and double wages all their life long. Neyther are the  
forlorne knowen from the rest by anye other marke and cognifance  
than the plumes of white feathers, the which, after the manner of  
captaines, they doe tourn behinde, waveryng over theyr shoulder  
with a brave kynde of riot."

Again, in Bacon's *Apology*, touching the late Earl of Essex,  
12mo. 1651, p. 105: "—— you have put me like one of those  
that the Frenchmen call *Enfans perdus* that serve on foot before  
horsemen." REED.

Amongst other desperate services in which the forlorn hope, or  
*enfants perdus*, were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been  
a common one. So Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I am set here like a *perdu*,  
" To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress."

*Little French Lawyer*, Act II. sc. ii. WHALLEY.

*With this thin helm?*] With this thin covering of hair.

MALONE.

? —— *Mine enemy's dog*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
 In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
 'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once  
 Had not concluded all.<sup>2</sup>—He wakes; speak to him.

*PHYS.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

*COR.* How does my royal lord? How fares your  
 majesty?

*LEAR.* You do me wrong, to take me out o' the  
 grave:—

Thou art a foul in blifs; but I am bound  
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
 Do scald like molten lead.

*COR.* Sir, do you know me?

*LEAR.* You are a spirit, I know; When did you  
 die?

*COR.* Still, still, far wide!

*PHYS.* He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

*LEAR.* Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair  
 day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.<sup>3</sup>—I should even die with  
 pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—  
 I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;  
 I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd  
 Of my condition.

read, Mine *injurious* dog. Possibly the poet wrote—*Mine injurer's*  
 dog. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Had not concluded all.*] *Is it wonder that thy wits and life had*  
*not all ended.* JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, c. viii:

“ Ne spared they to strip her naked all.”

Again, in *Timon*:

“ And dispossess her all.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I am mightily abus'd.*] I am strangely imposed on by appear-  
 ances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

COR. O, look upon me, fir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—  
No, fir, you must not kneel.<sup>5</sup>

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me:<sup>6</sup>  
I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward;<sup>7</sup> and, to deal plainly,  
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.<sup>8</sup>  
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;  
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

<sup>5</sup> *No, fir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether such accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question.

STEEVENS.

The words, *No, fir*, are not in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Pray, do not mock me:*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act V:

“ ——— Let no man mock me,

“ For I will kiss her.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Fourscore and upward;*] Here the folio (and the folio only) adds—*not an hour more or less*. The authenticity of this passage Sir Joshua Reynolds justly suspects. It was probably the interpolation of some player, and is better omitted, both in regard to sense and versification. STEEVENS.

The words *not an hour more or less*, are judiciously reprobated by Mr. Steevens as the interpolation of some foolish player. We should therefore read:

Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly *with you*.

RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads:

I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. STEEVENS.

For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*COR.* And so I am, I am.

*LEAR.* Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,  
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters  
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*COR.* No cause, no cause.

*LEAR.* Am I in France?

*KENT.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*LEAR.* Do not abuse me.

*PHYS.* Be comforted, good madam: the great  
rage,

You see, is cur'd<sup>9</sup> in him: [and yet<sup>2</sup> it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.<sup>3</sup>]

<sup>9</sup> — *is cur'd* — ] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,  
— *is kill'd*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — [and yet &c.] This is not in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *To make him even o'er the time he has lost.*] i. e. To reconcile  
it to his apprehension. WARBURTON.

The uncommon verb—to *even*, occurs again in *Cymbeline*, Act III.  
sc. iv:

“ There's more to be consider'd; but we'll *even*  
“ All that good time will give us.”

The meaning there seems to be, we will fully employ all the  
time we have. So here the Physician says, that it is dangerous to  
draw from Lear a full relation of all that he felt or suffered while  
his reason was disturbed; to make him employ as much time in  
the recital of what has befallen him as passed during his state of  
infanity. MALONE.

I believe, Dr. Warburton's explanation is just. The poor old  
king had nothing to tell, though he had much to hear. The  
speaker's meaning therefore I conceive to be—it is dangerous to  
render all that passed during the interval of his infanity, *even* (i. e.  
plain or level,) to his understanding, while it continues in its  
present state of uncertainty. STEEVENS.



Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,  
Till further settling.

*COR.* Will't please your highness walk?

*LEAR.* You must bear with me:  
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and  
foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and *Attendants.*]

[*GENT.* Holds it true, sir,<sup>4</sup>  
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

*KENT.* Most certain, sir.

*GENT.* Who is conductor of his people?

*KENT.* As 'tis said,  
The bastard son of Gloster.

*GENT.* They say, Edgar,  
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent  
In Germany.

*KENT.* Report is changeable.  
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom  
Approach apace.

*GENT.* The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.  
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*KENT.* My point and period will be throughly  
wrought,  
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Holds it true, sir,*] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper if not necessary; and was omitted by the author, I suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation. JOHNSON.

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the author's departure from the stage, without consulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with similar omissions, which render them often perfectly unintelligible. The loss however is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters. MALONE.

## A C T V. S C E N E I.

*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,  
Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

EDM. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;  
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course: He's full of alteration,<sup>5</sup>  
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.<sup>6</sup>  
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

REG. Our sifter's man is certainly miscarried.

EDM. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

REG. Now, sweet lord,  
You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sifter?

EDM. In honour'd love.

[REG. But have you never found my brother's  
way

<sup>5</sup> — of alteration,] One of the quartos reads,  
— of abdication. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — his constant pleasure.] His settled resolution. JOHNSON,  
So, before:

“ We have this hour a constant will” &c.

See p. 8. n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *But have you never &c.*] The *first* and *last* of these speeches, printed within crotchets, are inserted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have restored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but sure a material injury is done

To the forefended place?\*

EDM. That thought abuses you.<sup>9</sup>

REG. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct  
And bosom'd with her,<sup>2</sup> as far as we call hers.

EDM. No, by mine honour, madam.]

REG. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

EDM. Fear me not:—  
She, and the duke her husband,—

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

GON. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister  
Should loosen him and me. [Aside.

ALB. Our very loving sister, well be met.—  
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,

to the character of the Bastard by the omission; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way to the forefended place? STEEVENS.

\* ——— forefended place?] *Forefended* means prohibited, forbidden. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“ Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *That thought abuses you.*] That thought imposes on you: you are deceived. This speech and the next are found in both the quartos, but omitted in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— bosom'd with her,] *Bosom'd* is used in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

“ We'll crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp

“ And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son

“ That night he bosom'd Helen.”

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“ With fair Alcmena, she that never bosom'd

“ Mortal, save thee.” STEEVENS.

With others, whom the rigour of our state  
 Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not<sup>3</sup> be honest,  
 I never yet was valiant:<sup>4</sup> for this business,  
 It toucheth us as France invades our land,  
 Not bolds the king;<sup>5</sup> with others, whom, I fear,  
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — [Where I could not —] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — [Where I could not be honest, I never yet was valiant:] This sentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline*:

*Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,  
 But now thou seem'st a coward.*

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entituled, *The second Maiden's Tragedy*:

“ That worke is never undertooke with corage,  
 “ That makes his master blush.” STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Not bolds the king;*] The quartos read *bolds*, and this may be the true reading. *This business* (says Albany) *touches us as France invades our land, not as it bolds the king, &c.* i. e. *emboldens* him to assert his former title. Thus in the ancient interlude of *Hycke Scorne*:

“ Alas, that I had not one to bold me!” STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Sir, this I hear,—to—make oppose,*] The meaning is, The king, and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he *bolds*, entertains, and supports the king, and *others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppose* us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. This speech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewise very necessary: for otherwise Albany, who is characterised as a man of honour and observer of justice, gives no reason for going to war with those, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power.

WARBURTON.

The quartos read—*For* this I hear, &c. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Fore* this, I hear, the king, &c. *Sir* is the reading of the folio. Dr. Warburton has explained this passage, as if the copies read—*Not bolds the king.* i. e. not *as he* holds the king; but both the quartos, in which alone the latter part of this speech

EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.<sup>1]</sup>

REG. Why is this reason'd?

GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :  
For these domestick and particular broils<sup>8</sup>  
Are not to question here.<sup>9</sup>

ALB. Let us then determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

EDM.<sup>2</sup> I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REG. Sister, you'll go with us?

GON. No.

REG. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with  
us.

GON. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will  
go.

is found, read—*bolds*. However, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is preserved, as *bolds* may certainly have been a misprint for *bolds*, in copies in which we find *mov't*, for *noble*, (Act V. sc. iii.) *O father*, for *O fault*, (ibid.) the *mistress* of Hecate, for the *mysteries* of Hecate, (Act I. sc. i.) *blissoms* for *bosoms*, Act V. sc. iii. a *mistresses coward*, for a *mistresses command*, Act IV. sc. ii. &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Sir, you speak nobly.*] This reply must be understood ironically.  
MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *For these domestick and particular broils —*] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,  
For these domestic doore particulars. STEEVENS.

*Doore*, or *dore*, as quarto B has it, was probably a misprint for *dear*; i. e. important. MALONE.

*Door* particulars, signify, I believe, *particulars at our very doors*, close to us, and consequently fitter to be settled at home.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Are not to question here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,  
Are not *the* question here. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Edm.*] This speech is wanting in the folio." STEEVENS.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.*

EDG. If e'er your grace had speech with man so  
poor,  
Hear me one word.

ALB. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exit* EDM. REG. GON. *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.  
If you have victory, let the trumpet found  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a champion, that will prove  
What is avouched there: If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases.<sup>3</sup> Fortune love you!

ALB. Stay till I have read the letter.

EDG. I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

ALB. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy  
paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

EDM. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.  
Here is the guess<sup>4</sup> of their true strength and forces

<sup>3</sup> *And machination ceases.*] i. e. All designs against your life will have an end. STEEVENS.

These words are not in the quartos. In the latter part of this line, for *love*, the reading of the original copies, the folio has *loves*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Here is *the guess &c.*] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the guess. So the quartos. But had the discovery been diligent, the guess could not have proved so difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. STEEVENS.

By diligent discovery ;—but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*ALB.* We will greet the time.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit.*

*EDM.* To both these sisters have I sworn my  
love ;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?  
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,  
If both remain alive : To take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,<sup>6</sup>

The original reading is, I think, sufficiently clear. The most diligent inquiry does not enable me to form a conjecture concerning the true strength of the enemy. Whether we read *hard* or *here*, the adverbative particle *but* in the subsequent line seems employed with little propriety. According to the present reading, it may mean, *but* you are now so pressed in point of time, that you have little leisure for such speculations. The quartos read—their *great* strength. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *carry out my side,*] Bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. *Side* seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ — and carry out

“ A world of evils with thy title.”

Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 155. “ Heydon's son hath borne out the side stoutly here” &c. STEEVENS.

*And hardly shall I carry out my side,*

*Her husband being alive.*] That is, “ I shall scarcely be able to make out my game.” The allusion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he shall not be able to make his side successful.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Centaure says of Epicene :

“ She and Mavis will set up a side.”

That is, will be partners. And in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Belgard says :

Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
 His countenance for the battle; which being done,  
 Let her, who would be rid of him, devise  
 His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
 Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—  
 The battle done, and they within our power,  
 Shall never see his pardon: for my state  
 Stands on me to defend, not to debate.<sup>7</sup> [Exit.

“ — And if now

“ At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,

“ I'll not pull down the side.”

In *The Maid's Tragedy*, the same expression occurs:

*Dula*. I'll hold your cards against any two I know.

*Evad*. Aspasia take her part.

*Dula*. I will refuse it;

She will pluck down a side, she does not use it.

But the phrase is still more clearly explained in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozimo says to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a second bowl of wine:

“ Pray you, pause a little;

“ If I hold your cards, I shall pull down the side;

“ I am not good at the game.” M. MASON.

Edmund, I think, means, hardly shall I be able to make my party good; to maintain my cause. We should now say—to bear out, which Coles in his Dict. 1679, interprets, to make good, to save harmless.

*Side for party* was the common language of the time. So, in a letter from William earl of Pembroke to Robert earl of Leicester, Michaelmas day, 1625, *Sydney Papers*, Vol. II. p. 361: “The queenes side, and so herself, labour much to ly at Salisbury.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — for my state

*Stands on me &c.*] I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.* JOHNSON.



## S C E N E II.

*A Field between the two Camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their forces; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.\**

*EDG.* Here, father, take the shadow of this tree  
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:  
If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*GLO.* Grace go with you, fir!  
[*Exit EDGAR.*]

*Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*EDG.* Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;  
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:  
Give me thy hand, come on.

*GLO.* No further, fir; a man may rot even here.

*EDG.* What, in ill thoughts again? Men must  
endure  
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

\* *Enter Edgar &c.*] Those who are curious to know how far Shakspeare was here indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter from it entitled,—"The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blind father." P. 141, edit. 1590, quarto, annexed to the conclusion of this play. STEEVENS.

Ripeness is all :<sup>9</sup> Come on.

GLO.

And that's true too.<sup>8</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The British Camp near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND;  
LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Sol-  
diers, &c.*

EDM. Some officers take them away: good  
guard;  
Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them.<sup>3</sup>

COR. We are not the first,  
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.<sup>4</sup>  
For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—  
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to  
prison:  
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:

<sup>9</sup> *Ripeness is all:*] i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all.  
The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet*, scene the last:

“—if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readiness is all.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *to censure them.*] i. e. to pass sentence or judgement on them. So, in *Othello*:

“——— To you, lord governor,

“Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.*] i. e. the worst that fortune can inflict. MALONE.

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
 And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,  
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—  
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—  
 And take upon us the mystery of things,  
 As if we were God's spies:<sup>5</sup> And we'll wear out,  
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects<sup>6</sup> of great ones,  
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDM.

Take them away.

LEAR. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
 The gods themselves throw incense.<sup>7</sup> Have I  
 caught thee?<sup>8</sup>

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,  
 And fire us hence, like foxes.<sup>9</sup> Wipe thine eyes;

<sup>5</sup> *And take upon us the mystery of things,  
 As if we were God's spies:]* As if we were angels commissioned  
 to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently en-  
 dowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action  
 and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — *packs and sects* —] Packs is used for combinations or  
 collections, as is a pack of cards. For sects, I think sets might be  
 more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed  
 by a new set.* Sets, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
 The gods themselves throw incense.]* The thought is extremely  
 noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short  
 of on the like occasion. “*Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod  
 respiciat intentus operi suo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis  
 cum malâ fortuna compositus.*” WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — *Have I caught thee?] Have I caught my heavenly jewel,*  
 is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's songs, which Shakspeare  
 has put into Falstaff's mouth in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

MALONE.

See Vol. III. p. 415. n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And fire us hence, like foxes.]* I have been informed that it is  
 usual to smoke foxes out of their holes,

The goujeers shall devour them,<sup>2</sup> flesh and fell,<sup>3</sup>  
Ere they shall make us weep : we'll see them starve  
first.

Come. [Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.]

So, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, B. XXVII. Stan. 17 :

“ Ev'n as a *faxe* whom *smoke and fire* doth fright  
“ So as he dare not in the ground remaine,  
“ Bolts out, and through the *smoke and fire* he flieth  
“ Into the tarier's mouth, and there he dieth.”

Again, *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“ — my walk and all,  
“ You *smoke* me from, as if I were a *fox*.” STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598 :

“ Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,  
“ And march to *fire* them from their starting *boles*.”

Mr. Upton, however, is of opinion that “ the allusion is to the scriptural account of Sampson's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and fastening a fire-brand to the cord ; then letting them loose among the standing corn of the Philistines. Judges, xv. 4.”

The words—shall bring a *brand from heaven*, seem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the construction must be, they shall bring a brand from heaven, and, like *foxes*, fire us hence : referring *foxes*, not to Lear and Cordelia, but to those who should separate them. MALONE.

The *brands* employed by Sampson were not brought *from heaven*. I therefore prefer the common and more obvious explanation of the passage before us. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The goujeers shall devour them.*] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp ; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*. HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes “ With a *good yeare* to thee!” and gives it in Italian, “ *Il mal' anno che dio ti dia.*” FARMER.

Golding, in his version of the 3d book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, has fallen into the same error, or rather, the same mis-spelling.—Juno is the speaker :

Perfeci quid enim toties per jurgia ? dixit,  
which is thus anglicized, p. 35 :

EDM. Come hither, captain; hark.  
 Take thou this note; <sup>4</sup> [*giving a paper.*] go, follow  
 them to prison:  
 One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men  
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded  
 Does not become a fword:—Thy great employment  
 Will not bear question; <sup>5</sup> either say, thou'lt do't,  
 Or thrive by other means.

“ And what a *good-yeare* have I wonne by scolding erst?  
 she fed.” STEEVENS.

The old copies have *good yeares*, the common corruption in  
 Shakspeare's time of the other word. Sir T. Hanmer made the  
 correction. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — [*flesh and fell,*] *Flesh and skin.* JOHNSON.

— [*flesh and fell,*] So, Skelton's works, p. 257:

“ Nakyd asyde,

“ Neither *flesh* nor *fell.*”

Chaucer uses *fell* and *bones* for *skin* and *bones*:

“ And said that he and all his kinne at once,

“ Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bone.*”

*Troilus and Cresside.* GREY.

In *The Dyar's Play*, among the Chester Collection of *Mysteries*,  
 in the Museum, *Antichrist* says:

“ I made thee, man, of *flesh* and *fell.*”

Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churcheyard and Camell &c.*  
 1560:

“ This lesson heether to I kept, and shall here after kepe,

“ Tylle I to earthe retorne again where *fleshe* and *fell* must  
 sleepe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> [*Take thou this note;*] This was a warrant, signed by the  
 Bastard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. In  
 a subsequent scene Edmund says—

“ — quickly send,—

“ Be brief in't,—to the castle: for my *writ*

“ Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia:—

“ He hath commission from thy wife and me

“ To hang Cordelia in the prison.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — [*Thy great employment*

*Will not bear question;*] By *great employment* was meant the

OFF. I'll do't, my lord.

EDM. About it; and write happy, when thou  
hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,  
As I have set it down.

OFF. I cannot draw a cart,<sup>6</sup> nor eat dried oats;  
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Officer.

*Flourish.* Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Offi-  
cers, and Attendants.

ALB. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant  
strain,  
And fortune led you well: You have the captives  
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:  
We do require them of you;<sup>7</sup> so to use them,  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

EDM. Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention, and appointed guard;<sup>8</sup>

*commission* given him for the murder; and this, the Bastard tells us  
afterwards, was signed by Goneril and himself. Which was  
sufficient to make this captain *unaccountable* for the execution.

WARBURTON.

The important business which is now entrusted to your manage-  
ment, does not admit of *debate*: you must instantly resolve to do  
it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many other places, signifies *dis-  
course, conversation*. MALONE.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ You may as well use *question* with the wolf.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I cannot draw &c.*] These two lines I have restored from the  
old quarto. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We do require them of you;*] So the folio. The quartos read:  
We do require *then* of you so to use them, &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *and appointed guard;*] These words are omitted in the  
quarto of which the first signature is B, and in the folio. MALONE.

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosom on his side,  
And turn our impres'd lances in our eyes<sup>9</sup>  
Which do command them. With him I sent the  
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time,<sup>2</sup>  
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his  
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
By those that feel their sharpness:—  
The question of Cordelia, and her father,  
Requires a fitter place.<sup>3</sup>]

*ALB.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war,  
Not as a brother.

*REG.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;  
Bore the commission of<sup>4</sup> my place and person;

<sup>9</sup> *And turn our impres'd lances in our eyes—*] i. e. Turn the lance-  
men whom we have hired by giving them *pres*-money (See p. 233,  
n. 4.) against us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. vii:

“ ——— people  
“ Ingros'd by swift *impres*.”

*Impres*, however, in this place, may possibly have its common  
signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*At this time, &c.*] This passage, well worthy of restora-  
tion, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the ques-  
tion what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be  
referred for greater privacy. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Bore the commission of ———*] *Commission*, for authority.

WARBURTON.

The which immediacy<sup>5</sup> may well stand up,  
And call itself your brother.

GON. Not so hot:  
In his own grace<sup>6</sup> he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your advancement.<sup>7</sup>

REG. In my rights,  
By me invested, he compeers the best,

GON. That were the most, if he should husband  
you.<sup>8</sup>

REG. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GON. Holla, holla!  
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *The which immediacy* —] *Immediacy* is *supremacy* in opposition to *subordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itself and power. JOHNSON.

*Immediacy* here implies proximity without intervention; in rank, or such a plenary delegation of authority, as to constitute the person on whom it is conferred, *another SELF: alter et idem*. HENLEY.

*Immediacy* is, I think, close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me, without, to use Dr. Johnson's words, *quiddam medium*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — let the world take note,

“ You are the most *immediate* to our throne.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *In his own grace* —] *Grace* here means *accomplishments*, or *honours*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ With all good *grace* to grace a gentleman.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *in your advancement*.] So the quartos. Folio—*your addition*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Gon. *That were the most, if he should husband you*.] If he were married to you, you could not say more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.—Thus the quartos. In the folio this line is given to *Albany*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint*.] Alluding to the proverb: “ Love being jealous makes a good eye look *a-squint*.” See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

So Milton:

“ And gladly banish *squint suspicion*.” Comus.

HOLT WHITE.



REG. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer  
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:<sup>2</sup>  
Witness the world, that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

GON. Mean you to enjoy him?

ALB. The let-alone lies not in your good will.<sup>3</sup>

EDM. Nor in thine, lord.

ALB. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

REG. Let the drum strike, and prove my title  
thine.<sup>4</sup> [To EDMUND.

ALB. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest  
thee  
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,<sup>5</sup>  
This gilded serpent: [*pointing to GON.*]—for your  
claim, fair sister,

<sup>2</sup> — [*the walls are thine:*] A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion.* WARBURTON.

A similar allusion occurs in *Cymbeline*:

“The heavens hold firm *the walls* of thy dear honour.”

STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> [*The let-alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice. JOHNSON.

Albany means to tell his wife, that, however she might want the power, she evidently did not want the inclination to prevent the match. RITSON.

To *obstruct* their union lies not in your good pleasure: your *vet* will avail nothing. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Reg. *Let the drum strike, &c.*] So the folio. This line is given to the *Bastard* in the quartos, and they read,

Let the drum strike, and prove my title *good*.

Regan, it appears from this speech, did not know that Albany had discharged her forces. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — [*thy arrest,*] The quartos read—*thine attain*. STEVENS.

I bar it in the interest of my wife ;  
 'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,  
 And I, her husband, contradict your bans.  
 If you will marry, make your love to me,  
 My lady is bespoke.

GON. An interlude!<sup>6</sup>

ALB. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet  
 found :<sup>7</sup>

If none appear to prove upon thy person,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,  
 There is my pledge ; [*throwing down a glove.*] I'll  
 prove it on thy heart,  
 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less  
 Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

REG. Sick, O, sick !

GON. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.<sup>9</sup> [*Aside.*]

EDM. There's my exchange : [*throwing down a  
 glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies :  
 Call by thy trumpet : he that dares approach,  
 On him, on you, (who not ?) I will maintain  
 My truth and honour firmly.

ALB. A herald, ho !

EDM. A herald, ho, a herald !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *An interlude !*] This short exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —*Let the trumpet found :*] These words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*thy person,*] The quartos read—*thy head.* STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*poison.*] The folio reads—*medicine.* STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A herald, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the quartos. STEVENS.

*ALB.* Trust to thy single virtue;<sup>3</sup> for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*REG.* This sickness grows upon me.

*Enter a Herald.*

*ALB.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—  
And read out this.

*OFF.* Sound, trumpet.<sup>4</sup>

[*A trumpet sounds.*

*Herald reads.*

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of  
the army,<sup>5</sup> will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl  
of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him ap-  
pear at the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in  
his defence.*

*EDM.* Sound.<sup>6</sup>

[*1. trumpet.*

*HER.* Again.

[*2. trumpet.*

*HER.* Again.

[*3. trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

<sup>3</sup> — *thy single virtue;*] i. e. valour; a Roman sense of the word. Thus *Raleigh*: “The conquest of Palestine with singular virtue they performed.” *STEEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> *Sound, trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos.

*STEEVENS.*

<sup>5</sup> — *within the lists of the army,*] The quartos read:— *within the host of the army,*— *STEEVENS.*

<sup>6</sup> *Edm. Sound.*] Omitted in the folio. *MALONE.*

*Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

*ALB.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

*HER.* What are you?  
Your name, your quality? and why you answer  
This present summons?

*EDG.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;  
Yet am I noble,<sup>6</sup> as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.

*ALB.* Which is that adversary?

*EDG.* What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of  
Gloster?

*EDM.* Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

*EDG.* Draw thy sword;  
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.<sup>7</sup>  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

<sup>6</sup> *Yet am I noble, &c.*] One of the quartos reads:

—yet are I mou't,

*Where is* the adversary I come to cope withal?

—are I mou't, is, I suppose, a corruption of—ere I move it.

STEEVENS,

The other quarto also reads—*Where is* the adversary, &c. omitting the words—*Yet am I noble*, which are only found in the folio. The word *withal* is wanting in that copy. MALONE,

<sup>7</sup> —*here is mine, &c.*] Here I draw my sword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profession to *draw* it against a traitor. I protest therefore, &c.

It is not the *charge itself* (as Dr. Warburton has erroneously stated,) but *the right of bringing* the charge and maintaining it with his sword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profession.

MALONE,



EDM. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;<sup>3</sup>  
 But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,  
 And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,<sup>4</sup>  
 What safe and nicely I might well delay<sup>5</sup>  
 By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:  
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;  
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;  
 Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)

<sup>3</sup> *In wisdom, I should ask thy name;*] Because, if his adversary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed—"If any man of *quality, or degree,*" &c. So Goneril afterwards says,

"By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer  
 "An *unknown* opposite." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,*] 'Say, for *essay*, some show or probability. POPE.

*Say* is simple, a taste. So, in *Sidney*:

"So good a *say* invites the eye  
 "A little downward to *espy*—,"

Again, in the Preface to Maurice Kyffin's translation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1588:

"Some other like places I could recite, but these shall suffice for a *say*."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"—— But pray do not  
 "Take the first *say* of her yourselves——."

Again, in *The Unnatural Combat*, by Massinger:

"—— or to take  
 "A *say* of venison, or stale fowl."—

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 847: "He (C. Wolfey) made dukes and erles to serve him of wine, with a *say* taken," &c. To *take the assaie* was the technical term. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *What safe and nicely &c.*] The phraseology is here very licentious. I suppose the meaning is, That delay which by the laws of knighthood I might make, I scorn to make. *Nicely* is, punctiliously; if I stood on minute forms. This line is not in the quartos; and furnishes one more proof of what readers are so slow to admit, that a whole line is sometimes omitted at the press. The subsequent line without this is nonsense. See Vol. X. p. 535, n. 7; and Vol. IV. p. 181, n. 4. MALONE.

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
Where they shall rest for ever.<sup>6</sup>—Trumpets, speak.  
[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*

ALB. O save him, save him!

GON. This is mere practice, Gloster:<sup>7</sup>  
By the law of arms,<sup>8</sup> thou wast not bound to an-  
swer<sup>9</sup>

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,  
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, fir:—  
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—  
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

GON. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:  
Who shall arraign me for't?

ALB. Most monstrous!<sup>10</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Where *they shall rest for ever.*] *To that place, where they shall rest for ever; i. e. thy heart.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Alb. *O save him, save him!*

Gon. *This is mere practice, Gloster:*] Thus all the copies; but I have ventured to place the two hemistichs to Goneril. 'Tis absurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treasons, and his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved.

THEOBALD.

Albany desires that Edmund's life might be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

The words, *Hold, fir*, in Albany's next speech, show that the old copies are right. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *By the law of arms,*] So the quartos. Folio—of *war*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *thou wast not bound to answer*—] One of the quartos reads:

——— *thou art not bound to offer, &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>10</sup> *Most monstrous!*] So the quarto of which the first signature is B.

Know'st thou this paper?

GON. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit GONERIL.

ALB. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[To an Officer, who goes out.

EDM. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;  
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,  
I do forgive thee.

EDG. Let's exchange charity.<sup>3</sup>

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us:<sup>4</sup>

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,  
Cost him his eyes.

EDM. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

and the folio. The other quarto reads—*Monster*, know'st thou this paper? The folio—*Most monstrous*, O know'st, &c.

MALONE.

“ Knowest thou these letters?” says Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he shows her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which she snatches the letters and tears them. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Let's exchange charity.*] Our author by negligence gives his heathens the sentiments and practices of christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians:

“ Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,” &c.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *to scourge us:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

——— *to plague us.* STEEVENS.



The wheel is come full circle; <sup>5</sup> I am here.

*ALB.* Methought, thy very gait did prophecy  
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;  
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee, or thy father!

*EDG.* Worthy prince,  
I know it well.<sup>6</sup>

*ALB.* Where have you hid yourself?  
How have you known the miseries of your father?

*EDG.* By nursing them, my lord. List a brief  
tale;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—  
The bloody proclamation to escape,  
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!  
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,<sup>7</sup>  
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift<sup>8</sup>  
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance  
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost; <sup>9</sup> became his guide,

<sup>5</sup> — full circle;] Quarto, full circled. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> I know it well.] The adverb—well, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the sake of metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> That with the pain of death &c.] Thus both the quartos. The folio reads unintelligibly, That we the pain, &c. The original copies have would; but this was, I apprehend, a misprint in those copies for w'ould, i. e. we would, or, as we should now write it, we'd. In *The Tempest* we have sh'ould for she would. See Vol. III. p. 58, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The bloody proclamation to escape,  
— taught me to shift —] A wish to escape the bloody proclamation, taught me, &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — his bleeding rings,  
Their precious stones new lost;] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
“ Which Pericles hath lost—” MALONE.

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;  
 Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,  
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,  
 Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,  
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
 Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,  
 (Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)  
 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
 Burst smilingly.

*EDM.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
 And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;  
 You look as you had something more to say.

*ALB.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in;  
 For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
 Hearing of this.

[*EDG.*<sup>9</sup> This would have seem'd a period  
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,  
 And top extremity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> [*Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *This would have seem'd a period  
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,  
 And top extremity.*] The reader easily sees that this reflection  
 refers to the Bastard's desiring to hear more; and to Albany's  
 thinking he had said enough. But it is corrupted into miserable  
 nonsense. We should read it thus:

This would have seem'd a period. But such  
 As love to amplify another's sorrow,  
 To much, would make much more, and top extremity.  
 i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the  
 utmost of my sufferings; but such as love cruelty are always for  
 adding more to much, till they reach the extremity of misery.

WARBURTON.

The sense may probably be this. *This would have seem'd a  
 period to such as love not sorrow; but—another, i. e. but I must  
 add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to*

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,  
 Who having seen me in my worst estate,  
 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told. So, in *King Richard II*:

“ I play the torturer, by small and small,  
 “ To lengthen out the worst.”—— STEEVENS.

*This would have seem'd a period  
 To such as love not sorrow; but another,  
 To amplify too-much, would make much more,  
 And top extremity.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Devise extremes beyond extremity.”

*Too-much* is here used as a substantive. A *period* is an end or conclusion. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ O, let me make the *period* to my curse.”

This reflection perhaps refers, as Dr. Warburton has observed, to the bastard's desiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been said. This, says Edgar, would have seem'd the utmost completion of woe, to such as do not delight in sorrow; but *another*, of a different disposition, to amplify misery, would “ give more strength to that which bath too much.”

Edgar's words, however, may have no reference to what Edmund has said; and he may only allude to the relation he is about to give of Kent's adding a new sorrow to what Edgar already suffered, by recounting the miseries which the old king and his faithful follower had endured.

Mr. Steevens points thus:

—— but another;—

To amplify too much, would make much more,  
 And top extremity:—

But if such a punctuation be adopted, what shall we do with the word *would*, which is thus left without a nominative case? A preceding editor, who introduced the above punctuation, to obtain some sense, reads and points:

—— but another:—

(To amplify too-much, so make much more,  
 And top extremity,)

Whilst I was big, &c.

and indeed without that alteration, the words thus pointed afford, in my apprehension, no sense. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation may be just; and yet it is probable that we are struggling with a passage, the obscurity of which is derived from its corruption. STEEVENS.

Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms  
 He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out  
 As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:<sup>3</sup>  
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,  
 That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting,  
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
 Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,<sup>4</sup>  
 And there I left him tranc'd.

*ALB.* But who was this?

*EDG.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise  
 Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service  
 Improper for a slave.]

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.*

*GENT.* Help! help! O help!

*EDG.* What kind of help?

*ALB.* Speak, man.

<sup>3</sup> — *threw him on my father;*] The quartos read,  
 — *threw me* on my father.

The modern editors have corrected the passage, as it is now printed, and as I suppose it to have been originally written. There is tragick propriety in Kent's throwing himself on the body of a deceased friend; but this propriety is lost in the act of clumsily tumbling a son over the lifeless remains of his father. *STEVENS.*

— *threw me on my father;*] Thus both the quartos, where alone this speech is found. Mr. Theobald, and the subsequent editors, read—*threw him* on my father. This is a new and distinct idea; but I do not think myself warranted to adopt it; the text being intelligible, and it being very improbable that the word *me* should have been printed instead of *him*.—Kent in his transport of joy, at meeting Edgar, embraced him with such violence, as to throw him on the dead body of Gloster. *MALONE.*

<sup>4</sup> — *the trumpet sounded,*] The quartos, where alone this speech is found, read *trumpets*; but it was certainly a misprint, for one trumpet only had sounded. Dr. Johnson made the correction. *MALONE.*

EDG. What means that bloody knife?

GENT. 'Tis hot, it smokes;  
It came even from the heart of<sup>5</sup>—

ALB. Who, man? 'speak.<sup>6</sup>

GENT. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.<sup>7</sup>

EDM. I was contracted to them both; all three  
Now marry in an instant.<sup>8</sup>

ALB. Produce their bodies, be they alive or  
dead!—

This judgement<sup>9</sup> of the heavens, that makes us  
tremble,  
Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gent.

<sup>5</sup> — from the heart of —] Here the folio, in defiance of metre and propriety, adds—

— O *she's dead!* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Who, man? speak.*] The folio reads, *Who dead? Speak man.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *she confesses it.*] Thus the first and second folio. The quartos—*she has* [and *hath*] *confess'd it.* As these readings are equally proper, I have chosen the more metrical of the two.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Now marry in an instant.*] In the folio, after these words, we have—

*Edg. Here comes Kent.*

*Enter Kent.*

and the words—*O, is this he,* are spoken by Albany, immediately after *touches us not with pity.* I have followed the quartos.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *This judgement &c.*] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity.* TYRWHITT.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have—*This justice, &c.* MALONE.

*Enter KENT.*

*Edg.* Here comes Kent, fir.<sup>9</sup>

*ALB.* O! it is he.<sup>2</sup>  
The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urges.

*KENT.* I am come  
To bid my king and master aye good night;  
Is he not here?

*ALB.* Great thing of us forgot!—  
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's  
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

*KENT.* Alack, why thus?

*EDM.* Yet Edmund was below'd:<sup>3</sup>  
The one the other poison'd for my fake,  
And after slew herself.

*ALB.* Even so.—Cover their faces.

*EDM.* I pant for life:—Some good I mean to  
do,  
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—

<sup>9</sup> *Here comes Kent, fir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *O! it is he.*] Thus the quartos. Folio: O, is this he?

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Yet Edmund was below'd:*] Rowe's dying Rake suggests to himself a similar consolation, arising from the remembrance of successful gallantry:

“ Yet, let not this advantage swell thy pride;

“ I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.”

Thus also in *The Double Marriage* by Fletcher:

“ — this happiness yet stays with me:

“ You have been mine.” STREVENS.

Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—  
Nay, send in time.

ALB. Run, run, O, run—

EDG. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?  
send

Thy token of reprieve.

EDM. Well thought on; take my sword,  
Give it the captain.<sup>4</sup>

ALB. Haste thee, for thy life.<sup>5</sup> [*Exit EDGAR.*

EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and  
me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid herself.<sup>6</sup>

ALB. The gods defend her! Bear him hence  
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*

<sup>4</sup> *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:

— Take my sword, the captain,

Give it the captain.— STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Alb. *Haste thee, for thy life.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio this speech is improperly assigned to *Edgar*, who had the moment before received *the token of reprieve*, which Edmund enjoined him to give the officer, in whose custody Lear was. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *That she fordid herself.*] To *fordo*, signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in *Hamlet*, Act V:

“ — did, with desperate hand,

“ *Fordo* its own life.” — STEEVENS.

Here the folio and quarto B unnecessarily add—*That she fordid herself*, i. e. *destroyed herself*, I have followed the quarto A.

MALONE.

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; 7*  
EDGAR, Officer, and Others.

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are  
men of stones;  
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone  
for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;  
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

KENT. Is this the promis'd end?

EDG. Or image of that horror? 8

7 — *Cordelia dead in his arms*;] This princess, according to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramattick writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakspeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes. STEEVENS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of this story, says, that Cordelia was thrown by her nephews into prison, "where, for grief at the loss of her kingdom, she killed herself."

MALONE.

8 Kent. *Is this the promis'd end?*

Edg. *Or image of that horror?*] It appears to me that by the *promis'd end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretels to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days shall be affliction such as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time, neither shall be:" and afterwards he says, "Now the brother shall betray the brother



ALB.

Fall, and cease! 9

to death, and the father the son; and children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death." Kent in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a representation or resemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, says,

" — up, up, and see

" *The great doom's image!*"

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in scripture, in a speech of Gloster's, which he makes in the second scene of the first act:

" These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us;—love cools; friendship falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father; the king falls from the bias of nature; there's father against child: We have seen the best of our time."

If any critics should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are pagans, and of consequence unacquainted with the scriptures, they give Shakspeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed. M. MASON.

This note deserves the highest praise, and is inserted in the present work with the utmost degree of gratitude to its author.

STEVENS.

I entirely agree with Mr. Mason in his happy explanation of this passage. In a speech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* a similar imagery is found. On seeing the dead body of his father, who was slain in battle by the duke of York, he exclaims,

" — O, let the vile world end,

" And the premised flames of the last day

" Knit earth and heaven together!

" Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

" Particularities and petty sounds

" To cease!"

There is no trace of these lines in the old play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* was formed.

*Image* is again used for delineation or representation, in *King*

LEAR. This feather stirs;<sup>2</sup> she lives! if it be so,

*Henry IV.* P. I. "No counterfeit, but the true and perfect *image* of life indeed."

Again, in *Hamlet*: "The play is the *image* of a murder done in Vienna."

Mr. M. Mason has not done justice to his ingenious explanation of these words, by not quoting the whole of the passage in *Macbeth*:

"—up, up, and see

"*The great doom's image!* Malcolm! Banquo!

"As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

"To countenance this *borrour*."

Here we find *disjecti membra poetæ*; the second and fourth line, taken together, furnishing us with the very expression of the text.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Fall, and cease!*] Albany, is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *cease* is used for to *die*: and in *Hamlet*, the death of majesty is called "the *cease* of majesty."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease!*

"Both suffer under this complaint you bring,

"And both shall *cease*, without your remedy." STEEVENS.

The word is used nearly in the same sense in a former scene of this play:

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

"Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,

"That things might change or *cease*."

I doubt, however, whether Albany's speech is addressed to Lear.

MALONE.

To whom then is it addressed? STEEVENS.

There is a passage in the *Double Marriage* of Fletcher, which supports Steevens's conjecture: Juliana says to Virolet,

"Be what you please, this happiness yet stays with me,

"You have been mine:—oh my unhappy fortune!

"*Pand.* — Nay break, and die.

"*Jul.* It cannot yet; I must live

"Till I see this man blest in his new love,

"And then—" M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> *This feather stirs;*] So, in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

KENT. O my good master! [*kneeling.*

LEAR. Pr'ythee, away.

EDG. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors  
all!<sup>3</sup>

I might have fav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—  
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—  
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

OFF. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEAR. Did I not, fellow?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
I would have made them skip:<sup>4</sup> I am old now,

“Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or  
pull some *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips.”

STEEVENS.

A common experiment of applying a light feather to the lips  
of a person supposed to be dead, to see whether he breathes.  
There is the same thought in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. sc. iv:

“——— By his gates of breath

“There lies a downy feather, which stirs not.”

And to express a total stillness in the air, in Donne's poem,  
called *The Calm*, there is the like sentiment; which Jonson, in  
his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, highly com-  
mended:

“——— in one place lay

“*Feathers and dust*, to-day and yesterday.” WHALLEY.

<sup>3</sup> —— murderers, traitors all!] Thus the folio. The quartos  
read—murderous traitors all. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion*

*I would have made them skip:]* It is difficult for an author  
who never peruses his first works, to avoid repeating some of the  
same thoughts in his later productions. What Lear has just said,

And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?  
Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you  
straight.

KENT. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and  
hated,  
One of them we behold.<sup>5</sup>

LEAR. This is a dull fight :<sup>6</sup> Are you not Kent ?

KENT. The same ;  
Your servant Kent : Where is your servant Caius ?

LEAR. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;  
He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and  
rotten.

KENT. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

LEAR. I'll see that straight.

KENT. That, from your first of difference and  
decay,<sup>7</sup>

had been anticipated by Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.” It is again repeated in *Othello* :

“ — I have seen the day

“ That with this little arm and this good sword

“ I have made my way,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,*

*One of them we behold.*] I suppose by the two whom fortune once loved, and then hated, Kent means, Lear and himself; and that each of them, looking on the other, saw a rare instance of her caprice. He may, however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read—lov'd or hated; and they may be right, if the interpretation last given be the true one. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *This is a dull fight :*] This passage is wanting in the quartos. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ This is a sorry fight.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *— of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes.

WARBURTON,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

*LEAR.* You are welcome hither.

*KENT.* Nor no man else; <sup>8</sup> all's cheerless, dark,  
and deadly.—

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd them-  
selves,<sup>9</sup>  
And desperately are dead.

*LEAR.* Ay, so I think.

*ALB.* He knows not what he says; <sup>2</sup> and vain it is  
That we present us to him.

*EDG.* Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

*OFF.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*ALB.* That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.  
What comfort to this great decay may come,<sup>3</sup>

The quartos read :

That from your *life* of difference and decay. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Nor no man else;*] Kent means, *I welcome! No, nor no man else.* MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — fore-doom'd *themselves,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,—*fordone.*

Have *fore-doom'd themselves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to destroy. So, in *Taylor*, the water-poet's character of a strumpet :

“ So desperately had ne'er *fordone* themselves.”

Again, in *A Warning for faire Women, &c.* 1599: “ Speak who has done this deed? thou hast not *fordone* thyself, hast thou?”

STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 168, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *he* says;] The quartos read—he *sees*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *What comfort to this great decay may come,*] This *great decay*

Shall be applied : For us, we will resign,  
 During the life of this old majesty,  
 To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;  
[To EDGAR and KENT.]  
 With boot, and such addition as your honours  
 Have more than merited.<sup>4</sup>—All friends shall taste  
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
 The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see !  
 LEAR. And my poor fool is hang'd !<sup>5</sup> No, no,  
 no life :

is Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty.*

STEEVENS.

A preceding passage in which Gloster laments Lear's frenzy, fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation :

“ O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world  
 “ Shall so wear out to nought.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — You, to your rights ;

With boot, and such addition as your honours

*Have more than merited.*] These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. By *honours* is meant *honourable conduct*.

M. MASON,

*With boot,*] With advantage, with increase. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *And my poor fool is hang'd !*] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching there for indications of life.

*Poor fool,* in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — poor venomous fool,

“ Be angry and despatch.” —

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

“ So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yeau.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ And, *pretty fool,* it stinted and said—ay.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where Julia is speaking of her lover Proteus ;

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no  
more,

“ Alas, *poor fool!* why do I pity him?”

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the 6th scene of the 3d act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and alleviate the sorrows of his master; and, that purpose being fully answered, the poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a vassal commiserating the untimely end of a princess; but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted king, in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantick exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it serves to introduce some contradictory observations from a critick, in whose taste and judgement too much confidence cannot easily be placed. STEEVENS.

I confess, I am one of those who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakspeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness.

*Poor fool and knave*, says he, in the midst of the thunder-storm,  
*I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.*

It does not therefore appear to me, to be allowing too much consequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old

Never, never, never, never, never!—

age of a cocker'd spoil'd boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestic affections, which would ill become a more heroick character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life*; I suppose to be spoken, not tenderly, but with passion: Let nothing now live;—let there be universal destruction;—*Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be observed, that as there was a necessity, the necessity of propriety at least, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and consequently of the audience, should not be lost or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it must be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakspeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, of applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakspeare himself, in another place speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool*: but it never is, nor never can be, used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is not without some reluctance that I express my dissent from the friend whose name is subscribed to the preceding note; whose observations on all subjects of criticism and taste are so ingenious and just, that posterity may be at a loss to determine, whether his consummate skill and execution in his own art, or his judgement on that and other kindred arts, were superior. But *magis amica veritas* should be the motto of every editor of Shakspeare; in conformity to which I must add, that I have not the smallest doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of these words is the true one. The passage indeed before us appears to me so clear, and so inapplicable to any person but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether superfluous.

It is observable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this scene to his uttering these words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loss of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intrusion of Kent, who forces himself on his notice; but he instantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whose dead body he continues to hang. He is now himself



Pray you, undo this button: ' Thank you, fir.—

In the agony of death; and surely at such a time, when his heart is just breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he should think of his fool. But the great and *decisive* objection to such a supposition is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned; that Lear has just seen his daughter *hanged*, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool *hanged* also.

Whether the expression—*poor fool*—can be applied with propriety only to *inferior objects, for whom we have not much respect or esteem*, is not, I conceive, the question. Shakspeare does not always use his terms with strict propriety, but he is always the best commentator on himself, and he certainly *has* applied this term in another place to the *young, the beautiful, and innocent*, Adonis, the object of somewhat more than the esteem of a goddess:

“ For pity now she can no more detain him;

“ The *poor fool* prays her that he may depart.”

Again, though less appositely, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ Alas, *poor fool*, how have they baffled thee!”

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“ Lady, you have a merry heart.

“ *Beat.* Yes, my lord, I thank it, *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ — Do not weep, *good fools*,

“ There is no cause.”

In *Romeo and Juliet* a similar term of endearment is employed. Mercutio, speaking of Romeo, whom certainly he both esteemed and loved, says

“ The *ape* is dead, and I must conjure him.”

Nor was the phraseology which has occasioned this long note, peculiar to Shakspeare. It was long before his time incorporated in our language; as appears from the following passage in the old poem entitled *The History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Yea, he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde

“ To ask her name that without force doth him in bondage hold;

“ Ne how to unloose his bondes doth the *poor foole* devise,

“ But only seeketh by her sight to feed his hungry eyes.”

In old English a *fool* and an *innocent* were synonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar use of the expression—*poor fool*. In the passage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpless innocence!* MALONE.

Do you see this?<sup>8</sup> Look on her,—look,—her lips,—  
Look there, look there!— [He dies.

EDG. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

KENT. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!<sup>9</sup>

EDG. Look up, my lord.

KENT. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!<sup>2</sup> he  
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world<sup>3</sup>  
Stretch him out longer.

EDG. O, he is gone, indeed.

KENT. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:

<sup>7</sup> *Pray you, undo this button.*] The rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

So, in *The Honest Lawyer*, 1616:

“ — oh my heart! —

“ It beats so it has broke my buttons.”

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ — Ah, cut my lace asunder,

“ That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

“ Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,

“ Break too!” —

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

“ — swell heart! buttons fly open!

“ 'Thanks gentle doublet, else my heart had broke.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Do you see this?* &c.] This line, and the following hemistich, are not in the quartos. After *thank you, sir*, they have only the interjection *O*, five times repeated. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Break, heart; &c.*] This line is in the quartos given to the dying Lear. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *O, let him pass!*] See p. 229, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *this tough world* —] Thus all the copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world. STEEVENS.

He but usurp'd his life.

*ALB.* Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[to KENT and EDGAR.

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

*KENT.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;  
My master calls, and I must not say, no.<sup>4</sup>

*ALB.* The weight of this sad time we must obey ;<sup>5</sup>  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these two last lines ; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man ; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forborn to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from another in many instances. STEEVENS.

The second folio, at the end of this speech, has the word—*Dies*, in the margin. RICHMOND.

Kent in his entrance in this scene says,

“ I am come

“ To bid my king and master aye good night ;”—

but this, like the speech before us, only marks the despondency of the speaker. The word *shortly* [i. e. some time hence, at no very distant period,] decisively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the scene. He merely says, that he shall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office assigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was first introduced by the ignorant editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> [*The weight of this sad time &c.*] This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany : in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this : he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word. THEOBALD.

The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> The tragedy of Lear is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloucester's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramattick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the Tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the publick has decided.\* Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the criticks concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justness, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry

\* Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison:

*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.* STEEVENS.

of Monmouth, whom Holinshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

The epifode of Gloster and his fons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find the following chapter, which is said to be entitled, in the first edition of 1590, "The pitifull state and storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde king, and his kind sonne: first related by the sonne, then by the blind father."

In the second edition printed in folio in 1593, there is no division of chapters. There the story of the king of Paphlagonia commences in p. 69, b, and is related in the following words:

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child; so that the princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place, which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who, not perceiuing them, (being hidde within that rude canapy) helde a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them steppe out; yet in such sort, as they might see vnseene. There they perceaued an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arayed, extreameley weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kinde of noblenesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well, *Leonatus*, (said he) since I cannot perfwade thee to leade mee to that which should end my grieffe, and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie; feare not the danger of my blind steps; I cannot fall worse then I am. And doo not, I pray thee, doo not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But fie, fie from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father, (answered he,) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to doo you seruice, I am not wholly miserable: Ah, my

sonne, (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow strauē to breake his harte,) how euill fits it me to haue such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraide my wickednesse! These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose, (well showing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the princes to goe out vnto them, and aske the younger, what they were. Sirs, (answered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiousnes) I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. In deede our state is such, as though nothing is so needful vnto vs as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous vnto vs, then to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pittie. But your presence promiseth, that cruelty shall not ouer-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our state is soncke below the degree of feare.

“ This old man whom I leade, was lately rightfull prince of this cuntry of *Papblagonia*, by the hard-harted vngratefulness of a sonne of his, deprived, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraigne forces were euer able to spoyle him) but of his sight; the riches which nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath been driuen to such grieffe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble gentlemen, (said he) if either of you haue a father, and feele what duetifull affection is engraffed in a sonnes heart, let me entreate you to conuay this afflicted prince to some place of rest and securitie. Amongst your worthie actes it shall be none of the least, that a king, of such might and fame, and so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieued.

“ But before they coulde make him aunswere, his father began to speake. Ah, my sonne, (said he) how euill an historian are you, that leaue out the chief knot of all the discourse? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doest it to spare my ears, (the onely sense now left mee proper for knowledge,) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake me. And I take witness of that sunne which you see, (with that he cast vp his blinde eies, as if he would hunt for light,) and wish my selfe in worse case then I doe with my selfe, which is as euill as may bee, if I speake vntruely, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, (to whome from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am,) that whatsoever my sonne (O God, that truth bindes me to reproch him with the name of my son!) hath saide, is true. But besides those trutthes, this also is

true; that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fitte to beare roiall children, this sonne, (such a one as partly you see, and better shall knowe by my short declaration,) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to iustifie their expectations, (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue an other ones selfe after me,) I was carried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bounde to beleue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother,) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to doo my best to destroy, this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderferuing destruction. What waies he vsed to bring me to it, if I shoulde tell you, I shoulde tediouslie trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could be harbored. But I list it not; no remembraunce of naughtinesse delightes me, but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accusing his trappes might in some manner excuse my fault, which certaine I loth to doo. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruantes of mine, whom I thought as apte for such charities as my selfe, to lead him out into a Forrest, and there to kill him.

“ But those theeues (better natured to my sonne than my selfe) spared his life, letting him goe, to learne to liue poorlie: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier, in a countrey here by. But as he was ready to be greatlie aduanced for some noble peeces of seruiue which he did, he heard newes of me: who, dronke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine, suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him; all offices, and places of importance, distributed to his fauourites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly wearie of too, with manie indignities, if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laide vpon me, threw me out of my seate, and put out my eies; and then, proud in his tirannie, let me goe, neither imprisoning nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie; miserie in deede, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust meanes, as vniustlie he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in cittadels, the nestes of tirannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his own countrimen, that no man durst shew himselfe a well-willer of mine; to say the truth, (I thinke) few of them being so, considering my cruell folly to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard: but if there were any who felt a pity of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnlaine duety leste in them towards me, yet durst they not shewe it, scarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores; which yet was the



onely sustenance of my distressed life, no body daring to shoue so much charitie, as to lende mee a hande to guide my darke steppes: till this sonne of mine, (God knowes, woorthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father,) forgetting my abhominable wronges, not recking daunger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my vnspeakable grieffe; not only because his kindnes is a glasse euen to my blind eyes, of my naughtines, but that, aboue all griefes, it greeces me he should desperatlie aduenture the losse of his well deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts; as if hee would cary muddle in a chest of christall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, howe much soeuer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised, yet hee will not let slippe any aduantage to make away him, whose iust title, enobled by courage and goodnes, may one day shake the seate of a neuer-secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade mee to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto mee. And now, gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischicuous proceedings may bee the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so greate a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, then in ending me; both because therein my agonies shall end, and so shall you preserue this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

“ The matter in it selfe lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince, which needed not take to himselfe the gestures of pitie, since his face coulde not put of the markes thereof, greatly moued the two princes to compassion, which coulde not stay in such hartes as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thether with fortie horse, onely of purpose to murder this brother; of whose comming he had soone aduertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credite in such a matter, but his owne; and therefore came himselfe to be actor, and spectator. And as soone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) garde of but two men, commaunded some of his followers to set their handes to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwise armed but with a sworde, howe falsely soeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray him selfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly become parties, (so iust a defence deseruing

as much as old friendship,) and so did behave them among that companie, more iniurious then valiant, that many of them lost their liues for their wicked maister.

“ Yet perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not come vnlooked for to their succour. Who, hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon some great daunger presently to follow those two princes whom hee most dearely loued, was come in all hast, following as wel as he could their track with a hundreth horses, in that countrie which he thought, considering who then raigned, a fitt place inough to make the stage of any tragedie.

“ But then the match had beene so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worfe gotten honour, should haue tumbled together to destruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Teleuor*, with forty or fifty in their suite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought vpp from their infancy with *Plexirtus*: men of such prowesse, as not to knowe feare in themselues, and yet to teach it others that shoulde deale with them; for they had often made their liues triumph ouer most terrible daungers; neuer dismaied, and euer fortunate; and truly no more setled in valure, then disposed to goodnes and iustice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendship a childe, and not the father of vertue. But bringing vp, rather then choise, hauing first knit their mindes vnto him, (indeede crafty inough, either to hide his fautes, or neuer to shoue them, but when they might pay home,) they willingly helde out the course, rather to fatishe him then all the worlde; and rather to be good friendes, then good men: so as though they did not like the euill hee did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this sodaine going out, with so small a company, in a countrey full of euill-wishing mindes toward him, though they knew not the cause, followed him; till they founde him in such case as they were to venture their liues, or else he to loose his: which they did with such force of minde and bodie, that truly I may iustly say, *Pyrcles* and *Mufidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feates of armes. And briefly so they did, that if they ouercome not, yet were they not ouercome, but caried away that vngratefull maister of theirs to a place of security; how-fouer the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the constancy of the princes so to leaue it; but in all hast making forces both in *Pontus* and *Pbrigia*, they had in fewe daies leste him but onely that one strong place where he was. For feare hauing beene the onely knot that had fastned his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force,

they all scattered from him ; like so many birdes, whose cage had beene broken.

“ In which season the blinde king, hauing in the chiefe cittie of his realme set the crown vppon his son *Leonatus* head, with many teares (both of ioy and forrow) setting forth to the whole people his owne fault and his sonnes vertue, after he had kist him, and forst his sonne to accept honour of him, as of his new-become subject, euen in a moment died: as it should seeme, his heart broken with vnkindenes and affliction, stretched so farre beyond his limits with this excesse of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe safe his vitall spirites. But the new king, hauing no lesse louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue, pursued on the siege of his vnnaturall brother, asmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the establisshing of his owne quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowesse of those two brothers, then whome the princes neuer found in all their trauaile two of greater hability to performe, nor of habler skil for conduct.

“ But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humblenes to creepe, where by pride he coule not marche. For certainly so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him, to all turn-ingnes of sleights, that though no man had lesse goodnes in his soule than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodnesse to another: though no man felt lesse pitie, no man could tel better how to stir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifest; no man more ready to confesse with a repenting manner of aggrauating his owne euill, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a pasport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to speake with the king his brother, he himselfe (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in braue defence,) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himselfe to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where, what submission hee vsed, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the lesse, how artificially he could set out the torments of his owne conscience, with the burdensome comber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to liue, he begd life in the refusing it, I am not cunning enough to be able to expresse: but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eie then as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuse of the faulte past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines chiefe ministers of his wick-

ednes, now betraied by the author thereof, were deliuered to many cruell sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, hee had more come into the defence of an vnremediabie mischief already committed, then that they had done it at first by his consent."

MALONE,

A LAMENTABLE SONG OF THE DEATH OF KING  
LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Leir \* once ruled in this land,  
With princely power and peace;  
And had all things with heart's content,  
That might his joys increase.  
Amongst those things that nature gave,  
Three daughters fair had he,  
So princely seeming beautiful,  
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
A question thus to move,  
Which of his daughters to his grace  
Could show the dearest love:  
For to my age you bring content,  
Quoth he, then let me hear  
Which of you three in plighted troth  
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;  
Dear father, mind; quoth she,  
Before your face, to do you good,  
My blood shall render'd be:  
And for your sake my bleeding heart  
Shall here be cut in twain,  
Ere that I see your reverend age  
The smallest grief sustain.

\* *King Leir &c.*] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, black letter. To the tune of, *When flying Fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. third edit. STEEVENS.

## K I N G L E A R.

And so will I, the second said ;  
 Dear father, for your sake,  
 The worst of all extremities  
 I'll gently undertake :  
 And serve your highness night and day  
 With diligence and love ;  
 That sweet content and quietness  
 Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,  
 The aged king reply'd ;  
 But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,  
 How is thy love ally'd ?  
 My love (quoth young Cordelia then)  
 Which to your grace I owe,  
 Shall be the duty of a child,  
 And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,  
 Than doth thy duty bind ?  
 I well perceive thy love is small,  
 When as no more I find :  
 Henceforth I banish thee my court,  
 Thou art no child of mine ;  
 Nor any part of this my realm  
 By favour shall be thine,

Thy elder sisters' loves are more  
 Than well I can demand,  
 To whom I equally bestow  
 My kingdom and my land,  
 My pompal state and all my goods,  
 That lovingly I may  
 With those thy sisters be maintain'd  
 Until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown  
By these two sisters here :  
The third had causeless banishment,  
Yet was her love more dear :  
For poor Cordelia patiently  
Went wand'ring up and down,  
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,  
Through many an English town :

Until at last in famous France  
She gentler fortunes found ;  
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd  
The fairest on the ground :  
Where when the king her virtues heard,  
And this fair lady seen,  
With full consent of all his court  
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while  
With his two daughters staid ;  
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,  
Full soon the same decay'd ;  
And living in queen Ragan's court,  
The eldest of the twain,  
She took from him his chiefest means,  
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont  
To wait with bended knee :  
She gave allowance but to ten,  
And after scarce to three :  
Nay, one she thought too much for him :  
So took she all away,  
In hope that in her court, good king,  
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
 In giving all I have  
 Unto my children, and to beg  
 For what I lately gave?  
 I'll go unto my Gonorell;  
 My second child, I know,  
 Will be more kind and pitiful,  
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;  
 Where when she hears his moan  
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd  
 That all his means were gone:  
 But no way could relieve his wants;  
 Yet if that he would stay  
 Within her kitchen, he should have  
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,  
 He made his answer then;  
 In what I did let me be made  
 Example to all men.  
 I will return again, quoth he,  
 Unto my Ragan's court;  
 She will not use me thus, I hope,  
 But in a kinder fort.

Where when he came, she gave command  
 To drive him thence away:  
 When he was well within her court,  
 (She said) he would not stay.  
 Then back again to Gonorell  
 The woeful king did hie,  
 That in her kitchen he might have  
 What scullion boys set by.



But there of that he was deny'd,  
Which she had promis'd late :  
For once refusing, he should not  
Come after to her gate.  
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief  
He wander'd up and down ;  
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,  
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then  
His youngest daughter's words,  
That said, the duty of a child  
Was all that love affords :  
But doubting to repair to her,  
Whom he had banish'd so,  
Grew frantick mad ; for in his mind  
He bore the wounds of woe :

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,  
And tresses from his head,  
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,  
With age and honour spread :  
To hills and woods and watry founts,  
He made his hourly moan,  
Till hills and woods, and senseless things,  
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,  
He pass'd o'er to France,  
In hopes from fair Cordelia there  
To find some gentler chance :  
Most virtuous dame ! which when she heard  
Of this her father's grief,  
As duty bound, she quickly sent  
Him comfort and relief :

And by a train of noble peers,  
 In brave and gallant fort,  
 She gave in charge he should be brought  
 To Aganippus' court ;  
 Whose royal king, with noble mind,  
 So freely gave consent,  
 To muster up his knights at arms,  
 To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,  
 To repossess king Leir,  
 And drive his daughters from their thrones  
 By his Cordelia dear :  
 Where she, true-hearted noble queen,  
 Was in the battle slain :  
 Yet he, good king, in his old days,  
 Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,  
 Who died indeed for love  
 Of her dear father, in whose cause  
 She did this battle move ;  
 He swooning fell upon her breast,  
 From whence he never parted :  
 But on her bosom left his life,  
 That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw  
 The end of these events,  
 The other sisters unto death  
 They doomed by consents ;  
 And being dead, their crowns they left  
 Unto the next of kin :  
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,  
 And disobedient sin. JOHNSON.\*

\* This ballad, which by no means deserves a place in any edition of Shak-

peare, is evidently a most servile pursuit,—not, indeed, of our author's play, which the writer does not appear to have read, but—of Holinshed's Chronicle, where, as in Geoffrey of Monmouth, the king of France is called *Agasippus*. I suppose, however, that the performance and celebrity of the play might have set the ballad-maker at work, and furnished him with the circumstance of Lear's madness, of which there is no hint either in the historian or the old play. The omission of any other striking incident may be fairly imputed to his want of either genius or information. All he had to do was to spin out a sort of narrative in a sort of verse, to be sung about the streets, and make advantage of the publick curiosity. I much doubt whether any common ballad can be produced anterior to a play upon the same subject, unless in the case of some very recent event.

RITSON.



**ROMEO AND JULIET.\***

• ROMEO AND JULIET.] The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteau copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596; but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*: It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the Subtill Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson." Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582. "M. Tottel] *Romeo and Julietta*." Again Aug 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo and Julieta*." The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed), from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Brevall in his *Travels* tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir Romeus' annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasure*, 1579." FARMER.

The first of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions; but as the following may be in some respects more correct, it would be unjustly withheld from the publick.—This is not the first time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone.

STEEVENS.

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name,) with the following title: *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la*

*lato pietosa morte; intervenuta già nella città di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente stampata.* Of the author some account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find at the end of the present volume, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller: *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true constancie; with the subtilt counsels, and practises of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Romeo and Julietta*. Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*; and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montescbes*; in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now stated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I should enter more largely into the subject, but that the various passages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furnish such a decisive proof of the

play's having been constructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehension, a shadow of doubt upon the subject. The question is not, whether Shakspeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this story, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *basis* on which his play was built.

With respect to the name of Romeo, this also Shakspeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from some other prose translation of the same story he has, as I have already said, taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitiſfull Hyſtory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I ſuſpect was a prose narrative of the story on which our author's play is constructed.

Breval ſays in his travels, that on a ſtrict inquiry into the hiſtories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumſtances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumſtance, that Shakspeare had read this novel, both in its proſaick and metrical form. He might likewiſe have met with other poetical pieces on the ſame ſubject. We are not yet at the end of our diſcoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramatiſtick pieces. STEVENS,



## P R O L O G U E.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could re-  
 move,  
 Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.\*

\* This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and verification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*.

In the first of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599 is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same person who personated the chorus at the end of the first act:

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, stands thus:  
 Two household friends, alike in dignitie,  
 In faire Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From civil broyles broke into enmitie,  
 Whose civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.  
 From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes  
 A paire of starre-cross lovers tooke their life;  
 Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes,  
 (Through the continuing of their fathers' strife,  
 And death-markt passage of their parents' rage,)  
 Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.  
 The which if you with patient cares attend,  
 What here we want, wee'll studie to amend. MALONE.

## PERSONS represented.

Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*  
Paris, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*  
Montague, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*  
Capulet, } *each other.*  
*An old Man, uncle to Capulet.*  
Romeo, *son to Montague.*  
Mercutio, *kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo.*  
Benvolio, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*  
Tybalt, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*  
Friar Lawrence, *a Franciscan.*  
Friar John, *of the same order.*  
Balthazar, *servant to Romeo.*  
Sampson, } *servants to Capulet.*  
Gregory, }  
Abram, *servant to Montague.*  
*An Apothecary.*  
*Three Musicians.*  
Chorus. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.*

*Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.*  
*Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.*  
*Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.*  
*Nurse to Juliet.*

*Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

*SCENE, during the greater part of the play, in Verona: once in the fifth Act at Mantua.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords  
and bucklers.*

SAM. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.\*

GRE. No, for then we should be colliers.

\* ——— *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following. So, Skelton:

“ ——— You, I say, Julian,

“ Wyll you beare no coles?”

Again, Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says: “ We will bear no coles, I warrant you.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: “ He has had wrong, and if I were he, I would bear no coles.” Again, in *Law Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: “ I'll carry coals an you will, no horns.” Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610: “ You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must carry no coals.” And again, in the same play: “ Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit,” &c. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: “ Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog.” And, lastly in the poet's own *King Henry V*: “ At Calais they stole a firehovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.” Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604: “ Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a coal-basket.” STEEVENS.

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead,

SAM. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.

GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is

intituled, “ Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul’s Churchyard,” &c. published after the death of K. Charles I. N<sup>o</sup> 22. page 50, is inserted “ *Fire, Fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of scripture, that *John Lillburn* will not carry coals.” By Dr. Gouge.  
PRICY.

Notwithstanding this accumulation of passages in which the phrase itself occurs, the original of it is still left unexplored.—“ If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head.” &c. Prov. xxv. 22.—or as cited in the Epistle to the Romans, xx. 20. HENLEY.

The English version of the Bible (exclusive of its nobler use) has proved of infinite service to literary antiquaries; but on the present occasion, I fear, it will do us little good. *Collier* was a very ancient term of abuse. “ Hang him, foul *Collier!*” says Sir Toby Belch, speaking of the Devil, in the fourth act of *Twelfth Night*. Any person therefore who would bear to be called *collier*, was said to carry coals.

It afterwards became descriptive of any one who would endure a gibe or flout: So, in Churchyard’s *Farewell to the World*, 1598:

“ He made him laugh, that lookt as he would sweare;

“ He carried coales, that could abide no gest.” STEVENS.

The phrase should seem to mean originally, We’ll not submit to servile offices; and thence secondarily, we’ll not endure injuries. It has been suggested, that it may mean, “ we’ll not bear resentment burning like a coal of fire in our bosoms, without breaking out into some outrage;” with allusion to the proverbial sentence, that smothered anger is a coal of fire in the bosom: But the word *carry* seems adverse to such an interpretation. MALONE.

—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

*SAM.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*GRE.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*SAM.* True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*GRE.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*SAM.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

*GRE.* The heads of the maids?

*SAM.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*GRE.* They must take it in sense, that feel it.

*SAM.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*GRE.* 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.<sup>4</sup> Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— cruel *with the maids*;] The first folio reads—*civil* with the maids. JOHNSON.

So does the quarto 1599; but the word is written *ciull*. It was manifestly an error of the press. The first copy furnishes no help, the passage there standing thus: "He play the tyrant; He first begin with the maids, and off with their heads:" but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *poor John*.] is hake, dried, and salted. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *here comes two of the house of the Montagues*.] The word

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.*

*SAM.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

*GRE.* How? turn thy back, and run?

*SAM.* Fear me not.

*GRE.* No, marry: I fear thee!

*SAM.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*GRE.* I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

*SAM.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.<sup>6</sup>

*two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compositor in the quarto 1599, and of course in the subsequent impressions, I have restored from the first quarto of 1597, from which, in almost every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The disregard of concord is in character.

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the right honourable viscounts Mountacute, 1575:

“ And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat

“ Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that

“ They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,

“ For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses was:” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it signifies in Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glasse*, Act III. sc. iii. p. 45:

“ *Orgylus*. To bite his thumb at me.

“ *Argus*. Why should not a man bite his thumb?

“ *Orgylus*. At me? were I scorn'd to see men bite their thumbs;

“ Rapiers and daggers,” &c. GREY.

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*ABR.* Do you bite your thumb at us, fir?

*SAM.* I do bite my thumb, fir.

*ABR.* Do you bite your thumb at us, fir?

*SAM.* Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

*GRE.* No.

*SAM.* No, fir, I do not bite my thumb at you, fir; but I bite my thumb, fir.

*GRE.* Do you quarrel, fir?

*ABR.* Quarrel, fir? no, fir.

*SAM.* If you do, fir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

*ABR.* No better.

*SAM.* Well, fir.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie &c.* 1596, has this passage. "Behold next I see Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *feo* with his *thombe* in his mouth." In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, I meet with these words: "It is said of the Italians, if they once *bite* *their fingers' ends* in a *threatning manner*, God knows, if they set upon theiremie face to face, it is because they cannot affail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonson ridicules this scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *New Inn*:

"*Huff.* How, *spill it*?

*Spill it* at me?

"*Tip.* I reek not, but I *spill it.*" STEVENS.

This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our author's time. "What swearing is there, (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what shouldering, what juffling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*" THE DEAD TERM, 1608.

MALONE.

*Enter BENVOLIO,<sup>7</sup> at a distance.*

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.<sup>8</sup>

SAM. Yes, better, fir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.<sup>9</sup> [*They fight.*]

BEN. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their swords.*]

*Enter TYBALT.*

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Benvolio.*] Much of this scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakspeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> — *here comes one of my master's kinsmen.*] Some mistake has happened in this place: Gregory is a servant of the Capulets, and Benvolio was of the Montague faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no mistake. Gregory may mean Tybalt, who enters immediately after Benvolio, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees Tybalt coming, and in the mean time, Benvolio enters on the opposite side. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *thy swashing blow.*] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his *Staple for News*: "I do confels a *swashing blow*." In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, Fraud says:

"I will flaunt it and brave it after the lusty *swash*."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"I'll have a martial and a *swashing* outside."

See Vol. VI. p. 36, n. 5.

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608, "—in spending and spoiling, in swearing and *swashing*," Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, says, that "to *swash* is to make a noise with swordes against tergats." STEEVENS.



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*BEN.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,  
Or manage it to part these men with me.

*TRB.* What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate  
the word,  
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:  
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several Partizans of both houses, who join the  
fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

*I. CIT.* Clubs, bills,<sup>2</sup> and partizans! strike!  
beat them down!  
Down with the Capulets! down with the Monta-  
gues!

*Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.*

*CAP.* What noise is this?—Give me my long  
sword,<sup>3</sup> ho!

*LA. CAP.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you  
for a sword?

<sup>2</sup> Clubs, bills, &c.] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. See Vol. VI. p. 151, n. 2. and Vol. IX. p. 533, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Give me my long sword,] The long sword was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON. See Vol. III. p. 368, n. 9. MALONE.

This long sword is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says:

“ Take their confessions, and my long sword;

“ I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.”

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ Peter Salamander, tie up your great and your little sword.”

The little sword was the weapon commonly worn, the dress sword.

STEEVENS.

The little sword was probably nothing more than a dagger.

MALONE.

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*CAP.* My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.*

*MON.* Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let  
me go.

*LA. MON.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek  
a foe.

*Enter Prince, with Attendants.*

*PRIN.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you  
beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons <sup>4</sup> to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave befitting ornaments,  
To wield our partizans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

<sup>4</sup> — mis-temper'd weapons—] *are angry weapons.* So, in *King John*:

“ This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour,” &c.

STEVENS.

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.<sup>5</sup>  
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart,

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady  
CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new a-  
broach?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary,  
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:  
I drew to part them; in the instant came  
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;  
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:  
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
Came more and more, and fought on part and  
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LA. MON. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him  
to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd  
fun  
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *To old Free-town, our common judgement-place.*] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1502. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,*] The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. x:

“ Early before the morn with cremosin ray  
“ The windows of bright heaven opened had,  
“ Through which into the world the dawning day  
“ Might looke,” &c. STEVENS.

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A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;  
 Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,  
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—  
 So early walking did I see your son :  
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,  
 And stole into the covert of the wood :  
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—  
 That most are busied when they are most alone,<sup>7</sup>—  
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.<sup>8</sup>

*MON.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself ;  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night :  
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*BEN.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Again, in *Summa Totalis*; or *All in All*, or *the same for ever*, 4to.  
 1607:

“ Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Vespers sheene)

“ Peepes through the purple windowes of the East.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> *That most are busied &c.*] Edition 1597. Instead of which it  
 is in the other editions thus :

“ ————— by my own,

“ Which then most sought, where most might not be found,

“ Being one too many by my weary self,

“ Pursu'd my humour,” &c. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> *And gladly shunn'd &c.*] The ten lines following, not in edi-  
 tion 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

MON. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

BEN. Have you importun'd him by any means?<sup>9</sup>

MON. Both by myself, and many other friends:  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from founding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Ben. *Have you importun'd &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. POPE.

<sup>a</sup> *Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.*] [Old copy—*same.*] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote:

Or dedicate his beauty to the *sun*.

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOBALD.

I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected this simile more closely with the foregoing speech: these lines, if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world.

JOHNSON.

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. An expression somewhat similar occurs in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. ii:

“ A dedicated beggar to the air.”

I have, however, adopted Theobald's emendation. Mr. M. Mason observes “ that there is not a single passage in our author where so great an improvement of language is obtained, by so slight a deviation from the text.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the simile relates solely to Romeo's *concealing* the cause of his melancholy, and is again used by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*:

“ — She never *told* her love,

“ But let *concealment*, like a worm i' the bud,

“ Feed on her damask cheek.”

In the last act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Rosamond* of Daniel; and in the present passage might have remem-

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Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

*BEN.* See, where he comes: So please you, step  
afide;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

*MON.* I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

*[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]*

*BEN.* Good morrow, coufin.

*ROM.* Is the day so young?<sup>a</sup>

*BEN.* But new struck nine.

*ROM.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*BEN.* It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's  
hours?

bered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our author or not, add such support to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I should have given it a place in my text, but that the other mode of phraseology was not uncommon in Shakspeare's time:

“ And whilst thou *spread'st* unto the rising *sunne*,  
“ The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,  
“ Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done.”

Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverse to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *sun*, without at the same time dedicating it to the *air*.

A similar phraseology, however, to that of my text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *Is the day so young?*] i. e. is it so early in the day? The same expression (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “ It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet *môche* of the *nyghte* to come.” STEEVENS.

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ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BEN. In love?

ROM. Out—

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!<sup>3</sup>  
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—  
Why then, O brawling love!<sup>4</sup> O loving hate!

<sup>3</sup> — to his will!] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to his ill. The present reading has some obscurity; the meaning may be, that love finds out means to pursue his desire. That the blind should find paths to ill is no great wonder.

JOHNSON.  
It is not unusual for those who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that opposes their pursuit. NICHOLS.

What Romeo seems to lament is, that love, though blind, should discover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himself of them; should perceive the road which he is forbidden to take.

The quarto 1597, reads  
Should, without laws, give path-ways to our will!  
i. e. being lawless itself, prescribe laws to others. STEVENS.

This passage seems to have been misapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the God of love, who appears so gentle, should be a tyrant.—It is no less to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the blind god should yet be able to direct his arrows at those whom he wishes to hit, that he should wound whomever he wills, or desires to wound. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Why then, O brawling love! &c.] Of these lines neither the sense nor occasion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no such uncommon state, as can deserve all this toil of antithesis. JOHNSON.

O any thing, of nothing first create!  
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—  
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
 Dost thou not laugh?

BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what?

Had Dr. Johnson attended to the letter of invitation in the next scene, he would have found that Rosaline was niece to Capulet.

ANONYMOUS.

Every sonneteer characterises Love by contrarieties. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

“ Love is a sowre delight, a sugred griefe,  
 “ A living death, an ever-dying life,” &c.

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner:

“ A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with ice!  
 “ A heavic burden light to beare! A vertue fraughte with  
 vice!” &c.

Immediately from *The Romaunt of the Rose*:

“ Lone it is an hatefull pees,  
 “ A free aquitaunce without reles,—  
 “ An heavie burthen light to beare,  
 “ A wicked wawe awaie to weare;  
 “ And health full of maladie,  
 “ And charitie full of envie;—  
 “ A laughter that is weping aie,  
 “ Rest that trauaileth night and daie,” &c.

This kind of antithesis was very much the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preserved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

“ Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra;  
 “ E temo, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio;  
 “ E volo sopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra;  
 “ E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio.” &c.

Sonnet 105.

Sir Thomas Wyatt gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of *Description of the contrarious Passions in a Lover*, amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.



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BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.<sup>5</sup>—  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast  
shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;<sup>6</sup>  
Being vex'd,<sup>7</sup> a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz. [going.]

BEN. Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

ROM. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

BEN. Tell me in sadness,<sup>8</sup> who she is you love.

<sup>5</sup> *Why, such is love's transgression.*] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;*] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling*— Being excited and enforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

Dr. Akinfide, in his *Hymn to Cheerfulness*, has the same expression:

“Haste, light the tapers, *urge the fire*,  
“And bid the joyless day retire.” REED.

<sup>7</sup> *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is lost.

JOHNSON.

It does not seem necessary to suppose any line lost. In the former speech about love's contrarieties, there are several lines which have no other to rhyme with them; as also in the following, about Rosaline's chastity. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 422, n. 7. MALONE.



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**BEN.** Then she hath sworn, that she will still  
live chaste?

**ROM.** She hath, and in that sparing makes huge  
waste;<sup>5</sup>

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.<sup>6</sup>

editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Suaveam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

" Nature now shall boast no more  
" Of the riches of her store;  
" Since, in this her chiefest prize,  
" All the stock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

" Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr*:

" — with her dies

" The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman."

STEEVENS.

Yet perhaps the present reading may be right, and Romeo means to say, in his quaint jargon, That she is poor, because she leaves no part of her store behind her, as with her all beauty will die. M. MASON.

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will "lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;*] So, in our author's first Sonnet:

" And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *For beauty, starv'd with her severity,*

*Cuts beauty off from all posterity.*] So, in our author's third Sonnet:

She is too fair, too wise; wifely too fair,<sup>7</sup>  
 To merit bliss by making me despair:  
 She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,  
 Do I live dead,<sup>8</sup> that live to tell it now.

BEN. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

ROM. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;  
 Examine other beauties.

ROM. 'Tis the way  
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more:<sup>9</sup>  
 These happy masks,<sup>2</sup> that kiss fair ladies' brows,

“ Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

“ Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

“ Seeming to bury that posterity,

“ Which by the rights of time thou need'st must have ?”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *wifely too fair, &c.*] There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliss. MALONE.

None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> *Do I live dead,*] So Richard the Third:

“ — now they kill me with a *living death*,”

See Vol. X. p. 480, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *To call hers, exquisite, in question more:*] That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispute, that the word *question* is here used. HEATH.

More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. See Vol. V. p. 503, n. 5.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars Bush*, fc. ult:

“ We stand here for an Epilogue.

“ Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;  
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
 What doth her beauty serve,<sup>3</sup> but as a note  
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?  
 Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.<sup>4</sup>

BEN. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

“ For women's favours are a leading alms:

“ If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes

“ Out at *your masks.*”

Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority.

STEVENS.

*These* happy masks, I believe, means no more than *the* happy masks. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See Vol. IV. p. 262, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *What doth her beauty serve,*] i. e. what end does it answer? In modern language we say—“serve for.” STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

“ Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

“ 'Tis sure the hardest science, *to forget.*”—Pope's *Eloisa.*

STEVENS.

## S C E N E II.

*A Street.**Enter CAPULET, Paris, and Servant.*

*CAP.* And Montague is bound ' as well as I,  
In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*PAR.* Of honourable reckoning are you both ;  
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

*CAP.* But saying o'er what I have said before :  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years ;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,<sup>6</sup>  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*PAR.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*CAP.* And too soon marr'd are those so early  
made.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> And *Montague is bound* —] This speech is not in the first quarto. That of 1599 has—*But* Montague.—In that of 1609 and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Let two more summers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet :

“ — Three winters cold

“ Have from the forests shook three *summers' pride*,—”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The 4to. 1597, reads :—And too soon *marr'd* are those so early *married*.

Pattenham, in his *Art of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression,

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The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :<sup>8</sup>

which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound* :

“ The maid that *soon married* is, *soon marred* is.”

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney :

“ Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made* !”

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.

STEEVENS.

*Making and marring* is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the present century. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *She is the hopeful lady of my earth* ;] This line is not in the first edition. POPP.

*She is the hopeful lady of my earth*,—] This is a Gallicism : *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an *heiress*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth* :

“ Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*.”

Again,

“ So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*.”

*Earth*, in other old plays is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. landed estate. So, in a *Trick to catch the old one*, 1619 :

“ A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*.”

Again, in the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Dr. Bright's *Characterie, an arte of sports, swifite, and secrete writing by character*, 12mo. 1588.

“ And this my inuention being altogether of English yeeld, where your Majestie is the *Ladie of the Soyle*, it appertayneth of right to you onely.” STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a passage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor says,

“ This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel

“ A stark affrighted motion in my blood.”

Here *earth* means corporal part. M. MASON.

Again, in this play :

“ Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?

“ Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out.”

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet :

“ Poor soul, the center of my sinful *earth*,—” MALONE.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent is but a part ;<sup>9</sup>  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Such as I love ; and you, among the store,  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
 At my poor house, look to behold this night  
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *My will to her consent is but a part ;]* To, in this instance, signifies in comparison with, in proportion to. So, in *K. Henry VIII*: "These are but switches to them." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light :]* This nonsense should be reformed thus :

Earth-treading stars that make dark *even* light :

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without stars, these earthly stars supply their place, and light it up. So again in this play :

"Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

"Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

"Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

"And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day."

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense ; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. JOHNSON.

I will not say that this passage, as it stands, is absolute nonsense ; but I think it very absurd, and am certain that it is not capable of the meaning that Johnson attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propose, which is, to read,

Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light.

That is, *earthly stars* that outshine the stars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own superior brightness. But according to the present reading, they are earthly stars that enlighten the gloom of heaven. M. MASON.

The old reading is sufficiently supported by a parallel passage in Churchyard's *Shore's Wife*, 1593 :

"My beautie blas'd like torch or twinkling starre,

"A liuely lamp that lends darke world some light."



Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel<sup>3</sup>  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Mr. M. Mafon's explanation, however, may receive countenance from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III :

“ Did light those beamy stars which greater light did dark.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *do lusty young men feel*—] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read :

Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

*Young men* are certainly *yeomen*. So, in *A lytell geste of Robyn Hode*, printed by Wynken de Worde :

“ Robyn commaunded his wight *yong men*.

“ Of lii. wyght *yonge men*.

“ Seuen score of wyght *yonge men*.

“ Buske you my mery *yonge men*.”

In all these instances Copland's edition, printed not many years after, reads—*yeomen*.

So again, in the ancient legend of *Adam Bel*, printed by Copland :

“ There met he these wight *yonge men*.

“ Now go we hence sayed these wight *yong men*.

“ Here is a fet of these wyght *yong men*.”

But I have no doubt that he printed from a more antiquated edition, and that these passages have accidentally escaped alteration, as we generally meet with “ wyght *yemen*.” See also Spelman's Glossary; *voce JUNIORES*. It is no less singular that in a subsequent act of this very play the old copies should, in two places, read “ *young trees*” and “ *young tree*,” instead of *yew-trees*, and *yew-tree*. RITSON.

The following passage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, will support the present reading, and show the propriety of Shakspeare's comparison: for to tell *Paris* that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say :

“ That it was May, thus dremid me,

“ In time of love and jolite,

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Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house; <sup>4</sup> hear all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be:  
 Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.<sup>5</sup>

“ That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—  
 “ Then *yong folke* entendin aye,  
 “ For to ben gaie and amorous,  
 “ The time is then so favorable.”

*Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 51,” &c.

Again, in *The Romance of the Sorowdon of Babyloyne* &c. MS.  
 Pence Dr. Farmer.

“ Hit bifelle by twyخته marche and maye,  
 “ Whan kynde corage begynneth to pryke;  
 “ Whan frith and felde wexen gaye,  
 “ And every wight defrith his like;  
 “ Whan lovers slepen with opyn yee,  
 “ As nightingalis on grene tre,  
 “ And fore desire that thai cowde flye  
 “ That thay myghte with there love be” &c. p. 2.

STEEVENS.

Our author's 99th *Sonnet* may also serve to confirm the reading  
 of the text:

“ From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 “ When *proud-pied* April drefs'd in all his trim,  
 “ Hath put a spirit of youth in ev'ry thing.”

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

“ Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,  
 “ Then in the *April* of her *springing* age——.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Inherit at my house;] To inherit, in the language of Shak-  
 speare's age, is to possess. See Vol. VIII. p. 194, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,

*May stand in number, though in reckoning none.*] The first of  
 these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help; the  
 passage is there, *Which one more view.* I can offer nothing better  
 than this:

*Within your view* of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

Such, amongst view of many, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In  
 the subsequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the  
 line was printed thus:

*Which one [on] more view* of many, &c. MALONE.

Come, go with me ;—Go, firrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona ; find thofe perfons out,

A very flight alteration will reftore the cleareft fenfe to this  
paffage. Shakfpeare might have written the lines thus :

Search among view of many : mine, being one,  
May ftand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongft the many you will view there, fearch for one that will  
pleafe you. Chooſe out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with  
what he had already faid to him :

“ — Hear all, all fee,  
“ And like her moft, whoſe merit moft ſhall be.”

*My daughter (he proceeds) will, it is true, be one of the number,  
but her beauty can be of no reckoning (i. e. eſtimation) among thoſe  
whom you will fee here. Reckoning for eſtimation, is uſed before in  
this very ſcene :*

“ Of honourable reckoning are you both.” STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully fupported by a paſſage in *Meafure  
for Meafure* :

“ — our compell'd fins  
“ Stand more for number, then accompt.” i. e. eſtimation.

There is here an alluſion to an old proverbial expreſſion, that  
*one is no number.* So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, Part II :

“ — to fall to one,  
“ — is to fall to none,  
“ For one no number is.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* :

“ One is no number.”

Again, in Shakfpeare's 136th Sonnet :

“ Among a number one is reckon'd none,  
“ Then in the number let me paſs untold.”

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded,  
may add ſome ſupport to Mr. Steevens's conjecture :

“ To his approved friend a ſolemn oath he plight,—  
“ —every where he would refort where ladies wont to  
“ meet ;  
“ Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,  
“ For he would view and judge them all with unallured  
eye.—  
\* \* \* \*

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown  
“ But Capulet himſelf had bid unto his feaſt, &c.  
“ Young damfels thither flock, of bachelors a rout ;  
“ Not ſo much for the banquet's ſake, as beauties to ſearch  
out.” MALONE.

Whose names are written there,<sup>6</sup> [*gives a paper.*]  
 and to them say,  
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

SERV. Find them out, whose names are written here?<sup>7</sup> It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

This passage is neither intelligible as it stands, nor do I think it will be rendered so by Steevens's amendment.—“To search amongst view of many,” is neither sense nor English.

The old folio, as Johnson tells us, reads

*Which one more view of many—*

And this leads us to the right reading, which I should suppose to have been this:—

*Whilst on more view of many, mine being one, &c.*

With this alteration the sense is clear, and the deviation from the folio very trifling. M. MASON.

“—find those persons out,

*Whose names are written there,*] Shakspeare has here closely followed the poem already mentioned:

“No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“But Capulet himself hath bid unto his feast,

“Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Find them out, whose names are written here?] The quarto, 1597, adds: “And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to say, the tailor,” &c. STEEVENS.

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*Enter* BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's  
burning,  
One pain is less'n'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:<sup>8</sup>  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.<sup>9</sup>  
ROM. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— *with another's languish* :] This substantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring also (as I think) in one of Morley's songs, 1595 :

“ Alas, it skills not,  
“ For thus I will not,  
“ Now contented,  
“ Now tormented,  
“ Live in love and *languish*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*  
*Take thou some new infection to thy eye,*

*And the rank poison of the old will die.*] So, in the poem :

“ Ere long the townish dames together will resort;  
“ Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely  
port,  
“ With so fast-fixed eye perhaps thou may'st behold,  
“ That thou shalt quite forget thy love and *passions past of*  
*old.*  
“ And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,  
“ So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive.”

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus* :

“ One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail.”

So, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: “—a fire divided in twayne burneth flower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiscence of the first.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. DR. GREY.



SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither?

SERV. To supper; to our house.<sup>2</sup>

ROM. Whose house?

SERV. My master's.

ROM. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

SERV. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.<sup>3</sup> Rest you merry. [Exit.

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—  
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

<sup>2</sup> *To supper; to our house.*] The words *to supper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *crush a cup of wine.*] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ Fill the pot, hostess &c. and we'll crush it.”

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

“ — we'll crush a cup of thine own country wine.”

Again, in *The Pinder of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler says:

“ Come, George, we'll crush a pot before we part.”

We still say, in cant language—*to crack a bottle*. STEEVENS.

*BEN.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
 Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:  
 But in those cryстал scales,<sup>4</sup> let there be weigh'd  
 Your lady's love against some other maid<sup>5</sup>  
 That I will show you, shining at this feast,  
 And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

*ROM.* I'll go along, no such fight to be shown,  
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*LA. CAP.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her  
 forth to me.

*NURSE.* Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve  
 year old,—  
 I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—  
 God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET.*

*JUL.* How now, who calls?

*NURSE.* Your mother.

<sup>4</sup> ——— in those cryстал scales,] The old copies have—*that* crystal, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. The poet might have used *scales* for the entire machine. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— let there be weigh'd  
 Your lady's love against some other maid——] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself. HEATH.



*JUL.* Madam, I am here.  
What is your will?

*LA. CAP.* This is the matter :—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again ;  
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

*NURSE.* 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*LA. CAP.* She's not fourteen.

*NURSE.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet, to my teen<sup>6</sup> be it spoken, I have but  
four,—

She is not fourteen : How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide ?

*LA. CAP.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*NURSE.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls !—  
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;  
She was too good for me : But, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;  
That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — to my teen — ] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. ix :

“ — for dread and doleful *teen*.”

This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ; ] But how comes the nurse to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occasion ? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story ; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Straw's Chronicle*, and

And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day :  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua :—  
 Nay, I do bear a brain :<sup>8</sup>—but, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool !  
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.  
 Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I trow,  
 To bid me trudge.  
 And since that time it is eleven years :  
 For then she could stand alone ;<sup>9</sup> nay, by the rood,  
 She could have run and waddled all about.  
 For even the day before, she broke her brow :  
 And then my husband—God be with his soul !  
 'A was a merry man ;—took up the child :

*Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the preface to *Spenser's works*, edit. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591 ; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed ; and not later than the middle of July, a *fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>8</sup> *Nay, I do bear a brain :*] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51. “ When these wordes of command are rotten, wee will sow some other military seedes ; you beare a *braine* and memory.” REED.

So, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611 :

“ *Dast*, we must bear some brain.”

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604 :

“ —nay an I bear not a brain,—”

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611 :

“ As I can bear a pack, so I can bear a brain.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *could stand alone ;*] The 4to. 1597, reads : “ could stand *high lone*, i. e. quite alone, completely alone. So, in another of our author's plays, *high fantastical* means entirely fantastical.

STEEVENS.

*Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy-dam,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*  
To see now, how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not Jule?* quoth  
he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted,<sup>2</sup> and said—*Ay.*

*LA. CAP.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy  
peace.

*NURSE.* Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but  
laugh,<sup>3</sup>

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay:*

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

*Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?*

*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;*

*Wilt thou not, Jule?* it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

*JUL.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

<sup>2</sup> — *it stinted,*] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says: "for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:

"Pish! for shame, *stint* thy idle chat."

Again, in *The Misfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:

"—Fame's but a blait that sounds a while,

"And quickly *stints*, and then is quite forgot."

Spenser uses this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Nurse. *Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose &c.*] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.

*NURSE.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to  
his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

*L.A. CAP.* Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*JUL.* It is an honour<sup>4</sup> that I dream not of.

*NURSE.* An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*L.A. CAP.* Well,<sup>5</sup> think of marriage now; younger  
than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*NURSE.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man,  
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.<sup>6</sup>

*L.A. CAP.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

<sup>4</sup> *It is an honour* —] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion. STEVENS.

*Honour* was changed to *hour* in the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Well, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for his wife.

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *a man of wax.*] So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax.”

STEVENS.

*NURSE.*<sup>8</sup> Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*LA. CAP.* What say you?<sup>9</sup> can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:  
Read o'er the volume<sup>2</sup> of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,<sup>3</sup>

— *a man of wax.*] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. "When you, Lydia, praise the waxen arms of Telephus," (says, Horace,) [*Waxen, well shaped, fine turned:*]

"With passion swells my fervid breast,

"With passion hard to be suppressed."

Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little understanding that the praise was given to the shape, not to the colour. S. W.

<sup>8</sup> *Nurse.*] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only:

"Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She answers, "I'll look to like," &c. and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *La. Cap. What say you?* &c.] This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>2</sup> *Read o'er the volume* &c.] The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

"Her face the book of praises, where is read

"Nothing but curious pleasures." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Examine every married lineament,* &c.] Thus the quarto 1599. The quarto 1609—*several* lineament. By the former of these phrases Shakespeare means—Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in the word—*content*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of "the married calm of states;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion:

"If the true concord of well-tuned founds,

"By unions married, do offend thine ear."

So also, in Ronsard:

Phebus du milieu de la table,  
Pour réjouir le front des Dieux,

And see how one another lends content;  
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.<sup>4</sup>  
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover:<sup>5</sup>  
 The fish lives in the sea;<sup>6</sup> and 'tis much pride,  
 For fair without the fair within to hide:

*Mariéit sa voix delectable  
 A son archet melodieux.*

Again:

*Le mariant aux haleines  
 De trompettes qui sont pleines  
 D'un son furieux et grave.* STEEVENS.

This speech, as has been observed, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *several* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only because the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not understand it. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *the margin of his eyes.*] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says: "— I knew you must be edify'd by the *margent*," &c.

STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
 " Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
 " Nor read the subtle shining secrecies.  
 " Writ in the glassy *margent* of such books." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *This precious book of love, this unbound lover,*

*To beautify him, only lacks a cover:*] This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles. The *unbound lover*, is a quibble on the *binding* of a book, and the *binding* in *marriage*; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* in law French. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> *The fish lives in the sea; &c.*] i. e. is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage; and it may receive some support from what *Ænobarbus* says in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The tears *live in an onion*, that should water this forrow."

STEEVENS.

The purport of the remainder of this speech, is to show the

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;<sup>7</sup>  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:<sup>8</sup>  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,<sup>9</sup>  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERV. Madam,<sup>2</sup> the guests are come, supper served up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the

advantage of having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore, that instead of "the fish lives in the sea," we should read, "the fish lives in the shell." For the sea cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a shell may.—I believe, that by the golden story, is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;*] The golden story is perhaps the golden legend, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis.* JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where valuable contents are embellished by as valuable binding. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *I'll look to like, if looking liking move:*] Such another jingle of words occurs in the Second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "—— and seeing to like, and liking to love, and loving straight" &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——endart mine eye,] The quarto, 1597, reads: "engage mine eye." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Madam, &c.*] To this speech there have been likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted. STEEVENS.

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nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*L.A. CAP.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

*NURSE.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.      [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E   I V.

*A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO,<sup>3</sup> BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.*

*ROM.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

<sup>3</sup> — *Mercutio,*] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: “—another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and courteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained.” *Painter’s Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 221. STEEVENS.

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed:

“ At thone side of her chair her lover Romeo,  
 “ And on the other side there sat one call’d Mercutio;  
 “ A courtier that each where was highly had in price,  
 “ For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device,  
 “ Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,  
 “ Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.  
 “ With friendly gripe he seiz’d fair Juliet’s snowish hand;  
 “ A gift he had, that nature gave him in his fwathing band  
 “ That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,  
 “ As were his hands, though ne’er so near the fire he did  
 “ them hold.”

Perhaps it was this last circumstance which induced our poet to represent Mercutio, as little sensible to the passion of love, and “ a jester at wounds which *he never felt.*” See *Othello*, Act III. sc. iv:



BEN. The date is out of such prolixity :<sup>4</sup>  
 We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,  
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,<sup>5</sup>  
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;<sup>6</sup>

“ — This *band* is moist, my lady ;—  
 “ This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;  
 “ *Hot, hot, and moist.*”

See also Vol. XII. p. 420, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *The date is out of such prolixity :*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none ; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. WARBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque* but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolfey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer ; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment :

“ What come they in so blunt, *without device* ?”

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare has written a *masque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th act of *The Tempest*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakspeare's life. PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> *Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,*] The *Tartarian* bows, as well as most of those used by the Asiatic nations, resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas reliefs. Shakspeare used the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> — *like a crow-keeper ;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIV. p. 233, n. 5. STEEVENS.

Nor no without-book prologue,<sup>6</sup> faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance :<sup>7</sup>  
 But, let them measure us by what they will,  
 We'll measure them a measure,<sup>8</sup> and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch,<sup>9</sup>—I am not for this am-  
 bling ;  
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

<sup>6</sup> *Nor no without-book prologue, &c.*] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— for our entrance:] *Entrance* is here used as a trisyllable; *entrance*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *We'll measure them a measure,*] i. e. a dance. See Vol. V. p. 322, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Webward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks. So, in the second part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" ——— As on a masque: but for our torch-bearers,  
 " Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play:

" ——— a gallant crew,  
 " Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;  
 " Before whom, untreated, I am come,  
 " And here prevented, I believe, their page,  
 " Who, with his torch is enter'd."

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This custom is mentioned by Froissart, and other writers who had the merit of describing every thing they saw. See a wooden cut in Vol. VII. p. 146.

To hold a torch, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.

At an entertainment also, given by Louis XIV. in 1664, no less than 200 valets-de-pied were thus employed. STEEVENS.

*King Henry VIII.* when he went masked to Wolfey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had sixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. XI. p. 53.  
 MALONE.

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*MER.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*ROM.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,  
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*MER.* You are a lover; <sup>2</sup> borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*ROM.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: <sup>3</sup>  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*MER.* And, to sink in it, should you burden  
love; <sup>4</sup>  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*ROM.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

*MER.* If love be rough with you, be rough with  
love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a mask.*  
A visor for a visor!—what care I,

<sup>2</sup> *Mer. You are a lover; &c.*] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *so bound,*  
*I cannot bound, &c.*] Let Milton's example, on this occasion, keep Shakspeare in countenance:

“ ——— in contempt  
“ At one slight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*  
“ Of hill,” &c. *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. l. 180.

STEEVENS.  
<sup>4</sup> ——— *should you burden love;*] i. e. by sinking in it, *you should, or would, burden love.* Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See also the concluding lines of Mercutio's long speech in p. 377. MALONE.

What curious eye doth quote deformities?<sup>5</sup>

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

BEN. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner  
in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

ROM. A torch for me: let wantons, light of  
heart,<sup>6</sup>

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;<sup>7</sup>

For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,<sup>8</sup>—

<sup>5</sup> — doth quote deformities?] To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I am forry, that with better heed and judgement

“ I had not *quoted* him.”

See note on this passage, and Vol. III. p. 206, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — let wantons, light of heart, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master-Constable*, 1602:

“ — bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

“ Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,

“ I have too much lead at mine.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. See Vol. VIII. p. 500, n. 7. So Hentzner in his Itinerary, speaking of *Queen Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: “ The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*,” meaning *rushes*. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“ Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,

“ Even as upon these *rushes* which thou treadest.”

The stage was anciently strewn with *rushes*. So, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: “ — on the very *rushes* when the comedy is to daunce.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. Thus Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

“ She, fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,

“ Striv'd with redoubled strength.—” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — a grandfire phrase, &c.] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle,*

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.<sup>9</sup>

MER. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's  
own word:<sup>a</sup>

is a very common proverbial expression, for being *an idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this,—“ A good *candle-bolder* proves a good gamester.” STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the next line but one.

It appears from a passage in one of the small collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have lost the title, that “ Our sport is at the best,” or at the fairest, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo says, “ I am done.”

*Dun is the mouse*, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be “ the constable's own word;” who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. So, in the comedy of *Patient Griffel*, 1603: “ What, Babulo! say you. Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens; yet *dun is the mouse*, LIE STILL. What Babulo! says Griffel. Anone, say I, and then this eye lookes up; yet doune I snug againe.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll be a candle-bolder, and look on,—*

*The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.*] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. RITSON.

— *and I am done.*] This is equivalent to phrases in common use—*I am done for, it is over with me*. *Done* is often used in a kindred sense by our author. Thus in *King Henry VI*. P. III:

“ — my mourning weeds are *done*.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ — as soon decay'd and *done*,

“ As is the morning's dew.” STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:*] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

“ For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase;—*and—*

“ The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.”

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-bolder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire<sup>3</sup>  
Of this (save reverence) love,<sup>4</sup> wherein thou stick'st

*done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats son gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observations with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandfire phrase*,  
Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's own word*: as much as to say, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis *the constable's own word*; whose custom was, when he summoned his watch, and assigned them their several stations, to give them what the soldiers call, *the word*. But this night-guard being distinguished for their pacifick character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestic animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial.      WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire* —] A proverbial saying, used by Mr. Thomas Heywood, in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, Act III:

“ A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce run,

“ Call help, a rope, or we are all undone.

“ Draw *dun* out of the ditch.”      DR. GREY.

*Draw dun* (a common name, as Mr. Douce observes, for a cart-horse) *out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes:

“ At shove-groate, venter point, or crosse and pile,

“ At leaping o'er a Midfommer bone-fier,

“ Or at the *drawing dun* out of the myer.”

*Dun's the mouse* is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

“ If my host say the word, the *mouse shall be dun*.”

It is also found among Ray's proverbial similies.

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“ Why then 'tis done, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers.”

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning. It is used again in *Westward Ho*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it.      STEEVENS.

*Dun out of the mire* was the name of a tune, and to this ~~subse~~

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.<sup>5</sup>

Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. *Taylor in a Navy of Land Ships* says, “ Nimble-heel'd mariners (like so many dancers) capring in the pumphes and vanities of this finfull world, sometimes a Morisca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of dusty my deare, dirty come thou to me, *Dun out of the mire*, or I wayle in woe and plunge in paine : all these dances have no other musicke.” HOLT WHITE.

These passages serve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real sense of the phrase, or showing why it should be *the constable's own word*.

M. MASON.

“ The cat is grey,” a cant phrase, somewhat similar to “ Dun's the mouse,” occurs in *King Lear*. But the present application of Mercutio's words will, I fear, remain in hopeless obscurity.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Of *this (save reverence) love*,] [The folio—*Or save your reverence &c.*] The word *or* obscures the sentence; we should read—*O! for or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out,

O! save your reverence, love. JOHNSON.

This passage is not worth a contest; and yet if the conjunction *or* were retained, the meaning appears to be:—“ We'll draw thee from the mire (says he) *or rather* from this love wherein thou stick'st.”

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

“ Works himself clear, and as he runs refines.” STEVENS.

I have followed the first quarto, 1597, except that it has *sur-reverence*, instead of *save-reverence*. It was only a different mode of spelling the same word; which was derived from the Latin, *salva reverentia*. See Blount's Glossograph. 8vo. 1681, in v. *sa-reverence*.

So, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

“ The beastliest man,—

“ (*Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-master.”

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607:—“ ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay, (*sir-reverence*,) untruss'd.”

In *Cymbeline* we have the same thing more delicately expressed:—“ Why should his mistress not be fit too? The rather, *saving re-verence* of the word, for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits.”

In *The Comedy of Errors*, Vol. VII. p. 261, the word is written

ROM. Nay, that's not so.

MER. I mean, fir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.<sup>6</sup>  
Take our good meaning; for our judgement fits  
Five times in that,<sup>7</sup> ere once in our five wits.

as in the first copy of this play, and is used in the same sense: "—such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *fir-reverence*,"— And in *Much ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me say (*save reverence*) a husband." The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

Or, *save you reverence, love*—  
which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio with a slight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, seems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads,—Or, *save your reverence, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *we burn day-light, ho.*] To *burn daylight* is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time. See Vol. III. p. 356, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *like lamps by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read—*lights, lights by day.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Five times in that, &c.*] The quarto 1597, reads: "Three times a day;" and *right wits*, instead of *five wits.* STEEVENS.

— *for our judgement fits*

*Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.*] The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—our *five wits*. Shakspeare is on all occasions so fond of antithesis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *five*. The error has happened so often in these plays, and the emendation is so strongly confirmed by comparing these lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the passage as it stood originally, that I have not hesitated to give the reading which I proposed some time ago, a place in the text.

The same mistake has happened in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 125, n. 7, where we find in all the old copies—"of these *five* the sense," instead of "—these *five*." Again, in *King Henry V.* P. I. Vol. IX. p. 523, n. 8: "Deck'd with *five* flower-de-luces," instead of—"five," &c. In *Coriolanus*, (see Vol. XII. p. 221, n. 3.) the only authentick ancient copy has—"the *five* strains of honour," for "the *five* strains of honour." Indeed in the



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ROM. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

MER. Why, may one ask ?

ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.

MER. And so did I.

ROM. Well, what was yours ?

MER. That dreamers often lie.

ROM. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things  
true.

MER. O, then,<sup>8</sup> I see, queen Mab hath been  
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife ;<sup>9</sup> and she comes

writing of Shakspeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the same manner : we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant transcribers should have confounded them. In the modern editions these errors have all been properly amended.—See also on the same point, Vol. III. p. 474, n. 3 ; Vol. VII. p. 197, n. 6 ; and Vol. XI. p. 583, n. 9.

Shakspeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much ado about Nothing*, (see Vol. IV. p. 401, n. 5.) in *King Lear*, and in one of his sonnets. Again, in the play before us : “Thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy *wits*, than, I am sure, I have in my whole *five*.” Mercutio is here also the speaker.

In the first quarto the line stands thus :

“Three times in that, ere once in our *right wits*.”

When the poet altered “*three times*” to “*five times*,” he, without doubt, for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word *right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> O, then, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> O, then, I see, *Queen Mab hath been with you*.

*She is the fairies' midwife;*] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person among

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,<sup>2</sup>  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies<sup>3</sup>

the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects.

STEVENS.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the newborn babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uses her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for the not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the incubus or nightmare: Shakspeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers; but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*.—The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

<sup>2</sup> *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens in Shakspeare's time to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Constable*, 1639: "—and an *alderman*, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb-ring*." STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *of little atomies*—] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*.

So, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

"—I can tear thee

"As small as *atomies*, and throw thee off.

"Like dust before the wind."

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*

"Than in the summer play before the sun."

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams :  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
 love :  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ies  
 straight :  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :

In Drayton's *Nymphidia* there is likewise a description of Queen  
*Mab's* chariot :

" Four nimble gnats the horses were,  
 " Their barnesses of gossamere,  
 " Fly cranion, her charioteer,  
 " Upon the coach-box getting :  
 " Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,  
 " Which for the colours did excell,  
 " The fair Queen Mab becoming well,  
 " So lively was the limning :  
 " The seat, the soft wool of the bee,  
 " The cover (gallantly to see)  
 " The wing of a py'd butterfly,  
 " I trow, 'twas simple trimming :  
 " The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,  
 " And daintily made for the nonce,  
 " For fear of rattling on the stones,  
 " With stifle-down they sod it." STEVENS.

Drayton's *Nymphidia* was written several years after this tragedy.  
 See Vol. V. p. 35, n. 2. MALONE.

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats <sup>4</sup> tainted are.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit : <sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *with sweet-meats* —] i. e. kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falstaff in the last act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit : &c.]* Mr. Pope reads —*lawyer's nose*. STEEVENS.

The old editions have it—*courtier's nose*; and this undoubtedly is the true reading; and for these reasons: First, In the new reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine speech; the same thought having been given in the foregoing line:

“ O'er *lawyers' fingers*, who straight dream on fees : ”

Nor can it be objected that there will be the same fault if we read *courtiers'*, it having been said before :

“ On *courtiers' knees*, that dream on courties straight ; ”

because they are shown in two places under different views : in the first, their *foppery*; in the second, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, in our author's time, a court-solicitation was called, simply, a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. “ The King ” (says an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil) “ called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his father to FIND [i. e. to *smell out*] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITOR for the reversion of the Custos-brevium office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life.” Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his satire against *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topick of later writers: for, to observe it to the honour of the English judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution, long after chicanery had over-run all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

As almost every book of that age furnishes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has observed, I shall add but one other instance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: “ If you be a *courtier*, discourse of the obtaining of *suits*.” MALONE.

In these lines Dr. Warburton has very justly restored the old reading, *courtier's nose*, and has explained the passage with his usual learning; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

justify Shakspeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads:

On *counties* knees——

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

On *counties* knees, that dream on courties straight:—

*Counties* I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is most commonly styled the *county* in this play.

And so in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act IV. we find:

“ Princes and *counties*.”

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act III:

“ A ring the *county* wears.”

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in Holinshed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh papers, Vol. I. p. 204. See also p. 7. The *Countie* Palatine Lowys. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play.

TYRWHITT.

In the *present* instance, I think, it is more probable that the repetition arose from the cause assigned by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

At the first entry of the characters in the History of *Orlando Furioso*, played before queen Elizabeth, and published in 1594 and 1599, *Sacripant* is called the *countie* Sacripant.

Again, *Orlando*, speaking of himself:

“ Surnam'd Orlando, the *countie* Palatine.”

*Countie* is at least repeated twenty times in the same play.

This speech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in question, stands thus in the quarto 1597:

And in this sort she gallops up and down  
 Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:  
 O'er courtiers knees, who strait on curties dreame:  
 O'er ladies lips, who dream on kisses strait;  
 Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,  
 And then dreames he of smelling out a suit:  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pigs taile,

Then dreams he of another benefice :  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a foldier's neck;  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep ;<sup>6</sup> and then anon  
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts, and wakes ;  
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night ;  
 And bakes the elf-locks<sup>8</sup> in foul sluttish hairs,

Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep,  
 And then dreames he of another benefice.  
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a fouldier's nose,  
 And then dreames he of cutting forraigne throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,  
 Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

Shakspeare, as I have observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *Spanish blades,*] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius :

*Gladius Toletanus.*

“ Unda Tagi non est uno celebranda metallo ;

“ .Utilis in cives est ibi lamna fuos.” JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *countermines*. STEEVENS.

In the passage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been constantly printed instead of *uno*, which makes it nonsense ; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Of healths five fathom deep ;*] So, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 : “ — troth, fir, my master and fir Goslin are guzzling ; they are dabbling together *fatbom deep*. The knight has *drunk* so much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And bakes the elf-locks &c.*] This was a common superstition ; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“ And when I shook these *locks*, now *knotted* all,

“ As *bak'd* in blood,” — MALONE.

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Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,<sup>9</sup>  
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage.<sup>2</sup>  
 This, this is she—

ROM. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

MER. True, I talk of dreams;  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,<sup>3</sup>  
 Turning his face<sup>4</sup> to the dew-dropping south.

BEN. This wind, you talk of, blows us from  
 ourselves;  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROM. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,  
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,

<sup>9</sup> — *when maids &c.*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:  
*And Mab, his merry queen, by night*  
*Befrides young folks that lie upright,*  
*(In elder times the mare that bight)*  
*Which plagues them out of measure.*

So, in *Geruase of Tilbury*, Dec. 1. C. 17. Vidimus quosdam  
 demones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt  
 ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, mira mole eas op-  
 primunt, nec ab aliis videntur. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *of good carriage.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. ii:  
 "— let them be men of good repute and carriage."

"*Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great  
 carriage; for he carried the town-gates," &c. STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *from thence.*] The quarto 1597, reads—*in haste*.

STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *his face* —] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient  
 copies have *side*. MALONE.

378      ROMEO AND JULIET.

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels; and expire the<sup>4</sup> term  
 Of a despised life,<sup>4</sup> clos'd in my breast,  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Direct my fail!<sup>5</sup>—On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike, drum.<sup>6</sup>      [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.<sup>7</sup>

*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

I. SERV. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to  
 take away? he shift a trencher!<sup>8</sup> he scrape a  
 trencher!

<sup>4</sup> — and expire the term  
 Of a despised life.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:  
 “ An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.” MALONE.

Again, in *Hubbard's Tale*:

“ When as time flying with wings swift,  
 “ Expired had the term” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Direct my fail!] I have restored this reading from the elder  
 quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding  
 line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

*Suit* is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it  
 got into all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

*Direct my suit!*] Guide the *sequel* of the adventure. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> Strike, drum.] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage,*  
*and serving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Scene V.] This scene is added since the first copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — he shift a trencher! &c.] *Trenchers* were still used by  
 persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the household  
 book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning  
 of the same century, it appears that they were common to the  
 tables of the first nobility. PERCY.



## ROMEO AND JULIET. 379

2. *SERV.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *SERV.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,<sup>9</sup> look to the plate:—good

*To shift a trencher* was technical. So, in *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, 1608, Sig. E 3: “—learne more manners, stand at your brothers backe, as to *shift a trencher* neatly” &c. REED.

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. III. p. 86, n. 5. MALONE.

They continued common much longer in many publick societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: “Item, payd for x dosyn of trenchers. xxi d.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *court-cupboard*,] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it served the purpose of what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: so, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: “—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*.” Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman: “Here shall stand my *court-cupboard*, with its furniture of plate.” Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Place that in the *court-cupboard*.”

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: “—they are together on the *cupboard of the court*, or the *court-cupboard*.” Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: “*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers,” &c.

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers' Hall.

STEEVENS.

The use which to this day is made of those *cupboards* is exactly described in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to display at publick festivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique silver vessels of the company, some of which (with the names of the donors inscribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

By “remove the court-cupboard,” the speaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it.—A *court-cupboard* was not strictly what we now call a *side-board*, but a recess fitted up with shelves to contain plate, &c. for the use of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet*, and continued to be used to the time of Pope:

thou, fave me a piece of marchpane;<sup>3</sup> and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. SERV. Ay, boy; ready.

“ The rich *buffet* well colour'd serpents grace,  
“ And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.”

The *side-board* was I apprehend, introduced in the present century. MALONE.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable; a *Buffet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inside. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —*save me a piece of marchpane*;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of pistacho-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

*Marchpane* was a kind of sweet bread or biscuit; called by some almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *massépan*, It. *marzapane*, *il macapan*. B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally though corruptly called *massépeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *marisepeyn*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Juvius*.

HAWKINS.

*Marchpane* was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “—seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheese, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in.” See Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.* p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: “Item, payd for ix *maribe paymes*, xxvi s. viii d.

*Marchpanes* were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his description of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1596, says “—les confitures seiches & *massépan* y estoient si peu espargnez, que les dames & damoiselles estoient contraintes de s'en decharger sur les pages & les laquais, auxquels on les bailloit tous entiers.” Our *macarons* are only debased and diminutive *marchpanes*. STEEVENS.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 381

1. *SERV.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

2. *SERV.* We cannot be here and there too.—  
Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer  
liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.*

1. *CAP.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have  
their toes<sup>3</sup>

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,  
she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the  
day,

That I have worn a vifor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis  
gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,  
play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

<sup>3</sup> — *their toes*—] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, *their feet*.—An editor by such capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakspeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *A ball! a ball!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former ex-

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,<sup>6</sup>  
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—  
 Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
 Nay, fit, nay, fit, good coufin Capulet;<sup>7</sup>

clamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

“ Room! room! a ball! a ball!”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“ —Then cry, a ball! a ball!”

Again, in an Epithalamium, by Christopher Brooke, published at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“ Cry not, a ball, a ball; but chamber-roume;

“ Dancing is lame,” &c.

and numberless other passages. STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *turn the tables up*.] Before this phrase is generally intelligible, it should be observed that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*. So, in the ancient translation of Marco Paolo's Voyages, 1579. “ After dinner is done, and the tables *taken uppe*, everie man goeth aboute his businesse.”

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *good coufin Capulet*;] This *coufin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *coufin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past making for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

*Coufin* was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and sister. Thus in *Hamlet*, the King his uncle and stepfather addresses him with

“ But now my *coufin* Hamlet and my *son*.”

And in this very play, Act III. lady Capulet says:

“ Tybalt my *coufin*!—O my brother's *child*.”

So, in *As you like it*:

“ *Ros*. Me *uncle*?

“ *Duke*. You *coufin*!”

And Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, constantly calls her uncle Toby *coufin*. RITSON.

Shakspeare and other contemporary writers use the word *coufin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and sometimes even to denote those of lineal descent.

Richard III. during a whole scene calls his nephew York, *cou-*

For you and I are past our dancing days<sup>8</sup> ;  
How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
Were in a mask ?

2. CAP. By'r lady, thirty years.

1. CAP. What, man ! 'tis not so much, 'tis not  
so much :

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,  
Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2. CAP. 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder, fir ;  
His son is thirty.

1. CAP. Will you tell me that ?<sup>9</sup>  
His son was but a ward two years ago.

ROM. What lady's that, which doth enrich the  
hand  
Of yonder knight ?<sup>9</sup>

*fin* ; who in his answer constantly calls him *uncle*. And the old  
Duchess of York in the same play calls her grandson, *cousin* :

" Why, my young *cousin*, it is good to grow.

" *York. Grandam*, one night, as we did sit at supper," &c.  
and in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, Sylvio styles Rhodope at one  
time his *aunt*, at others his *cousin*, to the great annoyance of Mr.  
Sympson, the editor. M. MASON.

See also Vol. X. p. 531, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *our dancing days* :] Thus the folio : the quarto reads,  
" *our standing days*." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Will you tell me &c.*] This speech stands thus in the first  
copy :

Will you tell me that ? it cannot be so :

His son was but a ward three years ago ;

Good youths i'faith !—Oh, youth's a jolly thing !"

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this  
play ; but when they are of little consequence I have foreborne to  
encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however,  
of these three lines is natural, and worth preserving. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*

*Of yonder knight ?* Here is another proof that our author  
had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the

SERV. I know not, sir.

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn  
bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,<sup>3</sup>  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:<sup>4</sup>  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.<sup>5</sup>

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—  
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave  
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,  
To flear and scorn at our solemnity?

latter we are told—"A certain lord of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance."

In the poem of *Romans and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a knight:

"With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night —] Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th sonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, and the folio 1623, coldly read:

*It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.*

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the present reading, which is certainly the more elegant, if not the true one. The repetition, however, of the word *beauty*, in the next line but one, in my opinion, confirms the emendation of our second folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's ear*:] So, in Lyly's *Euphues*:

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." HOLT WHITE.

<sup>5</sup> For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.] Thus *King Henry VIII*:

"—o beauty,

"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 385

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

I. CAP. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore  
storm you so?

TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

I. CAP. Young Romeo is't?

TYB. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

I. CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all this town,  
Here in my house, do him disparagement:  
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;  
I'll not endure him.

I. CAP. He shall be endur'd;  
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—  
Am I the master here, or you? go to.  
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my  
soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

TYB. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

I. CAP. Go to, go to,  
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—

thou, save me a piece of marchpane;<sup>4</sup> and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *SERV.* Ay, boy; ready.

“ The rich *buffet* well colour'd serpents grace,  
“ And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.”

The *side-board* was I apprehend, introduced in the present century. MALONE.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable; a *Buffet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inside. STEVENS.

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*Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

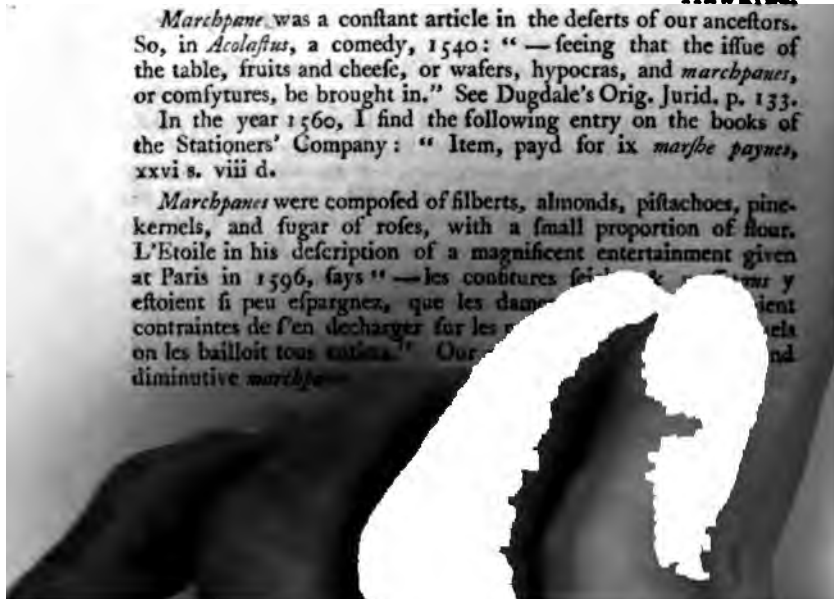
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HAWKINS.

*Marchpane* was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “—seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheese, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in.” See Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.* p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: “Item, payd for ix *marisbe paynes*, xxvi s. viii d.

*Marchpanes* were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his description of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1596, says “—les confitures se font de sucre y estoient si peu espargnez, que les dames qui estoient assises y estoient contraintes de s'en decharger sur les pages qui estoient assis sur les baillots tout satins.” Our *marisbe* is the diminutive *marisbe*.





ROMAN

1. I have been...  
for, and...  
2. I have been...  
Cheer...  
Ever this...

3. I have been...

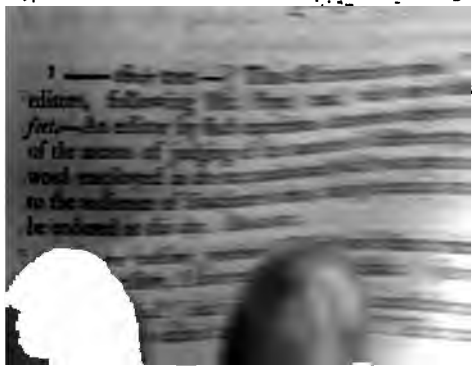
1. I have been...  
their...  
Upping...  
Ah ha...  
Will now...

I'll swear...  
You are welcome...

That I have...  
A whispering...  
Such as...

You are welcome...

A hall! a hall!



is  
to  
ever,  
EVENS.

our author  
mind. In the



388      ROMEO AND JULIET.

JUL. Saints do not move, though grant for pray-  
ers' sake.

ROM. Then move not, while my prayer's effect  
I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.  
[Kissing her.<sup>4</sup>

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have  
took.

ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

JUL.                      You kifs by the book.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> [Kissing her.] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time: and kissing a lady in a publick assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *K. Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kifs Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *You kifs by the book.*] In *As you Like It*, we find it was usual to quarrel by the book, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced. HENLEY.

Of all men who have loosed themselves on Shakspeare, none is there who so inveigleth me to amorous meditations, as the critick aforesaid. In *Antony and Cleopatra* he fore vexed and disquieted mine imagination touching the hair and voice of women; in *King Lear* he hinted at somewhat touching *nonnas*; and lo! now disserteth he on lip-gallantry." But (saith a wag at mine elbow) on the business of kissing, surely Calista's question might be addressed to our commentator—"Is it become an art then? a trick that book-men can teach us to do over?" I believe, no dissertation, or guide to this interchange of fondness was ever penned, at least while Shakspeare was alive. All that Juliet means to say is—you kifs methodically; you offer as many reasons for kissing, as could have been found in a treatise professedly written on the subject. When Hamlet observes on the Grave-digger's equivocation—"we must speak by the card," can he be supposed to have had a literal meaning? Without reference to books, however, Juliet betrays little ignorance on the present occasion; but could have said (with Mortimer in *King Henry IV.*)

"I understand thy kisses, and thou mine;

"And that's a feeling disputation." AMNER.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 389

*NURSE.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*ROM.* What is her mother?

*NURSE.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wife, and virtuous:  
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chinks.<sup>6</sup>

*ROM.* Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*BEN.* Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

*ROM.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*1. CAP.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.<sup>7</sup>—  
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

<sup>6</sup> — *the chinks.*] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have substituted *chink*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*] *Towards* is ready, at hand.

So, in *Hamlet*:

“What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

“Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?”

Again, in *The Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607: “—here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all.” STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this scene that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*.”

Again, in Howel's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: “*After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet*.” MALONE.

It appears from many circumstances that our ancestors quitted their eating-rooms as soon as they had dined, and in warm weather retired to buildings constructed in their gardens. These were called *banqueting-houses*, and here their desert was served. STEEVENS.

I thank you, honest gentlemen ;<sup>8</sup> good night :—  
 More torches here !—Come on, then let's to bed.  
 Ah, firrah, [*to* 2. CAP.] by my fay, it waxes late ;  
 I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

*JUL.* Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman ?<sup>9</sup>

*NURSE.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*JUL.* What's he, that now is going out of door ?

*NURSE.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*JUL.* What's he, that follows there, that would not dance ?

*NURSE.* I know not.

*JUL.* Go, ask his name :—if he be married,  
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*NURSE.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague ;  
 The only son of your great enemy.

*JUL.* My only love sprung from my only hate !  
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late !  
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
 That I must love a loathed enemy.

*NURSE.* What's this ? what's this ?

*JUL.* A rhyme I learn'd even now  
 Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET.*]

*NURSE.* Anon, anon :—  
 Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> — *honest gentlemen ;*] Here the quarto, 1597, adds :

“ I promise you, but for your company,

“ I would have been in bed an hour ago :

“ Light to my chamber, ho !” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman ?*] This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, Vol. XIV. MALONE.

*Enter* CHORUS.<sup>2</sup>

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
 That fair,<sup>3</sup> which love groan'd for, and would die,<sup>4</sup>  
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

<sup>2</sup> — CHORUS.] This chorus added since the first edition.

POPE.  
 The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *That fair,*] *Fair* it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. See Vol. VI. p. 80, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,*] The instances produced in a subsequent note, by Mr. Malone, to justify the old and corrupt reading, are not drawn from the quartos which he judiciously commends, but from the folio which with equal judgement he has censured. These irregularities therefore, standing on no surer ground than that of copies published by ignorant players, and printed by careless compositors, I utterly refuse to admit their accumulated jargon as the grammar of Shakspeare, or of the age he lived in.

*Fair*, in the present instance, was used as a disyllable.

Sometimes, our author, as here, uses the same word as a disyllable and a monosyllable, in the very same line. Thus in *The Tempest*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since.”

STEVENS.

— *for which love groan'd for,*] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd *fore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: “ *In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance?” See Vol. XII. p. 61, n. 5. Again, in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. vii: “ — the scene *wherein* we play *in*.” MALONE.

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Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,  
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
Being held a foe, he may not have access  
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
And she as much in love, her means much less  
To meet her new-beloved any where:  
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,  
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

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ACT II.      SCENE I.

*An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

*ROM.* Can I go forward, when my heart is here?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.  
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

*Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.*

*BEN.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

*MER.* He is wise;  
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

*BEN.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard  
wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

*MER.* Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
 Appear thou in the likenefs of a figh,  
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am fatisfied;  
 Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;<sup>5</sup>  
 Speak to my goffip Venus one fair word,  
 One nick-name for her purblind fon and heir,  
 Young Adam Cupid,<sup>6</sup> he that shot fo trim,

<sup>5</sup> *Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;*] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*, the two fucceeding quartos and the firft folio, *provaunt*: the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the laft of thefe, formed the prefent reading. *Provaunt*, however, in ancient language, fignifies *proviſion*. So, in “The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late uſurper, truly deſcribed and repreſented,” 1664, p. 14: “—carrying ſome dainty *provaunt* for her own and her daughter’s repaſt.” To *provaunt* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furniſh*. “*Provaunt* but love and dove;” may therefore mean, *furniſh* but ſuch hackney’d rhymes as theſe are, the trite effuſions of lovers. STEEVENS.

—pronounce *but love and dove;*] Thus the firft quarto, 1597. *Pronounce* in the quartos of 1599 and 1609 was made *provaunt*.

In the firft folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of theſe copies, the ſame reading is adopted. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, means *proviſion*; but I have never met with the verb *To provaunt*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt therefore that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the firſt quarto.

In this very line, love and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two ſubſequent quartos and the folio, to—love and *day*; and *heir* in the next line corrupted into *ber*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone aſks for inſtances of the verb *provaunt*. When he will produce examples of other verbs (like *reverb* &c.) peculiar to our author, I may furniſh him with the inſtance he deſires. I am content, however, to follow the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Young Adam Cupid,*] All the old copies read, Abraham Cupid. The alteration was propoſed originally by Mr. Upton. (See *Obſervations*, p. 243.) It evidently alludes to the famous archer, Adam Bell. REED.

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.<sup>6</sup>—  
 He heareth not, stirreth not,<sup>7</sup> he moveth not;  
 The ape is dead,<sup>8</sup> and I must conjure him.—  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

<sup>6</sup> *When king Cophetua &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

STEVENS.

“ Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so *trim*,

“ When,” &c.

This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by *Mercutio*. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In *Decker's Satiromastix*, is a reference to the same archer:

“ — He shoots his bolt but seldom; but when *Adam* lets go,  
 he hits:”

“ He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell*; and his arrows stick here.”

*Trim* was an epithet formerly in common use. It occurs often in *Churchyard's Siege of Leeth*, 1575:

“ Made fallies forth, as *tryme* men might do.”

Again, *ibid*:

“ And showed themselves *trimme* souldiours as I ween.”

STEVENS.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, or, as it is called in some old copies, *The song of a beggar and a king*. The following stanza, *Shakspeare* had particularly in view:

“ The blinded boy that shoots so *trim*,

“ From heaven down did he,

“ He drew a dart and shot at him,

“ In place where he did lie.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *stirreth not*,] Old copies, unmetrically,—*be stirreth not*.

STEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *The ape is dead*,] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimickry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. *Nashe*, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read *Lyly's Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge.

MALONE.



By her high forehead,<sup>9</sup> and her scarlet lip,  
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,<sup>2</sup>  
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

BEN. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

MER. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger  
him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

BEN. Come, he hath hid himself among those  
trees,

To be comforted with the humorous night:<sup>3</sup>  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

MER. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

<sup>9</sup> *By her high forehead,*] It has already been observed that a high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. III. p. 136, n. 4; and Vol. XII. p. 534, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,*] Here, peradventure, hath our waggish poet caught hold of somewhat from Barnabe Googe his version of Palingenius. See *Cancer*, edit. 1561.

“What should I here commend her *thies*, or places *ther* that lie?” AMNER.

<sup>3</sup> — *the humorous night:*] I suppose *Shakspeare* means humid, the moist *dewy* night. *Chapman* uses the word in that sense in his translation of *Homer*, B. II. edit. 1598:

“The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous* night.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3:

“Such matter as she takes from the grofs *humorous* earth.”

Again, song 13th:

“— which late the *humorous* night

“Bespangled had with pearl—”

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto I:

“The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.” STEEVENS.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.<sup>4</sup>—

In *Measure for Measure* we have “the vaporous night approaches;” which shows that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *As maids &c.*] After this line in the old copies, I find two other verses containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that the editors of our poet have sometimes known how to blot:

“O Romeo that she were, ah that she were

“An open *et cætera*, thou a poppin pear!”

This pear is mentioned in *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638:

“What needed I to have grafted in the stock of such a choke-pear, and such a goodly poppin as this to escape me?”

Again, in *A new Wonder, a Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

“—I requested him to pull me

“A Katherine Pear, and, had I not look'd to him,

“He'd have mistook, and given me a popperin.”

In *The Atteiff's Tragedy*, by Cyril Turner, 1611, there is much conceit about this pear. I am unable to explain it with certainty, nor does it appear indeed to deserve explanation.

Thus much may safely be said; viz. that our pear might have been of French extraction, as *Popperin* was the name of a parish in the Marches of Calais. So, in Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Trobas*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. 1775, ver. 13650:

“In Flandres, al beyonde the see,

“At *Popering* in the place.”

In the edition of Messieurs Boydell I have also omitted these offensive lines. Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, that there are higher laws than those of criticism. STEEVENS.

These two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole scenes* of our author; but what is more strange, his example has in this instance been followed by the succeeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the stage, an editor in my apprehension has no right to omit any passage that is found in all the authentick copies of his author's works. They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but also in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two subsequent quartos and the folio read, with a slight variation,

ROMEO AND JULIET: 397

Romeo, good night ;—I'll to my truckle-bed ;  
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :  
Come, shall we go ?

BEN. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain  
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*

An open—*or* thou a poperin pear.

Shakspeare followed the fashion of his own time, which was, when something indecent was meant to be suppressed, to print *at catera*, instead of the word. See Minshew's Dictionary, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not consider, that however such a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is absurd where words are intended to be recited. When these lines were spoken, as undoubtedly they were to our ancestors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor must have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt sentence.

The unseemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

*Poperingue* is a town in French Flanders, two leagues distant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to ascertain. The word was chosen, I believe, merely for the sake of a quibble, which it is not necessary to explain. Probably for the same reason the *Popering* tree was preferred to any other by the author of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, small 8vo. 1653:

“ She thought it strange to see a man  
“ In privy walk, and then anon  
“ She stepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,  
“ And listen'd for some novelty.”

Of the parish of *Poperin*, or *Poperling*, (as we called it) John Leland the Antiquary was parson, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the *Poperin* pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.

## S C E N E II.

Capulet's Garden.

*Enter* ROMEO.ROM. He jests at scars,<sup>5</sup> that never felt a wound.—

[JULIET appears above, at a window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window  
breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid,<sup>6</sup> since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady;<sup>7</sup> O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

<sup>5</sup> *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book —

“None can speake of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt,” STEEVENS.

“He (that person) jests, is merely an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosalind, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear from the conversation he has with Mercutio, just before they go to Capulet's. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *It is my lady;*] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those  
 stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven  
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,<sup>8</sup>  
 That I might touch that cheek!<sup>9</sup>

JUL. Ah me!

ROM. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
 As glorious to this night,<sup>2</sup> being o'er my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heaven  
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

<sup>8</sup> *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

“O that I were a flea upon that lip,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — touch *that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads: “*kiss that cheek.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art*

*As glorious to this night,*] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the simile seems to require,

*As glorious to this fight;—*

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text so. THEOBALD.

I have restored the old reading, for surely the change was unnecessary. The plain sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

*As glorious to this night,* means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night,* &c. It should be observed, however, that the simile agrees precisely with Theobald's alteration, and not so well with the old reading. STEEVENS.

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When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,<sup>3</sup>  
And falls upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou  
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?  
[*Aside.*]

JUL. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *the lazy-pacing clouds,*] Thus corrected from the first edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

<sup>4</sup> *Thou art thyself* though, *not a Montague.*] For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyself*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehension afford.

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense.

*Though* is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. last, in the same sense:

“ My legs are longer *though*, to run away.”

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ ‘Would Catharine had never seen him *though*.’ ”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ I would not be so sick *though*, for his place.”

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632:

“ Would you have him your husband that you love,

“ And can it not be?—He is your servant, *though*,

“ And may perform the office of a husband.”

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ —O dissembling woman,

“ Whom I must reverence *though*.”

Again, in the last speech of *The Maid's Tragedy* by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1619:

“ Look to him *though*, and bear those bodies in.”

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Juliet is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house. MALONE.

If this punctuation be right, and the words of the text accurate, we must understand *though* in the sense of *then*, a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson: a sense it is perpetually used in by our ancient poets, and sometimes by our author himself. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what *though*?"

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"I keep but three men and a boy yet,—but what *though*?"

Again in *As you like it*:

"—we have no assembly here but beasts; but what *though*?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"It is a simple one, but what *though*?" RITSON.

' — nor any other part

*Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!*

*What's in a name? &c.*] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it should seem, on a revision. The passage in the first copy stands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, *nor any other part*:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose, &c.

In the copy of 1599 and all the subsequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the oversight of the transcriber or printer, and the lines thus absurdly exhibited:

Nor arm nor face, *O be some other name!*

*Belonging to a man.*

What's in a name, &c.

*Belonging, &c.* evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the subsequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The transposition now made needs no note to support it: the context in this and many other places supercedes all arguments. MALONE.

For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose our author wrote—

By any other name<sup>6</sup> would smell as sweet ;  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
 Without that title :—Romeo, doff thy name ;  
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself.<sup>7</sup>

*ROM.* I take thee at thy word :  
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;  
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*JUL.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd  
 in night,  
 So stumblest on my counsel ?

*ROM.* By a name  
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :  
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
 Because it is an enemy to thee ;  
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*JUL.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred  
 words  
 Of that tongue's utterance,<sup>8</sup> yet I know the sound ;  
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

<sup>5</sup> *Longing to man &c.*

The same elision occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Vol. VI.  
 p. 505 :

“ Mistress Bianca, blefs you with such grace  
 “ As *'longeth* to a lover's blefsed case.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *By any other name* —] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the  
 subsequent ancient copies read—By any other *word*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words*

*Of that tongue's utterance,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The  
 subsequent ancient copies read—of *thy* tongue's *uttering*. We meet  
 with almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo, in  
*King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596 :

“ I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,

“ *His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*” MALONE.



ROM. Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.<sup>9</sup>

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch  
these walls;<sup>2</sup>

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.<sup>3</sup>

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords;<sup>4</sup> look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

<sup>9</sup> Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.] Thus the original copy. The subsequent ancient copies read—fair *maid*. "If either thee dislike" was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it pleases me well. MALONE.

*Dislike* here means *displease*. M. MASON.

<sup>2</sup> With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562:

"Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,

"So light he wox, he leap'd the wall, and there he spy'd his wife,

"Who in the window watch'd the coming of her lord,—"

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —no let to me.] i. e. no stop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet*:

"By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

Thus the original edition. The subsequent copies read—no *stop* to me. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —there lies more peril in thine eye,

*Than twenty of their swords*;] Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill*:

"The lady may command, sir;

"She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon."

STEVENS.

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*JUL.* I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

*ROM.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their fight;<sup>5</sup>

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:<sup>6</sup>  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.<sup>7</sup>

*JUL.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*ROM.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

<sup>5</sup> ——— *from their fight;*] So the first quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their eyes. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And, but thou love me, let them find me here:*] And so thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Mason thinks that "*but thou love me,*" means, *unless thou love me*; grounding himself, I suppose, on the two subsequent lines. But those contain, in my apprehension, a distinct proposition. He first says, that he is content to be discovered, if he be but secure of her affection; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinsmen would be preferable to life without her love. *But*, however, it must be acknowledged, has often in old English the meaning which Mr. M. Mason would here affix to it.

MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason is certainly in the right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*But being charg'd, we will be still by land.*"

See Vol. XII. p. 614, n. 9. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.*] The common acceptance of *prorogue*, is to *postpone* to a distant time, which is in fact to *delay*. But I believe in this place *prorogued* means *continued*; and that Romeo means, in the language of lovers, to represent life without her as a continual death.

"*Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.*"

M. MASON.

*Than death prorogued,*] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more distant period. So, in Act IV. sc. i:

"*I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,*

"*On thursday next be married to this county.*"

MALONE.

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*JUL.* Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my  
face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny  
What I have spoke; But farewell compliment! \*  
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;  
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.<sup>9</sup>  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,

\* — *farewell compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms.  
M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — *cunning to be strange.*] *Cunning* is the reading of the  
quarto, 1597, and I have restored it.

*To be strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So,  
in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "Is it the fashion in Padua to be so  
*strange* with your friends?"

Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. III. p. 327:

"I pray ye that ye be not *strange* of writing of letters to me,"  
STEEVENS.

In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*.  
MALONE.

My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,<sup>2</sup>—

JUL. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by ?

JUL. Do not swear at all ;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night :  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say—It lightens.<sup>3</sup> Sweet, good night !<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — moon—

[That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,] This image struck Pope :

“ The moon-beam trembling falls,

“ And tips with silver all the walls.” *Imit. of Horace.*

Again, in the celebrated simile on the *Moon* at the conclusion of the eighth book of the *Iliad* :

“ And tips with silver ev'ry mountain's head.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> Ere one can say—It lightens.] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton :

“ — lightning ceaselessly to burn,

“ Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

“ And being gone, doth suddenly return

“ Ere you could say precisely what it was.”

The same thought occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moses* was first printed in quarto, in 1604.

MALONE.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 407

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?<sup>4</sup>

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow  
 for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request  
 it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROM. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

JUL. But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have:  
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
 The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

ROM. O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,  
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

<sup>4</sup> — *Sweet, good night!*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *What satisfaction can'st thou have to-night?*] Here Juliet seemeth as if she meant to promise (i. e. as much as in her lieth) to afford Romeo, in some future instance, that satisfaction which he cannot receive while they remain at their present distance from each other. AMNER.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

**JUL.** Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,  
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,<sup>6</sup>  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

**NURSE.** [*Within.*] Madam.

**JUL.** I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not  
well,  
I do beseech thee,—

**NURSE.** [*Within.*] Madam.

**JUL.** By and by, I come:—  
To cease thy suit,<sup>7</sup> and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

<sup>6</sup> *If that thy bent of love be honourable, &c.*] In *The Tragical History* already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

“ — if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,  
“ If wedlock be the end and mark which your desire hath found,  
“ Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,  
“ The quarrel eke that long ago between our households grew,  
“ Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,  
“ And following you whereso you go, my father's house forsake:  
“ But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit  
“ You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,  
“ You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you beseeks,  
“ To cease your suit, and suffer her to live among her likes.”  
MALONE,

<sup>7</sup> *To cease thy suit,*] So the quarto, 1597. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have—*thy strife.* MALONE,

ROMEO AND JULIET. 409

ROM. So thrive my soul,—

JUL. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [retiring slowly,

Re-enter JULIET, above.

JUL. Hift! Romeo, hift!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!\*

\* *To lure this tassel-gentle back again!*] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In *The Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger:

“ — then for an evening flight,

“ A tiercel-gentle,”

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression, “ — By casting out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. iv:

“ Having far off espyde a *tassel-gent*,

“ Which after her his nimble wings doth straine.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd off and gone.”

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

It appears from the old books on this subject that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fybing, with the true measures of blowing*, is the following passage:

“ The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave<sup>9</sup> where echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROM. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

JUL. Romeo!

ROM. My sweet!<sup>2</sup>

JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

ROM. At the hour of nine.

JUL. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

FOR A PRINCE.

There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and these are for a prince." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — tear *the* cave — ] This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton:

"A shout that tore hell's concave—" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *My sweet!*] Mr. Malone reads—*Madam*, and justifies his choice by the following note. STEEVENS.

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to say. The editor of the second folio substituted—*My sweet*. I have already shown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place. MALONE.

As I shall always suppose the second folio to have been corrected, in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the present instance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I must add, that the cold, distant, and formal appellation—*Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the *Nurse*, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has just promised every gratification that youth and beauty could bestow. STEEVENS.



ROMEO AND JULIET. 411

ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remem'bring how I love thy company.

ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

JUL. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee  
gone :

And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

ROM. I would, I were thy bird.

JUL. Sweet, so would I :  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet  
sorrow,  
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
breast !—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.' [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto,  
1597, except that it has *good* instead of *dear*. That of 1599, and  
the folio, read :

Hence will I to my ghostly frier's close cell,  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. MALONE.

## S C E N E III.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.**Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.*

FRI. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,<sup>4</sup>  
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
 And flecked darkness' like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *The grey-ey'd morn &c.*] These four lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress. POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the friar. JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And flecked darkness* — ] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says :

“ All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,  
 “ They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*.”

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 4th *Æneid* :

“ Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine.”

The same image occurs also in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act V. sc. iii :

“ *Dapples* the drowfy east with spots of grey.”

STEEVENS.

The word is still used in Scotland, where “ a *flecked* cow” is a common expression. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, in v. *flekit*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels* :] So, in Jocasta's address to the sun in the  $\Phi\text{OINIS}\Sigma\text{A}\text{I}$  of Euripides :

$\Omega$  τῆ ἐν ἀστραῖς ἕρασι ΤΕΜΝΟΝ ΟΔΟΝ.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,<sup>7</sup>  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.<sup>8</sup>

Mr. Malone reads—

“ From forth day's *path*, and Titan's fiery wheels.”

STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—  
*burning wheels*.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the second folio :

From forth day's *path-way made* by Titan's wheels.

MALONE.

Here again I have followed this reprobated second folio. It is easy to understand how darkness might reel “ from *forth* day's path-way,” &c. but what is meant by—*forth* “ Titan's fiery wheels ?” a man may stagger *out* of a path, but not *out* of a wheel.

STEEVENS.

These lines are thus quoted in *England's Parnassus, or the choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets* &c. 1600 :

“ The gray-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,  
“ *Cheering* the easterne cloudes with *streames* of light ;  
“ And *darknesse* *flected*, like a drunkard reeles  
“ From forth daye's *path-way made* by Titan's wheels.”

So that the various reading in the last line does not originate in an arbitrary alteration by the editor of the second folio, as the ingenious commentator supposes. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> *I must up-fill this osier cage of ours, &c.*] So, in the 13th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ His happy time he spends the works of God to see,  
“ In those so fundry herbs which there in plenty grow,  
“ Whose fundry strange effects he only seeks to know.  
“ And in a little *maund*, being made of *osiers* small,  
“ Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,  
“ He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.”

Drayton is speaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — and *precious-juiced flowers*.] Shakspeare, on his introduction of Friar Lawrence, has very artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surpris'd when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;<sup>1</sup>  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb :  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find ;  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace,<sup>2</sup> that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,<sup>3</sup>  
 But to the earth<sup>4</sup> some special good doth give ;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;  
 And vice sometime 's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower<sup>5</sup>  
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :

In the passage before us Shakspeare had the poem in his thoughts :

“ But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been ;—  
 “ What force the *stones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to work,  
 “ And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk,  
 “ With care I have sought out, with pain I did them prove.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;]*

“ Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.”

*Lucretius.*

“ The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.” *Milton.*

STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ — Time's the king of men,

“ For he's their parent, and he is their grave.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *powerful grace,*] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,*] The quarto, 1597, reads :

For nought so vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *to the earth* —] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *of this small flower* —] So the quarto 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 415

For this, being smelt, with that part<sup>6</sup> cheers each  
 part ;  
 Being tasted, flays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still  
 In man<sup>7</sup> as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;  
 And, where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter ROMEO.*

*ROM.* Good morrow, father !

*FRI.* *Benedicite !*  
 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?—

<sup>6</sup> ——— *with that part*—] i. e. with the part which smells ; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Two such opposed foes encamp them still*  
*In man* ———] *Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy ; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakspeare might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587 :

“ Peace hath three *foes encamped* in our breasts,  
 “ Ambition, wrath, and envie.—” STREVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ — terror, and dear modesty,  
 “ *Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*”

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies read—*such opposed kings*.—Our author has more than once alluded to these *opposed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.

So, in *Othello* :

“ Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side.”

Again, in his 44th Sonnet :

“ To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 “ Tempteth my *better angel* from my side :  
 “ Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,  
 “ Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.*] So, in our author's 99th Sonnet :

“ A vengeful *canker* eat him up to death.” MALONE.

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :<sup>9</sup>  
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature ;  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*ROM.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was  
 mine.

*FRI.* God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

*ROM.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;  
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*FRI.* That's my good son : But where hast thou  
 been then ?

*ROM.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy ;  
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physick lies :<sup>a</sup>  
 I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*FRI.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy  
 drift ;  
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

<sup>9</sup> ——— with unstuff'd brain &c.] The copy, 1597, reads :  
 ——— with unstuff'd brains

Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remains.

STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ——— both our remedies

*Within thy help and holy physick lies :*] This is one of the passages  
 in which our author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

M. MASON.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 417

*ROM.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love  
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;  
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us this day.

*FRI.* Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

*Jesu Maria !* what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline !  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste !  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;  
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence  
then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*ROM.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*FRI.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*ROM.* And bad'st me bury love.

*FRI.* Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.

*ROM.* I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love  
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;  
The other did not so.

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ROMEO AND JULIET. 419

*MER.* Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

*BEN.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

*MER.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; <sup>5</sup> And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

*BEN.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*MER.* More than prince of cats, <sup>6</sup> I can tell you.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> — *the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft*;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Then she will get the upshot, by *cleaving* of the *pin*.”

See note on the word—*pin*, Vol. V. p. 254.—A *butt-shaft* was the kind of arrow used in shooting at *butts*. STEEVENS.

The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksmen. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“ They have shot two arrows without heads,

“ They cannot stick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,

“ And I'll *cleave* the black *pin* i' the midst of the *white*.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,

“ Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to cleave.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *More than prince of cats*,] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ — tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of rats.”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598:

“ — not *Tibalt* prince of *cats*,” &c. STEEVENS.

It appears to me that these speeches are improperly divided, and that they ought to run thus:

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt more than prince of cats?

*Mer.* O, he's the courageous captain of compliments &c.

M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> — *I can tell you*.] So the first quarto. These words are omitted in all the subsequent ancient copies. MALONE.

O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.<sup>7</sup> He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;<sup>8</sup> rests me his *minim* rest,<sup>9</sup> one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button,<sup>2</sup> a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:<sup>3</sup> Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverse! the hay!<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>7</sup> — *courageous captain of compliments.*] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio:

“ A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

“ Have chose as umpire;”

says our author of *Don Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *keeps time, distance, and proportion;*] So Ben Jonson's *Bobadil*:

“ Note your distance, keep your due proportion of time.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *his minim rest.*] A *minim* is a note of slow time in musick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *the very butcher of a silk button.*] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:*] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you like it*, Act V. sc. vi.

WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim to that elevation. “ A gentleman of the *first house*;—of the *first* and *second cause*,” is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

We find the first of these expressions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

“ — a gentleman's gone then;

“ A gentleman of the *first house*; there's the end of't.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *the hay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *bai*, you *have* it, used

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes;<sup>5</sup> these new tuners of accents!—By *Jesu, a very good blade!*—*a very tall man!*—*a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,<sup>6</sup> that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*,<sup>7</sup> who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench?<sup>8</sup> O, their *bons*, their *bons*!<sup>9</sup>

when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — *affecting fantasticoes*;] Thus the oldest copy, and rightly. Modern editors, with the folios &c. read—*phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—“ Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's,” &c. Again, in Decker's Comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—“ I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticoes*, convers'd with humorits,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Fantasticoes* is the reading of the first quarto, 1597; all the subsequent ancient copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantasies*.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,*] Humourously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the sopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> — *these pardonnez-moy's,*] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have—these *pardon-mees*, not, these *pardon nez-mois*. Theobald first substituted the French word, without any necessity. MALONE.

If the French phrase be not substituted for the English one, where lies the ridicule designed by Mercutio? “ Their *bons*, their *bons*,” immediately following, shows that Gallic phraseology was in our poet's view. So, in *King Richard II*:

“ Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez-moy*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *stand so much on the new form, that they cannot fit at ease on the old bench?*] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*BEN.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*MER.* Without his roe, like a dried herring:—  
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he  
for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura,  
to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry,  
she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a  
dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero,  
hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,<sup>2</sup>

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. i:—"fitting with her on the  
*form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together,  
is, in manner and *form* following." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> O, their *bons*, their *bons*!] Mercutio is here ridiculing those  
frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*:  
and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

O, their *bon's*! their *bon's*!

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*, and  
being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described them  
before:

"—— a very good blade!" &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones*! Mr. Theo-  
bald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Green's *Tu Quoque*,  
from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salutation of  
those who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author's time:  
"No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gen-  
tleman has." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *Thisbé, a grey eye or so*,] He means to allow that Thisbé had  
a very fine eye; for from various passages it appears that a grey eye  
was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may  
seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phrase-  
ology; but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate  
a *blue eye*. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth,"—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very same poem  
the eyes of Venus are termed *grey*:

"Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd

"Under these windows: white and *azure* lac'd;

"With *blue* of heaven's own tinct."

but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French sloop.<sup>3</sup> You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

ROM. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip, sir, the slip;<sup>4</sup> Can you not conceive?

In *Twelfth Night*, Olivia says, "I will give out divers schedules of my beauty;—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them," &c. So Julia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says,

"Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine."

And Chaucer has the same comparison:

"—hire eyes gray as glas."

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted; for clear and transparent glass is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure. MALONE.

If grey eyes signified blue eyes, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempest*, should have styled Sycorax a—blue-eyed hag, instead of a grey-eyed one? See Vol. III. p. 32; and Vol. XIII. p. 284, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> —your French sloop.] Slops are large loose breeches or trowsers, worn at present only by sailors. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 274, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —What counterfeit &c.?

MER. *The slip, sir, the slip;*] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*." *Thieves falling out, True men come by their Goods*; by Robert Greene.

Again,

"I had like t' have been

"Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slur'd on me,

"A counterfeit." *Magnetick Lady*, Act III. sc. vi.

Other instances may be seen in Doddsley's Old Plays, Vol. V. p. 396. edit. 1780. REED.

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. 1598:

ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning—to court'fy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.<sup>5</sup>

MER. Well said:<sup>6</sup> Follow me this jest now, till

“ Is not he fond then which a *flip* receives  
 “ For current money? She which thee deceaves  
 “ With copper guilt, is but a *flip*——.”

It appears from a passage in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. J.* no date, that a *flip* was “ a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *slippes*.” p. 281.

STEVENS.

The *flip* is again used equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: “ *Clown*. Because you shall be sure on't, you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you *the flip* for it.” [Exit.] MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — then is my pump well flower'd.] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wrote *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures.

JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So, in *The Masque of Flowers*, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614: “ Every maker's *pump* was fasten'd with a *flower* suitable to his cap.”

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Well said:*] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and

thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

ROM. O single-soled jest,<sup>7</sup> solely singular for the singleness!

MER. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.<sup>8</sup>

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;<sup>9</sup> for thou hast more of the wild-goose

the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I suppose, was—*Sheer wit*! follow, &c. and this corruption may serve to justify an emendation that I have proposed in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *sure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. XII. p. 501, n. 5. MALONE.

By *sure wit* might be meant, wit that hits its mark. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> O single-soled jest,] i. e. slight, unsolid, feeble. This compound epithet occurs likewise in Hall's Second Book of Satires;

“ And scorne contempt it selfe that doth excite

“ Each *single-fold* squire to set you at so light.”

Again, in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, we meet with “ a *single-sole* fidler.” STEEVENS.

This epithet is here used equivocally. It formerly signified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the senses in which it is used here. So, in Holinshed's Description of Ireland, p. 23:—“ which was not unlikely, considering that a meane tower might serve such *single-sole* kings as were at those daies in Ireland.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — my wits fail.] Thus the quarto 1597. The quarto 1599 and the folio,—my wits faints. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;] One kind of horse-race, which resembled the flight of *wild-geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diversion in *Chambers's Dictionary* last edition under the article CHACE.

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in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

ROM. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear <sup>2</sup> for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.<sup>3</sup>

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; <sup>4</sup> it is a most sharp fauce.

ROM. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

This barbarous sport is enumerated by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as a recreation much in vogue in his time among gentlemen. "Riding of great horses, running at ring, tilts and tournaments, horse races, *wild-goose chases*, are the disports of great men." p. 266. edit. 1632. fol.

This account explains the pleasantry kept up between Romeo and his gay companion. "My wits fail, says Mercutio."—Romeo exclaims briskly—"Switch and spurs, switch and spurs."—To which Mercutio rejoins, "Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-goose chase*," &c. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>2</sup> *I will bite thee by the ear* —] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

"Slave, I could bite thine ear." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *good goose, bite not.*] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *a very bitter sweeting;*] A bitter *sweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

"—as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"—what, in displeasure gone!

"And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?"

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 174. b:

"For all such tyme of love is lore,

"And like unto the *bitter swete*;

"For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,

"He shall well felen at laste

"That it is sower," &c. STEEVENS.



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*MER.* O, here's a wit of cheverel,<sup>5</sup> that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

*ROM.* I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

*MER.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.<sup>6</sup>

*BEN.* Stop there, stop there.

*MER.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.<sup>7</sup>

*BEN.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

<sup>5</sup> — a wit of cheverel,] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Maids of More-clack*, 1609:  
 "Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,  
 "Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation."

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:  
 "A *cheverell* conscience, and a searching wit." STEEVENS.

*Cheveril* is from *chevreuil*, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>6</sup> — to hide his bauble in a hole.] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. Vol. VI. p. 342, n. 6. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629:  
 "For such rich widows there love court fools, and use to play with their *baubles*."

Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:  
 "And as stark an idiot as ever bare *bauble*."

See the plate at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — against the hair.] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use—"against the grain." See Vol. III. p. 393, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 541, n. 2. STEEVENS.

I opine, that the commentators, in the present instance, have eschewed to seek the bottom of the poet's meaning: but *tuta silentio merces*, saith the Roman adage. AMNER.

*MER.* O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.<sup>8</sup>

*ROM.* Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

*MER.* A fail, a fail,<sup>9</sup> a fail!

*BEN.* Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

*NURSE.* Peter!

*PETER.* Anon?

*NURSE.* My fan, Peter.<sup>3</sup>

*MER.* Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

*NURSE.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*MER.* God ye good den,<sup>3</sup> fair gentlewoman.

<sup>8</sup> ——— to occupy the argument no longer.] Here we have another wanton allusion. See Vol. IX. p. 86, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Mer. *A fail, a fail,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo.

<sup>3</sup> *My fan, Peter.*] The business of Peter carrying the Nurse's fan, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." MALONE.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

"God you good even, sir." STEEVENS.

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*NURSE.* Is it good den?

*MER.* Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial<sup>4</sup> is now upon the prick of noon.<sup>5</sup>

*NURSE.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*ROM.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

*NURSE.* By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*ROM.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

*NURSE.* You say well.

*MER.* Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

*NURSE.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*BEN.* She will indite him to some supper.

<sup>4</sup> — *band of the dial &c.*] In *The Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "—the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon."

STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the prick of noon.*] I marvel much that mine associates in the task of expounding the darker phrases of Shakspeare, should have overlooked this, which also hath already occurred in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. sc. iv:

"And made an evening at the noon-tide prick."

*Prick* meaneth *point*, i. e. *punctum*, a note of distinction in writing, a stop. So, in Timothy Bright's *Character, or an Arte of shorte &c. writing by Characters*, 12mo. 1588: "If the worde, by reason of tence ende in ed, as, I loved, then make a *prick* in the character of the word, on the left side."—Again, "The present tence wanteth a *pricke*, and so is knowen from other tences."—Again, "A worde of doing, that endeth in ing, as eating, drinking, &c. requireth two *pricks* under the bodie of the character," &c. AMNER.

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MER. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

ROM. What hast thou found?

MER. No hare, fir;<sup>6</sup> unless a hare, fir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old bare boar,<sup>7</sup>  
And an old bare boar,  
Is very good meat in lent:  
But a hare that is boar,  
Is too much for a score,  
When it boars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.<sup>8</sup> [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

<sup>6</sup> *No hare, fir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has found.* And Mercutio answers, *No hare, &c.* The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

*So ho!* is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her feat, and not when she is *started.* A. C.

<sup>7</sup> *An old bare boar,*] *Hoar* or *boary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennylest's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as *boary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" — mice and rats

" Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot

" Within the *boary* ricks e'en as it stands." STEEVENS.

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1597, we have here this stage direction: "*He walks between them, [i. e. the nurse and Peter,] and sings.*" MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. See Vol. IV. p. 60, n. 5. STEEVENS.

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*NURSE.* Marry, farewell!<sup>9</sup>—I pray you, fir, what faucy merchant was this,<sup>2</sup> that was so full of his ropery?<sup>3</sup>

*ROM.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*NURSE.* An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:<sup>4</sup>—And thou

<sup>9</sup> *Marry, farewell!*] These words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *what faucy merchant was this, &c.*] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. So, in *Churchyard's Chance*, 1580:

“What *faucie marchant* speaketh now, saied Venus in her rage.”

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 559, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *of his ropery?*] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguey* is now. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“Thou art very pleasant and full of thy *roperye*,”

*Rope-tricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 430, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *none of his skains-mates.*] *None of his skains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. MALONE.

A *skain* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*PET.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*NURSE.* Now, afore God, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,<sup>5</sup> it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and,

“ Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,

“ And in my skin bare tokens of their *skeins*.”

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things—having “ a little *skeine* tied in a purple scarf.”

Green, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, describes “ an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skeine* like a brewer's bung-knife.”

*Skein* is the Irish word for a *knife*.

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“ — with this frantick and untamed passion,

“ To whet their *skeins*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. V. chap. xxvi:

“ And hidden *skeines* from underneath their forged garments drew.”

Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes the Nurse uses *skeins-mates* for *kins-mates*, and *ropery* for *roguey*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,] So, in *A Handfull of pleasant delights, containing sundry new sonnets*, &c. 1584:

“ When they see they may her win,

“ They leave then where they did begin:

“ They prate, and make the matter nice,

“ And leave her in *fooles paradise*.” MALONE.

therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

NURSE. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, fir,—that you do protest;<sup>6</sup> which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROM. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;  
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell  
Be shriv'd, and married. . Here is for thy pains.<sup>7</sup>

NURSE. No, truly, fir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say, you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, fir? well, she shall be there.

ROM. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

<sup>6</sup> ——— *protest* ;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“ There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*; till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *Here is for thy pains*.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocker drew,  
“ And gave them her;—a slight reward, quoth he;—and  
so adieu.” MALONE.

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy<sup>8</sup>  
 Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
 Farewell !—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
 Farewell !—Commend me to thy mistress.

*NURSE.* Now God in heaven blefs thee !—Hark  
 you, fir.

*ROM.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

*NURSE.* Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear  
 say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?<sup>9</sup>

*ROM.* I warrant thee ;<sup>2</sup> my man's as true as steel.

*NURSE.* Well, fir ; my mistress is the sweetest  
 lady—Lord, lord !—when 'twas a little prating  
 thing,<sup>3</sup>—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *like a tackled stair* ;] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

*A stair*, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *top-gallant of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

The expression is common to many writers ; among the rest, to Markham, in his *English Arcadia*, 1607 :

“ ——— beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour.”

Again, in *Eliofsto Libidinoso*, 1606 :

“ ——— that, vailing *top-gallant*, she returned,” &c.

STEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Two may keep counsel*, &c.] This proverb, with a slight variation, has been already introduced in *Titus Andronicus*. STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *I warrant thee* ;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Well, fir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady*—Lord, lord !—*when 'twas a little prating thing*,] So, in the poem :

“ And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to tell.

“ A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young ;

“ Lord, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue,”  
 &c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Romeo and Julietta*.

MALONE.



that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good  
foul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see  
him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that  
Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you,  
when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the  
varfal world. Doth not rofemary and Romeo begin  
both with a letter? <sup>4</sup>

ROM. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R  
is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some  
other letter: <sup>5</sup> and she hath the prettiest sententious

<sup>4</sup> Doth not rofemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? ] By this  
question the nurse means to insinuate that Romco's image was ever  
in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary  
being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory,  
was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers,  
and (for this reason probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A  
Handfull of pleasant Delites*, &c. 1584:

“ Rosemary is for remembrance,  
“ Betweene us daie and night,  
“ Wishing that I might alwaies have  
“ You present in my sight.”

Again, in our author's *Hamlet*:

“ There's rofemary, that's for remembrance.”

That rofemary was much used at weddings, appears from many  
passages in the old plays. So, in *The Noble Spanijb Soldier*, 1634:  
“ I meet few but are stuck with rofemary; every one ask'd me,  
who was to be married?” Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604:  
“ What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and rofemary, and nofe-  
gates? What, a wedding?” MALONE.

On a former occasion, the author of the preceding note has  
suspected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether  
he himself is not equally culpable in the present instance. The  
Nurse, I believe, is guiltless of so much meaning as is here im-  
puted to her question. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Nurse. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.* &c.] It is a little mor-  
tifying, that the sense of this odd stuff, when found, should not be  
worth the pains of retrieving it:

“ — spiffis indigna theatris  
“ Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.”

of it, of you and rofemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

The *Nurse* is represented as a prating filly creature; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and says, No, sure, I know better: our dog's name is R. yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name, R in schools, being called *The dog's letter*. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says *R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the found.*

“Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat.” *Lucil.*  
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads:—R. is for *Thee*? STEEVENS.

I believe we should read—R is for the *dog*. No; I know it begins with some other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has since recommended another which should seem equally to deserve attention. He would either omit *name* or insert *letter*. The dog's letter, as the same gentleman observes, is pleasantly exemplified in *Barclay's Ship of Fools*, 1578:

“This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,  
“Nought els foundeth but the hoorse letter R.  
“Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath  
“Save the *dogges letter* glowming with nar, nar.”

STEEVENS.

Erasmus in explaining the adage “*canina facundia*,” says, “*R. litera quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur.*” I think it is used in this sense more than once in *Rabelais*: and in *The Alchemist* Subtle says, in making out Abel Drugger's name, “And right anent him a dog snarling *er.*” DOUCE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's alteration is certainly superior to either Dr. Warburton's (*Thee*? no;) or one formerly proposed by Dr. Johnson (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated; *e. g.*

Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with some other letter. RITSON.

This passage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name.

MALONE.

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ROM. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.<sup>6</sup>  
[Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock struck nine, when I did send  
the nurse;  
In half an hour she promis'd to return.  
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—  
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,<sup>7</sup>  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

<sup>6</sup> *Peter, Take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the first quarto. The subsequent ancient copies instead of these words have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

This custom of having a *fan-carrier* is also mentioned by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603:

“ — doe you heare, good man;

“ Now give me pearle, and *carry you my fan.*” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

— should be thoughts,

And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,

Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.

Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,

What says my love?—

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.

Shakspeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto, too valuable to be lost. He has therefore inserted it in Romeo's first speech to the Apothecary in Act V:

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Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me:  
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?  
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*NURSE.* Peter, stay at the gate.      [*Exit PETER.*]

*JUL.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why  
 look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
 If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news  
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.<sup>8</sup>

*NURSE.* I am aweary, give me leave a while;—  
 Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!<sup>9</sup>

“ As violently, as hafty powder fir'd

“ Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.” STEEVENS,

<sup>8</sup> *If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news*

*By playing it to me with so sour a face.]* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — needs so tart a favour,

“ To trumpet such good tidings!”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — if it be summer-news,

“ Smile to it before.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *What a jaunt have I had!]* This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:

— what a *jaunce* have I had!

JUL. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

JUL. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you dined at home?

JUL. No, no: But all this did I know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that?<sup>2</sup>

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See *King Richard II*:

“ Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> No, no: But all this did I know before;

What says he of our marriage? what of that?] So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ Tell me else what, quod she, this evermore I thought;

“ But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you brought?” MALONE.

*NURSE.* Lord, how my head akes! what a head  
have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—  
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

*JUL.* I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:  
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my  
love?

*NURSE.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,  
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,  
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mo-  
ther?

*JUL.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?  
*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother?*

*NURSE.* O, God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;  
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?  
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*JUL.* Here's such a coil;—Come, what says  
Romeo?

*NURSE.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-  
day?

*JUL.* I have.

*NURSE.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence'  
cell,  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark;

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I am the drudge, and toil in your delight ;  
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner ; hie you to the cell.

*JUL.* Hie to high fortune !—honest nurse, fare-  
well. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*<sup>5</sup>

*FRI.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not !

<sup>3</sup> This scene was entirely new formed : the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written :

*Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant  
Confits the good of me and Juliet.

*Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may  
To make you happy, if in me it lie.

*Rom.* This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,  
And consummate those never-parting bands,  
Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands ;  
And come she will.

*Friar.* I guess she will indeed :  
Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

*Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*

See where she comes !—  
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower ;  
Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power !

*Jul.* Romeo !

*Rom.* My Juliet, welcome ! As do waking eyes  
(Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,  
So Romeo hath expected Juliet ;  
And thou art come.

*ROM.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*FRI.* These violent delights have violent ends,<sup>4</sup>  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives<sup>5</sup> as tardy as too slow.

*Jul.* I am (if I be day)

    Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair.

*Rom.* All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

*Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

*Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;

    Defer embracements to some fitter time;

    Part for a time, "you shall not be alone,

    " Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

*Rom.* Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

*Jul.* Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

*Friar.* O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say;

    Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way.

[*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *These violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our author's  
*Rape of Lucrece*:

    " These violent vanities can never last." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Too swift arrives* —] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.



*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady :<sup>6</sup>—O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :  
A lover may bestride the goffomers<sup>7</sup>  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

*JUL.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*FRI.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us  
both.

*JUL.* As much to him, else are his thanks too  
much.

*ROM.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

<sup>6</sup> *Here comes the lady: &c.*] However the poet might think the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *A lover may bestride the goffomers*—] The *Goffomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes:

“ Fine as Arachne's web, or *goffamer*

“ Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressing, shew

“ Like that spun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew ?”

See Vol. XIV. p. 230, n. 2. STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616: “ *Goffomer*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre.” MALONE.

*JUL.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,<sup>8</sup>

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :  
They are but beggars that can count their worth ;<sup>9</sup>  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.<sup>2</sup>

*FRI.* Come, come with me, and we will make  
short work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> Conceit, *more rich &c.*] Conceit here means imagination. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ — which the *conceited* painter drew so proud,” &c.

See Vol. X. p. 579, n. 7. MALONE.

Thus in the title-page to the first quarto edit. of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ A most pleasant and excellent *conceited* comedy” &c. Again, in the title &c. to *King Henry IV.* P. I. quarto, 1599 : “ — with the humorous *conceits* of Sir John Falstaffe —,”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *They are but beggars that can count their worth ;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ There’s beggary in the love that can be reckon’d.”

See Vol. XII. p. 409, n. 7. STEEVENS.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing* : “ I were but little happy, if I could say how much.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads :

I cannot sum up *sum* of half my wealth.

The undated quarto and the folio :

I cannot sum up *some* of half my wealth.

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

**BEN.** I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
The day is hot,<sup>3</sup> the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

**MER.** Thou art like one of those fellows, that,  
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me  
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no  
need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second  
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there  
is no need.

**BEN.** Am I like such a fellow?

**MER.** Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy  
mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be  
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

**BEN.** And what to?

**MER.** Nay, an there were two such, we should  
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.

<sup>3</sup> *The day is hot,*] It is observed, that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. JOHNSON.

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 1583, B. II. c. xix. p. 70, it is said, "And commonly every yeere or each second yeere in the beginning of sommer or afterwards (*for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly*) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his counsell chooseth out," &c.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!<sup>4</sup>

*BEN.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*MER.* The fee-simple? O simple!<sup>5</sup>

*Enter TYBALT, and Others.*

*BEN.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*MER.* By my heel, I care not.

*TYB.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.<sup>6</sup>—  
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me, by prudential advice, from quarrelling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—thou wilt *forbid* me of quarrelling. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—Thou wilt tutor me *for* quarrelling.

*MALONE.*  
<sup>5</sup> *As I were so apt &c.*] These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>6</sup> Follow me close, *for I will speak to them.*] In the original

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*MER.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*TYB.* You will find me apt enough to that, fir, if you will give me occasion.

*MER.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

*TYB.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

*MER.* Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

*BEN.* We talk here in the publick haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*MER.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*TYB.* Well, peace be with you, fir! here comes my man.

copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;" and the above line is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans suffer him to be killed without taking any part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes a *Capulet*." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio; and he himself re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo. STEEVENS.

MER. But I'll be hang'd, fir, if he wear your livery :

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower ;  
Your worship, in that sence, may call him—man.

TYB. Romeo, the hate I bear thee,<sup>7</sup> can afford  
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting :—Villain am I none ;  
Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !  
*A la stoccata*<sup>8</sup> carries it away.— [Draws.  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

TYB. What would'st thou have with me ?

MER. Good king of cats,<sup>9</sup> nothing, but one of  
your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal,  
and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest  
of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of

<sup>7</sup> — the hate I bear thee,] So the quarto 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the love, &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *A la stoccata* —] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ He makes a thrust ; I with a swift passado

“ Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 419, n. 6.

MALONE.

his pilcher by the ears? <sup>4</sup> make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you. [drawing.]

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.]

ROM. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame. Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio— The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.]

MER. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:— Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BEN. What, art thou hurt?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

ROM. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

<sup>4</sup> Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*.”

Again,

“ Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimics.”

It appears from this passage, that *Ben Jonson* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spanish tragedy, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. STEVENS.

*MER.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.<sup>5</sup> I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*ROM.* I thought all for the best.

*MER.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!  
They have made worm's meat of me:  
I have it, and foundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*ROM.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

<sup>5</sup> — *a grave man.*] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

—A pox o'both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

*Boy.* He's come, sir.

*Mer.* Now he'll keepa mumbling in my guts on the other side.—  
Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o'both your houses!

STEVENS.

“ You shall find me *a grave man.*” This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

“ My master *Chaucer* now is *grave.*” FARMER.

We meet with the same quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's *skull*, and observes:

“ — she has a somewhat *grave* look with her.” STEVENS.

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: “ At every church-stye commonly there's an ale-house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still *a grave* drunkard.” MALONE.



My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
 With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
 Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,  
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.<sup>6</sup>

*Re-enter* BENVOLIO.

*BEN.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;  
 That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,<sup>7</sup>  
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*ROM.* This day's black fate on more days doth  
 depend;<sup>8</sup>  
 This but begins the woe, others must end.

*Re-enter* TYBALT.

*BEN.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*ROM.* Alive! in triumph!<sup>9</sup> and Mercutio slain!

<sup>6</sup> ——— soften'd *valour's* steel.] So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ——— When *steel* grows

“ *Soft* as the parasite's silk—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *bath* aspir'd *the clouds*,] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*,  
 1608 :

“ Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aspire*.”

We never use this verb at present without some particle, *as, to*  
*and after*. STEEVENS.

So also, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590 :

“ Until our bodies turn to elements,

“ And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *This day's black fate on more days doth depend* ;] This day's un-  
 happy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet  
 be more mischief. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Alive! in triumph! &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which  
 the quarto 1599 has :

He *gan* in triumph—

This in the subsequent ancient copies was made—He *gone*, &c.  
 MALONE.



ROMEO AND JULIET. 453

*Enter Citizens, &c.*

1. *CIT.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*BEN.* There lies that Tybalt.

1. *CIT.* Up, fir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,  
their Wives, and Others.*

*PRIN.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*BEN.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*LA. CAP.* Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's  
child!

Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is spill'd<sup>5</sup>  
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,<sup>6</sup>  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—  
O cousin, cousin!

*PRIN.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*BEN.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand  
did slay;

<sup>5</sup> *Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is spill'd—*] The pronoun—  
*me*, has been inserted by the recommendation of the following note.  
STEVENS.

The quarto, 1597, reads:

Unhappy fight! ah, the blood is spill'd—.

The quarto 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, have:

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd, &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word  
*my* was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is spill'd, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *as thou art true,*] As thou art just and upright. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“ And if King Edward be as true and just,—” STEVENS.



ROMEO AND JULIET. . 455

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life:  
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*PRIN.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*MON.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's  
 friend;  
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,  
 The life of Tybalt.

*PRIN.* And, for that offence,  
 Immediately we do exile him hence:  
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,<sup>2</sup>  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,<sup>3</sup>  
 Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,  
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will:  
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *in your hates' proceeding.*] This, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almost every speech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to those of the succeeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*bearts proceeding*; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses.*] This was probably designed as a covert stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*] So, in *Hale's*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's house.**Enter JULIET.*

*JUL.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' mansion;<sup>5</sup> such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.<sup>6</sup>—  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That run-away's eyes may wink;<sup>7</sup> and Romeo

*Memorials:* "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his speech with these words:

Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still;  
Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

MALONE.

See Vol. IV. p. 239, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,

*Towards Phœbus' mansion; &c.*] Our author probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

"Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,

"And dulky *night* in rusty iron car;

"Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,

"That I may see that most desired day." MALONE.

— *Phœbus' mansion;*] The second quarto and folio read, *Phœbus' lodging.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *immediately.*] Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*

*That run-away's eyes may wink; &c.*] What run-aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain:

"— Come, feeling night,

"Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day," &c.

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phaëbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“For the close night doth play the *run-away*” WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *runaway*.” MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

*May that run-away's eyes wink!*

Or,

*That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and *that* for *ob!* *that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. vi:

“*That* ever I should call thee cast-away!”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. sc. ii. “*Mal.* I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.”

“*Clo.* Well-a-day.—That you were, sir!” i. e. *Ob that* you were! Again, in *Timon*, Act IV:

“*That* nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

“Should yet be hungry!”

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world:

“Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!”

next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in *The Merchant of Venice*: and in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character:

“The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*;

“—*night hath many eyes,*

“Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies.”

STEEVENS.

*That* seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pro-

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties :<sup>9</sup> or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thou sober-fuited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :  
 Hood my unmann'd blood<sup>3</sup> bating in my cheeks,

noun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures:

“ That run-away eyes *may* wink, and Romeo  
 “ Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.”

BLACKSTONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*

*By their own beauties :*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* :

“ — dark night is Cupid's day.”

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio read—*And by their own beauties*. In the text the undated quarto has been followed.

MALONE.

Milton, in his *Comus*, might here have been indebted to Shakespeare :

“ Virtue could see to do what virtue would,  
 “ By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 “ Were in the flat sea sunk.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *Come, civil night,*] *Civil* is *grave, decently solemn*. JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, Vol. VI. p. 83, n. 8. STEEVENS.

So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ — my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
 “ Shook off my sober guards and *civil* fears.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — unmann'd *blood* —] Blood yet unacquainted with man.  
 JOHNSON.

*Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,*] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* :

“ A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*.”

Again, in an old ballad intitled *Prettie Comparisons wittily grounded, &c* :

“ Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd*,  
 “ Or like a *hide* before 'tis tan'd.”



ROMEO AND JULIET. 459

With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown  
 bold,<sup>4</sup>  
 Think true love acted, simple modesty.  
 Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in  
 night!  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.<sup>5</sup>—  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd  
 night,<sup>6</sup>  
 Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,<sup>7</sup>  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,<sup>8</sup>  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

Again, in *The Booke of Hawkyng, &c.* bl. l. no date, “It is called *bating*, for the *bateib* with herselfe most often causelesse.”

STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 502, n. 4. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

If the hawk flew with its *hood* on, how could it possibly see the object of its pursuit? The *hood* was always taken off before the bird was dismissed. See Vol. IX. p. 394, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — grown *bold*,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.*] The quarto 1599, and the folio—*upon*. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads—*on a raven's back*; and so, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

I profess myself to be still one of this peccant fraternity.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *black-brow'd night*,] So, in *King John*:

“Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *when he shall die*,] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—*when I shall die*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Take him and cut him out in little stars, &c.*] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596:

“The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,

“Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres;

“And fixe them there as an eternal light,

“For lovers to adore and wonder at.” STEEVENS.

That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.<sup>8</sup>—  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,<sup>9</sup>  
 But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that  
 speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
 the cords,  
 That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*NURSE.*

Ay, ay, the cords.

*[Throws them down.]*

<sup>8</sup> — *the garish sun.*] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso*:

“ — *Civil* night,

“ Thou sober-*suit*ed matron.”—*Shakespeare.*

“ Till *civil-suit*ed morn appear.”—*Milton.*

“ Pay no worship to the *garish* sun.”—*Shakespeare.*

“ Hide me from day's *garish* eye.”—*Milton.* JOHNSON.

*Garish* is gaudy, showy. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ A dream of what thou waft, a *garish* flag.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

“ — march'd like players

“ With *garish* robes.”

It sometimes signifies wild, flighty. So, in the following instance: “ starting up and *gairishly* staring about, especially on the face of *Eliosto*.” Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *I have bought the mansion of a love,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — the strong base and *building* of my love

“ Is as the very center to the earth,

“ Drawing all things to it.” MALONE.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 461

*JUL.* Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring  
thy hands?

*NURSE.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead,  
he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—  
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*JUL.* Can heaven be so envious?

*NURSE.* Romeo can,  
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—  
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

*JUL.* What devil art thou, that dost torment  
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,<sup>a</sup>  
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — *say thou but I,*] In Shakspeare's time (as Theobald has observed,) the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — *death darting eye of cockatrice:*] See Vol. X. p. 96, n. 9, and p. 112, n. 4. MALONE.

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these:

I am not I, if there be such an I,  
Or these eyes shot, that make thee answer I.  
If he be slain, say—I; or if not, no:  
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

These lines hardly deserve emendation; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanings has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the first two of them being evidently transposed; we should read:

— that bare vowel *I* shall poison more,  
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,  
Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, *I*.  
I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *but* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

I am not I, if there be such an *I*;  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.  
 If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

*NURSE*. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
 eyes,—

God save the mark! <sup>4</sup>—here on his manly breast:  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

*JUL*. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break  
 at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
 Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

*NURSE*. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
 O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
 That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*JUL*. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
 Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?  
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord? <sup>5</sup>—  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

*NURSE*. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Shot*, however, may be the same as *shot*. So, in Chaucer's  
*Miller's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358:

“ And dressed him up by a *shot* window.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *God save the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again,  
 with equal obscurity, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. i. See note on that  
 passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto, 1599,  
 and the folio, read,

*My dearest* cousin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy  
 of 1597. MALONE.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 463

JUL. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!<sup>6</sup>  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
 Dove-feather'd raven!<sup>7</sup> wolvisb-ravening lamb!  
 Despised substance of divinest show!

<sup>7</sup> O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!] The same images occur in *Macbeth*:

“ — look like the innocent flower,  
 “ But be the serpent under it.” HENLEY.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!  
 Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?] So, in *King Jobn*:

“ Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
 “ With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.”

The line, *Did ever dragon, &c.* and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Dove-feather'd raven! &c.] In old editions,  
*Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.*

The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

*Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,  
 Wolvisb-ravening lamb!*] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images:

Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisb-rav'ning lamb!

THEOBALD.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

*Ravenous* dove-feather'd raven, wolvisb-ravening lamb.

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.



Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,<sup>3</sup>  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?<sup>4</sup>—  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears,<sup>5</sup> back to your native spring;

<sup>3</sup> — *what tongue shall smooth thy name,*] To *smooth* in ancient language, is to *stroke*, to *caress*, to *fondle*. So, in *Pericles*: “Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.” See Vol. XIII. p. 419, n. 8. STEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Ab, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name, When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?*] So, in the poem already quoted:

“ Ah cruel *murdering tongue*, murderer of others' fame,  
 “ How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his  
     *name?*”  
 “ Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,  
 “ For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.  
 “ Why blam'ft thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?  
 “ Since he is guiltless quite of all, and Tybalt bears the  
     *fault*.  
 “ Whither shall he, alas! poor banish'd man, now fly?  
 “ What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry  
     *sky?*  
 “ Since she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,  
 “ That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire  
     *strong.*” MALONE.

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*: “ Where from henceforth shall be his refuge? sith she, which ought to be the only bulwarke and assured repaire of his distress, doth pursue and defame him.” HENDERSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Back, foolish tears, &c.*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ — I am a fool  
 “ To weep at what I am glad of.” STEVENS.

“ *Back,*” says she, “ *to your native source, you foolish tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband; but my husband is alive, and 'tis slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep?*” MALONE.







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 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?<sup>4</sup>—  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
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Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
But, O! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;*  
*That—banished, that one word—banished,*  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.<sup>5</sup> Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:  
Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,<sup>6</sup>  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is,—I am more affected by Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

*Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right; for the passage itself shows that Tybalt was not out of her mind.

M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *four woe delights in fellowship,*] Thus the Latin hexameter: (I know not whence it comes)

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

“ As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ — the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

“ When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Which modern lamentation &c.*] This line is left out of the

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But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
*Romeo is banished*,—to speak that word,  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished*,—  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe  
 found.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

*NURSE*. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*JUL*. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine  
 shall be spent,  
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
 Take up those cords :—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,  
 Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:  
 He made you for a highway to my bed;  
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
 Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding  
 bed;  
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

*NURSE*. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
 To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.  
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;  
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

*JUL*. O find him! give this ring to my true  
 knight,  
 And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt*.

later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that  
 Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight*: I believe it was in  
 his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

JOHNSON.

It means only *trite*, *common*. So, in *As you like it*:

“ Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.”

See Vol. VI. p. 68, n. 9. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 252, n. 9. MALONE.

I am not I, if there be such an *I*;  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.  
 If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no :  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

*NURSE*. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
 eyes,—

God save the mark !<sup>4</sup>—here on his manly breast :  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood ;—I swooned at the fight.

*JUL*. O break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break  
 at once !

To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty !  
 Vile earth, to earth resign ; end motion here ;  
 And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier !

*NURSE*. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !  
 O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !  
 That ever I should live to see thee dead !

*JUL*. What storm is this, that blows so contrary ?  
 Is Romeo slaughter'd ? and is Tybalt dead ?  
 My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord ?<sup>5</sup>—  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom !  
 For who is living, if those two are gone ?

*NURSE*. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished ;  
 Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Sbot*, however, may be the same as *sbut*. So, in Chaucer's  
*Miller's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358 :

“ And dressed him up by a *sbot* window.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *God save the mark !*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again,  
 with equal obscurity, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. i. See note on that  
 passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord ?*] The quarto, 1599,  
 and the folio, read,

*My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord ?*

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy  
 of 1597. MALONE.

Is death mis-term'd : calling death—banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*FRI.* O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !  
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment :  
This is dear mercy,<sup>9</sup> and thou seest it not.

*ROM.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is  
here,  
Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo :<sup>2</sup> they may seize

<sup>9</sup> *This is dear mercy,*] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earliest copy reads—*This is mere mercy.* MALONE.

*Mere mercy,* in ancient language, signifies *absolute* mercy. So, in *Othello* :

“ The *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ — to the *mere* undoing

“ Of all the kingdom.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *More validity,*

*More honourable state, more courtship lives*

*In carrion flies, than Romeo :*] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity* : and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

*Validity* is employed to signify *worth* or *value*, in the first scene of *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have meant, the state of a lover ; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines :

“ — they may seize

“ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

“ And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;—

“ *Flies* may do this.” MALONE.



Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,<sup>3</sup>  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?<sup>4</sup>—  
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears,<sup>5</sup> back to your native spring;

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 “ Whither shall he, alas! poor banish'd man, now fly?  
 “ What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry  
     *sky?*  
 “ Since she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,  
 “ That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire  
     *strong.*” MALONE.

Again, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*: “ Where from henceforth shall be his refuge? sith she, which ought to be the only bulwarke and affined repara of his distresse, doth perue and defame him.” HENDERSON.

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“ — I am a *fool*  
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I come from lady Juliet.

*FRI.* Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*NURSE.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

*FRI.* There on the ground, with his own tears  
made drunk.

*NURSE.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*FRI.* O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!<sup>4</sup>

*NURSE.* Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-  
ing:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*ROM.* Nurse!

*NURSE.* Ah fir! ah fir!—Well, death's the end  
of all.

*ROM.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *O woeful sympathy!*

*Piteous predicament!*] The old copies give these words to the Nurse. One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must necessarily belong to the Friar. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — cancell'd love?] The folio reads—*conceal'd* love. JOHNSON.



Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !  
 Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?  
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,<sup>8</sup>  
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and  
 earth ?<sup>9</sup>

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
 In thee at once ; which thou at once would'st lose.  
 Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;  
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And usest none in that true use indeed  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man :  
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,

<sup>8</sup> *And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,]* Thus the first copy.  
 The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

And slay thy lady, that *in thy life lives*. MALONE.

My copy of the first folio reads :

And slay thy lady that in thy life *lies*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth ?]* Romeo  
 has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with  
 the friar as described in the poem, he is made to do so :

“ First *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,

“ In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so  
 rife ;

“ The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove ;

“ He cryed out with open mouth against the *stars above*.—

“ On fortune eke he *rail'd*.”

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the friar, without review-  
 ing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen into  
 a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes de-  
 serting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'st thou, &c.* to—*thy own defence*, are not  
 in the first copy. They are formed on a passage in the poem :

“ Why cry'st thou out on love ? why dost thou blame thy fate ?

“ Why dost thou so cry after death ? thy life why dost thou  
 hate ?” &c. MALONE.

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,<sup>2</sup>  
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.<sup>3</sup>  
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:<sup>4</sup>  
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask, &c.*] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match-locks*, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Ilunour's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

“ When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,  
 “ And till this hour the burning is not out.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *there art thou happy too:*] Thus the first quarto. In the subsequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

It should not be concealed, that the reading of the *second folio* corresponds with that of the *first quarto*:

— there art thou happy *too* —. STEEVENS.

The word is omitted in *all* the intermediate editions; a sufficient proof that the emendations of that folio are not always the result of ignorance or caprice. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:*] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
 Romeo is coming.<sup>6</sup>

*NURSE.* O Lord, I could have staid here all the  
 night,  
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*ROM.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*NURSE.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

*ROM.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:  
 Thou *puttest* up thy fortune and thy love.

The undated quarto has *powts*, which, with the aid of the  
 original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the  
 line stands:

Thou *frown'st upon* thy fate, that smiles on thee.

MALONE.

The reading in the text is confirmed by the following passage in  
*Coriolanus*:

“ \_\_\_\_\_ then

“ We *put upon* the morning,—”

See Vol. XII. p. 202. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added  
 since the first edition. STEEVENS.

*FRI.* Go hence: Good night;<sup>7</sup> and here stands  
all your state;<sup>8</sup>—

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:  
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you, that chances here:  
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

*ROM.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

#### S C E N E   I V .<sup>9</sup>

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.*

*CAP.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:

<sup>7</sup> *Go hence: Good night; &c.*] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions.    JOHNSON.

They were first omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope.  
MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *here stands all your state;*] The whole of your fortune depends on this.    JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *SCENE IV.*] Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions.    POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldest copy, and omitted some unnecessary verses which are not found there, but inserted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expressed himself so loosely, as to have been misunderstood by Mr. Steevens. In the text these *unnecessary* verses, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preserved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599.    MALONE.

I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*P.A.R.* These times of woe afford no time to woo:  
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

*L.A. C.A.P.* I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;  
To-night she's mew'd up<sup>2</sup> to her heaviness.

*C.A.P.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;  
And bid her, mark you me, on wednesday next—  
But, soft; What day is this?

*P.A.R.* Monday, my lord.

*C.A.P.* Monday? ha! ha! Well, wednesday is too soon,  
O' thursday let it be;—o' thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl:—  
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—  
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

<sup>2</sup> — mew'd up —] This is a phrase from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. So, in *Albumazar*, 1614:

“ — fully mew'd

“ From brown soar feathers —.”

Again, in our author's *King Richard III*:

“ And, for his meed, poor lord he is mew'd up.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender*

*Of my child's love:*] *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word*, and venture to promise you my daughter. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600:

“ Witness this desperate tender of mine honour.” STEEVENS.

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to thursday?

*P.A.R.* My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

*C.A.P.* Well, get you gone:—O' thursday be it then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—  
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!  
Afore me, it is so very late, that we  
May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

### Juliet's Chamber.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*

*JUL.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:<sup>5</sup>  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

<sup>4</sup> SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—"Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window." In the second quarto, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. II. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: &c.*] This scene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,  
"The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;  
"When restless Romeus and restless Juliet,  
"In wonted fort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.

"Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night  
"In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.



That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:<sup>6</sup>  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*ROM.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*JUL.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

*ROM.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

- " But now, somewhat too soon, in farthest east arose
- " Fair Lucifer, the golden star that lady Venus chose;
- " Whose course appointed is with speedy race to run,
- " A messenger of dawning day and of the rising sun.—
- " When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,
- " When Phœbus from our hemisphere in western wave doth  
 sink,
- " What colour then the heavens do show unto thine eyes,
- " The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest eastern skies:
- " As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
- " With equal force decreasing dark fought with increasing light.
- " Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
- " With friendly kifs, and ruthfully she 'gan her knight behold."

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Nightly *she sings on yon pomegranate tree*:] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

'Tis but the pale reflex <sup>7</sup> of Cynthia's brow ;  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
 I have more care to stay, than will to go ; <sup>8</sup>—  
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—  
 How is't, my foul ? let's talk, it is not day.

JUL. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.  
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division ; <sup>9</sup>  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us :  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;  
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too ! <sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — *the pale reflex* —] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *I have more care to stay, than will to go ;*] Would it not be better thus, *I have more will to stay, than care to go ?* JOHNSON.

*Care* was frequently used in Shakspeare's age for *inclination*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *sweet division ;*] *Division* seems to have been the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“ Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

“ With ravishing *division* to her lute.”

To *run a division*, is also a musical term. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;*

*O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !*] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices ; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark ; it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks ; not morning, when the lark sings ; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. HEATH.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes.

WARBURTON

Since arm from arm<sup>1</sup> that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.<sup>4</sup>  
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

ROM. More light and light?—more dark and  
dark our woes.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme:

“ — To heav'n I'd fly,

“ But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.” JOHNSON.

Read chang'd eyes. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> Since arm from arm &c.] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may show the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this: *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Hunting thee up with hunts-up to the day.] The *bunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ Yet will I play a *bunts-up* to my Muse.”

Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599:

“ To play him *buntsup* with a point of war,

“ I'll be his minstrell with my drum and fife.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:

“ — Make a noise, its no matter; any *buntsup* to waken vice.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 13th:

“ But *bunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, “ what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the duke of Somerset protectour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The bunte is up, the bunte is up.*” RITSON.

A *buntsup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Resveil*. MALONE.

*Enter NURSE.*

*NURSE.* Madam!

*JUL.* Nurse?

*NURSE.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit NURSE.*

*JUL.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*ROM.* Farewell, farewell! one kifs, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*

*JUL.* Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!<sup>5</sup>

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.<sup>6</sup>

*ROM.* Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*JUL.* O, think'ft thou, we shall ever meet again?

*ROM.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall  
serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*JUL.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul:<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!]* Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Art thou gone so? love, lord, *ay husband*, friend!

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *O! by this count I shall be much in years,*

*Ere I again behold my Romeo.]*

“ Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,

“ Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.” *Ovid. Epist. I.*

STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *O God! I have an ill-divining soul: &c.]* This miserable pre-

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead<sup>8</sup> in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.<sup>9</sup> Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Romeo.]

JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith?<sup>1</sup> Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

LA. CAP. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

science of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet:

“ — my mind misgives,  
“ Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,  
“ Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
“ From this night's revels.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> O God! I have an ill-divining soul:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead —] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:  
“ The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;  
“ And fear doth teach it divination;  
“ I prophecy thy death.”

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *so low*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Dry sorrow drinks our blood.] This is an allusion to the proverb—“Sorrow's dry.” STEEVENS.

He is accounting for their *paleness*. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence in the third part of *King Henry VI*, we have—“*blood-sucking* sighs.”

MALONE.

See Vol. XV. p. 290, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> That is renown'd for faith?] This Romeo, so *renown'd for faith*, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. Romeo was the darling object of Juliet's love, and Romeo was, of course, to have every excellence. M. MASON.

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*JUL.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?<sup>2</sup>  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?<sup>3</sup>

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*LA. CAP.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*JUL.* Madam, I am not well.

*LA. CAP.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's  
death?<sup>4</sup>

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with  
tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him  
live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of  
love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*JUL.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*LA. CAP.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the  
friend

Which you weep for.

<sup>2</sup> *Is she not down so late, or up so early?*] Is she not laid down  
in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from  
bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *procures her hither?*] *Procures for brings.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.*] So, in *The  
Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;  
“ Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,  
“ He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:  
“ *You cannot call him back with tears and sobriings shrill;*  
“ It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will.”

MALONE.

So full as appositely in *Painter's Novel*, “ Thinke no more  
upon the death of your cousin Thibault, *whom do you thinke to  
revoke with teares,*” &c.? STEVENS.

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JUL. Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

LA. CAP. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much  
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

JUL. What villain, madam?

LA. CAP. That same villain, Romeo.

JUL. Villain and he are many miles asunder.  
God pardon him!<sup>5</sup> I do, with all my heart;  
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

LA. CAP. That is, because the traitor murderer  
lives.

JUL. Ay, madam, from<sup>6</sup> the reach of these my  
hands.

\*Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

LA. CAP. We will have vengeance for it, fear  
thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—  
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *God pardon him!*] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Ay, madam, from &c.*] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly,

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram. STEVENS.

The elder quarto has—That *should*, &c. The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

— unaccustom'd dram,] In vulgar language, Shall give him a dram which he is *not used* to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation is the true one. Barnaby

That he shall soon keep Tybalt company :  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*JUL.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd :—  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it ;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—  
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt<sup>8</sup>  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him !

*LA. CAP.* Find thou<sup>9</sup> the means, and I'll find  
such a man.  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*JUL.* And joy comes well in such a needful  
time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*LA. CAP.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child ;  
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sort'd out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1563, uses *unacquainted* in the same sense :

“ And ever as we mounted up,  
“ I lookte upon my wynges,  
“ And prowde I was, me thought, to see  
“ Suche *unacquaynted* thyngs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *my cousin* Tybalt —] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio.  
MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Find thou &c.*] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.



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JUL. Madam, in happy time,<sup>2</sup> what day is that?

LA. CAP. Marry, my child, early next thursday  
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The county Paris,<sup>3</sup> at faint Peter's church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

JUL. Now, by faint Peter's church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

LA. CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so  
yourself.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

<sup>2</sup> ——— in happy time,] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *The county Paris,*] It is remarked, that “Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot.”—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

“As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,  
“Set in a marish, or high on a hill,  
“And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,  
“To bring the place subjected to his will;  
“So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold,” &c.

*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, Book VII. Stanza 90.

FARMER.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

CAP. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle  
dew ;<sup>4</sup>  
But for the sunset of my brother's son,  
It rains downright.—  
How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;*] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philosophically true ; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they arise ; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece* strongly supports that reading :

“ But as the *earth* doth weep, the *sun* being set,—”

MALONE.

When our author, in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, says :

“ And when she [the moon] weeps, *weeps* every little flower ;” he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears ; and not that the flower itself *drizzles* dew. This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be said to *weep*. STEEVENS.

That Shakspeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that *drizzled* dew, is evident from other passages. So, in *King John* :

“ Before the *dew* of evening *fall*.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ His *dews* *fall* every where.”

Again, in the same play :

“ The *dews* of *heaven* *fall* thick in blessings on her.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ *Dews* of blood *fall*.” RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> *How now ? a conduit, girl ? what, still in tears ?*] In Thomas

Evermore showering? In one little body  
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:  
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—  
 Without a sudden calm, will overfet  
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?  
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*LA. CAP.* Ay, fir; but she will none, she gives  
 you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

*CAP.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you,  
 wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
 Is she not proud? doth she not count her blefs'd,  
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*JUL.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that  
 you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*CAP.* How now! how now, chop-logick!<sup>6</sup> What  
 is this?

Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. ii. st. 40. 1609, there is the  
 same allusion:

“ You should not let such high-priz'd moyfture fall,  
 “ Which from your hart your *conduit-eyes* distill.”

HOLT WHITE.

Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already  
 observed, were common in Shakspeare's time. See Vol. VII. p.  
 189, n. 5.

We have again the same image in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 “ Like ivory *conduits* coral cisterns filling.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — chop-logick!] This term, which hitherto has been divided

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—  
 And yet not proud; <sup>7</sup>—Mistress minion, you,  
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst thursday next,  
 To go with Paris to faint Peter's church,  
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
 You tallow face! <sup>8</sup>

*LA. CAP.*            Fie, fie! what are you mad?

*JUL.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
 Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*CAP.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
 wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'thursday,  
 Or never after look me in the face:  
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from *The xxiiii orders of Knaves*, bl. l. no date, a nick-name.

“*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles he wyll bydde the deuyles pater noster in scylence.”

In *The Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell &c.* 1560 this word also occurs:

“But you wyl *choplogyk*

“And be Bee-to-buffe,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And yet not proud; &c.*] This line is wanting in the folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *out, you baggage!*

*You tallow-face!*] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances; but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas—*bedgebrat*, *cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567, *Mary Magdalen* says to one of her attendants:

“*Horejon*, I bethrowe your heart, are you here?”

STEEVENS.

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest'd,  
That God had sent us<sup>9</sup> but this only child ;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her :  
Out on her, hilding !

*NURSE.* God in heaven blest her !—  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*CAP.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your  
tongue,  
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

*NURSE.* I speak no treason.

*CAP.* O, God ye good den !

*NURSE.* May not one speak ?

*CAP.* Peace, you mumbling fool !  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*LA. CAP.* You are too hot.

*CAP.* God's bread ! it makes me mad :<sup>a</sup> Day,  
night, late, early,  
At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd : and having now provided

<sup>9</sup> — *had sent us* — ] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—*had lent us*. MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *God's bread ! &c.* ] The first three lines of this speech are formed from the first quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The first copy reads :

God's *blessed mother*, wife, it makes me mad,  
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,  
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,  
Still my care hath been to *see* her match'd.

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read :

God's *bread*, it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To *have* her match'd, &c. MALONE.

A gentleman of princely parentage,  
 Of fair demefnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
 Stuff'd (as they fay,) with honourable parts,  
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wifh a man,—  
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
 To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — and having now provided

*A gentleman of princely parentage,—*

*A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,*

*To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,]* So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Such eare thy mother had, fo dear thou wert to me,  
 “ That I with long and earnest fuit *provided* have for thee  
 “ One of the greateft lords that wons about this town,  
 “ And for his many virtues' fake a man of great renown ;—  
 “ — and yet thou playeft in this cafe  
 “ The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl ; for want of fkill,  
 “ Thou doft refuse thy offer'd weal, and difobey my will.  
 “ Even by his ftrength I fwear that firft did give me life,  
 “ And gave me in my youth the ftrength to get thee on my  
     wife,  
 “ Unless by Wednesday next thou bend as I am bent,  
 “ And, at our caſtle call'd Freetown, thou freely do affent  
 “ To county Paris fuit,—  
 “ *Not only will I give all that I have away,*  
 “ *From thee* to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honour and obey ;  
 “ But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gale  
 “ I ſhall thee wed for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fail  
 “ A thouſand times a day to wiſh for ſudden death :—  
 “ Advife thee well, and ſay that thou art warned now,  
 “ *And think not that I ſpeak in ſport, or mind to break my vow.*”

There is a paſſage in an old play called *Wily beguil'd*, ſo nearly reſembling this, that one poet muſt have copied from the other. *Wily beguil'd* was on the ſtage before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a ſuitor, which ſhe plucks back ; on which her *nurſe* ſays,

“ — She'll none, ſhe thanks you, ſir.  
 “ *Gripe*. Will ſhe none ? why, how now, I ſay ?  
 “ What, you *porwing*, peeviſh thing, you untoward *baggage*,  
 “ Will you not be ruled by your father ?  
 “ *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this ?*

*I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—*  
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with  
 me ;

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :  
 Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

*JUL.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief? <sup>4</sup>  
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !  
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;  
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. <sup>5</sup>

*LA. CAP.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a  
 word ;  
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

*JUL.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-  
 vented?  
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;

- " And will you doe as you list ?
- " Away, I say ; hang, starve, beg, be gone ;
- " Out of my sight ! pack, I say :
- " Thou ne'er get't a pennyworth of my goods for this.
- " Think on't ; *I do not use to jest :*
- " Be gone, I say, I will not hear thee speake." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?*] So, in *King John*, in  
 two parts, 1591 :

- " Ah boy, thy yeeres, I see, are far too greene,
- " *To look into the bottom of these cares.*" MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *In that dim monument &c.*] The modern editors read *dark*  
 monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto, 1597, and  
 the folio. STEEVENS.

How shall that faith return again to earth,  
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—  
 Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—  
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.

*NURSE.* 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo  
 Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married with the county.<sup>6</sup>  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,

<sup>6</sup> 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo

*Is banished; and all the world to nothing,*

*That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—*

*Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,*

*I think it best you married with the county.]* The character of

the nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity.

STEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562, the nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture:

“ The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,

“ And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will;

“ She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,

“ And eke she praiseth much to her *the second marriage*;

“ *And county Paris now she praiseth ten times more*

“ *By wrong, than she herself by right had Romens prais'd before*;

“ Paris shall dwell there still; *Romens shall not return*;

“ What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and  
 mourn?” MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his nurse from Shakspeare. BLACKSTONE.



Hath not so green,<sup>7</sup> so quick, so fair an eye,  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As living here<sup>8</sup> and you no use of him.

JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?

NURSE. From my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

JUL. Amen!

NURSE. To what?<sup>9</sup>

JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

<sup>7</sup> — *so green*, — *an eye*,] So the first editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*so keen*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:

“ His nose was high, his eyin bright citryn :”

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, Act V. sc. i:

“ — oh vouchsafe,

“ With that thy rare *green eye*,” &c.— STEEVENS.

What Shakspeare meant by this epithet here, may be easily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thisbé in the last act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ These lily lips,

“ This cherry nose,

“ These yellow cowslip cheeks,

“ Are gone, are gone!—

“ His eyes were *green* as leeks.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *As living here* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *as living hence*, that is, at a distance, in banishment; but *here* may signify, *in this world*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *To what?*] The syllable—*To*, which is wanting towards the measure, I have ventured to supply. When Juliet says—*Amen!* the Nurse might naturally ask her *to* which of the foregoing sentiments so solemn a formulary was subjoined. STEEVENS.

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*NURSE.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

*JUL.* Ancient damnation!<sup>9</sup> O most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die.      [*Exit.*

#### A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*FRI.* On thursday, fir? the time is very short.

*PAR.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in *The Malcontent*, 1604:

“—out, you *ancient damnation!*” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And I am nothing slow, &c.*] *His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.* It might be read:

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste:  
that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste. JOHNSON.

*Slack* was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

“And I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste.”

*Back* could not have stood there.

If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only

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*FRI.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind;  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*PAR.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;  
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society:  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*FRI.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.<sup>1</sup>  
[*Aside.*  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*PAR.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

*JUL.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*PAR.* That may be, must be, love, on thursday  
next.

by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverse of this, and seem rather to mean, *I am not backward in restraining his haste*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnson saw the impropriety of this expression, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at first present; and hence his proposed alteration; but our author must answer for his own peculiarities. See Vol. XII. p. 628, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *be slow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second book of Lucan:

“ — will you overflow

“ The fields, thereby my march to *slow*?” STEVENS.



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*FRI.* My leisure serves me, penfive daughter,  
now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*PAR.* God shield, I should disturb devotion!—  
Juliet, on thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kifs.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

*JUL.* O, shut the door! and when thou hast done  
so,  
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past  
help!

*FRI.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On thursday next be married to this county.

*JUL.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,<sup>6</sup>  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

There is no such thing as *evening mass*; which our author must necessarily have known, if, as there is some reason to believe, he had been bred a *Papist*. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Shall be the label to another deed.*] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II.* the duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal:

“What seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom?”  
See the *fac-simile* of Shakspeare's hand writing in Vol. I. MALONE.

Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire ;<sup>7</sup> arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art<sup>8</sup>  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*FRI.* Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;  
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*JUL.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are ; chain me<sup>2</sup> with roaring bears ;

<sup>7</sup> *Shall play the umpire ;*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *commission of thy years and art —*] *Commission is for authority or power.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris, From off the battlements of yonder tower ;*] So, in *King Lear*, written before 1594 :

“ Yea, for to do thee good, I would ascend  
 “ The highest turret in all Britanny,  
 “ And from the top leap headlong to the ground.”

MALONE.

— *of yonder tower ;*] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies—of *any* tower. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *chain me &c.*]

Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears,  
 Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted ; but

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;<sup>3</sup>  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
 tremble;  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*FRI.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,  
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;  
 Or shut me ——. STEEVENS.

The lines last quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And *hide* me with a dead man in his shroud;] In the quarto, 1599, and 1609, this line stands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the disgusting repetition of that word.

The original copy leads me to believe that Shakspeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line stands thus:

Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *shroud*. MALONE.

It may be natural for the reader to ask by what evidence this positive assertion relative to the printer, is supported.

To creep under a *shroud*, and so be placed in close contact with a corpse, is surely a more territick idea than that of being merely laid in a *tomb* with a dead companion. STEEVENS.

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;  
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
 Take thou this phial,<sup>4</sup> being then in bed,  
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour,<sup>5</sup> which shall feize

<sup>4</sup> *Take thou this phial, &c.*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeo and Juliet*:

- “ Receive this phial small, and keep it in thine eye,  
 “ And on the marriage day, before the sun doth clear the sky,  
 “ Fill it with water full up to the very brim,  
 “ Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel throughout each *vein*  
     and *limb*  
 “ A pleasant *slumber* slide, and quite disspread at length  
 “ On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly strength:  
 “ Withouten moving then thy idle parts shall rest,  
 “ *No pulse shall go*, no heart once heave within thy hollow  
     breast;  
 “ But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance;  
 “ Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the sudden  
     chance:  
 “ Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,  
 “ Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepar’d:  
 “ ——— where thou shalt rest, my daughter,  
 “ Till I to Mantua fend for Romeus, thy knight,  
 “ Out of the tomb *both he and I* will take thee forth that night.”

MALONE.

Thus, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 237: “ Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kinde of pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, will constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine: and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl hours at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be caried to the churchyard hard by our church, when you shall be entombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors,” &c. The number of hours during which the sleep of Juliet was to continue, is not mentioned in the poem. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *through all thy veins shall run*

*A cold and drowsy humour, &c.*] The first edition in 1597 has



Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep  
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat :  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To paly ashes ;<sup>6</sup> thy eyes' windows fall,<sup>7</sup>  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :

in general been here followed, except only, that instead of *a cold and drowsy humour*, we there find—" *a dull and heavy slumber*," and a little lower, " *no sign of breath*," &c. The speech, however, was greatly enlarged ; for in the first copy it consists of only thirteen lines ; in the subsequent edition, of thirty three. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade*

To paly ashes ;] It may be remarked, that this image does not occur either in Painter's prose translation, or Brooke's metrical version of the fable on which conjunctively the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is founded. It may be met with, however, in *A dolefull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 4to. 1593 :

" Her colour changde, her cheerfull lookes  
 " And countenance wanted spreete ;  
 " *To fallow ashes* turnde the hue  
 " Of beauties *bloussomes* sweete :  
 " And dreary dulnesse had bespred  
 " The wearish bodie throw ;  
 " Ech vitall vaine did flat refuse  
 " To do their dutie now.  
 " The blood forfooke the wonted course,  
 " And backward ganne retire ;  
 " And left the limmes as cold and swarfe  
 " As coles that wastes with fire." STEEVENS.

*To paly ashes* ;] These words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—*To many ashes*, for which the editor of the second folio substituted—*mealy ashes*. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *King Henry V* :

" — and through their *paly* flames,  
 " Each battle sees the other's umber'd face."

We have had too already in a former scene—" *Pale*, pale as *ashes*." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *thy eyes' windows fall*,] See Vol. XII. p. 680, n. 3.  
 MALONE.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
 Then (as the manner of our country is,)  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,<sup>8</sup>  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
 And hither shall he come; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking,<sup>9</sup> and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame;

<sup>8</sup> *Then (as the manner of our country is,)*

*In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,]* The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our author found particularly described in *The Tragicall History of Romulus and Juliet*:

“ Another use there is, that whosoever dies,  
 “ Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies,*  
 “ In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet—.”

MALONE.

Thus also Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*:

“ They bore him *bare-fac'd on the bier,—*” STEEVENS.

*In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,]* Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet very probably had struck out on his revision, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

“ At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aere sepsit;

“ Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu.”

The aukward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — and he and I

*Will watch thy waking,]* These words are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

If no unconstant toy,<sup>2</sup> nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

JUL. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.<sup>3</sup>

FRI. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

JUL. Love, give me strength! and strength shall  
help afford.

Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servant.

CAP. So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *If no unconstant toy, &c.] If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.*

*If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear, Abate thy valour in the acting it.] These expressions are borrowed from the poem:*

“ Cast off from thee at once the weed of womanish dread,  
“ With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head:—  
“ God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,  
“ That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill!”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.] The old copies unmetrically read:*

Give me, give me! O tell me not &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — go hire me twenty cunning cooks.] *Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. See p. 480.

RITSON.

2. *SERV.* You shall have none ill, fir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*CAP.* How canst thou try them so?

2. *SERV.* Marry, fir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: <sup>4</sup> therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

*CAP.* Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.  
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—  
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

*NURSE.* Ay, forfooth.

*CAP.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*NUR.* See, where she comes from shrift <sup>5</sup> with merry look.

*CAP.* How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding? <sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *lick his own fingers:*] I find this adage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 157:

“As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:

“A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *from shrift*—] i. e. from confession. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmanton*, 1608:

“Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her *shrift*.”

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. l. no date, confession is personified:

“Now I pray you, *shrifte*, mother of salvacyon.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *gadding?*] The primitive sense of this word was to straggle from house to house, and collect money, under pretence of singing carols to the Blessed Virgin. See Mr. T. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 40. STEEVENS.

*JUL.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the fin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,  
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*CAP.* Send for the county; go tell him of this;  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*JUL.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love' I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*CAP.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand  
up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.<sup>8</sup>

*JUL.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me fort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

*LA. CAP.* No, not till thursday; there is time  
enough.

*CAP.* Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church  
to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

<sup>7</sup> — *becomed love* —] *Becomed* for *becoming*: one participle for the other; a frequent practise with our author. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *this reverend holy friar,*

*All our whole city is much bound to him.*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — this is not, wife, the friar's first desert;

“ In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,

“ But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound*.”

MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound *unto*. STEEVENS.

510      ROMEO AND JULIET.

*LA. CAP.* We shall be short<sup>9</sup> in our provision;  
'Tis now near night.<sup>2</sup>

*CAP.* Tush! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;  
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—  
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself  
To county Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Juliet's Chamber.*

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*<sup>3</sup>

*JUL.* Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle  
nurse,

<sup>9</sup> *We shall be short* —] That is, we shall be *defective*.

<sup>2</sup> *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing scene, that  
Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning.  
*Immediately afterwards* she went to Friar Lawrence, and he parti-  
cularly mentions the day of the week, [*“Wednesday is to-morrow.”*]  
She could not well have remained more than an hour or two  
with the friar, and she is just now returned from thrift;—yet *lady*  
*Capulet* says, “’tis near *night*,” and this same night is ascertained  
to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of the many instances of our author's  
inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Juliet and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto  
1597 supplies the following short and simple dialogue:

*Nurse.* Come, come; what need you anie thing else?

*Juliet.* Nothing, good nurse, but leave me to my selfe.

*Nurse.* Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and  
so good night. STEVENS.

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
 For I have need of many orisons<sup>4</sup>  
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*LA. CAP.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

*JUL.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
 So please you, let me now be left alone,  
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all  
 In this so sudden business.

*LA. CAP.* Good night!  
 Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need  
 [*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

*JUL.* Farewell!<sup>5</sup>—God knows, when we shall meet again.

<sup>4</sup> *For I have need &c.*] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to unish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

The pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurse was suggested by *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech were borrowed from thence:

“ Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day  
 “ Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpose is . pray*  
 “ Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the skies,  
 “ And order all the course of things as they can best devise,  
 “ That they *so smile* upon the doings of to-morrow,  
 “ That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from sorrow;  
 “ Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night,*  
 “ But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,  
 “ For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire—.”

MLONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Farewell! &c.*] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEVENS.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
 That almost freezes up the heat of life :<sup>6</sup>  
 I'll call them back again to comfort me ;—  
 Nurse !—What should she do here ?  
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
 Come, phial.—  
 What if this mixture do not work at all ?<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
 That almost freezes up the heat of life :*] So, in *Romeus and  
 Juliet*, 1562 :

“ And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too  
 long,

“ The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,

“ That she surmis'd she saw out of the hollow vault,

“ A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt ;

“ Right in the self same sort that she few days before

“ Had seen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded  
 fore.

“ For dainty tender parts 'gan shiver all for dread,

“ For golden hair did stand upright upon her *chillif* head :

“ Then pressed with the fear that she there lived in,

“ *A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender skin.*”

MALONE.

[*What if this mixture do not work at all ?*] So, in *Painter's  
 Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 239 : “ — but what know I (sayd  
 she) whether the operation of this powder will be to soone or to  
 late or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte be-  
 ing discovered, I shall remayne a jesting stocke and fable to the  
 people ? what know I moreover, if the serpents and other venom-  
 ous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves  
 and dittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am dead ? But  
 how shall I endure the stinche of so many carions and bones of  
 myr auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake  
 beside Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me ? And as  
 she as thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she  
 thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fanisie of her cousin  
 Thisult, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and im-  
 brue with blood :” STEEVENS.

He also Shakspeare appears to have followed the poem :

“ — to the end I may my name and conscience save,

“ must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have :



ROMEO AND JULIET. 513

Must I of force be married to the county?—  
 No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—  
 [*Laying down a dagger.*]

“ Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not know:—  
 “ And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:  
 “ What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall  
 “ Sooner or later than it should, or else *not work at all?*  
 “ And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,  
 “ And other beasts and worms, that are of nature venomous,  
 “ That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,  
 “ And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombs are  
     found,  
 “ Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead?  
 “ Or how shall I, that always have in so fresh air been bred,  
 “ Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store  
 “ Of carcases not yet consum’d, and bones that long before  
 “ Intomb’d were, where I my sleeping-place shall have,  
 “ Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred’s common grave?  
 “ Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,  
 “ Find me, if I awake before, *y-sifted in the tomb?*”

MALONE.

“ Must I of force be married to the county? ] Thus the quarto of  
 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,  
*Shall I of force be married to the count?*

The subsequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has observed,  
*Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?* MALONE.

9 — *lie thou there.* [*Laying down a dagger.*] This stage-direction  
 has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597,  
 reads: “ — *Knife*, lie thou there.” It appears from several pas-  
 sages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the ac-  
 coutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoeful* for Juliet’s *state*  
 had just been left with her. So, in Decker’s *Match me in London*,  
 1631:

“ See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*”  
 Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599:  
 “ Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives*:  
 “ Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,  
 “ And with the other, I’ll dispatch my love.”

STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet’s having a dagger, or, as it is  
 called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;  
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?  
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,  
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :  
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.<sup>2</sup>—  
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,—  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,<sup>3</sup>

to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been ; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris :

“ If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count,) she says :

“ Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
 “ ’ Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*  
 “ Shall play the umpire.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England.—I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lies fest'ring' in his shroud ; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—  
 Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,<sup>6</sup>  
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;  
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;<sup>7</sup>—

criticisms of Voltaire, is one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *green in earth,*] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ — of our dear brother's death,  
 “ The memory be *green*.”

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley :

“ — I am but  
 “ *Green* in my honours.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Lies fest'ring* —] To *fester* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1599 :

“ Lillies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been ascribed to him. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *is it not like, that I,*] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *run mad* ;] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

“ I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,  
 “ And am *grown mad* with't.”

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611 :

“ The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear  
 “ With more sad horror, than that voice does mine.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612 :

“ I'll rather give an ear to the black *bricks*  
 “ Of *mandrakes*,” &c.

Again, in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher* :

“ This is the *mandrake's* voice that undoes me.”

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton in his *Herball to the Bible*,

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,<sup>8</sup>  
 Environed with all these hideous fears?  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.<sup>9</sup>

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

8vo. 1587) has been idly represented as “ a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath bene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder; and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried,” &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 145, n. 2; and Vol. X. p. 111, n. 9.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — be distraught,] *Distraught* is distracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

“ Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

“ What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *distraught*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read:

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

MALONE.

S C E N E IV.

Capulet's Hall.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and NURSE.*

*LA. CAP.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

*NURSE.* They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter CAPULET.*

*CAP.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,  
The curfeu bell<sup>b</sup> hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

<sup>a</sup> *They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.*] i. e. in the room where paste was made. So *laundry, spicery, &c.* MALONE.

See Vol. IV. p. 83, n. 5. STEEVENS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the following entries:

“ Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *s.*”

“ Item payd for xxiiii pounde of *prunys* iii. *s.* viii *d.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *The curfeu bell* —] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening as appears from a passage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“ — well 'tis *nine* o'clock, tis time to ring *curfew*.”

STEEVENS.

The *curfew* bell is universally rung at *eight* or *nine* o'clock at night; generally according to the season. The term is here used with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that *any* bell was ever rung so early as *three* in the morning. The derivation of *curfeu* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the institution was a badge of slavery imposed by the Norman Con-

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :<sup>4</sup>  
Spare not for cost.

*NURSE.*            Go, go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

*CAP.* No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd  
ere now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*LA. CAP.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt<sup>5</sup> in  
your time ;  
But I will watch you from such watching now.  
[*Excunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

queror. To *put out the fire* became necessary only because it was time to go to bed : And if the *curfeu* commanded all fires to be extinguished, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In short, the ringing of those two bells was a manifest and essential service to people who had scarcely any other means of measuring their time.    RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :*] Shakspeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty sollicitudes of a private house concerning a provincial entertainment. To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home ; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whose wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a housekeeper.    STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *a mouse-hunt* — ] It appears from a passage in *Hamlet*, that *mouse* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman :

“ Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouse*.”

STEEVENS.

So, in a letter from Alleyn, the celebrated player, to his wife, written in 1593 (now in Dulwich College) :

“ EMANUEL,

“ My good sweet *mouse*, I commend me hartely to you and to my father, my mother, and to my siter Befs, hoping in God, though the sickness be round about you, yett by his mercy it may escape your house,” &c.    MALONE.

The animal called the *mouse-hunt*, is the *martin*.    HENLEY.

*Cat after kinde, good mouse hunt*, is a proverb in *Heywood's Dialogue*, 1598. 1st. pt. c. 2.    HOLT WHITE,

ROMEO AND JULIET. 519

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,  
fellow,  
What's there?

*Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1. SERV. Things for the cook, fir; but I know  
not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit Serv.*]—  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;  
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2. SERV. I have a head, fir, that will find out  
logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

CAP. 'Mafs, and well faid; A merry whoreson!  
ha,  
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:  
The county will be here with musick straight,  
[*Musick within.*  
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—  
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

*Enter NURSE.*

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;  
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,  
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:  
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

*Enter Nurse.*

*NURSE.* Mistrefs!—what, mistrefs!—Juliet!—  
fast, I warrant her, she :—  
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—  
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why,  
bride!—  
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths  
now;  
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
The county Paris hath set up his rest,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *set up his rest.*] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramattick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuzs. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “—set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ — *My rest is up,*  
“ Nor will I go less——”

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ Like a musket on a *rest.*”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoise*, tom. v. plate 48.

STEEVENS.

The origin of this phrase has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurse was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained, it is however oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. In the second instance above quoted it is certainly



ROMEO AND JULIET. 521

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
 (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!  
 I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!  
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;<sup>7</sup>  
 He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?  
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!  
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!  
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—  
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*LA. CAP.* What noise is here?

*NURSE.* O lamentable day!

*LA. CAP.* What is the matter?

*NURSE.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*LA. CAP.* O me, O me!—my child, my only life,  
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—  
 Help, help!—call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*CAP.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is  
 come.

*NURSE.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack  
 the day!

fo. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to  
*Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780,  
 where several are brought together. REED.

<sup>7</sup> — why lady!—*fie, you slug-abad!*—

*Ay, let the county take you in your bed;*] So, in *The Tragicall  
 History of Romeo and Juliet*:

“ First softly did she call, then louder did she cry,

“ *Lady, you sleep too long, the earl will raise you by and by.*”  
 MALONE.

*LA. CAP.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,  
she's dead.

*CAP.* Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
Accursed time!<sup>8</sup> unfortunate old man!

*NURSE.* O lamentable day!

*LA. CAP.* O woful time!

*CAP.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make  
me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*FRI.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*CAP.* Ready to go, but never to return:  
O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy bride:<sup>10</sup>—See, there she  
lies,

<sup>8</sup> *Accursed time! &c.*] This line is taken from the first quarto, 1597. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.*] Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:

“ But more than all the rest the father's heart was so  
“ Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,  
“ That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,  
“ *Ne yet to speak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep.” MALONE.

<sup>10</sup> *O son, the night before thy wedding day Hath death lain with thy bride.*] Euripides has sported with

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.<sup>3</sup>  
 Death is my son-in-law,<sup>4</sup> death is my heir;  
 My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,  
 And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.<sup>5</sup>

*PAR.* Have I thought long to see this morning's  
 face,<sup>6</sup>  
 And doth it give me such a fight as this?

this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

“ Τηδ' αὖτάλαινα παρθένον (τί παρθένον;

“ Ἄδης ἦν, ὡς ἴσους, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)” Sir W. RAWLINSON.

*Hath death lain with thy bride:]* Perhaps this line is coarsely  
 ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“ Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.”

STEEVENS.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line  
 in this play:

“ — I'll to my wedding bed,

“ And *Death*, not Romeo, *take my maidenhead*.”

The word *see* in the line before us, is drawn from the first  
 quarto. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Flower as she was, deflowered by him.]* This jingle was  
 common to other writers; and among the rest, to Greene, in his  
*Greene in Concept*, 1598: “ — a garden-house having round  
 about it many *flowers*, and within it much *deflowering*.” COLLINS.

<sup>4</sup> *Death is my son-in-law, &c.]* The remaining part of this  
 speech, “ death is my heir,” &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his  
 edition; and some of the subsequent editors, following his example,  
 took the same unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly  
 restored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *life leaving, all is death's.]* The old copies read—*life*  
*living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *morning's face,]* The quarto, 1597, continues the speech  
 of Paris thus:

And doth it now present such prodigies?  
 Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,  
 Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am;  
 Born to the world to be a slave in it:  
 Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.  
 O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me  
 To live so vile, so wretched as I shall? STEEVENS.

*LA. CAP.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful  
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*NURSE.* O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!<sup>8</sup>  
Most lamentable day! most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woful day, O woful day!

*PAR.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, flain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—  
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*CAP.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,  
kill'd!—

Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now  
To murder murder our solemnity?—  
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—  
Dead art thou, dead!<sup>9</sup>—alack! my child is dead;  
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

<sup>8</sup> *O woe! O woful, &c.*] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597] Several other parts unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition; which occasions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Dead art thou, dead! &c.*] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakspeare wrote—

Dead, *dead*, art thou, &c.

When the same word is repeated, the compositor often is guilty of omission. MALONE.

I have repeated the word—*dead*, though in another part of the line. STEVENS.

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FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure<sup>2</sup>  
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was—her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married, that lives married long;  
But she's best married, that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
In all her best array bear her to church:  
For though fond nature<sup>3</sup> bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

<sup>2</sup> — *confusion's cure* —] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. These violent and confused exclamations, says the friar, will by no means alleviate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:  
“Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *For though fond nature* —] This line is not in the first quarto. The quarto, 1599, and the folio read,—though *some nature*. The editor of the second folio substituted *fond* for *some*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propose. I have already shown that all the alterations made by the editor of the second folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

*In all her best and sumptuous ornaments, &c.*

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

*And in her best array bear her to church.* MALONE.

I am fully satisfied with the reading of the second folio, the propriety of which is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus*:

“'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes.” STEVENS.

*CAP.* All things,<sup>3</sup> that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral :  
Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;  
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;<sup>4</sup>  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*FRI.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—  
And go, fir Paris ;—every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave :  
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;  
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS,  
and FRIAR.

1. *MUS.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

*NURSE.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;  
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exit* Nurse.

<sup>3</sup> *All things, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet :

*Cap.* Let it be so : come woeful sorrow-mates,  
Let us together taste this bitter fate. STEEVENS.

*All things, that we ordained festival, &c.*] So, in the poem already quoted :

“ Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,  
“ And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one ;  
“ And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,  
“ And *Hymen* to a *dirge* :—alas ! it seemeth strange.  
“ Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,  
“ And, whom they should see married, they follow to the  
grave ;  
“ The *feast* that should have been of pleasure and of joy,  
“ Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *burial feast* ;] See Vol. XV. p. 40, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *a pitiful case.*] If this speech was designed to be metrical, we should read—*piteous*. STEEVENS.

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I. Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.<sup>6</sup>

PET. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

I. Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

PET. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full of woe*:<sup>7</sup> O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Enter Peter.] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of Peter was originally performed by *William Kempe*.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *My heart is full of woe*.] This is the burthen of the first stanza of *A pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers*:

“Hey hoe! my heart is full of woe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.] A dump anciently signified some kind of dance, as well as sorrow. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

“He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,

“Or a *French brawl*.”

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of *Colin*, *Venus* says to *Paris*:

“—How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

“*Paris*. Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.” STEEVENS.

*Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed any sort of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the dumps.

In a Ms. of Henry the eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Museum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, intitled, “My lady Careys *dompe*;” there is also “The duke of Somersettes *dompe*;” as we now say, “Lady Coventry's *Minuet*,”

2. *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

*PET.* You will not then?

*Mus.* No.

*PET.* I will then give it you soundly.

1. *Mus.* What will you give us?

*PET.* No money, on my faith; but the gleek:<sup>1</sup>  
I will give you the minstrel.<sup>2</sup>

1. *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

&c. "If thou wert not some blockish and senseless dolt, thou wouldest never laugh when I sung a heavy mixt-Lyidian tune, or a note to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie." Plutarch's *Morals*, by Holland, 1602. p. 61. RITSON.

At the end of *The Secretaries Studie*, by Thomas Gainsford, esq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-seven stanzas, and called *A Dumpe or Passion*. It begins in this manner:

"I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,  
"Nor is my minde nor matter musically;  
"My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce:  
"Nor is my tale or talesman comically,  
"Fashions and I were never friends at all:  
"I write and credit that I see and knowe,  
"And mean plain troth; would every one did so."

READ.

9 ——— *the gleek*:] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion."

To *gleek* is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. STEEVENS.

The use of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this distance of time, be recovered. *To gleek* however signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to *jest* according to the coarse humour of that age. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, above quoted. RITSON,

<sup>2</sup> *No money, on my faith; but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.*] Shakspeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *Gleekman* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has shown, signified a *minstrel*. See his *Essay on the antient English Minstrels*, p. 55. The word *gleek* here signifies *scorn*, as Mr. Steevens has already observed;



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PET. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. MUS. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. MUS. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

PET. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief<sup>3</sup> the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppresses,<sup>4</sup>  
Then musick, with her silver sound;*

and is as he says, borrowed from the old game so called, the method of playing which may be seen in Skinner's Etymologicon, in voce, and also in the Compleat Gamester, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90.

DOUCE.

— *the minstrel.*] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.

“ Item, payd to the preacher vi s. iid.

“ Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

“ Item, payd to the coke xv s.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *When griping grief &c.*] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say:

“ New gripes of dred then pearse our trembling brestes.”

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEVENS.

In Commendation of Musicke.

Where griping grief ye hart would woud, (& doleful dumps ye mind oppresse,

There musick with her silver sound, is wont with spede to geue redresse;

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Why, *silver found?* why, *musick with her silver found?*

What say you, Simon Catling?<sup>5</sup>

1. *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet found.

*PET.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?<sup>6</sup>

Of troubled minds for every fore, swete musick hath a salve in store:

In ioy it make our mirth abound, in grief it chere our heawy sprights,

The carefull head releef hath found, by musicks pleasant swete delights:

Our senses, what should I saie more, are subject unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soul therein doth ioye,  
For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye,  
A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his harp.

Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the sterne doth rule the ship,)

Of musick, whom ye Gods assigne to comfort man, whom care would nip,

Sith thou both man, & beast doest moue, what wisem: the will thee reprove?

From the Paradise of Daintie *Richard Edwards.*  
Deuises, fol. 31. b.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *And doleful dumps the mind oppresses,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy [1597.] It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *Simon Catling?*] A *catling* was a small lute-string made of catgut. STEEVENS.

In *An historical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every grof of *catlings* and lutestring," &c. A. C.

<sup>6</sup> — *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fidler is so called from an instrument

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2. *Mus.* I fay—*silver sound*, because muficians found for filver.

*PET.* Pretty too!—What fay you, James Sound-post?

3. *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to fay.

*PET.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will fay for you. It is—*musick with ber silver sound*,<sup>1</sup> because fuch fellows as you<sup>2</sup> have feldom gold for founding:—

*Then musick with ber silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redrefs.*

[*Exit, finging.*

1. *Mus.* What a peftilent knave is this fame?

2. *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ftay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

with three ftrings, which is mentioned by feveral of the old writers. *Rebec, rebeccquin.* See Menage, in v. *Rebec.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knights of the Burning Pestle*: "—'Tis prefent death for thefe fidders to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace." In *England's Helicon*, 1600, is *The Shepberd Arflius, his Song to his REBECK*, by Bar. Yong. STEVENS.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,  
"And the jocund *rebecks* found——" MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *silver sound*,] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"Faith, fellow fidders, here's no *silver sound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"—— what harmony is this  
"With *silver sound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

Spenser perhaps is the firft author of note who ufed this phrafe:

"A *silver sound* that heavenly mufick feem'd to make."

STEVENS.

Edwards's Song preceded Spenser's poem. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *because fuch fellows as you*——] Thus the quarto, 1597. The others read—*because muficians.* I fhould fufpect that a fidler made the alteration. STEVENS.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.**Enter* ROMEO.

ROM. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,<sup>a</sup>  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :

<sup>a</sup> *As V.*] The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] Thus the earliest copy, meaning, perhaps, if I may trust to what *I saw* in my sleep. The folio reads :

If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep ;  
which is explained, as follows, by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

The sense is, *If I may trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise *flattery*.

JOHNSON.  
The sense seems rather to be—“ If I may repose any confidence in the flattering visions of the night.”

Whether the former word ought to supersede the more modern one, let the reader determine: it appears to me, however, the most easily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

*If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] i. e. If I may confide in those delightful *visions* which I have *seen* while asleep. The precise meaning of the word *flattering* here, is ascertained by a former passage in Act II :

“ — all this is but a *dream*,

“ Too *flattering-sweet* to be substantial.”

By *the eye of sleep* Shakspeare, I think, rather meant the visual

My bosom's lord<sup>3</sup> fits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

power, which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, than the eye of *the god of sleep*.

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the subsequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep,  
which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleasing visions of sleep, and, believe them to be true.—

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. Johnson has interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning:

If I may trust the *flattery* of sleep,

My dreams preface some joyful news at hand:

and Mr. Pope has followed him.

In this note I have said, that I thought Shakspeare *by the eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, rather than the eye of the *God of sleep*: but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the same time strongly supports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of sleep was meant:

“ My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

“ O, if thy *eye* be not a *flatterer*,

“ Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *My bosom's lord* —] So, in *King Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ That neither Uter nor his counsell knew

“ How his deepe *bosom's lord* the dutchefs thwarted.”

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord*, he means—*Cupid*. STEEVENS.

So also, in the preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble-bee*, 1599: “ — whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating himself in their breasts*,” &c.

Thus too Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ It gives a very echo to the seat

“ Where *love* is *thron'd*.”

Again, in *Otello*:

“ Yield up, O *Love*, thy crown and *bearded throne*.”

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Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts,  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;

Though the passage quoted above from *Othello* proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but *the heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Mason, can only import “ that Romeo loved less intensely than usual.” Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—*sits cheerful* in his throne, ascertains the author's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet described the god of love as fitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, *a light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“ And on your eyelids *crown* the god of sleep.”

Again, in the play before us :

“ Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit :  
“ For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,  
“ Sole monarch of the universal earth.”

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry V* :

“ As if allegiance *in their bosoms sat*,  
“ *Crowned* with faith and constant loyalty.” MALONE.

*My bosom's lord*——] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on :

“ How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
“ Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
“ A lightning before death.”

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 :

“ —a lightning delight against his fouden destruction.”

STEVENS.

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(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd,<sup>4</sup> and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

*Enter BALTHASAR.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet?<sup>5</sup> That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*BAL.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;—  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd,*] Shakspeare seems here to have remembered  
Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As you  
Like It*:

“ By this sad Hero—  
“ Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;  
“ He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *How fares my Juliet?*] So the first quarto. That of 1599,  
and the folio, read:

*How doth my lady Juliet?* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — in *Capels' monument,*] Thus the old copies; and thus  
Gafcoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

“ Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, so that  
“ They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they passe,  
“ For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses  
was.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in  
the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'*  
monument the modern editors have substituted—*Capulet's* monu-  
ment. MALONE.

Not all of them. The edition preceding Mr. Malone's, does  
not, on this occasion, differ from his. REED.

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And her immortal part with angels lives ;  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you :  
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, fir.

*ROM.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! <sup>7</sup>—  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*BAL.* Pardon me, fir, I will not leave you thus: <sup>8</sup>  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*ROM.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*BAL.* No, my good lord.

*ROM.* No matter: Get thee gone,  
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.  
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
I do remember an apothecary, <sup>9</sup>—

<sup>7</sup> — *I defy you, stars!*] The first quarto—*I defy my stars*. The folio reads—*deny you, stars*. The present and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. STEEVENS.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—*I deny you, stars*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Pardon me, fir, I will not leave you thus.*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read: “I do beseech you, fir, have patience.” STEEVENS.

So also the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I do remember an apothecary, &c.*] This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 241. “—beholding an apothecaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of boxes and other thynges requisite for that science, thought that the



And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples; meager were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:<sup>2</sup>  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd,<sup>3</sup> and other skins

verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye would make him wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expression from thence:

" And seeking long, alas, too soon! the thing he sought, he found.

" An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,

" Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be poor;

" And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,

" And in his window of his wares there was so small a *show* :

" Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,

" What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought;

" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel

" To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell.—

" Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)—

" Fair sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding geer*,

" And more there is than you shall need; for half of that is there

" Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

" To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's power."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *meager were his looks,*

*Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:*] See Sackville's description of *Miserie* in his *Induction*:

" His *face was leane*, and some deal pinde away;

" And eke his *hands consumed to the bone*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *An alligator stuff'd,*] It appears from Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop. " He made (says Nashe,) an anatomic of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apotbecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator*." MALONE.

I was many years ago assured, that formerly when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by



As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;  
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*AP.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's  
law  
Is death, to any he that utters them.

*ROM.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-  
ness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> *Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*] The first quarto reads:

And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.  
The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

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Our modern editors, without authority,

Need and oppression *stare* within thy eyes. STEVENS.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus:

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For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes; though *starved* famine may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation.

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The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

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The word *starved* in the first copy shows that *starveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this speech stands thus:

And dost thou fear to violate the law?

The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,  
And therefore make no conscience of the law.

Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,  
And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,<sup>6</sup>  
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*AP.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*ROM.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*AP.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

*ROM.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's  
 souls,  
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
 Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not  
 sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
 Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
 Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me  
 To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving  
 an hemistick. MALONE.

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 oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line,  
 which is found in all the subsequent impressions:

“Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.”

In *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat re-  
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“Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,

“Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation.” STREVENSON.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

“Upon thy back where misery doth sit.

“O Rome,” &c.

*Jeronimo* was performed before 1590. MALONE.

See Vol. VIII. p. 6, n. 4. STREVENSON.

S C E N E II.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar JOHN.*

JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

LAU. This fame should be the voice of friar  
John.—

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,<sup>1</sup>  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting, that we both were in a house

<sup>1</sup> *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other.

STEVENS.

In *The Vistatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the Prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur*. Append. p. 448.

HOLT WHITE.

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Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting, &c.*] So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet*, 1562:

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*L*AU. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

*J*OHN. I could not fend it,—here it is again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

*L*AU. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice,\* but full of charge,

“ Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;  
“ And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise  
“ That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,  
“ But of their convent aye *should be accompanied with one*  
“ *Of his profession*, fraight a house he findeth out,  
“ In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about.”

Our author having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the words therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. must refer to the bare-foot brother.

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But the text is certainly right. The searchers would have had no ground of suspicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected house. MALONE.

\* — *was not nice*,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

*Nice* signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the second book *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 37:

“ My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.—

“ My father elles were I *nice*.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

“ — the most complaint of all,

Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
 May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;  
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
 Unto my cell.

JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring 't thee. [*Exit.*]

LAV. Now must I to the monument alone;  
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;<sup>9</sup>  
 She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents:  
 But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;  
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!  
 [*Exit.*]

"Is to thinkin that I have be so nice,

"That I ne would in vertues to me call," &c.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"You must appeare to be straunge and nyce."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *fool*. Apol. Herod. l. i. c. 4.

STEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 602, n. 9; and Vol. XII. p. 354, n. 7.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Lest that the lady should before I come

"Be wak'd from sleep, I will hie

"To free her from that tombe of miserie." STEVENS.

## S C E N E   I I I.

*A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.*

*PAR.* Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*PAGE.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

*PAR.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
The perfect model of eternity;  
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Fair Juliet, that with angels &c.*] These four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines:

- “ Sweet flow’r, with flow’rs thy bridal bed I strew;
- “ O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
- “ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
- “ Or, wanting that, with tears distill’d by moans.



Accept this latest favour at my hands ;  
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[The boy whistles.

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?  
What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while.³

[retires.

*Enter* ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock,  
&c.

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrench-  
ing iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.

“ The obsequies that I for thee will keep,  
“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness ; but took the first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verses, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

³ — muffle me, night, a while.] Thus in Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,

“ Do muffle him againe—”

*Muffle* was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it :

“ Unmuffle ye faint stars” &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already observed, was a part of female dress. See Vol. III. p. 454. n. 8. STEEVENS.

Why I descend into this bed of death,  
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :  
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
 A precious ring; a ring, that I must use  
 In dear employment :<sup>4</sup> therefore hence, be gone :—  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;<sup>5</sup>  
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*BAL.* I will be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

*ROM.* So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take  
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

*BAL.* For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;  
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

*ROM.* Thou detestable<sup>6</sup> maw, thou womb of  
 death,

<sup>4</sup> — *dear employment* :] That is, *action of importance*. Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 465, n. 7. STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense :

“ Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

Catiline, Act I.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th book of the *Odyſſey* :

“ — full pitching on

“ The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon.”

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 650, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *savage-wild* ;] Here the speech concludes in the old copy.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *detestable* —] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first ; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604 :

“ Court with vain words and *detestable* lyes.”

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
 [breaking open the door of the monument.  
 And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
 That murder'd my love's cousin;— with which  
 grief,  
 It is supposed, the fair creature died,—  
 And here is come to do some villainous shame  
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[Advances.  
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;  
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROM. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hi-  
 ther.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,  
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;  
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
 Heap not another sin upon my head,<sup>7</sup>  
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Again, in Shakspeare's *King John*, Act III. sc. iii:  
 "And I will kiss thy detestable bones." STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:  
 "Such detestable vile impiety." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Heap not &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599  
 and 1609, and the folios—Put not; which led Mr. Rowe to intro-  
 duce the unauthorized reading—pull. That in the text, however,  
 is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"— thou beapest  
 "A year's age on me." STEEVENS.

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:  
 "With sighs and salted tears her shriving doth begin,  
 "For the of beaped sorrows hath to speak, and not of sin."  
 MALONE.

536      ROMEO AND JULIET.

And her immortal part with angels lives ;  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you :  
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, fir.

*ROM.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! <sup>7</sup>—  
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

*BAL.* Pardon me, fir, I will not leave you thus : <sup>8</sup>  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*ROM.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*BAL.* No, my good lord.

*ROM.* No matter : Get thee gone,  
And hire those horses ; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.  
Let's see for means :—O, mischief ! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !  
I do remember an apothecary, <sup>9</sup>—

<sup>7</sup> — *I defy you, stars!*] The first quarto—I defy *my* stars.  
The folio reads—*deny* you, stars. The present and more animated  
reading is picked out of both copies. STEVENS.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—I *deny* you, stars.  
MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Pardon me, fir, I will not leave you thus.*] This line is taken  
from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read :  
“ I do beseech you, fir, have patience.” STEVENS.

So also the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I do remember an apothecary, &c.*] This circumstance is like-  
wise found in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 241. “ — behold-  
yng an apoticaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of  
*boxes* and other thynges requisite for that science, thought that the

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples; meager were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:<sup>2</sup>  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd,<sup>3</sup> and other skins

verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye would make him wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expression from thence:

" And seeking long, alas, too soon! the thing he sought, he found.

" An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,

" Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be poor;

" And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,

" And in his window of his wares there was so small a *show* :

" Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,

" What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought;

" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel

" To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell.—

" Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)—

" Fair sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding geer*,

" And more there is than you shall need; for half of that is there

" Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

" To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's power."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *meager were his looks,*

*Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:*] See Sackville's description of *Miserie* in his *Induction* :

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JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

LAU. This same should be the voice of friar  
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Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,<sup>1</sup>  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting, that we both were in a house

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"That I ne would in vertues to me call," &c.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"You must appeare to be straunge and nyce."

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonimes of *fat*. Apol. Herod. l. i. c. 4.

STEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 602, n. 9; and Vol. XII. p. 354, n. 7.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Left that the lady should before I come

"Be wak'd from sleep, I will hye

"To free her from that tombe of miserie." STEVENS.

## S C E N E   I I I.

*A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.*

*P A R.* Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)  
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*P A G E.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

*P A R.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed :

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
The perfect model of eternity;  
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *Fair Juliet, that with angels &c.*] These four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines :

“ Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew ;

“ O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,

“ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,

“ Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

Accept this latest favour at my hands ;  
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[The boy whistles.

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.  
What curst foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?  
What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while.³

[retires.

*Enter* ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a torch, mattock,  
&c.

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrench-  
ing iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.

“ The obsequies that I for thee will keep,  
“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness ; but took the first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verses, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

³ — muffle me, night, a while.] Thus in Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

“ But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,

“ Do muffle him againe—”

*Muffle* was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it :

“ Unmuffle ye faint stars” &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already observed, was a part of female dress. See Vol. III. p. 454. n. 8. STEEVENS.

Why I descend into this bed of death,  
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :  
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
 A precious ring; a ring, that I must use  
 In dear employment :<sup>4</sup> therefore hence, be gone :—  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;<sup>5</sup>  
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*BAL.* I will be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

*ROM.* So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take  
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

*BAL.* For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout ;  
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

*ROM.* Thou détestable<sup>6</sup> maw, thou womb of  
 death,

<sup>4</sup> — *dear employment :*] That is, *action of importance.* Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 465, n. 7. STEEVENS.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense :

“ Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

Catiline, Act I.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th book of the *Odyſſey* :

“ — full pitching on

“ The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon.”

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 650, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *savage-wild ;*] Here the speech concludes in the old copy.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *détestable* —] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first ; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræſus*, 1604 :

“ Court with vain words and *détestable* lyes.”

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
 [breaking open the door of the monument.  
 And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

PAR. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
 That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which  
 grief,  
 It is supposed, the fair creature died,—  
 And here is come to do some villainous shame  
 To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[Advances,  
 Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;  
 Can vengeance be purfu'd further than death?  
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
 Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

ROM. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hi-  
 ther.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,  
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;  
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
 Heap not another sin upon my head,<sup>7</sup>  
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:

Again, in Shakspeare's *King Jobn*, Act III. sc. iii:  
 "And I will kiss thy *détestable* bones." STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:  
 "Such *détestable* vile impiety." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Heap *not* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599  
 and 1609, and the folios—*Put not*; which led Mr. Rowe to intro-  
 duce the unauthorized reading—*pull*. That in the text, however,  
 is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"— thou *beapest*  
 "A year's age on me." STEEVENS.

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:  
 "With sighs and falst tears her shriving doth begin,  
 "For the of *beaped* sorrows hath to speak, and not of *sin*."  
 MALONE.





Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
 He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:  
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?<sup>9</sup>  
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
 One writ with me in four misfortune's book!  
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
 A grave? O, no; a lantern,<sup>2</sup> slaughter'd youth,  
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence<sup>3</sup> full of light.

<sup>9</sup> — or did I dream it so? ] Here the quarto 1597 not inelegantly subjoins:

“ But I will satisfy thy last request,  
 “ For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.”

A following addition, however, obliged our author to omit these lines, though perhaps he has not substituted better in their room.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> A grave? O, no; a lantern,] A lantern may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and sometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful lantern at Ely Minster.

The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's *Siege of Edinbrough Castle*:

“ This lofty feat and lantern of that land,  
 “ Like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er eu'ry streete.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — presence — ] A presence is a public room. JOHNSON.

A presence means a publick room, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a duke,

“ His chamber hung with nobles, like a presence.”

M. MASON.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620: “ — the king sent for the wounded man into the presence.” MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

“ The darkeſt dungeon which spite can devise  
 “ To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes  
 “ Can make as lightſome as the faireſt chamber  
 “ In Paris Louvre.” STEEVENS.

550      ROMEO AND JULIET.

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.<sup>3</sup>

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?<sup>4</sup>—O, my love! my wife!

<sup>3</sup> — by a dead man interr'd.] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, confiders himself as already dead.

MALONE.

Till I read the preceding note, I supposed Romeo meant, that he placed Paris by the side of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and buried in the same monument. The idea, however, of a man's receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like some of those miserable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — O, how may I  
Call this a lightning?] I think we should read,  
— O, now may I  
Call this a lightning?— JOHNSON.

*How* is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how says he (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*?

RITSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The first copy reads: *But how*, &c. which shows that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramattick pieces. So, in the second part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“ I thought it was a lightning before death,  
“ Too sudden to be certain.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th Iliad:

“ — since after this he had not long to live,  
“ This lightning flew before his death.”

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssy:

“ — extend their cheer  
“ To th' utmost lightning that still ushers death.”

STEEVENS.

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :<sup>5</sup>  
 Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.<sup>6</sup>—  
 Tybalt, lieft thou there in thy bloody sheet ?<sup>7</sup>  
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,

<sup>5</sup> *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. III : " Death being able to divide the foule, but not the beauty from her body." STEEVENS.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :  
 " Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks  
 " Do yet retain some notes of former grace,  
 " *And ugly death sits faire within her face.*" MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag &c.*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :

" And nought respecting death (the last of paines)  
 " Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *ensign* of his might)  
 " Upon his new-got spoil ;" &c.

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare is less florid in his account of the lady's beauty ; and only says :

" — ah, dear Juliet,  
 " How well thy beauty doth become this grave !"

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599.  
 STEEVENS.

*And death's pale flag is not advanced there.*] An ingenious friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of *Marini*, which bears a very strong resemblance to this :

*Morte la'nsegna sua pallida e bianca  
 Vincitrice spiegó su'l volto mio.*

Rime lugubri, p. 149, edit. Venet. 1605.  
 TYRWHITT.

<sup>7</sup> *Tybalt, lieft thou there in thy bloody sheet ?*] So, in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 242 : " — what greater or more cruel satisfaction canst thou desire to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys owne handes, and buried by thy fyde ?" STEEVENS.

To funder his that was thine enemy?  
 Forgive me, coufin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — *Ah, dear Juliet,*  
*Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe*  
*That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.]* So, in Daniel's *Com-*  
*plaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ Ah, now, methinks, I see death dallying seeks  
 “ To entertain itselfe in love's sweetest place.” MALONE.

In the quarto 1597, the passage runs thus:

— Ah dear Juliet,  
 How well thy beauty doth become this grave!  
 O, I believe that unsubstantial death  
 Is amorous, and doth court my love.  
 Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,  
 Set up my everlasting rest  
 With worms that are thy *chamber-maids*.  
 Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:  
 Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,  
 Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kifs I die. [falls.

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the latter has  
*arms* instead of *arm*,) the lines appear thus:

— Ah dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? *I will believe*  
*Shall I believe* that unsubstantial death is amorous,  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour;  
 For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
 And never from this palace [*pallat* \* 4°] of dim night  
 [Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm:  
*Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumblest in.*  
 O true apothecary!  
 Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kifs I die.]  
 Depart again; here, here, will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids: O, here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars, &c.  
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unfavoury guide!

\* — *pallat* —] meaning perhaps the *bed* of night. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:  
 “ Upon uneasy *pallat* stretching thee.”  
 In *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, however, (an old MS. in the library of the Mar-  
 quis of Lansdowne) monuments are styled the “ *palaces* of death.” STEEVENS.

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?  
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again; here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here  
Will I fet up my everlasting rest; 9

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,  
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiss I die.

As the old blundering transcribers or compositors may be fairly supposed, in the present instance, to have given what Shakspeare had rejected, as well as what he designed to appear in his text, the lines within the crotchets are here omitted. Following the example of Mr. Malone, I have also omitted the long notes which, in some former editions, had accompanied this passage. STEEVENS.

There cannot, I think, be the smallest doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the carelessness or ignorance of the transcriber or compositor. In like manner, in a former scene we have two lines evidently of the same import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 506, n. 8.

In a preceding part of this passage Shakspeare was probably in doubt whether he should write:

— *I will believe*  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;

Or,  
— *Shall I believe*

That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
and having probably erased the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wise compositor printed the rejected words as well as those intended to be retained.

With respect to the line,

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,  
it is unnecessary to inquire what was intended by it, the passage in which this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much more accurately expressed in its second than in its first exhibition, we have a right to presume that the poet intended it to appear in its second form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

9 — *my everlasting rest* ;] See a note on scene 5th of the pre-

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your  
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!<sup>3</sup>—  
Come, bitter conduct,<sup>4</sup> come, unfavoury guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

ceding act, p. 520, n. 6. So, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

“ — could I *set up my rest*  
“ That he were lost, or taken prisoner,  
“ I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest*, is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the same play:

“ *Set up thy rest*; her marriest thou, or none.” STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Eyes, look your last!*

*Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you*

*The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss*

*A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*] So, in *Daniel's Com-*

*plaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ Piteful mouth, said he, that living gavest  
“ The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,  
“ O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest  
“ The forrowing farewell of a dying kiss!  
“ And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,  
“ Motives of love, born to be matched never,  
“ Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever!”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last act of the present tragedy.

*A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*] *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Come bitter conduct,*] Marston also in his satires, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor*:

“ Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former scene in this play:

“ And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.”

See Vol. III. p. 156, n. 7. MALONE.

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Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar  
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

*FRI.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-  
night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's  
there?

Who is it that comforts, so late, the dead?<sup>6</sup>

*BAL.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows  
you well.

*FRI.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

*BAL.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*FRI.* Who is it?

*BAL.* Romeo.

*FRI.* How long hath he been there?

*BAL.* Full half an hour.

*FRI.* Go with me to the vault.

*BAL.* I dare not, sir:

<sup>5</sup> — *how oft to-night*

*Have my old feet stumbled at graves?*] This accident was  
reckoned ominous. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“ For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,

“ Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”

Again, in *King Richard III.*, Hastings, going to execution, says:

“ Three times to-day my footcloth horse did *stumble.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Who is it &c.*] This very appropriate question I have restored  
from the quarto 1597. STEEVENS.





JUL. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*

FRI. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that  
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;<sup>8</sup>  
A greater Power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;<sup>9</sup>  
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Mar. Jun. She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.*

“Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly news,

“And tell me how the gods design to treat us.

<sup>9</sup> *Low. O, I have slept a long ten thousand years.—*

“What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus:

“I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my husband.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — and *unnatural sleep*;] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead*;] Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* translation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the author of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a translation of the original pathetick narrative at the conclusion of the play, in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Stay not to question, for the watch is coming*;] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide:

“The weary *watch* discharg'd did hie them home to sleep.”

Again:

“The *watchmen* of the town the whilst are passed by,

“And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb they  
spy.” MALONE.



This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself.*] there rust, and  
let me die.<sup>5</sup>

[*Falls on ROMEO'S body, and dies.*]

*Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.*

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch  
doth burn.

1. WATCH. The ground is bloody; Search about  
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[*Excunt some.*]

Pitiful fight! here lies the county slain;—  
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,  
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—  
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—  
Raife up the Montagues,—some others search;<sup>6</sup>—

[*Excunt other watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,  
We cannot without circumstance descry.

<sup>5</sup> — [*there rust, and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto  
1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

“ I, noise? then must I be resolute.

“ Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear;

“ Rest in my bosom: thus I come to thee.”

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

“ This is thy sheath.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Raife up the Montagues,—some others search;—*] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored:

“ Raife up the Montagues. Some others, go.

“ We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

“ But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*

“ We cannot without circumstance descry.” JOHNSON.

It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakspeare, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wished that an apology as sufficient could be offered for this Watchman's quibble between *ground*, the earth, and *ground*, the fundamental cause. STEEVENS.

*Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.*

2. *WATCH.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him  
in the churchyard.

1. *WATCH.* Hold him in safety, till the prince  
come hither.

*Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.*

3. *WATCH.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
and weeps:  
We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1. *WATCH.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

*PRINCE.* What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.*

*CAP.* What should it be, that they so shriek a-  
broad?<sup>7</sup>

*LA. CAP.* The people in the street cry—Romeo,  
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

*PRINCE.* What fear is this, which startles in our  
ears?<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *that they so shriek abroad?*] Thus the folio and the un-  
dated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that *is* so shriek abroad.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *What fear is this, which startles in our ears?*] The old copies  
read—in *your* ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 561

I. *WATCH*. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris  
slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

*PRINCE*. Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder comes.

I. *WATCH*. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-  
meo's man;  
With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*CAP*. O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our  
daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.*] The modern editors  
(contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and without  
attention to the disagreeable assonance of *sheatb* and *sheatbed*, which  
was first introduced by Mr. Pope) read:

“ This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! *the sheath*  
“ *Lies* empty on the back of Montague,  
“ *The point* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.”

The quarto, 1597, erroneously,  
“ — this dagger hath mistooke;  
“ For (loe) the backe is empty of yong Mountague,  
“ And it *is* sheathed in our daughter's breast.”

The quarto, 1599, seems to afford the true reading:  
“ This dagger hath mistane, for, loe! his house  
“ Is emptie on the back of Mountague,  
“ And *it* mis-sheathd in my daughter's bosome.”

If we do not read—*it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—  
*The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and sheathed in  
Juliet's bosom.*

Shakspeare quaintly represents the dagger as having mistaken its  
place, and “ *it* mis-sheathed,” i. e. “ mis-sheathed *itself*” in the  
bosom of Juliet.

562      ROMEO AND JULIET.

*LA. CAP.* O me! this fight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Others.*

*PRINCE.* Come, Montague; for thou art early  
up,<sup>2</sup>  
To see thy son and heir more early down.

*MON.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;<sup>3</sup>  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

The quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, offer the same reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*.  
So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,

“And thy *dagger* handfumly *at thy backe*.”

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires,  
no date:

“See you the huge bum *dagger at his backe*?”

The epithet applied to the dagger, shows at what part of the  
back it was worn. STEEVENS.

The words, “*for, lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague*,”  
are to be considered as parenthetical. In p. 547, l. 6 and 7, we  
have a similar construction.

My reading [*is*] is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and  
the folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *for thou art early up, &c.*] This speech (as appears from  
the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert  
Earl of Huntington*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

“In you, i'faith, the proverb's verified,

“*You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*] After this line the  
quarto, 1597, adds,

“And young Benvolio is deceased too.”

But this, I suppose, the poet rejected, on his revision of the play,  
as unnecessary slaughter. STEEVENS.

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was prob-  
ably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting  
scene. RITSON.

ROMEO AND JULIET. 563

*PRINCE.* Look, and thou shalt see.<sup>4</sup>

*MON.* O thou untaught!<sup>5</sup> what manners is in  
this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

*PRINCE.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a  
while,  
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true de-  
scend;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*FRI.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*PRINCE.* Then say at once what thou dost know  
in this.

*FRI.* I will be brief,<sup>6</sup> for my short date of  
breath

<sup>4</sup> *Look, and thou shalt see.*] These words, as they stand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly suppose that some others have been casually omitted. Perhaps, our author wrote:

*Look in this monument, and thou shalt see.* STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O thou untaught!* &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“ Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:  
“ Who came first to the world, should first depart.  
“ It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;  
“ This dealing is prepost'rous and o'er-thwart.”

STEVENS.

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ If children pre-decease progenitors,  
“ We are their offspring, and they none of ours.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *I will be brief,*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.<sup>6</sup>  
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;  
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :  
 I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day  
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;  
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
 You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—  
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
 To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;  
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
 To rid her from this second marriage,  
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.  
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
 A sleeping potion ; which so took effect  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her  
 The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,  
 That he should hither come as this dire night,  
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight  
 Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,  
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;

not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet*. MALONE.

In this poem (which is subjoined to the present edition of the play) the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick scaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance, as I have already observed, is introduced in *Hamlet*. See Vol. XV. p. 357, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *my short date of breath*

*Is not so long as is a tedious tale.*] So, in the 91st Psalm :—  
 “ — when thou art angry, all our days are gone ; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.” MALONE.



Meaning to keep her clofely at my cell,  
 Till I conveniently could fend to Romeo :  
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time  
 Of her awakening,) here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :  
 But then a noife did fcare me from the tomb ;  
 And ſhe, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But (as it ſeems,) did violence on herſelf.  
 All this I know ; and to the marriage  
 Her nurſe is privy : And, if aught in this  
 Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before his time,  
 Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

*PRINCE.* We ſtill have known thee for a holy  
 man.—

Where's Romeo's man ? what can he ſay in this ?

*BAL.* I brought my maſter news of Juliet's death ;  
 And then in poſt he came from Mantua,  
 To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;  
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
 If I departed not, and left him there.

*PRINCE.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
 Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch ?—  
 Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place ?

*PAGE.* He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's  
 grave ;  
 And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did :  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;  
 And, by and by, my maſter drew on him ;  
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

*PRINCE.* This letter doth make good the friar's  
 words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :  
 And here he writes—that he did buy a poison  
 Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—  
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with  
 love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,  
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen :<sup>7</sup>—all are punish'd.

*CAP.* O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :  
 This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
 Can I demand.

*MON.* But I can give thee more :  
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;  
 That, while Verona by that name is known,  
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*CAP.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;  
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

*PRINCE.* A glooming peace<sup>8</sup> this morning with  
 it brings ;  
 The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head :  
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;  
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Have lost a brace of kinsmen :*] Mercutio and Paris : Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in Act III. sc. iv. and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth act, describes him as " a gentleman of princely parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo says,

" — Let me peruse this face ;

" *Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.*" MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *A glooming peace &c.*] The modern editions read—*gloomy* ; but *glooming*, which is an old reading, may be the true one. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603 :

For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.<sup>2</sup> [Exeunt.

“ Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night.”

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser; and I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

“ If either he gaspeth or gloometb.” STEEVENS.

*Gloomy* is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *gloom-  
ing* was substituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law? EDWARDS'S MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — [*Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says:

“ Lufcus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know

“ I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow

“ Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.” STEEVENS.

*For never was a story of more woe,*

*Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.*] These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“ — among the monuments that in Verona been,

“ There is no monument more worthy of the sight,

“ Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight.”

MALONE.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :  
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Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile

elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to the poet.* Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.* JOHNSON.

T H E  
T R A G I C A L L H Y S T O R Y  
O F  
R O M E U S A N D J U L I E T :

Contayning in it a rare Example of true **CONSTANCIE** ; With the  
subtill Counfels and Practices of an old Fryer ; and their ill  
Event.

*Res est folliciti plena timoris amor.*

T O T H E R E A D E R.

Amid the desert rockes the mountaine beare  
 Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,  
 Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare;  
 In tract of time, her often lycking tong  
 Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight  
 The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth shake  
 With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,  
 Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,  
 (A noble creast!) or wylde in savage wood  
 A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,  
 With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood;  
 Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they  
 The lode-starrs are, the wery pilates marke,  
 In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke;—

Right so my muse

Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth  
 Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,  
 Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,  
 Which carefull travell and a longer whyle  
 May better shape. The eldest of them loe  
 I offer to the stake; my youthfull woorke,  
 Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrow:  
 The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,  
 Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight,  
 With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,  
 Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might;  
 And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe.  
 The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,  
 Or rather not reprove the laughing game  
 Of this my muse.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn fight,  
 And both do graunt the thing that both desyre;  
 They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier;  
 Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.  
 Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:  
 By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,  
 He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.  
 A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight:  
 New marriage is offred to his wyfe;  
 She drinks a drinke that seemes to reve her breath;  
 They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.  
 Her husband heares the tydinges of her death;  
 He drinks his bane; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,  
 When she awakes, her selfe, alas! she sleath.



## ROMEOUS AND JULIET.\*

T H E R E is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,  
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;  
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertyle foyle,  
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.

\* In a preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I observed that it was founded on *The Tragicall History of Romeo and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almost as rare as a manuscript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and shall give it a place here as a proper supplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the death of Maister Arthur Brooke drowned in passing to New-Haven*, by George Tuberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* 1567,] we learn that the former was the author of this poem:

“ Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,  
“ To sound his verse by touch of stately string,  
“ And of the never-fading baye did make  
“ A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.  
“ In proufe that he for myter did excell,  
“ As may be judge by *Juliet and her mate*;  
“ For there he shewde his cunning passing well,  
“ When he the tale to English did translate.  
“ But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,  
“ With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,  
“ Amid the seas unluckie youth was drown'd,  
“ More speedie death than such one did deserve.”

The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of *Vicenza*, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story:

“ As you yourself have seen, when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath, in the fair spring of my youth I devoted myself to the profession of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for some yeare I served in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the course of my private service, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accustomed, when upon any expedition on horseback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced foldier, but of a gay and lively disposition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the most amusing novels, especially such as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradisca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my servants, travelling, perhaps impell'd by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely solitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly absorbed in thought, and riding at a distance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who guessed my thoughts, thus address'd me: “ Will you then for ever live this melancholy

## 572      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

The fruitfull hilles above, the pleafant vales belowe,  
The filver ftream with chanel depe, that through the towne doth  
flow ;

The ftore of fpringes that ferve for ufe, and eke for eafe,  
And other moe commodities, which profit may and pleafe ;  
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,  
To fyll the houngrny eyes of thofe that curioufly beholde ;  
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the reft  
Of Lombard townes, or at the leaft, compared with the beft.  
In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,  
To reache reward unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,  
Alas ! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,  
Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able fourth to tell.  
Within my trembling hande my penne doth fhake for feare,  
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth ftand my heare.  
But fith thee doeth commaunde, whose heft I muft obeye,  
In moorning verfe a woful chaunce to tell I will affaye.  
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Mufes with your art,  
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retournd to fmart :  
Help eke, ye fifters three, my skilleffe pen tindyte,  
For you it caufd, which I alas ! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient ftocks, which Fortune hygh did place  
Above the reft, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race ;  
Lofd of the common forte, lovd of the prince alike,  
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune lift to ftryke ;  
Whofe prayfe with equal blaft Fame in her trumpet blew ;  
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.  
A wonted ufe it is, that men of likely forte,  
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eache others porte.  
So thefe, whose egall ftate bred envye pale of hew,  
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew ;

life, becaufe a cruel and difdainful fair one does not love you? though I now  
fpeak againft myfelf, yet, fince advice is eafier to give than to follow, I muft  
tell you, mafter of mine, that, befides its being difgraceful in a man of your pro-  
feffion to remain long in the chains of love, almoft all the ends to which he con-  
ducts us are fo replete with mifery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in  
teftimony of what I fay, if it fo pleafe you, I could relate a tranfaction that hap-  
pened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way lefs fultary  
and lefs difagreeable to us ; and in this relation you would perceive how two no-  
ble lovers were conducted to a miferable and piteous death.—And now, upon my  
making him a fign of my willingnefs to liften, he thus began.”

The phrafe, in the beginning of this paffage, *when beacons had not as yet lewell-  
ed againft me us whole wrath*, will be beft explained by fome account of the au-  
thor, extracted from Crescimbeni, *Iftoria della Volgar Poesia*, T. v. p. 91 :  
‘ Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour,  
‘ made a leader in the Venetian army ; but, fighting againft the Germans in  
‘ Friuli, was fo wounded, that he remained for a time wholly difabled, and after-  
‘ wards lame and weak during his life ; on which account, quitting the profeflion  
‘ of arms, he betook himfelf to letters,’ &c. MALDEN.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 573

As of a littel sparke oft ryfeth mighty fyre,  
 So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre :  
 And then theyr deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling stryfe,  
 Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes,—it reved breth and lyfe.  
 No legend lye I tell ; scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,  
 That did behold the grisly fight with wet and weeping eye.  
 But when the prudent prince who there the sceptor helde,  
 So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,  
 By jentyll meane he fought their choler to asswage,  
 And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage ;  
 But both his woords and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne,  
 So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buyfsy payne.  
 When frendly sage advise ne gentyll woords avayle,  
 By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he quayle ;  
 In hope that when he had the waktng flame suppressd,  
 In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boorned within their  
 brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,  
 And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,  
 One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,  
 Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,  
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne,  
 That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,  
 Hath found a mayde so fayre (he founde so foul his happe)  
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,  
 That from his owne affayres his thought she did remove ;  
 Onely he fought to honor her, to serve her and to love.  
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,  
 At length, in hope of better spede, himselfe the lover went ;  
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,  
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.  
 But she that from her youth was softred evermore  
 With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wifdomes skilfull lore,  
 By aunswere did cutte off thaffections of his love,  
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move :  
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)  
 That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke ;  
 And yet how much she did with constant minde retyre,  
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by defyre,  
 But when he, many monthes, hopeles of his recure,  
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,  
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove  
 If change of place might change away his ill-betowd love ;  
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone :  
 “ What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,  
 Sith that my humble sute, and labour sowde in vayne,  
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne ?

## 574 ROMEUS AND JULIET.

What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,  
 But she the path wherein I treade with speedy flight doth shunne.  
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be;  
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.  
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;  
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,  
 This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,  
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,  
 A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his brest so depe,  
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best,  
 In fyghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorrow and unrest,  
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night;  
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygravd her bewty bright  
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his hart,  
 That he of force must yelde as thrall;—no way is left to start.  
 He cannot stave his steppe, but forth styll must he ronne,  
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne.  
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,  
 And eche of them in frendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.  
 But one emong the rest, the trustiest of his seeres,  
 Farre more then he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,  
 Gan sharply him rebuke; such love to him he bare,  
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.  
 "What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage  
 Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine age,  
 In seking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,  
 Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,  
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,  
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe?  
 Now, for our friendships sake, and for thy health, I pray  
 That thou hencefoorth become thine owne;—O give no more away  
 Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate:  
 In that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thy self to hate.  
 For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;  
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Loves court she hath forsworne.  
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace:  
 What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?  
 By painfull studies meane great learning hast thou wonne,  
 Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.  
 What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,  
 Should so be able to disfraine thy seely fathers hart,  
 As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vice,  
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise?  
 What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe?  
 Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.

Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne  
 To knowe and flye the error which to long thou livedst in.  
 Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,  
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.  
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,  
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.  
 Choose out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,  
 Who will give care to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterue.  
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle  
 As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.  
 Ere long the townish dames together will resort,  
 Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,  
 With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,  
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde.”

The yong mans listning care receivd the holsome sounde,  
 And reasons truth y-planted so, within his heade had grounde ;  
 That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,  
 And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did freate.  
 To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,  
 At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,  
 At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,  
 And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete ;  
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,  
 For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.  
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne !  
 But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.  
 For ere the moone could thrise her waked hornes renew,  
 False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischief new to brew.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,  
 And now the sefon doth invite to banquet townish dames.  
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn  
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.  
 No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,  
 No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,  
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,  
 Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geast.  
 Yong damfels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,  
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to serche out.  
 But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,  
 (For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)  
 Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,  
 The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.  
 When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,  
 All did unmaske ; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes ;  
 But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forooke  
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.

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But brighter than the sunne the waxen torches shone,  
 That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,  
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,  
 To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewties spotles hewe ;  
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedest,  
 That ladies, thought the sayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.  
 And in theyr head beyde an other woonder rose,  
 How he durst put himfelfe in throng among so many foes :  
 Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede,  
 And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.  
 The Capilets disdayne the prefence of theyr foe,  
 Yet they suppress theyr styred yre ; the cause I doe not knowe :  
 Perhaps toffend theyr gesses the courteous knights are loth ;  
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreading the princes wroth ;  
 Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage  
 Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.  
 They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre deede,  
 They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God  
 speede.

So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,  
 And they also behelding him their chaunge of fanfies please :  
 Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,  
 That there was none but joyed at his being there in place,  
 With upright beame he wayd the beauty of eche dame,  
 And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in natures  
 frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,  
 (Which Theseus or Paris would have chosn to their rape)  
 Whom erst he never sawe ; of all she pleasde him most ;  
 Within himfelfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste  
 Of perfet shapcs renowne and beauties founding prayse,  
 Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.  
 And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,  
 His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,  
 Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been :  
 The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene.  
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,  
 So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.  
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,  
 That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.  
 When Romeus saw himfelfe in this new tempest tost,  
 Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,  
 He doubtfull skafely knew what countenance to keepe ;  
 In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched deepe.  
 Yea he forgets himfelfe, ne is the wretch so bolde  
 To aske her name that without force hath him in bondage folde ;

Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,  
 But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngrы eyes ;  
 Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empysonde baite :  
 How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte !  
 So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,  
 That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.  
 Whilst Juliet, for so this gentle damsell hight,  
 From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her sight,  
 At last her floting eyes were ancored fast on him,  
 Who for her sake dyd banish health and fredome from eche limme.  
 He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest, as farre  
 As Phoebus shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.  
 In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,  
 And to his care with steady hand the bowstring up he raft :  
 Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,  
 Till now he listid not assaulte her yong and tender hart.  
 His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the quicke,  
 That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did sticke.  
 It booted not to strive. For why ?—she wanted strength ;  
 The weaker aye unto the strong, of force, must yeld at length.  
 The pomps now of the feast her heart gyns to despyse ;  
 And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.  
 When theyr new smitten hearts had fed on loving gleames,  
 Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,  
 Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,  
 That friendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it grow.  
 When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,  
 And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by speach,  
 Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.  
 With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her fourth to daunce ;  
 She quit herselfe so well and with so trim a grace  
 That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race :  
 The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,  
 Nye to the feate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng donne.  
 Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,  
 And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.  
 At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,  
 And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;  
 A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,  
 For he was courteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.  
 Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,  
 Such was emong the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.  
 With frendly gripe he ceafd fayre Juliets snowish hand :  
 A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his swathing band,  
 That frofen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,  
 As were his handes, though nere so neere the fire he did them hold.

578      **ROMEUS AND JULIET.**

As soon as had the knight the virgins right hand **raught,**  
 Within his trembling hand her left hath loving **Romeus caught.**  
 For he wist well himselfe for her abode most **payne,**  
 And well he wist she lov'd him best, unless she list to **sayne.**  
 Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath **prest ;**  
 What joy, trow you, was grafted so in **Romeus cloven brest ?**  
 The sodayne sweete delight hath stopped quite his **tong,**  
 Ne can he claime of her his right, ne crave redresse of **wrong.**  
 But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his **hewe**  
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale **anewe,**  
 That vehment love was cause why so his tong did **stay,**  
 And so much more she longd to heare what Love could **teach him**  
     **saye.**

When she had longed long, and he long held his **peace,**  
 And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did **increase,**  
 At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the **mayde**  
 Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she **sayde :**

    " O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here !"—  
 But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love **drewe so nere,**  
 And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed **fast,**  
 That no one woord could scape her more then **what already past.**  
 In great contented ease the yong man straight is **rapt :**  
 What chauce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is **hapt :**  
 That gives you worthy cause my cumming here to **blesse ?**  
 Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by **this ;**  
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smyling **chere :**  
 " Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and  
     **feere,**

Mercutios yfy hande had all to-frofen myne,  
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with **thyne."**  
 Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus repleye :  
 " If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the **skye,**  
 That by my being here some service I have donne  
 That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had **wonne.**  
 O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,  
 Which I woukde wish if I might have my wished hart's **desire !**  
 For I of God woukde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,  
 To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall **last :**  
 As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to **trye**  
 His faultles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye **lye.**  
 But if my touched hand have warmed yours some **dele,**  
 Assure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand **you fele,**  
 Compar'd to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious **gleade,**  
 As from your bewties pleasant eyne Love caused to **proceede ;**  
 Which have to set on fyre eche feling parte of **myne,**  
 That lo ! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my outward parts **do pyne.**



And, but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;  
Wherefore, alas ! have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne."

Even with his ended tale, the torches-dauce had ende,  
And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.  
His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,  
When layfureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunfwer make :  
" You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours ;  
My honour fav'd, prest tobey your will, while life endures."  
Lo ! here the lucky lot that fild true lovers finde,  
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.  
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above  
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchaunge of love.  
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde ;  
He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.  
With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,  
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him enchanted  
so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geaft,  
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.  
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,  
That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.  
Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,  
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing game.  
And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,  
Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest :  
Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde ;  
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were  
harde.

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,  
And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.  
Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,  
He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde ;  
And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,  
Though hap should sweure that guerdonles the wretched wight should  
serve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine ;  
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.  
As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,  
To learne his name that intertaind her in so gentle wife ;  
Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.  
An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her care gan rounde :  
(This old dame in her youth had nursd her with her mylke,  
With slender nedel taught her sow, and how to spyn with sylke.)  
What wayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,  
Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before ?

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And then, as eche of them had of his household name,  
 So she him namd.— Yet once again the young and wyly dame :—  
 “ And tell me who is he with vyfor in his hand,  
 That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand.”  
 His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montagewe,  
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your households  
 rewe.

The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,  
 And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.  
 What hap have I, quoth she, to love my fathers foe ?  
 What, am I wery of my wele ? what, doe I wysh my woe ?  
 But though her grevous paynes diftraind her tender hart,  
 Yet with an outward show of joye she cloked inward smart ;  
 And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly tooke,  
 That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her looke.  
 Then at her mothers heft to chamber she her hyed,  
 So wel she faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme descride.  
 But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,  
 Not half a wynke of quyet slepe could harber in her hed ;  
 For loe, an huyg heape of divers thoughtes arise,  
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.  
 And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes,  
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes,  
 And now she lyketh her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,  
 And now eche houre within her head a thousand fanfyes frames.  
 Sometime in mynde to stop amynd her course begonne,  
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to ronne.  
 Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought ;  
 The fight was feerfe, continuyng long by their contrary thought.  
 In turning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,  
 Then standeth doutful what to doo ; last, overprest with woe,  
 How so her fanfies cease, her teares did never blin,  
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.  
 “ Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in foottill snare !  
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe ! ah caytife clad with care !  
 Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,  
 By straying thus from raisons lore, that reve thy wonted rest ?  
 What if his suttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,  
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong ?  
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,  
 As oft the poyfond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte ?  
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood servd her lust ;  
 And toornd their honor into shame, that did to slightly trust.  
 What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd ?  
 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus  
 blamd ?

A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,  
 In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainly written are.  
 Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,  
 By futtle sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to woorke at length.  
 So shall I seeke to find my fathers foe, his game;  
 So (I defyde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,  
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill  
 Of my dispraysse, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.  
 Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becomeme,  
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow toombe.”  
 Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust  
 Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.  
 “ No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,  
 Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,  
 That where such perfect shape with pleasant bewty restes,  
 There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted gestes.  
 Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;  
 Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.  
 The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd;  
 So that I see he loveth me:—shall I then be unkynd?  
 His faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;  
 And straight again it flashed forth, and spred in eyther cheeke. .  
 His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce  
 His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed to rehearce.  
 What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?  
 The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?  
 And whilst I talke with him, himself he hath exylde  
 Out of himself, as seemed me; ne was I sure begylde.  
 Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,  
 But Natures hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.  
 What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil?  
 These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,  
 Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,  
 So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.  
 For so perchance this new alliance may procure  
 Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure.”  
 Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like!  
 And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke!  
 Weake arguments are stronge, our fancies streight to frame  
 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.  
 The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,  
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre  
 Had payd his borrowed light, and Phæbus spred in skies  
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.  
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,  
 Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.

582      **ROMEUS AND JULIET.**

And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,  
 And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,  
 His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.  
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is ; she followeth with her eye  
 His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,  
 But not so oft as he desyres ; waresly he doth refrayne.  
 What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy  
 Y-sowered not the sweete ; if love were free from jelosy !  
 But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,  
 When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.  
 In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,  
 That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.  
 In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,  
 From which, except he waresly walke, men may his love descrye ;  
 For lo ! it fronted full upon her leaning place,  
 Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.  
 And lest the arbors might theyr secreet love bewraye,  
 He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye ;  
 But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,  
 Well-armde he walketh fourth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.  
 Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde ?  
 He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.  
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne ;  
 And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye slaine.  
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—  
 Her Romeus pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.  
 Eche day she chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre  
 When they are sure to see their love, in passing by their bowre.  
 Impatient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night  
 Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright  
 That she espyde her loove ; her hart revived sprang ;  
 And now for joy the claps her handes, which erst for wo she wrang.  
 Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,  
 His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.  
 Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more :  
 His care was great, hers twife as great was, all the time before ;  
 For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,  
 In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.  
 For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,  
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.  
 Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred ;  
 While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.  
 When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,  
 By happy hope of sight againe he feedes his fainting hart.  
 What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye ?  
 What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joy ?

His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove ;  
 Ne, for the passed him in both, did she him passe in love :  
 But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,  
 The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.  
 Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,  
 With whispering voice, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne :  
 " Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,  
 That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.  
 What if your dedly foes, my kinfmen, saw you here ?  
 Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.  
 In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,  
 With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloody knyfe.  
 For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare ?  
 And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare."

" Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)  
 Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters thre.  
 They may in spyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed ;  
 And they also (who so fayth nay) asonder may it threed.  
 But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,  
 Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it coulde defende.  
 Ne yet I love it so, but always, for your sake,  
 A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.  
 If my mishappe were such, that here, before your fight,  
 I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,  
 This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,  
 That part he should before that you by certain trial knew  
 The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,  
 And how I dread to loofe the gayne which I do hope to win ;  
 And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,  
 But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,  
 Till dedly pangis the sprite out of the corps shall fend :"

And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.  
 Now love and pitty boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest ;  
 In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest :  
 Her bosome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),  
 With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne :  
 " Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)  
 For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me  
 For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath ;  
 In even ballance peyfed are my life and eke my death.  
 For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,  
 That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd endures,  
 But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part  
 (Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.  
 But these things overpast, if of your health and myne  
 You have respect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eyen,

## 584 ROMEUS AND JULIET.

In few unfained words your hidden mynd unfolde,  
 That as I see your pleafant face, your heart I may beholde.  
 For if you do intende my honor to defile,  
 In error shall you wander fill, as you have done this while :  
 But if your thought be chafte, and have on vertue ground,  
 If wedlocke be the end and marke which your defyre hath found,  
 Obedience fet afyde, unto my parents dewe,  
 The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,  
 Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,  
 And following you where fo you goe, my fathers houfe forfake.  
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull fute  
 You thinke in rypeft yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty frute,  
 You are begylde ; and now your Juliet you befeekes  
 To ceafe your fute, and fuffer her to live emong her likes.\*  
 Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle defyre,  
 And to the top of vertues haight did worthely afpyre,  
 Was fild with greater joy then can my pen exprefse,  
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can geffe.\*  
 And then with joynd hands, heavd up into the skies,  
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down he  
 cries,  
 If he have other thought but as his Lady fpake ;  
 And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did anfwere make :  
 ‘ Since, lady, that you like to honor me fo much  
 As to accept me for your fpoufe, I yeeld myfelf for fuch.  
 In true witnes whereof, becaufe I muft depart,  
 Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart,  
 Tomorrow eke betimes, before the funne arife,  
 To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his fage advife.  
 He is my gottly fyre, and oft he hath me taught  
 What I fould doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have fought.  
 And at this felf fame houre, I plyte you here my faith,  
 I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he fayth.”

\* — *the hearers hart can geffe.*] From thefe words it fhould feem that this poem was formerly fung or recited to cafual paffengers in the ftreets. See alfo p. 588, l. 5.

“ If any man be bere, whom love hath clad with care,  
 “ To him I fpeak ; if thou wilt fpeed,” &c. MALONE.

In former days, when the faculty of reading was by no means fo general as at prefent, it muft have been no unfrequent practice for thofe who did not poffeff this accomplifhment to gratify their curiofity by liftening while fome better educated perfon read aloud. It is, I think, fcarcely probable, that a poem of the length of this *Tragicall Hiftory* fhould be fung or recited in the ftreets : And Sir *John Maundevile* at the clofe of his work intreats “ alle the *Rederes* and *HERRERS* of his boke, zif it plefe hem that thei wolde preyen to God,” &c. p. 383, 8vo. edit. 1727. By *bereres* of his boke he unquestionably intended *bearers* in the fenfe I have fuggelted. HOLT WHITE.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 585

She was contented well; els favour found he none  
 That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woords alone.  
 This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,  
 For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.  
 Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,  
 But doctor of divinetie proceeded he in schoole.  
 The secrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;  
 By magicks arte most men supposed that he could wonders woorke.  
 Ne doth it ill besee me devines those skils to know,  
 If on no harmful deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;  
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,  
 But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.  
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne  
 The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne,  
 To shrive themselfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;  
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.  
 And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre excede,  
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.  
 Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,  
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.  
 Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste,  
 The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;  
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,  
 As earst you heard, by skilful love found out his harmes redresse.  
 To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayeth he till the morrowe;  
 To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.  
 How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,  
 And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd advance;  
 Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,  
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,  
 That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,  
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him breath.  
 And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly fyre  
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes desyre.  
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,  
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,  
 And from the spoufall rites he readeth him refrayne,  
 Perhaps he shall be bet advise within a weeke or twayne.  
 Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,  
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.  
 As well the father might have counfeld him to stay  
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,  
 As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,  
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.  
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last;  
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,

586      **ROMEUS AND JULIET.**

Of both the houſholds wrath, this marriage might appeafe ;  
 So that they ſhould not rage agayne, but quite for ever ceaſe.  
 The reſpite of a day he aſketh to deviſe  
 What way were beſt, unknown, to ende ſo great an enterpriſe.  
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,  
 Scarce patient tarieth whilſt his leeche doth make the ſalve to cure :  
 So Romeus hardly graunts a ſhort day and a night,  
 Yet nedes he muſt, els muſt he want his onely hartes delight.  
 You ſee that Romeus no time or payne doth ſpare ;  
 Thinke, that the whilſt fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.  
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his miſhap  
 Into the friers brest ;—but where ſhall Juliet unwrap  
 The ſecrets of her hart ? to whom ſhall ſhe unfolde  
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care ſo colde.  
 The nurſe of whom I ſpake, within her chamber laye,  
 Upon the mayde ſhe wayteth ſtill ;—to her ſhe doth bewray  
 Her new-receivd wound, and then her ayde doth crave,  
 In her, ſhe faith, it lyes to ſpill, in her, her life to ſave.  
 Not eaſily ſhe made the froward nurce to bowe,  
 But wonne at length with promeſt hyre, ſhe made a ſolemne vowe  
 To do what ſhe commaundes, as handmayd of her heſt ;  
 Her miſtres ſecrets hide ſhe will, within her covert brest.  
 To Romeus ſhe goes, of hym ſhe doth deſyre  
 To know the meane of marriage, by counſell of the fryre.  
 On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to ſhrift,  
 She ſhall be ſhrived and married :—how lyke you, noorſe, this drift ?  
 Now by my truth, (quod ſhe) God's bleſſing have your hart,  
 For yet in all my life I have not heard of ſuch a part.  
 Lord, how you yong men can ſuch crafty wiles deviſe,  
 If that you love the daughter well, to blear the mothers eyes !  
 An eaſy thing it is with cloke of holines  
 To mocke the ſely mother, that ſuſpecteth nothing leſſe.  
 But that it pleaſed you to tell me of the caſe,  
 For all my many yeres perhaps I ſhould have found it ſcarſe.  
 Now for the reſt let me and Juliet alone ;  
 To get her leave, ſome feate excuſe I will deviſe anone ;  
 For that her golden lockes by ſloth have been unkempt,  
 Or for unawares ſome wanton dreame the youthfull damſell drempt,  
 Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time ſhe ſpent,  
 Or otherwiſe within her hart deſerved to be ſhent.  
 I know her mother will in no caſe ſay her nay ;  
 I warrant you, ſhe ſhall not fayle to come on Saturday.  
 And then ſhe ſweares to him, the mother loves her well ;  
 And how ſhe gave her ſucke in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.  
 A pretty babe (quod ſhe) it was when it was yong ;  
 Lord howe it could full pretely have prated with it tong !



ROMEUS AND JULIET. 587

A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,  
 And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.  
 And gladder then was I of such a kisse forfooth,  
 Then I had been to have a kisse of some old lecher's mouth.  
 And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,  
 And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.  
 For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,  
 The message answer seemed him to be of more behove.  
 But when these beldames sit at ease upon theyr tayle,  
 The day and eke the candle light before theyr take shall fayle.  
 And part they say is true, and part they do devise,  
 Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.  
 Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,  
 And gave them her ;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.  
 In seven yeres twice tolde she had not bowd so lowe  
 Her crooked knees, as now they bowe : she swears she will bestowe  
 Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,  
 To help him to his hoped blisse ; and, cowering downe agayne,  
 She takes her leave, and home she hies with speedy pace ;  
 The chamber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling face :  
 Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydings I thee bring,  
 Leave of thy wonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.  
 For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,  
 That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast wonne.  
 The best y-shapde is he and hath the fairest face,  
 Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace :  
 So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wise :—  
 And still with many prayes more she heaved him to the skies.  
 Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought ;  
 But of our marriage, say at once, what answer have you brought ?  
 Nay, soft, (quod she) I feare your hurt by sodain joye ;  
 I list not play (quod Juliet), although thou list to toye.  
 How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,  
 No farther of then Saturday differred was the day,  
 Again the auncient nurse doth speake of Romeus,  
 And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.  
 Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,  
 Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.  
 “ There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,  
 Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.  
 For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,  
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless ruth.  
 At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,  
 And I was fully ripe before, I dare well say, a yere.  
 The pleasure that I lost, that year so overpast,  
 A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, whyle life doth last.

## 588      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, I wisse,  
 When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse."  
 She that this morning could her mistres mynd disswade,  
 Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.  
 If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,  
 To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not spare.  
 Two sorts of men there are, feeld welcome in at doore,  
 The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.  
 For glittering gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;  
 And oftentimes a slight rewarde doth cause a more defart.  
 Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,  
 There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.  
 Of Romeus these two do fitte and chat awhyle,  
 And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.  
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,  
 And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterdag, she got.  
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know  
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.  
 The Saterdag betimes, in fober weed y-clad,  
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.  
 With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,  
 With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust.  
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,  
 So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.  
 She gafeth not in churche on yong men of the towne,  
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth downe  
 Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,  
 And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady staves;  
 Whilft she doth fend her mayde the certain truth to know,  
 If frier Lawrence layfure had to heare her shrift, or no.  
 Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;  
 The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere.  
 Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,  
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.  
 Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,  
 Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be sayde.  
 For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne  
 The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.  
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,  
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungd her yong mistrusting mayde?  
 I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,  
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.  
 Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;  
 He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.  
 But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,  
 And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.

ROMÉUS AND JULIET. 589

Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,  
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.  
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,  
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleafant cheefe delight.  
 And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,  
 For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart.  
 Both theyr confessions fyrst the fryer hath heard them make,  
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:  
 Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,  
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondeh here,  
 Twixt you it is agreed, that you shal be his wyfe,  
 And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.  
 Are you both fully bent to kepe this great beheft?  
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely harts request.  
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,  
 When in the prayse of wedlocks state somme skilfull talke was past,  
 When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,  
 His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew;  
 How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,  
 What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—  
 The wordes pronounced were which holy church of olde  
 Appoynted hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde  
 Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.  
 To whom the frier then said: Perchaunce apart you will disclose,  
 Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart;  
 Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.  
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to part so soone)  
 “Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.  
 Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time;  
 By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe clime.  
 Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,  
 And then with longer layfure had dispose our great affayres.”  
 These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr fathers house,  
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the spouse;  
 Contented both, and yet both discontented still,  
 Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.  
 The painfull souldiour, fore y-bet with wery warre,  
 The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from  
 farre,  
 The ploughman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,  
 Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,  
 Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;  
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much, but, when the warres do  
 cease,  
 Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes fourth:  
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;

590 ROMEUS AND JULIET.

Dredeles the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.  
 For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so precious held:  
 So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unrest,  
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest;  
 But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne  
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.  
 The newes of ended warre these two have heard with joy,  
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.  
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,  
 Thy stearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betoft;  
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,  
 Art come in fight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre  
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort  
 Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long-defyred port.  
 God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,  
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight!  
 God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,  
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.  
 A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,  
 That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him trust.  
 His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of olde;  
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.  
 Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,  
 To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.  
 The bryde to fend the nurse at twylyght fayleth not,  
 To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.  
 And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,  
 For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,  
 He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,  
 Where wont he was to take by stelh the view of Juliets face.  
 How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,  
 Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay:  
 For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere;  
 So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)  
 The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,  
 Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over-hyde.  
 Thappoynted howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,  
 Walkes toward his defyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!  
 Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,  
 So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,  
 Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;  
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,  
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,  
 Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand tymes.  
 The windowes close are shut; els looke they for no gest;  
 To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurse is prest,

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Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,  
 That she at pleasure might behold her husbands bewty bright.  
 A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,  
 Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.  
 As foon as she hym spide, about his necke she clong,  
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.  
 A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,  
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so  
 fayne.

And like betwixt his armes to faint his lady is ;  
 She fets a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his :  
 And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,  
 That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.  
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,  
 And she unto herselfe againe returned home at last.  
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,  
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.  
 O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,  
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine  
 Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny  
 The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.  
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,  
 And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.  
 But now what is decreed by fatall destiny,  
 I force it not ; let Fortune do and death their woort to me.  
 Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,  
 In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in mine armes.  
 The chrystill teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,  
 When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunfwere in this wise :  
 " Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,  
 That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, sayre dame, to know  
 How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,  
 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,  
 Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,  
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure ;  
 The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,  
 More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.  
 Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deathes away,  
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desired day ;  
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,  
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone  
 Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.  
 Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde ;  
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,  
 So is it skill behind our backe the cursed care to cast.  
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time affinde,  
 Where we with pleasure may content our discontented mynde,

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In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,  
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.  
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care  
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware ;  
 Left envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,  
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight.”  
 Fayre Juliet began to aunfwere what he sayde,  
 But foorth in hast the old nurce stept, and so her aunfwere staydc.  
 Who takes no time (quoth she) when time well offred is,  
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse,  
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,  
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.  
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,  
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of others wayled woe,  
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)  
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.  
 Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,  
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went,  
 Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to rest)  
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.  
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in ;  
 O that I might have found the like! I wish it for no sin,  
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,  
 As heretofore I have displayd their secreet hidden playnt.  
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,  
 But Fortune such delight as theirs dyd never graunt me yet.  
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,  
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.  
 The blindfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,  
 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes down with **headlong**  
     *sway,*  
 Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face ;  
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes **grace.**  
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,  
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.  
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,  
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.  
 Thus passe they foorth the night, in sport, in joly game ;  
 The hastines of Phoebus steeds in great despyte they blame.  
 And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,  
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,  
 And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place :  
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers **parts embrace.**  
 The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,  
 The nigh approche of dayes retoorne these sely soles diseasd.  
 And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,  
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty mornings **crime,**

With friendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,  
 And every other night, to come, a solemn othe he makes,  
 By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre:  
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to fawse his sweete with sowre.  
 But who is he that can his present state assure?  
 And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure?  
 So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge;  
 And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her change:  
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his parr,  
 Although not aye, perchance, alike of pleasure and of smart.  
 For after many joyes some feele but little paine,  
 And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.  
 But other some there are, that living long in woe,  
 At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so;  
 Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,  
 Because the sodayne change of thinges doth make it seeme the more.  
 Of this unlucky forte our Romeus is one,  
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.  
 And joyfull Juliet another lease must toorne;  
 As woont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.  
 The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,  
 But winters blast with spedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.  
 Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,  
 By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.  
 She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled gayne,  
 But now, for pleasures usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.  
 The prince could never cause those houtholds so agree,  
 But that some sparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;  
 - Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,  
 Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.  
 At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne;  
 The morrowe after Easter-day the mischief new begonne.  
 A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)  
 Within the walles, by Purfers gate, a band of Montagewes.  
 The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,  
 Best exercis'd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,  
 Our Juliets unkles sonne, that cleped was Tibalt;  
 He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.  
 They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,  
 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out-stretched  
 large:  
 " Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,  
 That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may speake.  
 Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage; -  
 Let none of them escape alive."—Then he with furious rage,

And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,  
 And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.  
 For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye.  
 And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did choose to dye.  
 The woords that Tybalt usd to styrre his folke to yre,  
 Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.  
 With lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend ;  
 To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.  
 This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,  
 That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the thought.  
 The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,  
 And parts are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hye.  
 Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him ;  
 And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym :  
 His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,  
 And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his  
 cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde ;  
 With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doubtful wounde.  
 Thus foote by foote long while, and shyld to shyld fet fast,  
 One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast.  
 And whilst this noyse is rise in every townesmans care,  
 Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus  
 heare.

With spedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace ;  
 With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.  
 They pitie much to see the slaughter made so greate,  
 That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.  
 Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,  
 And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.  
 Gods farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele,  
 And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.  
 But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,  
 That through theyr cares his sage advise no leysure had to pearce.  
 Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes  
 As well of those that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.  
 As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,  
 He threw a thrust at him that would have past from side to side ;  
 But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,  
 So that the swerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus harmde.  
 Thou doest me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye ;  
 Not dread, but other waighty cause my hasty hand doth stay.  
 Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,  
 Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to part.  
 Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye :—  
 No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,



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Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,  
 Against the force of this my swerd shall serue thee for a shyld.  
 And then, at Romeus hed a blow he strake so hard  
 That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.  
 It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,  
 And geve him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne.  
 Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,  
 Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,  
 His bristles styffe upright upon his backe doth set,  
 And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet;  
 Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,  
 His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage;—  
 Such seemed Romeus in every others fight,  
 When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himselfe by fight.  
 Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the skye,  
 That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to  
 flye;

So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blow or twayne,  
 Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt slayne.  
 Loe here the end of those that styrre a dedly stryfe!  
 Who thyrsteth after others death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.  
 The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,  
 The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.  
 The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force;  
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce  
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne  
 May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinsman slayne.  
 The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;  
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.  
 The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,  
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.  
 His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong;  
 His frends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.  
 Both households straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,  
 Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrred stryfe.  
 This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,  
 From side to side the towne is sild with murmur and with mone.  
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,  
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme  
 He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,  
 To helpe his frends, and serue the state; which hope within a howre  
 Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,  
 More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.  
 And other somme bewayle, but ladies most of all,  
 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is so late befall,

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Without his falt, unto the feely Romeus;  
 For whilst that he from native land shall live exyled thus,  
 From heavenly bewties light and his well shaped parts,  
 The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull  
 harts,

Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,  
 What hope have you to joy, what hope to ceafe to moorne?  
 This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,  
 Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face  
 (Beside the heavenly bewty gliftring ay so bright,  
 And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seers sight)  
 A certain charme was graved by Natures secret arte,  
 That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.  
 So every one doth wish to beare a part of payne,  
 That he releafed of exyle might straight retoorne againe.  
 But how doth moorne among the moorners Juliet!  
 How doth she bathe her brest in teares! what depe fighes doth she  
 fet!

How doth she tear her heare! her weede how doth she rent!  
 How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment!  
 How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well!  
 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.  
 For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,  
 With wretched sorrows cruell sound she fills the empty ayre;  
 And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,  
 And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.  
 The waters and the woods of fighes and fobs resounde,  
 And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.  
 Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,  
 That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and flowre.  
 But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,  
 Unto her chaumber there she hide; there, overcharged with woe,  
 Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,  
 And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,  
 That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)  
 But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.  
 Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side  
 Did cast her restless eye, at length the windowe she espide,  
 Through which she had with joye seene Romeus many a time,  
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to clyme.  
 She cryde, O cursed windowe! acurst be every pane,  
 Through which, alas! to sone I raught the cause of life and bane,  
 If by thy meane I have some slight delight received,  
 Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,  
 Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous  
 Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorrowes dolorous?

That these my tender parts, which needful strength do lacke  
 To bear so great unwieldy lode upon so weake a backe,  
 Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorrowes rife,  
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;  
 That so my very sprite may somme where els unlode  
 His deadly loade, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode;  
 For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,  
 Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest?  
 O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,  
 When to thy painted promises I lent my listning eare,  
 Which to the brinckes you filld with many a solemne othe,  
 And I then iudge empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,  
 I thought you rather would continue our good will,  
 And seeke appease our fathers strife, which daily groweth still.  
 I little wend you would have sought occasion how  
 By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;  
 Whereby your bright renoune all whole ycliped is,  
 And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.  
 But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,  
 Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht it fyrst.  
 Synce that so many times and in so secret place,  
 Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,  
 My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand  
 In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloody hand.  
 What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?  
 What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your  
 thrall?

But that you must increafe it with that kinfmans blood,  
 Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?  
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle  
 Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.  
 And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face,  
 For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.  
 And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,  
 Will so the rest of very life with many teares lament,  
 That soon my joyceles corpe shall yeld up banishd breath,  
 And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.  
 These sayd, her tender hart, by payne oppressed fore,  
 Restraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in store;  
 And then as still she was, as if in fownd she lay,  
 And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feble voyce gan say:  
 " Ah cruell murdering tong, murderer of others fame,  
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?  
 Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erved prayse;  
 For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayes.

Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,  
 Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?  
 Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?  
 What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?  
 Since she purfueth hym, and him defames by wrong,  
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.  
 Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,  
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,  
 In flames of yre, in fighes, in forow and in ruth,  
 So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth."  
 These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,  
 And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assayle;  
 Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath:  
 Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present  
 death.

The nurse that knew no cause why she absented her,  
 Did doute lest that somme sodayn greefe too much tormented her.  
 Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,  
 Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought;  
 Where she with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,  
 Her limmes stretched out, her outward parts as any marble colde.  
 The nurse supposde that she had payde to death her det,  
 And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryde to Juliet:  
 Ah! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death!  
 Alas! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath?  
 But while she handled her, and chafed every part,  
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,  
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name;  
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the fame:  
 She openeth wyde her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,  
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringeth her fingers and her toes,  
 And on her bosome cold she layeth clothes hot;  
 A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth down her throte.  
 At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,  
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurse she spyes.  
 But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,  
 "Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with mis-  
 chaunce,

To come to see my sprite forsake my bretheles corse?  
 Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.  
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne?  
 Alas! I see my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.  
 Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past?  
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.  
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,  
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."

The nurse with trickling teares, to witnes inward smart,  
 With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,  
 Thus spake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:  
 " Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;  
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heaviness.  
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes stresse,  
 This hower large and more I thought, so God me save,  
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely grave."  
 " Alas, my tender nurse, and trusty frende, (quoth she)  
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou canst not easely see  
 The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,  
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne."  
 Her nurse then aunswered thus—" Methinkes it fits you yll  
 To fall in these extremities that may you gylties spill.  
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,  
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wife.  
 You are accounted wife, a foole am I your nurse;  
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me wurse.  
 Tybalt your frend is ded; what, weene you by your teares  
 To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?  
 You shall perceive the falt, if it be justly tryde,  
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.  
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,  
 To suffer him selfe causes to be outraged of his foe,  
 To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve?  
 Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,  
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,  
 With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.  
 How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,  
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.  
 With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,  
 Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,  
 I dare fay, for amendes of all your present payne,  
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,  
 With such contented ease as never erst you had;  
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.  
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,  
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,  
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme  
 He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you shall know all and  
 somme.  
 But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,  
 Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.  
 But if you gyn est sones, as erst you did, to moorne,  
 Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.

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So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,  
 So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere comes in vayne ;  
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knyfe,  
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life ;  
 So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,  
 With hasty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.  
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppressse,  
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.  
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,  
 Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest  
 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her breast.  
 When hury heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,  
 Then vanish they by hope of scape ; and thus the lady lyes  
 Twixt well-assured trust, and doutfull lewd dyspayre :  
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts ; now seeme they white and  
 fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,  
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do ronne ;  
 So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,  
 And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,  
 What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus,  
 When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,  
 And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,  
 He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,  
 And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might  
 gyve,

He sought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,  
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.  
 In doutfull happe aye best a trusty friend is tryde ;  
 The friendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his friend to hyde.  
 A secret place he hath, well feeled round about,  
 The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out ;  
 But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,  
 Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft, and trimly drest.  
 The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,  
 That neither winde nor smoky damps have powre him ought to  
 harme.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre friends to bestowe,  
 There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goth to knowe  
 Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne  
 Is published by trumpets found ; then home he hyes agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurse with speddy pace  
 Was comme the neresst way ; she sought no ydel resting place.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 601

The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,  
 And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by felth  
 Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wife  
 Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly devise.  
 Those joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy;  
 And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoy.  
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,  
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or else of death.  
 Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,  
 But thou shalt live, and do full well, in spite of spitefull fone.  
 This only payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,  
 A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shrowde.

These heavy tidings heard, his golden lockes he tare,  
 And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware,  
 And as the smitten deere in brakes is waltring found,  
 So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.  
 He riseth eft, and strikes his hed against the wals,  
 He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hasty death he calls.  
 "Come speedy death, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,  
 Synce nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of greefe remove,  
 Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering itayes,  
 Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.  
 But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise  
 With cunning hand to woorke that might seeme wondrous in our  
 eyes,

For you, I pray the gods, your pleasures to increase,  
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.  
 And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,  
 Whose lofty pryde, without our gylt, our blisse doth overblowe.  
 And Cupid graunt to those theyr speedy wrongs redresse,  
 That shall bewaile my cruell death and pity her distresse."  
 Therewith a cloude of sighes he breathd into the skies,  
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swowlen eyes.  
 These things the auncient fryer with sorrow saw and heard,  
 Of such beginning eke the end the wiseman greatly feard.  
 But lo! he was so weake by reason of his age,  
 That he ne could by force represe the rigour of his rage.  
 His wife and friendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,  
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,  
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped cares,  
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.  
 With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,  
 With wofull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.  
 And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,  
 With voyce with plaint made horce, with sobs, and with a faltring  
 tong,

## 602 ROMEUS AND JULIET.

Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart ;  
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart,  
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,  
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and forowes ay so rife ;  
 The time and place of byrth he feerfly did reprove,  
 He cryed out with open mouth against the starres above :  
 The fatall sifers three, he said, had donne him wrong,  
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne forth  
 too long.

He wishd that he had before his time been borne,  
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.  
 His nurce he curfed, and the hand that gave him pappe,  
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe ;  
 And then did he complaine on Venus cruell sonne,  
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should waresly shonne :  
 By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,  
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.  
 Loves troubles lasten long, the joyes he gives are short ;  
 He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest is his sport.  
 A thousand things and more I here let passe to write  
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.  
 On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,  
 Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.  
 And to himselfe he layd a great part of the falt,  
 For that he slewe and was not slaine, in fighting with Tibalt.  
 He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,  
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.  
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,  
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,  
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,  
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.  
 " Art thou (quoth he) a man ? thy shape saith, so thou art ;  
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.  
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chafed,  
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed :  
 So that I stooode in doute, this howre at the least,  
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.  
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres  
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harmes re-  
 dres.

As when the winter flawes with dredful noyfe arise,  
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,  
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,  
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,  
 The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,  
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle ;



Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,  
 In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,  
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,  
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne ;  
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,  
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,  
 The rodef smitten of, and over-boord the mast,  
 Doth win the long-defyred porte, the stormy daunger past :  
 But if the master dread, and overprest with woe  
 Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,  
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,  
 And eke the coward drenched is :—So, if thou still beweepe  
 And feke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,  
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.  
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole ;  
 Now put in practife lessons learned of old in wisdome's schoole.  
 The wise man faith, beware thou double not thy payne,  
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twaine.  
 As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,  
 As to indevor helping thinges by study to increase.  
 The prayse of trew freedom in wisdomes bondage lyes,  
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords be  
 wife.

Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd ;  
 If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou  
 finde.

Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,  
 But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.  
 Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,  
 But wisdom in adverstie findes cause of quiet joye.  
 And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,  
 And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.  
 Like as there is no weale but wastes away somtime,  
 So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.  
 If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,  
 Endeavor first by reasons help to master witles will.  
 A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt diseafe,  
 But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.  
 The world is alway full of chaunces and of change,  
 Wherefore the change of chaunce must not seem to a wise man  
 strange.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,  
 But all her chaunges cannot change a steady constant mynd.  
 Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,  
 And sorow seke to set himsele in banished pleasures place,

Yet may thy marred state be mended in a while,  
 And the eftsones that frowneth now, with pleafant cheere ~~shall~~  
 fmyle.

For as her happy state no long while standeth fure,  
 Even fo the heavy plight ſhe brings, not alwayes doth endure.  
 What nede fo many words to thee that art fo wyfe ?  
 Thou better canſt adviſe thy ſelfe, then I can thee adviſe.  
 Wiſdome, I ſee, is vayne, if thus in time of neede  
 A wiſemans wit unpractiſed doth ſtand him in no ſteede.  
 I know thou haſt ſome cauſe of ſorow and of care,  
 But well I wot thou haſt no cauſe thus frantickly to fare.  
 Affections foggy miſt thy ſebled fight doth blynd ;  
 But if that reaſons beames againe might ſhine into thy mynd,  
 If thou wouldſt view thy ſtate with an indifferent eye,  
 I thinke thou wouldſt condemne thy plaint, thy ſighing, and thy  
 crye.

With valiant hand thou maideſt thy foe yeld up his breth,  
 Thou haſt eſcaped his ſword and eke the lawes that threaten death.  
 By thy eſcape thy friendes are fraughted full of joy,  
 And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.  
 Wilt thou with truſty friendes of pleaſure take ſome part ?  
 Or els to pleaſe thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr ſmart ?  
 Why cryeſt thou out on love ? why doſt thou blame thy fate ?  
 Why doſt thou ſo crye after death ? thy life why doſt thou hate ?  
 Doſt thou repent the choiſe that thou ſo late dydſt chooſe ?  
 Love is thy lord ; thou oughtſt obey and not thy prince accuſe.  
 For thou haſt found, thou knoweſt, great favour in his fight,  
 He graunted thee, at thy requeſt, thy onely harts delight.  
 So that the gods invyde the bliſſe thou livedſt in ;  
 To geve to ſuch unthankfull men is folly and a ſin.  
 Methinke I hear thee ſay, the cruell baniſhment  
 Is onely cauſe of thy unreſt ; onely thou doſt lament  
 That from thy natife land and friendes thou muſt depart,  
 Enforſid to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart :  
 And ſo oppreſt with waight of ſmart that thou doſt feele,  
 Thou doſt complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning wheele,  
 Unto a valiant hart there is no baniſhment,  
 All countreys are his native foyle beneath the firmament.  
 As to the fiſh the ſea, as to the fowle the ayre,  
 So is like pleaſant to the wiſe eche place of his repayre.  
 Though forward fortune chaſe thee hence into exile,  
 With doubled honor ſhall ſhe call thee home within a while.  
 Admit thou ſhouldſt abyde abrode a year or twayne,  
 Should ſo ſhort abſence cauſe ſo long and eke ſo greevous payne ?  
 Though thou ne mayſt thy friendes here in Verona ſee,  
 They are not baniſhd Mantua, where ſafely thou mayſt be.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 605

Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,  
 And there in suretie may you talke of your assayres together.  
 Yea, but this while, alas! thy Juliet must thou misse,  
 The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.  
 Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,  
 And in thy breast inclosed bearest her tender frendly hart.  
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,  
 With thought of passed joyes content thy uncontented minde;  
 So shall the mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,  
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.  
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,  
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the fowre.  
 Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrst consuming flame;  
 How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame?  
 Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne?  
 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne?  
 Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,  
 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last!  
 From whence thou art now falne, that, rayfed up agayne,  
 With greater joy a greater whyle in pleasure mayst thou raigne.  
 Compare the present while with times y-past before,  
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.  
 The whilst, this little wrong receve thou patiently,  
 And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.  
 Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,  
 And madnes to defyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.  
 To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,  
 But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,  
 His sighs are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares.  
 As blackest cloudes are chafed by winters nimble wynde,  
 So have his reasons chased care out of his carefull mynde.  
 As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,  
 So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.  
 Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,  
 He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him wise.  
 For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,  
 He thanks the father for his love, and farther ayde he seekes.  
 He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,  
 And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte;  
 But sound advise aboundes in hides with horish heares,  
 For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.  
 But aye from this time forth his ready bending will  
 Shall be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrences skill.  
 The governor is now right carefull of his charge,  
 To whom he doth wisely discourse of his assayres at large.

606      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,  
 (Both mindeful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)  
 How he shall gyde himfelfe, how he shall seeke to winne  
 The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in  
 The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may  
 Appeafe the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away;  
 The choller of his foes by gentle meanes taffuage,  
 Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage:  
 And laft he chargeth him at his appoynted howre  
 To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,  
 And there with holesome woordes to falve her sorowes smart,  
 And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.

The old mans woords have filld with joy our Romeus brest,  
 And eke the old wyves talke hath fet our Juliets hart at rest.  
 Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?  
 Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to assay;  
 For, beat with tempeft great, when they at length efpye  
 Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the skie,  
 To cleare the shadowde earth by clearenes of his face,  
 They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of theyr race;  
 Yea they assure them felfe, and quite behind theyr backe  
 They caft all doute, and thanke the gods for fcaping of the wracke;  
 But fraight the boyfterous windes with greater fury blowe,  
 And over boord the broken maft the stormy blaftes doe throwe;  
 The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,  
 And twice as hyc the ftriving waves begin to roare and swell;  
 With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,  
 In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before.

The golden fonne was gonne to lodge him in the weft,  
 The full moon eke in yonder fouth had fet most men to rest;  
 When restles Romeus and restles Juliet  
 In woonted fort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.  
 And from the windowes top downe had he leaped scarce,  
 When she with armes outfretched wide fo hard did him embrace,  
 That wel nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)  
 Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.  
 Thus muet stooode they both the eyght part of an howre,  
 And both would speake, but neither had of fpeaking any powre;  
 But on his brest her hed doth joyleffe Juliet lay,  
 And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.  
 Theyr scalding fighes ascend, and by theyr cheekes downe fall  
 Theyr trickling teares, as chriftall cleare, but bitterer far then gall.  
 Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,  
 Dyd kiffe his love, and wifely thus hys tale he dyd begin:  
 “ My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,  
 To you I purpofe not as now with length of woordes declare

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 607

The diuerſenes and eke the accidents ſo ſtraunge  
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth ſtill in change ;  
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height  
Of her ſwift-turning ſlippery wheele, then flectes her frendſhip  
ſtraight.

O wondrous change ! even with the twinkling of an eye  
Whom erſt her ſelfe had raſhly ſet in pleaſant place ſo hye,  
The ſame in great deſpyte downe hedlong doth ſhe throwe,  
And while ſhe treads, and ſpurneth at the lofty ſtate layde lowe,  
More ſorow doth ſhe ſhape within an howers ſpace,  
Than pleaſure in an hundred yeares ; ſo geyſon is her grace.  
The prooffe whereof in me, alas ! too playne apperes,  
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have foſterd with my ſecres,  
In prosperous hygh degree, mayntained ſo by fate,  
That, as your ſelfe dyd ſee, my foes envyde my noble ſtate.  
One thing there was I did above the reſt deſyre,  
To which as to the ſovereign good by hope I would aſpyre,  
That by our mariage meane we might within a while  
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile :  
That ſafely ſo we might, not ſtopt by ſturdy ſtriſe,  
Unto the bounds that God hath ſet, gyde forth our pleaſant lyfe.  
But now, alack ! too ſoone my bliſſe is over blowne,  
And upſide downe my purpoſe and my enterpriſe are throwne.  
And driven from my frendes, of ſtraungers muſt I crave  
(O graunt it God !) from daungers dread that I may ſuretie have.  
For loe, henceforth I muſt wander in landes unknowne,  
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.  
Which thing I have thought good to ſet before your eyes,  
And to exhort you now to proove yourſelfe a woman wiſe ;  
That patiently you beare my abſent long abod,  
For what above by fatall dome decreed is, that God—"  
And more than this to ſay, it ſeemed, he was bent,  
But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackiſh tears beſprent,  
Brake of his tale begonne, and whilſt his ſpeech he ſtayde,  
Theſe ſelfe ſame woordes, or like to theſe, with dreery cheere ſhe  
ſaide :

" Why Romeus, can it be, thou haſt ſo hard a hart,  
So farre removed from ruth, ſo farre from thinking on my ſmart,  
To leave me thus alone, thou cauſe of my diſtreſſe,  
Beſeged with ſo great a campe of mortall wretchedneſſe ;  
That every howre now and moment in a day  
A thouſand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away ?  
Yet ſuch is my miſhap, O cruell deſtynye !  
That ſtill I lyve, and wiſh for death, but yet can never dye.  
So that juſt cauſe I have to thinke, as ſeemeth me,  
That froward Fortune did of late with cruel Death agree,

## 608      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,  
 And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.  
 And thou, the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,  
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill,  
 Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)  
 To cast me of, when thou hast culld the better part of me.  
 Whereby alas! to soone, I, feely wretch, do prove,  
 That all the auncient sacred laws of frendship and of love  
 Are quelde and quenched quite, since he on whom alway  
 My cheefe hope and my steady trust was woonted still to stay,  
 For whom I am become unto myselve a foe,  
 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my frendship so.  
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two thinges choose the one,  
 Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,  
 Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,  
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,  
 Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,  
 Where so thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.  
 So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,  
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,  
 So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,  
 Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may  
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,  
 And in distres to beare with thee the half of thine annoye.  
 Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,  
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,  
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart;  
 Receve me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart:  
 Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.  
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,  
 Art thou all counselleffe? canst thou no shift devise?  
 What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguyse?  
 What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,  
 To scape the bondage of theyr frends? thyselfe can aunswer, yes.  
 Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can  
 By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?  
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?  
 Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.  
 What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,  
 Whose brightnes, force, and prayfe, sometime up to the skyes you  
 blew?

My teares, my frendship and my pleasures donne of olde,  
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold  
 The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,  
 The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;

And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,  
 And kist her with a loving kyffe, and thus to her he spake :  
 Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,  
 For whom, even now, thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,  
 Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,  
 And for the fervent friendships sake that thou dost owe to mee,  
 At once these fantasies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,  
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about  
 To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,  
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore teach every wight to shonne.  
 For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)  
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.  
 For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,  
 And in his rage so narrowly he will pursue us both,  
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,  
 And vainly seeke a looking place to hyde us from his fight.  
 Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,  
 Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence;  
 I as a ravisher, thou as a careles childe,  
 I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;  
 Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life,  
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death :—but if, my loving wife,  
 Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,  
 (That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath;  
 If thou be bent to obey the love of reasons skill,  
 And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebell will,  
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine own delight,  
 (Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of fight,)  
 Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,  
 So shall I safely live abrode, and safe torne from exile:  
 So shall no slanders blot thy spotles life distayne,  
 So shall thy kinsmen be unстыrd, and I exempt from payne.  
 And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last;  
 These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winters blast.  
 For Fortune chaungeth more then sickel fantasie;  
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.  
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restless coorse,  
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorfe,  
 And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne:  
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.  
 Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,  
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,  
 That of my wandring race ended shal be the toyle,  
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.  
 But if I be condemned to wander still in thrall,  
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.

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And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,  
 From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;  
 Not in mans weede disguysd, or as one scarcely knowne,  
 But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.  
 Wherefore repress at once the passions of thy hart,  
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy smart.  
 For of this one thyng thou mayst well assured bee,  
 That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee."

The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,  
 And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere straight:  
 " Deere Syr, nought els wish I but to obey your will;  
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,  
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,  
 Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me;  
 And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—  
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;  
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,  
 The tydings of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall stand.  
 And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,  
 Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode."

His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,  
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the best.

Thus these two lovers passe away the wery night,  
 In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.  
 But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose  
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose;  
 Whose course appoynted is with spedy race to ronne,  
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the ryfing sonne.  
 Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade  
 Did cleare the skies, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.  
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,  
 When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westerne wave doth sinke,  
 What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,  
 The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest easterne skies.  
 As yet he sawe no day, ne could he call it night,  
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.  
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,  
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.  
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorrowfull leave do take;  
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady friendship shake.  
 Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,  
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.  
 Now huyg cloudes of care, of forow, and of dread,  
 The clearnes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.  
 When golden-crested Phœbus bosteth him in skeye,  
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,



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Then hath these lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,  
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.  
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,  
 But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over fore.  
 The wery watch discharged did hie them home to slepe,  
 The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and course  
 to kepe,  
 And Verone gates awide the porters had set open.  
 When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence spoken,  
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,  
 Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.  
 He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,  
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away  
 With wordes of comfort to his old afflicted fyre;  
 And straight, in mynde to sojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre,  
 And with the nobler fort he doth himselfe acquaynt,  
 And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.  
 He practiseth by frendes for pardon of exile;  
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.  
 But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest?  
 Alas! his cares denye his hart the sweete defyred rest;  
 No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,  
 But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoye.  
 For when in toorning skies the heavens lamps are light,  
 And from the other hemisphere fayre Phœbus chafeth night,  
 When every man and beast hath rest from paynefull toyle,  
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.  
 Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,  
 And then his sighes the chaumber fill, and out aloude he cries  
 Against the restles starres in rolling skies that raunge,  
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.  
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,  
 He thinketh Titans restles steedes of restines do stay;  
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,  
 Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and wandred farre about.  
 While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he spendeth,  
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth,  
 Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?  
 In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone:  
 For if his fecres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,  
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoye?  
 But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,  
 He wayleth most his wretchednes that is of wretches cheefe.  
 When he doth heare abrode the prayse of ladies blowne,  
 Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.

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When pleasant songes he heares, while others do rejoyce,  
 The melodye of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.  
 But if in secret place he walke some where alone,  
 The place it selfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.  
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to feathered fowles and trees,  
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what so beside he sees.  
 To them he sheweth his smart, as though they reason had,  
 Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him glad.  
 And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,  
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw light.  
 And as the night and day theyr course do enterchange.  
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.  
 In absence of her knight the lady no way could  
 Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne she  
 would ;  
 And though with greater payne she cloked forowes smart,  
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.  
 Her sighing every howre, her weeping every where,  
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her gear,  
 The carefull mother markes ; then of her helth afrayde,  
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde :  
 " Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this fort,  
 I stand in doute that over-soone your forowes will make short  
 Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more  
 Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore  
 Your greefe and payne, your selfe on joy your thought to set,  
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death forget.  
 Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent,  
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament ;  
 You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill :  
 It is a falt thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will."  
 The feely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,  
 No longer could she hide her harme, but aunswered thus agayne,  
 With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded :  
 " Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed ;  
 Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,  
 That empty quite and moystureles I gesse it now to be.  
 So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne  
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping bryne.  
 The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,  
 And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace she waresly hent.  
 But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,  
 Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted sorrow,  
 All meanes she sought of her and household folke to know  
 The certain roote whereon her greefe and booteles mone doth growe.  
 But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labor lore,  
 Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented fore.

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And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,  
 She thought it good to tell the fyre how ill this childe did fare.  
 And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde:  
 " Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the  
 maide,

And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death  
 Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,  
 Her face shall seeme so changed, her doynges eke so straunge,  
 That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain change.  
 Not onely she forbears her meate, her drinke and sleepe,  
 But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.  
 No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart  
 So much, as in the chamber close to shut her selfe apart:  
 Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,  
 That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except some help she finde.  
 But, out alas! I see not how it may be founde,  
 Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus abounde.  
 For though with busy care I have employde my wit,  
 And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,  
 Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;  
 She hydeth close within her brest her secreet sorowes roote.  
 This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose  
 Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly foes.  
 But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;  
 Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this change in her hath  
 wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe  
 She shed the last of Tybalts teares; which woords amafd me so  
 'That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve:  
 But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve  
 'The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne  
 Is grudging envies faynt discafe; perhaps she doth disdayne  
 To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,  
 Whilt only she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.  
 And more perchance she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so;  
 Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe.  
 Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;  
 For why? a brickle thing is glasse, and frayle is skilleffe youth.  
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,  
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age:  
 So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,  
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."  
 Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,  
 And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he.  
 " Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these things ere this,  
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse

## 614      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

By farther leysure had a husband to provyde ;  
 Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.  
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,  
 And that a mayden daughter is a treafure daungerous,  
 With so great speede I will endeavour to procure  
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,  
 That you shall rest content, so warely will I choofe,  
 And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loofe.  
 The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part  
 Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart ;  
 Left we have more respect to honor and to welth,  
 Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth :  
 Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,  
 And rather wifh in poore estate and daughterles to dye,  
 Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,  
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of mone.”

This pleafant aunfwer heard, the lady partes agayne,  
 And Capilet, the maydens fyre, within a day or twayne,  
 Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,  
 And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that fought her ;  
 Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,  
 As also well brought up, and wife ; her fathers onely heyre.  
 Among the rest was one inflamde with her defyre,  
 Who county Paris cleeped was ; an earle he had to fyre.  
 Of all the futers hym the father lyketh best,  
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,  
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,  
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to perfuade the mayde.  
 The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband fay  
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day ;  
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,  
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet ; to her she telles, apart,  
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather  
 Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.  
 The person of the man, the features of his face,  
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely grace,  
 With curious woordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,  
 And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the skyes.  
 She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,  
 Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.  
 When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,  
 Whereto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,  
 Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,  
 With horses wilde her tender partes afunder should be torne.  
 Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wife, she spake,  
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she brake :

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 615

“ Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are  
 Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,  
 As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,  
 Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.  
 Doo what you list; but yet of this assure you still,  
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.  
 For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose  
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose,  
 Then graunt that he posses of me the smallest part:  
 Fyrit, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart;  
 Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife;  
 And you, my mother, shall become the murtheresse of my lyfe,  
 In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,  
 Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,  
 To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;  
 Cease all your troubles for my sake, and care for me no more;  
 But suffer Fortune seerce to worke on me her will,  
 In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.  
 For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,  
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.”

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke  
 Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke  
 Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,  
 And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and handes.  
 And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she fought;  
 She telles him all; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.  
 The tefty old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,  
 Sendes forth his folke in hafte for her, and byds them take no ley-  
 sure;

Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorse,  
 But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.  
 The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,  
 And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.  
 Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,  
 Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter stode in awe,  
 The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),  
 The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his fecte,  
 Which she doth wash with teares as she thus groveling lyes;  
 So fast and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes:  
 When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,  
 Muet she is; for fighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The fyre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not aswage,  
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage  
 (Whilst ruthfully stode by the maydens mother mylde):

“ Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe;

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Haft thou fo foone let flip out of thy mynde the woord,  
 That thou fo often times haft heard rehearsed at my boord ?  
 How much the Romaine youth of parentes stode in awe,  
 And eke what powre upon theyr feede the parentes had by lawe ?  
 Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,  
 (When so they stode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,  
 The parentes had the powre of lyfe and sodayn death.  
 What if those good men should agayne receve the living breth ?  
 In how straight bondes would they thy stubborne body bynde ?  
 What weapons would they seeke for thee ? what torments would  
     they fynde,

To chasten, if they saw the lewdnes of thy lyfe,  
 Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy stryfe ?  
 Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,  
 That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee  
 One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,  
 And for his many vertues sake a man of great renowne.  
 Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,  
 So rich ere long he shal be left, his fathers welth is such,  
 Such is the noblenes and honor of the race  
 From whence his father came : and yet thou playest in this case  
 The dainty foole and stubborne gyrl; for want of skill  
 Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.  
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,  
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,  
 Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,  
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent  
 To Countie Paris sute, and promise to agree  
 To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,  
 Not only will I geve all that I have away  
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,  
 But also to so close and to so hard a gayle  
 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle  
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,  
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee  
     breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,  
 And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my vowe.  
 For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave  
 My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,  
 Ere thou go hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,  
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe ;  
 And what revenge of olde the angry fyres did fynde  
 Agaynst theyr children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe unkinde."  
 These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away ;  
 Ne for his daughters aunfwere would the testy father stay.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 617

And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,  
 And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore.  
 Then she that oft had seene the fury of her fyre,  
 Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrre his yre.  
 Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,  
 Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.  
 There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,  
 As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous booteles weeping.  
 The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,  
 Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.  
 So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,  
 The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.  
 Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,  
 And to saint Frauncis church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.  
 The fryer forth is calde; she prayes him heare her shrift;  
 Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.  
 When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,  
 In mynde to powre soorth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,  
 With sighes and salted teares her thriving doth beginne,  
 For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.  
 Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,  
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of hex woordes per-  
 force.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe  
 The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe;  
 Her parentes promise erst to Counte Paris past,  
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:  
 "Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;  
 For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,  
 (For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)  
 My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my journey take,  
 With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,  
 The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.  
 This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife  
 Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.  
 So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,  
 And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I  
 Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frend."

When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,  
 Her gasing here and there, her seerce and staring looke,  
 Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.  
 Whereat the fryer astonde, and gastfully afrayde  
 Left she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he sayde:  
 "Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake?  
 I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.  
 Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,  
 Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes cease.

## 618 ROMEUS AND JULIET.

Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,  
 And for thassaults of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,  
 So holefome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,  
 That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."

His wordes have chafed straight out of her hart despayre,  
 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.  
 So frver Lawrence now hath left her there alone,  
 And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gonne ;  
 Where fundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse ;  
 The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.  
 His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne  
 To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn  
 The chesest cause that she unknown to father or mother,  
 Nor five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.  
 An other while an huy heape of daungers dred  
 His restles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.  
 Even of it selfe thattempte he judgeth perilous ;  
 The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,  
 That to a womans grace he must him selfe commit,  
 That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.  
 For, if she sayle in ought, the matter published,  
 Both she and Romeus were undonne, him selfe eke punished.  
 When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,  
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last ;  
 He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,  
 Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,  
 Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,  
 And then with double hast returnde where woful Juliet was ;  
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,  
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.  
 Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day ;  
 " On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,  
 I must geve my consent ; but, as I do remember,  
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September."

" Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,  
 For loe ! sainct Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,  
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together,  
 Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.  
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,  
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.  
 For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,  
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart :  
 I knowe that by desert his frendship I have wonne,  
 And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.  
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he  
 Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me



ROMEUS AND JULIET. 619

To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,  
 Or timely to prevent the fame in any other wife.  
 And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,  
 For Romeus friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,  
 And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde ;  
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels founde.  
 Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,  
 Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.  
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy life,  
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.  
 Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne  
 As every where is spred of me, but chiefly in this towne,  
 That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,  
 Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited ;  
 So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,  
 I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,  
 But, in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,  
 Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,  
 I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,  
 And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.  
 But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandering byn ;  
 Beside the great contentednes my sprete abydeth in,  
 That by the pleafant thought of passed thinges doth grow,  
 One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly know :  
 What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,  
 And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,  
 With care I have sought out, with payne I did them prove ;  
 With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,  
 (Although the science be against the lawes of men)  
 When sodayn daunger forceth me ; but yet most cheefly when  
 The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God  
 (Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)  
 For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,  
 But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,  
 And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,  
 But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,  
 Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde  
 The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde ;  
 When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,  
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly rest.  
 Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I  
 Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,  
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,  
 Of certain rootes and favory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,  
 Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,  
 And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,

620      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

It doth in halfe an howre astone the taker so,  
 And mastreth all his fences, that he feeleth weale nor woe :  
 And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,  
 That even the skilful leche would say, that he is slayne by death.  
 One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this ;  
 The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is ;  
 But paineles as a man that thinketh nought at all,  
 Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall ;  
 From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,  
 Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh :  
 And thence (theeffect once wrought) againe it doth restore  
 Him that received unto the state wherein he was before.  
 Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,  
 And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.  
 Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,  
 With manly courage arme thyselfe from heele unto the head ;  
 For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest  
 The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.  
 Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye ;  
 And on the marriage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,  
 Fill it with water full up to the very brim,  
 Then drink it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne and  
     lym  
 A pleafant slumber flyde, and quite disfred at length  
 On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength ;  
 Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,  
 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,  
 But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce :  
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne chaunce ;  
 The corps then will they bring to grave in this churcheyarde,  
 Where thy forcfathers long agoe a costly tombe preparte,  
 Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,  
 (Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my  
     daughter,  
 Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight ;  
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.  
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,  
 Then may'st thou goe with him from hence ; and, healed of thy  
     payne,  
 In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleafant lyfe ;  
 And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when cease shall all the stryfe,  
 And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,  
 My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to disclose,  
 Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,  
 That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy."

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 621

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,  
 To which our Juliet so well her care and wits did bend,  
 That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,  
 Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought,  
 And then to him she sayd—" Doubt not but that I will  
 With stout and unapaued hart your happy hest fulfill.  
 Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,  
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should  
 sinke,

Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,  
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.  
 Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart  
 To greateft daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,  
 To come to him on whom my life doth wholly stay,  
 That is my onely harts delight, and so he shall be aye."  
 Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye  
 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.  
 God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,  
 That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,  
 And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre;  
 And as with stately gate she passed through the streate,  
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,  
 In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet dyd hold,  
 In mynde also, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;  
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with her wonted chere,  
 As soone as she was unto her approached sumwhat nere,  
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:  
 " Madame, at saint Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,  
 Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,  
 Then dewty would; yet have I not been absent from this place  
 So long a while, without a great and just cause why;  
 This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,  
 Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,  
 Released from affliction, restored is to rest!  
 For lo! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseasde  
 By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde;  
 To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,  
 And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe:  
 Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my fyre,  
 By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre;  
 But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore  
 Made me another woman now than I had been before.  
 By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,  
 That, though I fought, no sure defence my searching thought could  
 finde.

622      **ROMEUS AND JULIET.**

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,  
 And promist to be ordered by the fryers prayfed skill.  
 Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,  
 The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,  
 Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,  
 Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill.  
 Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,  
 To go unto my lord and fyre, withouten long delay;  
 Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,  
 And shew him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at last  
 Obedient to his just and to his skilfull heft,  
 And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest  
 To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,  
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,  
 Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,  
 And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am I bent;  
 And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,  
 Unto my clofet fare I now, to searche and to choofe out  
 The bravest garmentes and the richeft jewels there,  
 Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wenfday next to weare;  
 For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,  
 Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."  
 The simple mother was rapt into great delight;  
 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight  
 With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace.  
 Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face  
 She tolde what she had heard, and prayfeth much the fryer;  
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded fyer.  
 With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,  
 And then he sayth: " This is not, wyfe, the fryers first defart;  
 Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,  
 By helping us at nedefull times with wifdomes pretious lore.  
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde  
 But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.  
 Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)  
 But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!  
 So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,  
 So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."  
 These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,  
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;  
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geaft,  
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feaft.  
 But loe, the earle faith, such feasting were but lost,  
 And counfels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.  
 For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;  
 The whilst, his hart defyareth still her sight, and not his meate.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 623

He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see  
 Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.  
 The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;  
 She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyfe she spare  
 Her courteous speche, her pleafant lookes, and commely grace,  
 But liberally to geve them foorth when Paris comes in place:  
 Which she as cunningly could fet forth to the shew,  
 As cunning craftsman to the fale do fet theyr wares on rew;  
 That ere the County dyd out of her fight depart,  
 So secretly unwares to him she stale away his hart,  
 That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;  
 And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre,  
 And with importune sute the parents doth he pray  
 The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.  
 The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this fort,  
 And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.  
 At length the wished time of long hoped delight  
 (As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approched heavy plight.  
 Agaynst the brydall day the parentes did prepare  
 Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,  
 That they which did behold the same the night before,  
 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wish for any more.  
 Nothing did seeme to deere; the deereft thinges were bought;  
 And, as the written story sayth, in dede there wanted nought,  
 That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke;  
 But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke;  
 Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tride,  
 The secret counsell of her hart the nurce-childe seekes to hyde.  
 For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not sticke to lye,  
 She thought no sinne with shew of truth to blear her nurces eye.  
 In chamber secretly the tale she gan renew,  
 That at the doore she told her dame, as though it had been trew.  
 The flattrng nurce dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,  
 And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.  
 She setteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,  
 And eke she prayseth much to her the second marriage;  
 And County Paris now she prayseth ten times more,  
 By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus prayfde before.  
 Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne;  
 What shall it boote her all her lyfe to languishe still and mourne.  
 The pleasures past before she must account as gayne;  
 But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one she shall have twayne,  
 The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wyfe;  
 In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;  
 And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,  
 Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.

## 624 ROMEUS AND JULIET.

These words and like the nurce did speake, in hope to please,  
 But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde diseafe;  
 But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,  
 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.  
 But when the bryde perceived her howre aproched nere,  
 She sought, the best she could, to fayne, and temperd so her cheere,  
 That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse  
 Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.  
 Unto her chaumber doth the penfive wight repayre,  
 And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the stayre.  
 In Juliets chaumber was her wonted use to lye;  
 Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye,  
 As soone as she began her pallet to unfold,  
 Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,  
 Doth gently pray her seeke her lodging some where els;  
 And, lest the crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles.  
 " Dere frend, quoth she, you knowe, tomorow is the day  
 Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray  
 Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,  
 And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,  
 That they so smyle upon the doinges of tomorow,  
 That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow:  
 Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,  
 But see that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,  
 For you must coorle my heare, and fet on my attyre;—  
 And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her desyre.  
 For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute;  
 She little knew the close attempt her nurce-child went about.  
 The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut close,  
 Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,  
 She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,  
 Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stode by her.  
 The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde  
 Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:  
 Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,  
 And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,  
 That what before she had resolved undoubtedly  
 That same she calleth into doute: and lying doutefully  
 Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,  
 With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to complaine:  
 " What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,  
 So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I?  
 What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,  
 The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne?  
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,  
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde;

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 625

Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines  
 Hath put me to this sodayne plonge, and brought to such distrea.  
 As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,  
 I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,  
 Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.—  
 And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe:  
 "What do I know (quoth she) if that this powder shall  
 Sooner or later then it should or els not worke at all?  
 And then my craft descryde as open as the day,  
 The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.  
 And what know I, quoth she, if serpentes odious,  
 And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,  
 That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,  
 And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,  
 Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—  
 Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,  
 Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store  
 Of carcases, not yet consumed, and bones that long before  
 Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,  
 Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindreds common grave?  
 Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,  
 Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stified in the tombe?"

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,  
 The force of her ymagining anon doth waxe so strong,  
 That she surmised she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,  
 A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;  
 Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before  
 Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded  
 fore.

And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde  
 That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,  
 All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,  
 But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;  
 Her daynty tender partes gan shever all for dred,  
 Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.  
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,  
 A sweate as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender  
 skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:  
 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she  
 feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compass her about,  
 And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.  
 But when she felt her strength began to weare away,  
 By little and little, and in her heart her feare increased ay,

626      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,  
Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,  
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cougth,  
And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther  
thought.

Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,  
And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phoebus bright heaved up his seemely hed,  
And from the East in open skies his glittring rayes dispred,  
The nurse unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,  
And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her  
slepe;

Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,  
“ Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by.”  
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,  
She thinks to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.  
If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,  
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders found,  
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make  
The sleeping wight before the time by any meanes awake;  
So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;  
Wherewith the feely carefull nurse was wondrously apalde.  
She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,  
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble  
colde;

Neither at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth;  
Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death.  
Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,  
With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake she  
can,

At last with much adoe, “ Dead (quoth she) is my childe;”  
Now, “ Out alas,” the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,  
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gonne out of her den to pray,  
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away;  
So raging forth she ran unto her Juliets bed,  
And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.  
Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breth,  
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death:  
“ Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,  
Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,  
Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,  
Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.  
Whereto stay I, alas! since Juliet is gonne?  
Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone?  
Alacke, dere chyld, my teares for thee shall never cease;  
Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase:



## ROMEUS AND JULIET. 617.

Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,  
That dedly pangcs, when they assayle, shall not augment my  
smart."

Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would braft;  
And while she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,  
The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,  
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,  
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,  
For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast;  
But when the heavy news the byden geastes did heare,  
So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count'nance and  
theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,  
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.  
But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so  
Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,  
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,  
Ne yet to speake, but long is forfd his teares and plaint to kepe.  
In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent;  
And, hearing of her passed life, they judge with one assent  
The cause of this her death was inward care and thought;  
And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.  
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,  
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,  
The same was it in which through Veron town was spred  
The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.  
For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,  
That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint be-  
hold,

That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy;  
So univcrsal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.  
For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,  
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayfes grow,  
She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,  
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,  
She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,  
Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemonde.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,  
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,  
A frier of his house, (there never was a better,  
He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,  
In which he written had of every thing at length,  
That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength;  
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme  
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,

## 628      ROMEUS AND JULIET.

For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,  
 And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;  
 Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,  
 (Till sickell Fortune favour him,) disguysde in mans aray.  
 This letter clofde he sendes to Romeus by his brother;  
 He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.  
 Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;  
 And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse  
 That friers in the towne should seldome walke alone,  
 But of theyr covent aye should be accompanide with one  
 Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,  
 In mynd to take some fryer with him, to walke the towne about.  
 But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,  
 For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne  
 Dyed of the plague, a sicknes which they greatly feare and hate:  
 So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,  
 Bard of theyr fellowship that in the towne do wonne;  
 The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers house to shonne,  
 Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew;  
 Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there grewe.  
 The fryer by this refrains, beset with dred and forow,  
 Not knowing what the letters held, differd untill the morowe;  
 And then he thought in time to send to Romeus.  
 But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doinges framed thus,  
 The town of Juliets byrth was wholly busied  
 About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.  
 Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,  
 And now to forow is resornde the joy of every one;  
 And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they  
     change,  
 And Hymene into a dyрге;—alas! it seemeth straunge:  
 Insteade of mariage gloves, now funeral gownes they have,  
 And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.  
 The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,  
 Hath every dish and cup fild full of forow and annoye.  
 Now throughout Italy this common use they have,  
 That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;  
 For every household, if it be of any fame;  
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the householdes  
     name;  
 Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,  
 They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.  
 The Capilets her corps in such a one did lay,  
 Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day.  
 An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,  
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 629

In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheet.  
 So, as by chauce he walked abroad, our Romeus man did meeete  
 His maisters wife; the sight with forowe straight did wounde  
 His honest heart; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.  
 And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,  
 The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,  
 And, for he knew her death dyd touch his maister most,  
 Alas! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post;  
 And in his house he found his maister Romeus,  
 Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him thus:  
 " Syr, unto you of late is chanced so great a harme,  
 That sure, except with constancy you seeke yourselfe to arme,  
 I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,  
 And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccase of your death.  
 Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,  
 I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchange of life;  
 And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,  
 In heaven hath she fought to fynde a place of quiet rest;  
 And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde.  
 Within the tombe of Capilets:"—and herewithall he stayde.  
 This sodayne message sounde, sent forth with fighes and teares,  
 Our Romeus received too soone with open listening cares;  
 And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,  
 That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,  
 Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,  
 And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce;  
 But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,  
 This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende;  
 That if nere unto her he offered up his breath,  
 That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his  
 death:  
 Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,  
 And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.  
 Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,  
 Left that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be  
 seene,  
 And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,  
 Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,  
 Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abroad;  
 His servant, at the maisters best, in chaumber still abode:  
 And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,  
 To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,  
 A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde;  
 And seeking long, alas too soone! the thing he sought, he  
 founde,

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An apothecary fate unbusied at his doore,  
 Whom by his heavy countenance he gesied to be poore.  
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,  
 And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew ;  
 Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,  
 What by no frendship could be got, with money could be  
 bought ;

For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell  
 To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.  
 Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,  
 And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart :  
 " Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,  
 So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me  
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre  
 Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."  
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent  
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.  
 In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,  
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde :  
 " Fayr syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,  
 And more there is than you shall nede ; for halfe of that is there  
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than halfe an howre  
 To kill the strongest man alive ; such is the poysons power."

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,  
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.  
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,  
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,  
 Provyde both instruments to open wide the roombe,  
 And lightes to shew him Juliet ; and stay, till he shall comme,  
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,  
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.  
 Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take ;  
 Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd  
 make :

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,  
 But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull masters will.  
 Would God, he had herein broken his masters hest !  
 Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest !  
 But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought  
 Provoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,  
 And in few lines he did of all his love dyscourse,  
 How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,  
 The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night  
 And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight ;  
 Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende ;  
 And so his wallefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters closd and seald, directed to his syre,  
 He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre.  
 When he approached nere, he warely lighted downe,  
 And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;  
 Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should comme,  
 With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets toomme.  
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,  
 And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemoene,  
 See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death  
 I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath,  
 Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,  
 Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.  
 Take there a letter, which, as soon as he shall ryse,  
 Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes;  
 Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,  
 Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,  
 Obediently a little way withdrew he himsele apart;  
 And then our Romeus, the vault stone set up upright,  
 Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.  
 And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe  
 He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;  
 For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyft;  
 He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyft;  
 And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,  
 But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight:  
 His fearfull handes he layde upon her stomach colde,  
 And them on diverse parts beyde the wofull wight did hold.  
 But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,  
 Out of his cursed box he drew the poyson that he bought;  
 Whereof he greedely devowrde the greater part,  
 And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning  
 hart—

“ Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,  
 From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy goft did passe,  
 What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde  
 Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?  
 Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,  
 As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?  
 What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,  
 To consecrate my memorye, could any man invent,  
 As this our mutual and our piteous sacrifice  
 Of lyfe, set light for love?”—but while he talketh in this wise,  
 And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,  
 His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms force;

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Which little and little gan to overcome his hart,  
 And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,  
 He saw, hard by the corce of sleeping Juliet,  
 Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.  
 To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he:  
 " Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restless sprite now be,  
 With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,  
 For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.  
 But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,  
 But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,  
 What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyrest thou  
 To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now ?  
 Who rest by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,  
 The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poyson himselfe to  
 death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,  
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by."  
 These sayd, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,  
 And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to fayle,  
 Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,--  
 " Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe  
 Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe  
 Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,  
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;  
 Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde!  
 For well enough I know, this body is but clay,  
 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay."  
 Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force  
 His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corse,  
 That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,  
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,  
 Remayned quite deprived of sence and kindly strength,  
 And so the long imprisoned soule hath freedome wonne at length,  
 Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,  
 Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his sayre earthy  
 corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,  
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken;  
 But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,  
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,  
 Out of Saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,  
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.  
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,  
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by strange and sodaine sight;  
 Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,  
 When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde;

## ROMEUS AND JULIET. 633

“ There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least,  
 And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast.”  
 Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde  
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;  
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceive,  
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend seerce death  
 dyd reve.

But whilit with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,  
 An howre too late sayre Juliet awaked out of slepe; \*

\* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeas'd to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Gulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows:

“ So favourable was fortune to this his last purpose, that on the evening of the day subsequent to the lady's funeral, undiscovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was silent, he betook himself to the monastery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where these monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though since, for what reason I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former mansion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himself. Near the walls of this church, on the outside, were at that time certain buildings, such as we usually see adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient sepulcher of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damsel had been deposited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of superior strength, by force raised the stone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpose, having so prop'd it that it could not be fastened down contrary to his desire, he entered, and reclused the entrance.

“ The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after closing the vault, he drew forth, and opened; and there, amidst the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence suddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleas'd the Heavens, were to my eyes the brightest lights! O lips, by me a thousand times so sweetly kissed, and from whence were heard the words of wisdom! O beauteous breast, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I see, do I speak, do I live? Alas, my miserable lady, whither hast thou been conducted by that love, whose will it now is that this narrow space shall both destroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promis'd not, nor that desire which first inflam'd me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I support you? and so saying, he covered with kisses her eyes, her lips, her breast, bursting every instant into more abundant lamentation; in the midst of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life still more short by crushing me in your ruin? But since death is at all times in our power, it is dastardly to desire it, and not to snatch it; and, with these words, he drew forth from his sleeve the vial of deadly poison, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what destiny conducts me to die in the midst of my enemies, of those by me slain, and in their sepulcher; but since, O my soul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here

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And much amazed to see in tombe so great a light,  
She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.

let us die ! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his bosom ; when embracing the beloved maid, and strongly straining her to his breast, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmost limit of all my desires, if, after the soul is departed, any sentiment yet remains in you, or, if that soul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be displeasing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the least I should die with you sadly and secretly ;—and holding the body straitly embraced, he awaited death.

“ The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damsel the cold and powerful effects of the powder should have been overcome, and when she should awake ; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, she awoke in his arms, and, starting into life, after a heavy sigh, she cried, Alas, where am I ? who is it thus embraces me ? by whom am I thus kissed ? and, believing it was the Friar Lorenzo, she exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo ? is it thus you safely conduct me to him ? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he said, Do you not know me, O my sweet lady ? see you not that I am your wretched spouse, secretly and alone come from Mantua to perish by you ? Julietta, seeing herself in the monument, and perceiving that she was in the arms of one who called himself Romeo, was well nigh out of her senses, and pushing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, she instantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thousand kisses, saying, What folly has excited you, with such imminent danger, to enter here ? Was it not sufficient to have understood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I should shortly have been with you ? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal mistake, thus began : O miserable lot ! O wretched Romeo ! O, by far the most afflicted of all lovers ! On this subject never have I received your letters ! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there close by her, taken the poison, which, as most subtle, he already felt, had sent forth death through all his limbs.

“ The unfortunate damsel hearing this, remained so overpowered with grief, that she could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruise her innocent breast ; and at length to Romeo, who already lay supine, kissing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than ashes, and trembling all over, she thus spoke : Must you then, O, lord of my heart, must you then die in my presence, and through my means ! and will the heavens permit that I should survive you, though but for a moment ? Wretched me ! O, that I could at least transfer my life to you, and die alone !—to which, with a languid voice the youth replied : If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my best hope ! by these I conjure you, that after my death, life should not be displeasing to you, if for no other reason, at least that you may think on him, who, penetrated with passion, for your sake, and before your dear eyes, now perishes ! To this the damsel answered : If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real ? It only grieves me that here, in your presence, I have not the means of death, and, inasmuch as I survive you, I detest myself ! yet still will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cause, so shall I be the companion of your death : And, having with difficulty spoken these words, she fainted, and, again returning to life, busied herself in sad endeavours to gather with her sweet lips the extreme breath of her dearest lover, who now hastily approached his end.



## ROMEOUS AND JULIET. 635

But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :

“ What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ? ”

“ In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damsel had drunk the potion, as also that upon a supposition of her death she had been buried ; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder should cease to operate, taking with him a trusty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault ; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, seeing a light within, he was greatly surpris'd, and imagined that, by some means or other, the damsel had contriv'd to convey with her a lamp into the tomb ; and that now, having awak'd, she wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which she was surrounded, or perhaps from the apprehension of being for ever immur'd in this dismal place ; and having, with the assistance of his companion, speedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all dishevel'd, and sadly-grieving, had rais'd herself so far as to be seated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus address'd himself : Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I should have left you to die here inclos'd ? and she, seeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, answer'd : Far from it ; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive !—alas, for the love of God, away, and close the sepulcher, that I may here perish,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breast, I may rid myself of my woes ! O, my father, my father ! is it thus you have sent me this letter ? are these my hopes of happy marriage ? is it thus you have conduct'd me to my Romeus ? behold him here in my bosom already dead !—and, pointing to him, she recounted all that had pass'd. The friar, hearing these things, stood as one bereft of sense, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to pass from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he call'd to him, saying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me ? speak to me at least ! cast your eyes a moment upon me ! O, Romeo, behold your dearest Julietta, who beseeches you to look at her. Why at the least will you not answer her in whose dear bosom you lie ? At the beloved name of his mistress, Romeo rais'd a little his languid eyes, weigh'd down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, reclos'd them ; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convuls'd, and heaving a short sigh, he expired.

“ The miserable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus address'd the young damsel :—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do ?—to which she instantly replied,—here inclos'd will I die. Say not so, daughter, said he ; come forth from hence ; for, though I know not well how to dispose of you, the means can not be wanting of shutting yourself up in some holy monastery, where you may continually offer your supplications to God, as well for yourself as for your deceased husband, if he should need your prayers. Father, repli'd the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and so saying she pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that so our bodies may for ever remain united in this sepulcher : and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying should be discovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miserable parents that they should make no difficulty of suffering those whom love has consum'd in one fire, and conduct'd to one death, to remain in one and the same tomb ;—then turning to the prostrate body of Romeo, whose head she had plac'd on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully clos'd his eyes, and bathing his cold visage with tears,—lord of my heart, said she, without you what should I do with life ? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death ? certainly nothing more ! in order that death itself, which alone could

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And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare  
Left if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,  
In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,  
And with his fingar shewd his corps out-stretched, stiff, and  
colde;

And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde  
This sodain great mischaunce; and sayth, that he will soone pro-  
vyde

In some religious house for her a quiet place,  
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase  
She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,  
And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.  
But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye  
On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,  
Srraight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,  
And out they gush;—with cruell hand she tare her golden  
heares.

But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,  
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sicknes furious rage,  
Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,  
And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did em-  
brace,

As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,  
She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne:  
A-thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,  
And it unkist againe as oft; then gan she thus to mone:  
“ Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde  
Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,  
Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,  
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou hast  
chose,

Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,  
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake?  
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee  
Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleafant ought to bee,

possibly have separated you from me, should not now be able to part us!—and having thus spoken, reflecting upon the horror of her destiny, and calling to mind the loss of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, she suppressed her respiration, and for a long space holding in her breath, at length sent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body.”

For the foregoing faithful and elegant translation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a most dear and valued friend, whose knowledge of the Italian language is so much superior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the task has been executed by another.

MALONE.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 637

How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight  
 Of furious death, that wons to fray the stoutest with his fight ?  
 How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart  
 In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art ?  
 Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee  
 The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy sure of thee.  
 Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew  
 My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, againe thus to renewe :  
 Which both the time and eke my patient long abode  
 Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have  
 trode ?

Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought  
 To fynd my painfull passions salve, I myst the thing I fought ;  
 And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,  
 That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.  
 Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe !  
 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, wimes in time to comme  
 Of the most perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,  
 That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others ;  
 Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,  
 Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay wrang."  
 And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,  
 The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone ;  
 For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,  
 And left they might be taken there, greatly they stooode in feare.  
 When Juliet saw herselfe left in the vaulte alone,  
 That freely she might worke her will, for let or stay was none,  
 Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,  
 The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes ;  
 Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,  
 That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint by love ;  
 And then, past deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had she care)  
 With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.  
 " O welcome death, quoth she, end of unhappines,  
 That also art beginning of assured happines,  
 Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,  
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye ;  
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,  
 At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite emong so many ded.  
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,  
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,  
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,  
 That causd alas ! thy violent death, although unwillingly ;  
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,  
 To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to  
 boste

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Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved  
Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved;  
That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,  
In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live y-ferre."

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart :  
Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly smart !  
She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,  
And from her corps the sprite doth flye ;—what should I say ? she  
dyes.

The watchmen of the towne the whilst are passed by,  
And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they  
spye ;

Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,  
That with prepared instruments had opened wide the tombe,  
In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,  
Which, by their science ayde abused, do stand them oft in sted.  
Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know ;  
Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do synd below,  
In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,  
In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.  
But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,  
The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew :  
Then here and there so long with carefull eye they fought,  
That at the length hidden they found the murderers ;—so they  
thought.

In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde ;  
The next day do they tell the prince the mischief that they  
found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,  
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.  
Thether you might have seene whole houtholds forth to ronne,  
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was  
donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,  
With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.  
And that the murderers to all men might be knowne,  
(Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was  
blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corfes that were founde  
Should be set forth upon a stage hye rayfed from the grounde,  
Right in the selfe same fourme, shewde forth to all mens sight,  
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night ;  
And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence should  
Be openly examined ; for els the people would  
Have murmured, or saynd there were some waighty cause  
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

ROMEUS AND JULIET. 639

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,  
 In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,  
 (A thing that ill becomed a man of silver heares)  
 His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling  
 teares:  
 Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare  
 Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murtherers  
 are;  
 For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,  
 And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.  
 The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,  
 The judges woods appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.  
 But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,  
 And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say:  
 " My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,  
 So that, affection set aside, by wisdom he consider  
 My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,  
 And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,  
 But that, amafed much, doth wonder at this change,  
 So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.  
 For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,  
 Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,  
 And with the worldes vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint,  
 Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt  
 With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,  
 Ne is there any stander by can make me gyilty blushe;  
 Although before the face of God I doe confesse  
 Myselfe to be the finfulst wretch of all this mighty presse.  
 When readiest I am and likeliest to make  
 My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake;  
 When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,  
 Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,  
 And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke,  
 Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth  
 thinke,  
 Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne  
 downe,  
 In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renoune.  
 The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,  
 (And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong surmise)  
 May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, percase,  
 That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face;  
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept  
 That Christ our Saviour himselfe for ruth and pitie wept:  
 And more, who so will reade, y-written shall he fynde,  
 That teares are as true messengers of mans ungyilty mynde.

640 ROMEUS AND JULIET.

Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,  
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time :  
 As though all howres alike had not been made above !  
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve ? whereby he sought to  
 prove,  
 That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,  
 But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad ;  
 Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,  
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path asyde.  
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,  
 As now I deeme, I nede not seeke to make ye understand  
 To what use yron first was made, when it began ;  
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.  
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,  
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll.  
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know  
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they flowe,  
 Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,  
 Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme :  
 No one of these hath powre, ne power have all the three,  
 To make me other than I am, how so I seeme to be.  
 But fure my conscience, if I so gylt deserve,  
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman, eke should serve ;  
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were hore,  
 And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,  
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,  
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,  
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrife,  
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.  
 But God I prayse, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,  
 And from remorses pricking sting I joy that I am free :  
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,  
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should  
 spare.  
 But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,  
 And pluck out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,  
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasing more and more,  
 Within your conscience also increase your curelesse sore,  
 I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,  
 (And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attesteth him,  
 Whose mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent sway,  
 And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)  
 That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse  
 Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and souerse  
 Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchance no lesse  
 Will wonder at then they alas ! poore lovers in distresse,

## ROMEUS AND JULIET. 645

Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,  
 With strong and patient hart dyd yelde them selfe to cruell death :  
 Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,  
 And of theyr promyst frendshippes fayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,  
 Even from the first, of Romeus and Juliets amours ;  
 How first by fodayn fight the one the other chose,  
 And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might  
 lose ;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,  
 Under confessions cloke, to him themselfe they have adress ;  
 And how with solemne othes they have protested both,  
 That they in hart are maried by promise and by othe ;  
 And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,  
 They shal be fort by earnest love in sinneful state to live :  
 Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode  
 That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest, good,  
 And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meet to bee  
 (For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree) ;  
 Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryfe  
 Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,  
 Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleasing in Gods fight,  
 In secret shrift he wedded them ; and they the selfe same night  
 Made up the mariage in house of Capilet,  
 As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.  
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,  
 And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife ;  
 And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,  
 And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne ;  
 And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,  
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound  
 Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd synde  
 To dysfappoynt the earles attempt : and spotles save her mynde.  
 Wherefore, he doth conclide, although that long before  
 By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore  
 The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,  
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,  
 And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,  
 His closed conscience he had opened and set at large ;  
 And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme  
 His soule to be spotted somdeale with small and easy cryme,  
 Then that the lady should, wery of lyving breath,  
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death :  
 Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure,  
 A certain powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,

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That they her held for dead ; and how that fryer John  
 With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone ;  
 Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become ;  
 And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.  
 He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man steru'de,  
 Supposing Juliet dead ; and how that Juliet hath caru'de,  
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,  
 Desyrous to accompany her lover after death ;  
 And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,  
 And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they  
                   heard.

And for the prooffe of this his tale, he doth desyer  
 The iudge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,  
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter ;  
 And, more beside, to thend that they might iudge his cause the  
                   better,

He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,  
 And Romeus man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd :  
 My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.  
 And when my maister went into my mystres grave,  
 This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,  
 Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,  
 And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.  
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same  
 That erst the skilfull fryer said ; and eke the wretches name  
 That had at his request the dedly poyson fold,  
 The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plaine have tolde.  
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,  
 That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr  
                   eyes :

So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,  
 That in the preafe there was not one that stooode at all in doute.

The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,  
 Here geuen advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus :  
 The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,  
 Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,  
 Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,  
 Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne ;  
 And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters heft,  
 In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest :  
 Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,  
 And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his  
                   cote.

But now what shall beryde of this gray-bearded fyre,  
 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryer ?



ROMEUS AND JULIET. 643

Because that many time he woorthily did serve  
 The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,  
 He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame  
 Did seem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.  
 But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,  
 Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers pafft forth his  
 age;

Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye :  
 Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.  
 The straungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,  
 The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,  
 That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage  
 Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could affwage,  
 Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murders donne,  
 At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

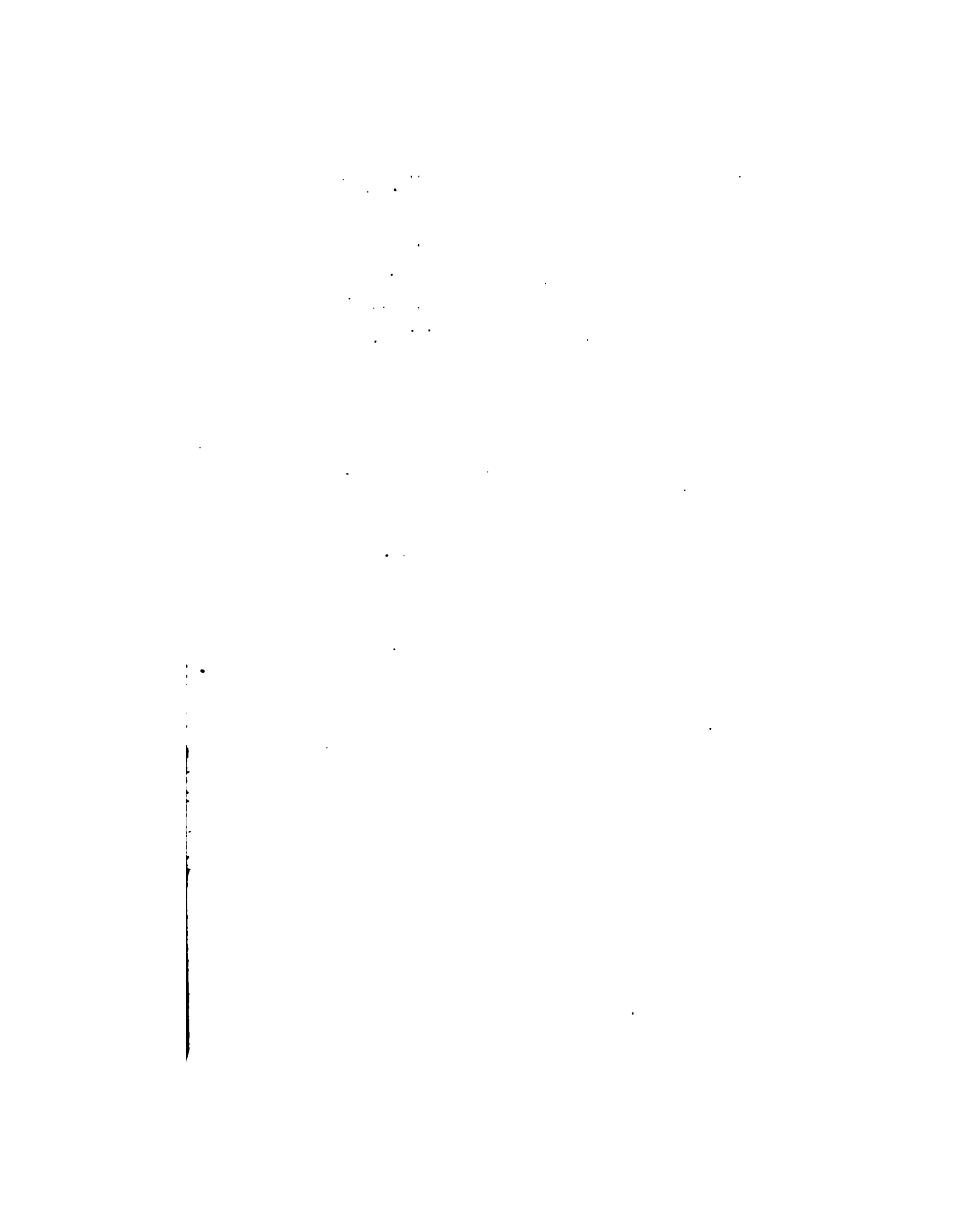
And left that length of time might from our myndes remove  
 The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,  
 The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,  
 In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayse they hye.  
 On every side above were set, and eke beneath,  
 Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.  
 And even at this day the tombe is to be seene; \*  
 So that among the monuments that in Verona been,  
 There is no monument more worthy of the fight,  
 Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temple bar, at  
 the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill the xix  
 day of November, An. do. 1562.

\* Breval says in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide  
 shewed him an old building, then converted into a house for orphans, in which  
 the tomb of these unhappy lovers had been; but it was then destroyed.

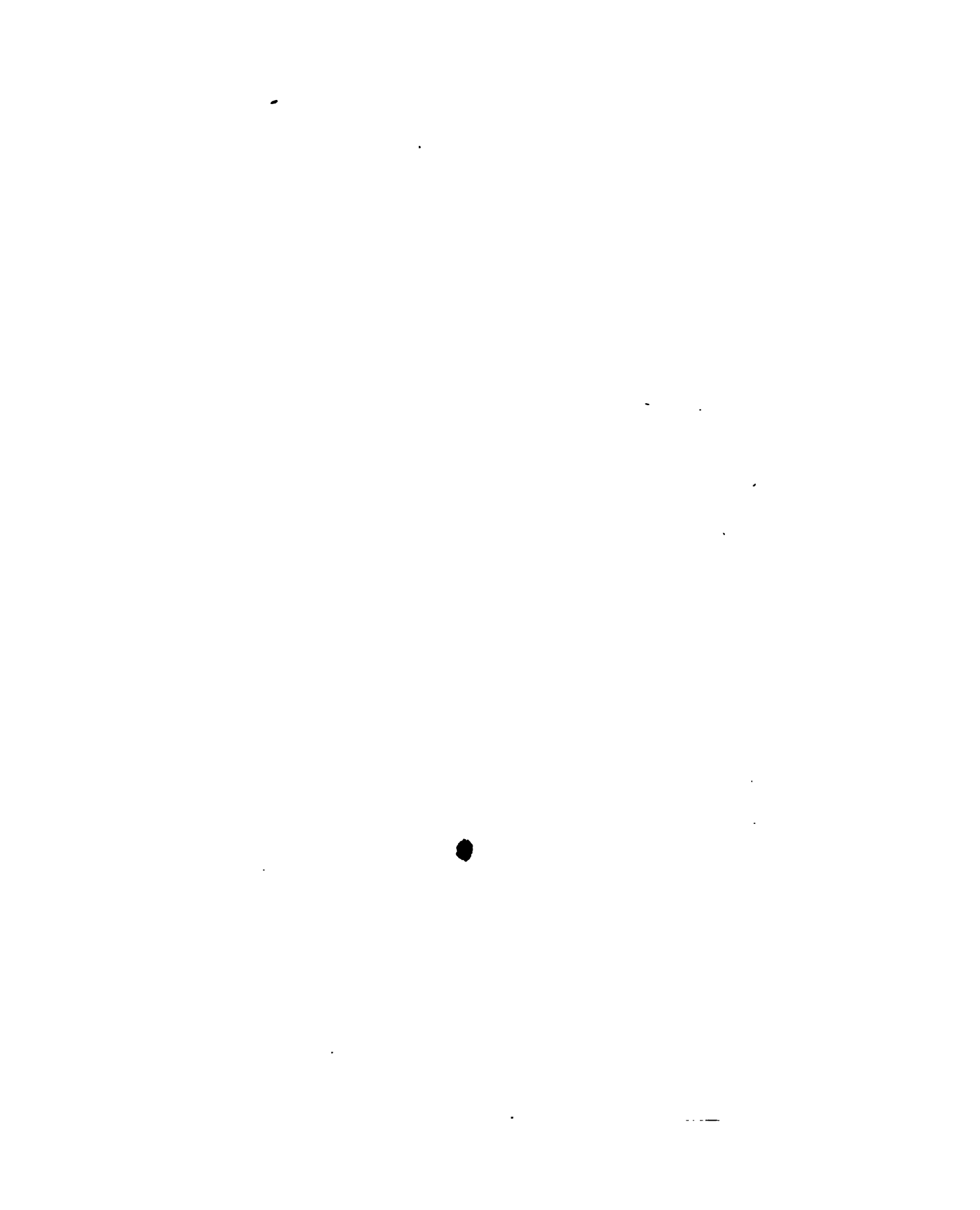
MALONE.

THE END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.









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