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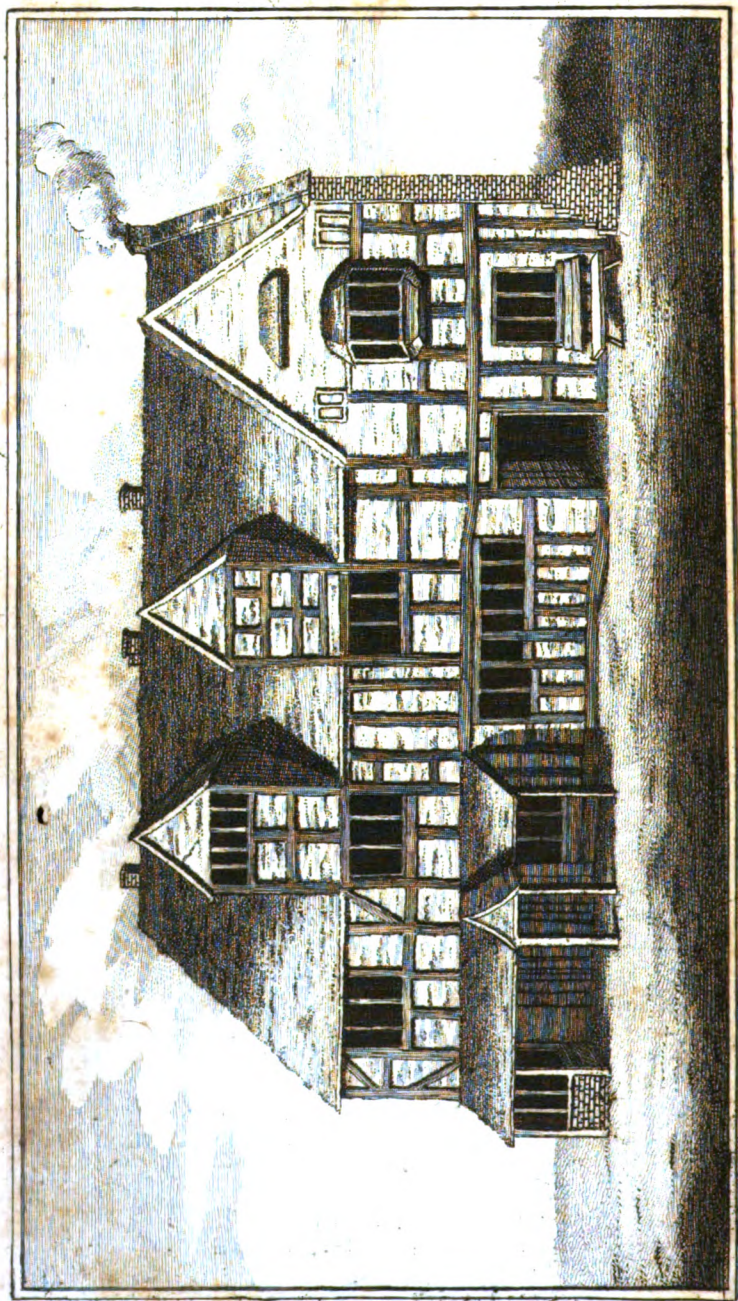
S U P P L E M E N T

TO THE EDITION OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS

PUBLISHED IN 1778.

VOL. I.



R. Greene del.

(The)

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE EDITION OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS

PUBLISHED IN 1778

By SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS

BY SEVERAL OF

THE FORMER COMMENTATORS:

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED

THE GENUINE POEMS

OF THE SAME AUTHOR,

AND

SEVEN PLAYS

WHICH HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO HIM;

WITH NOTES

BY THE EDITOR AND OTHERS.

Quæ infirmitatis humanae tardiora sunt remedia quam mala; et corpora lente auferunt, cito extinguuntur, sic ingenia studiaque præcipitis facilius quam revocaveris. TACITUS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Johnson, L. Davis, R. Horsfield, W. Owen, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, W. White, T. Longman, C. Dilly, T. Cadell, J. and T. Bowles, T. Becket, J. Robson, T. Payne, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. W. Gater, W. Stuart, F. Newbery, G. Robinson, R. Baldwin, J. Boscroft, J. Ridley, T. Evans, S. Hayes, and E. Johnson.

MDCCLXXX.

S U P P L E M E N T

TO THE EDITION OF

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS

PUBLISHED IN 1778.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

C O N T A I N I N G

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

SONNETS.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TH E various Commentaries on the plays of Shakspeare are already swelled to so large a size, that some apology may be necessary for a publication, of which the professed design is to increase their number.

Those who complain of the repeated impressions of this great poet, would do well to consider, whether the hopes, which were many years since entertained, of seeing a perfect edition of his works produced by the effort of a single person, were not rather sanguine than reasonable. By a diligent collation of all the old copies hitherto discovered, and the judicious restoration of ancient readings, the text of this author seems indeed now finally settled. The great abilities and unwearied researches of his last editor, it must likewise be acknowledged, have left little obscure or unexplained. But the field of illustration is so extensive, that some time may yet elapse before the dramas of Shakspeare shall appear in such a manner as to be incapable of improvement. If, though the most eminent literati of Europe for above two centuries were employed in revising and expounding the writers of Greece and Rome, many

ancient editions of classick authors have yet within our own memory been much improved by modern industry, why should it create surprize, that a poet, whose works were originally printed with so little care, whose diction is uncommonly licentious, and whose dialogue, agreeably to the nature of dramatick composition, is often temporary and allusive, should still stand in need of critical assistance?—Till his whole library shall have been discovered, till the plots of all his dramas shall have been traced to their sources, till every allusion shall be pointed out, and every obscurity elucidated, somewhat will still remain to be done. The books of the age of queen Elizabeth are now difficult to be procured; and when procured, the aid that they afford to the commentator is not always to be obtained by a regular and systematick course of reading. Hence this species of illustration must necessarily be the slow and gradual work of time; the result of various inquiries, instituted for different purposes.

This opinion is not now for the first time advanced; for one of the most learned of our author's editors, whose vigorous and comprehensive understanding enabled him to throw more light upon the plays he undertook to revise, than all his predecessors had done, long since declared that "so many passages remain, in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that he could not but suspect that time had obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by future commentators."

If

If the Observations now laid before the publick shall at all contribute to point out these allusions, or illustrate these obscurities, the time that has been expended in arranging and preparing them for the press, will not, it is hoped, be considered as wholly misemployed.

So large a work as the present was not originally intended ; but the editor having met with the ancient poem entitled *Romeus and Juliet*, on which Shakspeare's tragedy was manifestly founded, that very rare and curious piece has been reprinted entire. From the old tract also called *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. all such parts have been extracted as serve in any sort to illustrate the drama constructed upon it. Various additional observations by several of the former commentators are likewise inserted in the following Supplement. To these the editor has been enabled to add the annotations of some gentlemen who now first appear as scholiasts on our author ; among which every reader, he is persuaded, will be pleased to find the remarks of one of the most eminent literary characters that the present age has produced ; a person whose name will be revered, and whose works will be studied and admired, as long as the laws and constitution of England shall have any existence. It is scarcely necessary to observe that by this description the late Sir William Blackstone is pointed out ; whose notes, in conformity to his own desire, have no other distinction than the final letter of his name. There is now no longer occasion for secrecy ; and the editor has only to lament that so unfortunate an event as the death of this
gen-

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

fully investigated. Notwithstanding the doubts that have been raised concerning them, (doubts which indeed the circumstances already mentioned were sufficient to create,) they have remained in the same state in which they originally appeared; abounding, like almost all the dramattick productions of that age, with the grossest corruptions; with which, be it remembered, the pages of our author also would still have been disfigured, if they had not passed through the ordeal of a critical examination by a numerous band of learned editors and commentators. Deterred by the uncouth form in which these plays appeared, few have taken the trouble to read them; and the question concerning their authenticity has remained in its original obscurity.

Hence it was thought that it would not be wholly without use or entertainment to trace the history of these dramas as far as at this distance of time it can be traced; to collect all the internal and external evidence that might serve to point out the probable authors of them; to ascertain as nearly as possible the era when each of them was produced; to collate them with the original copies; to attempt to free them from the numerous corruptions with which they abound; and to present them to the publick in a more *questionable shape* than that in which they have hitherto been exhibited. The authoritative decision of criticks, on a point so long agitated, will not satisfy the curious and intelligent reader of Shakspeare. He will wish to see with his own eyes, and to decide by the power of his own understanding.

ing. To such persons these performances, in their present form, will, it is presumed, not be unacceptable. Indeed, considering them merely as productions of writers contemporary with our author, they may be perused with advantage; since, like most of the dramatick compositions of that time, they may serve to explain his phraseology, and illustrate his allusions; for which purpose they have perhaps been examined less attentively than any other of the dramas of that age, having been hitherto rejected out of the modern collections of old English plays, not, as it should seem, from their want of merit, but because they were considered as in some sort belonging to Shakspeare. They have met with the fate of other spurious productions, and have been neglected by all parties. They were originally disowned by their natural parents; and the trustees of the literary estate of their imputed father have treated them as supposititious offspring, to whom they were not bound to pay any regard.

Under this general description of these contested pieces, it is not wished that the play of *Pericles*, and the short interlude entitled *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, should be included. The latter, in some places, appears to have much of our author's manner; and, for the reasons assigned by Mr. Steevens in his ingenious remarks on that piece, it may well be doubted whether it was not a hasty production of a few days, about which, as it was to be exhibited in conjunction with three other short dramas, composed perhaps by writers of no great eminence, he gave himself little trouble. With respect to the tragedy of *Pericles*,
I fear

I fear I have already trespassed too much on the reader's patience in the notes on that play, and the observations annexed at the end of it; and will therefore only add, I am so thoroughly convinced that, if not the whole, at least the greater part of that drama was written by our author, that I hope it will be admitted into some future edition of his works, in the room of *Titus Andronicus*, of which I do not believe a single line to have been the composition of Shakspeare.

I cannot conclude this Advertisement without expressing my warmest acknowledgments to the Dean of Carlisle, the reverend Dr. Farmer, the reverend Mr. Henley, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Steevens, and the other gentlemen, whose valuable communications form so considerable a part of the ensuing volumes. To the friendship of Mr. Steevens I am indebted, not only for the numerous observations that are subscribed with his name, but also for many judicious hints for the conduct of the present work, by which (though still, I fear, in need of the reader's utmost indulgence,) it has been rendered less exceptionable than it otherwise would have been.

E. MALONE.

E R R A T A.

- VOL. I.
- Page.
 13 Note ^b, l. 6, for representation r. representation.
 41 l. 6, for boy r. toy.
 42 l. penult. for either o r either on.
 57 l. 10, for Actors r. Actor.
 59 l. 13, for words r. verses.
 63 l. 7, for cetrainly r. certainly.
 65 l. 4 from the bottom, for performer r. performer.
 136 l. 3, for By captious believe r. By captious I believe.
 178 l. 3 from the bottom, for lord of Cobham, r. lord Cobham.
 184 l. 15, for AMNER r. WHITE.
 191 l. 7, for AMNER r. WHITE.
 208 l. 18, after *events* add MALONE.
 228 l. 20, for Akinfide's r. Akenfide's.
 263 l. antepenult. after *quest* add MALONE.
 436 note 9, l. 5, for devining r. divining.
 490 l. 15, for night-wandring r. night-wand'ring.
 492 note 5, for checkea r. checked.
 527 note 1, l. 11, for strife's r. strifes.
 570 note 3, l. 7, for quicksilker r. quicksilver.
 579 l. 11 from the bottom, for one hundred and twenty r. one hundred and twenty-six.

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- 14 Stage direction, for The Riddle r. reads the Riddle.
 21 l. 2, for Exit r. Exeunt.
 37 l. 11, dele the comma after *ships*.
 50 l. 8, for di'e take it r. do ye take it.
 53 l. 7, for dulcura r. dulçura.
 60 l. 6 from the bottom, for Pyrricke r. Pyrrichia.
 74 l. 8, for deafning r. deaf'ning.
 95 l. 5, for mone r. moan.
 98 l. 5, for enflame r. inflame.
 160 l. 16 from the bottom, for five feet metre r. five-foot metre.
 169 l. 37, for slighted r. slightest.
 191 note *, for Vcsta r. Veita.
 341 l. penult. for whethet r. whether.
 347 l. 4 from the bottom, for perfon r. parson.
 372 List of Persons represented, for hangman r. executioner.
 381 note 4, for I often heard r. I have often heard.
 401 and 407, note 9, for Bolognia r. Bologua.
 449 l. penult. for first r. second.
 476 l. 1, for youself r. yourself.
 536 l. 1, for outshind em r. outshin'd 'em.
 563 note 4, l. 4, for pronounciation r. pronunciation.
 631 l. 14 and 16, for 1604 r. 1605.
 Ibid. l. 14, for following r. same.

DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

Shakspeare's House to face the title-page to Vol. I. The Head of Lord Southampton to front p. 401, Vol. I.

When these Books are sewed and put in boards, it is desired that they may not be beaten; and it is recommended not to bind them till next winter.

S U P P L E M E N T

T O T H E

L A S T E D I T I O N

O F

S H A K S P E A R E,

1 7 7 8.

V O L U M E I.

P R O L E G O M E N A.

After Mr. Steevens's note at the bottom of p. 85, the following imperfect account of our ancient theatres may be added.

In the preceding page the antiquarian has been gratified with a view of *the Globe* Play-house. It may not be wholly unamusing to examine the inside of the building, and to exhibit as accurate a delineation of the internal form and economy of our ancient theatres, as the distance at which we stand, and the obscurity of the subject, will permit. VOL. I.
PROLEGO-
MENA.

The drama, before the time of Shakspeare, was so little cultivated, or so ill understood, that it is unnecessary to carry our researches higher than that period. Dryden has truly observed, that he "found not, but created first the stage;" of which no one can doubt, who considers, that of all the plays issued from the press antecedent to the year 1592, when there is good reason to believe he commenced a dramattick writer, the titles are scarcely known, except to antiquarians; nor is there one of them that will bear a second perusal. Yet these, contemptible and few as they are, we may suppose to have been the most popular productions of the time, and the best that had been exhibited before the appearance of Shakspeare *.

The

N O T E.

* There are but thirty four plays (exclusive of mysteries, moralities, interludes, and translations) now extant, written antecedent to, or in the year 1592. Their titles are as follow:

VOL. I.

B

Acolastus

The most ancient English play-houses of which I have met any accounts, are *the Curtain* in Shore-ditch, and *the Theatre* ^b.

NOTES.

<i>Acolastus</i> - - -	1540	<i>Orlando Furioso</i>	} before 1592
<i>Ferrex and Porrex</i> - -	1561	<i>Alphonfus king of Arragon</i>	
<i>Damon and Pythias</i> - -	1562	<i>James IV. king of Scotland</i>	
<i>Appius and Virginia</i>	} 1575	<i>A Looking-Glass for London</i>	
<i>Gammer Gurton's Needle</i>		<i>Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay</i>	
<i>Promos, and Cassandra</i>	} 1578	<i>Jew of Malta</i>	
<i>Three Ladies of London</i>		<i>Dr. Faustus</i>	
<i>Cambyfes, no date, but probably written before</i> - - -	1580	<i>Edward II.</i>	
<i>Arraignment of Paris</i>	} 1584	<i>Luff's Dominion</i>	
<i>Sappho and Phaon</i>		<i>Massacre of Paris</i>	
<i>Alexander and Campaspe</i>	} 1588	<i>Dido</i>	
<i>Feronimo</i>		<i>Soliman and Perseda</i>	
<i>Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is mad again</i>	} 1589	<i>Midas</i>	
<i>Tamburlaine</i>		<i>Galathea</i> - - -	
<i>Titus Andronicus</i> - - -	1589	<i>Tancred and Gismund</i>	
<i>King Henry V. in or before</i>	1589	<i>Arden of Feversham</i>	} 1592
<i>King John, in two parts</i>	} 1591		
<i>Endymion</i> - - -			

Between the years 1592 and 1600, the following plays were printed or exhibited, some of which, probably, were written before our author commenced play-wright.

<i>Cleopatra</i> - - -	1593	<i>Lochrine</i>	} 1595
<i>Edward I.</i> - - -	1593	<i>Antonius</i>	
<i>Battle of Alcazar</i>	} 1594	<i>Edward III.</i>	
<i>Wounds of Civil War</i>		<i>Woman in the Moon</i>	
<i>Selymus Emperor of the Turks</i>	} 1597	<i>Mucedorus</i>	
<i>Cornelia</i>		<i>The virtuous Octavia</i>	
<i>Mother Bombe</i>	} 1598	<i>Every Man in his Humour</i>	
<i>The Cobler's Prophecy</i>		<i>Pinner of Wakefield</i>	
<i>The Wars of Cyrus</i>	} 1599	<i>Warning for Fair Women</i>	
<i>King Leir</i> - - -		<i>David and Bethsabe</i>	
<i>Taming of a Shrew</i>		<i>Two angry Women of Abington</i>	
		<i>The Case is altered</i>	} 1599
		<i>Every Man out of his Humour</i>	

^b They

In the time of our author, there were no less than ten theatres open: four private houses, viz. that in *Black-friars*, the *Cockpit* or *Phoenix* in Drury Lane, a theatre in *White-friars*, and one in *Salisbury Court*; and six that were called public theatres; viz. the *Globe*, the *Swan*, the *Rose*, and the *Hope*^c, on the Bank-side; the *Red Bull* at the upper end of St. John's street, and the *Fortune* in White-cross street. The two last were chiefly frequented by citizens^d.

VOL. I.
PROLEGO-
MENA.

Most, if not all of Shakspeare's plays were performed either at *the Globe*, or at the theatre in *Black-friars*. I shall therefore confine my enquiries chiefly to these two. It appears that they both belonged to the same company of comedians, viz. his majesty's servants, which title they assumed, after a licence had been granted to them by king James in 1603; having before that time been called the servants of the lord chamberlain.

The theatre in *Black-friars* was, as has been mentioned, a private house; but what were the peculiar and distinguishing marks of a private play-house, it is not easy to ascertain. We know only that it was very small^e; and that plays were there usually represented by candle-light^f.

The

NOTES.

^b They are mentioned in an ancient *Treatise against Idleness, vaine Plaies and Interludes*, by John Northbrook, bl. l. no date, but written apparently about the year 1580. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, p. 90, edit. 1583, inveighs against theatres and curtaines, which he calls *Venus' Palaces*. Edmund Howes, the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, says, p. 1004, "That before the year 1570, he neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or play-houses, as have been purposely built within man's memory."

^c Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was performed at this theatre in 1614. He does not give a very favourable description of it:—"Though the fair be not kept in the same region that some here perhaps would have it, yet think that the author hath therein observed a special decorum, the place being as dirty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking every whit."—*Induction to Barth. Fair*.—The other theatres here alluded to, were probably *the Red Bull*, and *the Fortune*, which were both near *Smithfield*.

^d See Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, 1699.

^e Wright, in his *Hist. Histrion.* informs us, that the theatre in *Black-friars*, the *Cockpit*, and that in *Salisbury Court*, were exactly alike both in form and size. The smallness of the latter

VOL. I. *The Globe*, which was situated on the southern side of the river Thames, was an hexagonal building, partly open to the weather, partly covered with reeds. It was a public theatre, and of considerable size^s; and there they always acted by day-light^h. On the roof of *the Globe*, and the other public theatres, a pole was erected, to which a flag was affixedⁱ. These flags were probably displayed only during

N O T E S.

is ascertained by these lines in an epilogue to *Tottenham Court*, a comedy by Nabbes, which was acted there :

“ When others fill'd rooms with neglect disdain ye,
“ My little house with thanks shall entertain ye.”

The theatre in *Black-friars* was situated somewhere near the present Apothecaries-Hall. There is still in that neighbourhood, *Play-house Yard*, where probably the theatre stood. It appears to have been a very ancient play-house, Lilly's *Campasse* having been acted there in 1584. It is uncertain at what time it came into the possession of Shakspeare and his fellow-comedians. In the licence granted to them in 1603, *the Globe* is called the house where they usually performed, and no mention is made of *Black-friars* theatre. The children of the Revels sometimes acted here; indeed either they, or some other company of children, seem to have belonged to this theatre; for, *The Case is altered*, a play of Ben Jonson's, is printed as it was acted by the children of the *Black-fryars*. They were probably introduced occasionally for the sake of variety.

^f “ All the city looked like a private play-house, when the windows are clapt downe, as if some nocturnal and dismal tragedy were presently to be acted.” Decker's *Seven Deadly Sinns of London*, 1606. See also *Historia Histrionica*.

^g *The Globe*, we learn from *Historia Histrionica*, was nearly of the same size as the theatre built by Edward Alleyn, called *the Fortune*, the dimensions of which may be conjectured from a circumstance mentioned by Mr. Steevens, vol. I. p. 267, last edit. *The Fortune* is spoken of in the prologue to *the Roaring Girl*, a comedy which was acted there, as a play-house of considerable size :

“ A roaring girl, whose notes till now never were,
“ Shall fill with laughter our vast theatre.”

See also the concluding lines of Shirley's prologue to *the Doubtful Heir*, infra p. 7.

^h Wright's *Hist. Histrion*.

ⁱ So, in *the Curtaine Drawer of the World*, 1612: “ Each play-house advanceth his *flagge* in the aire, whither quickly at the waving thereof are summoned whole troops of men, women, and children.”—Again, in *A Mad World my Masters*, a comedy by

during the hours of exhibition; and it should seem from a VOL. I.
passage in one of the old comedies, that they were taken PROLEGO
down during Lent, in which season no plays were pre- MENA.

The Globe, though hexagonal at the outside, was probably a rotunda within, and perhaps had its name from its circular form^l. It might, however, have been denominated only from its sign; which was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe. This theatre was burnt down in 1613; but it was rebuilt in the following year, and decorated with more ornament than had been originally bestowed upon it^m.

The

NOTES.

by Middleton, 1608: "— the hair about the hat is as good as a *flag* upon the pole, at a common play-house, to waft company." See a *South View of the City of London as it appeared in 1599*, in which are representations of *the Globe* and *Swan* theatres. From the words, "a common play-house," in the passage last quoted, we may be led to suppose that flags were not displayed on the roof of *Black-friars*, and the other *private* play-houses.

This custom seems to have taken rise from a misconception of a line in Ovid:

"Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela teatro——"

which Heywood thus translates:

"In those days from the marble house did waive

"No sail, no *filken flag*, or ensign brave."

"From the roof (says the same author, describing a Roman amphitheatre) grew a loover or turret, of exceeding altitude, from which an *ensign of silk waved continually*;—pendebant vela teatro."—The misinterpretation might, however, have arisen from the English custom.

^k " 'Tis *Lent* in your cheeks;—*the flag is down*." *A Mad World my Masters*, a comedy by Middleton, 1608.

^l "After these (says Heywood, speaking of the buildings at Rome, appropriated to scenic exhibitions) they composed others, but differing in form from the theatre or amphitheatre, and every such was called *circus*; the frame *globe-like*, and merely *round*." *Apology for Actors*, 1612. See also our author's prologue to *K. Henry V*.

"—— or may we cram

"Within this wooden O, &c."

^m See Taylor's *Skuller*, p. 31, Ep. 22.

B 3

"As

VOL. I.

PROLEGO-
MENA.

The exhibitions at *the Globe* seem to have been calculated chiefly for the lower class of peopleⁿ; those at *Black-friars*, for a more select and judicious audience. This appears from the following prologue to Shirley's *Doubtful Heir*, which is inserted among his poems, printed in 1646, with this title :

N O T E S.

- “ As gold is better that's in fire try'd,
 “ So is the Bank-side *Globe*, that late was burn'd ;
 “ For where before it had a thatched hide,
 “ Now to a stately theator 'tis turn'd.”

See also Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 1003.

ⁿ *The Globe* theatre, (which was situated in Southwark, nearly opposite to Queen-street Cheap-side) being contiguous to the *Bear-Garden*, when the sports of the latter were over, the same spectators probably resorted to the former. The audiences at *the Bull* and *the Fortune*, were, it may be presumed, of a class still inferior to that of *the Globe*. The latter, being the theatre of his majesty's servants, must necessarily have had a superior degree of reputation. At all of them, however, it appears, that noise and shew were what chiefly attracted an audience. Our author speaks in *Hamlet* of “ *berattling the common* [i. e. the *public*] theatres.” See also *A Prologue* spoken by a company of players who had seceded from *the Fortune*, infra p. 15. (Note 9) from which we learn that the performers at that theatre “ *to split the ears of the groundlings,*” used “ *to tear a passion to tatters.*”

In some verses addressed by Thomas Carew to Mr. [afterwards Sir William] D'Avenant, “ Upon his excellent Play, *The Just Italian*,” 1630, I find a similar character of *the Bull* theatre :

- “ Now noise prevails ; and he is tax'd for drowth
 “ Of wit, that with the cry spends not his mouth. —
 “ — thy strong fancies, raptures of the brain,
 “ Dress'd in poetic flames, they entertain
 “ As a bold impious reach ; for they'll still flight
 “ All that exceeds RED BULL and *Cockpit* flight.
 “ These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
 “ To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
 “ Of the untun'd kennel, can a line repeat
 “ Of serious sense ; but like lips meet like meat :
 “ Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
 “ Keep natural unstrain'd action in her throne,
 “ Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
 “ The terser Beaumont's, or great Jonson's verse.”

The *true brood of actors* were the performers at *Black-friars*, where *The Just Italian* was acted.

Prologue

Prologue at *the GLOBE*, to his Comedy called *the Doubtful Heir*, which should have been presented at *the Black-friars*^o. VOL. I. PROLOGE MENA.

- “ Gentlemen, I am only sent to say,
 “ Our author did not calculate his play
 “ For *this* meridian. The *Bank-side*, he knows,
 “ Is far more skilful at the ebbs and flows
 “ Of water than of wit; he did not mean
 “ For the elevation of your poles, this scene.
 “ No shews—no dance—and what you most delight in,
 “ Grave understanders^p, here’s no target-fighting
 “ Upon the stage; all work for cutlers barr’d;
 “ No bawdry, nor no ballads;—this goes hard:
 “ But language clean, and what affects you not,
 “ Without impossibilities the plot;
 “ No clown, no squibs, no devil in’t.—Oh now,
 “ You squirrels that want nuts, what will you do?
 “ Pray do not crack the benches, and we may
 “ Hereafter fit your palates with a play.
 “ But you that can contract yourselves, and sit,
 “ As you were now in the *Black-friars* pit,
 “ And will not deaf us with lewd noise and tongues,
 “ Because we have no heart to break our lungs,
 “ Will pardon our *vast* stage, and not disgrace
 “ This play, meant for your persons, not the place.”

The superior discernment of the *Black-friars* audience may be likewise collected from a passage in the preface prefixed by Heminge and Condell to the first folio edition of our author’s works: “ And though you be a *magistrate of wit*, and sit on the stage at *Black-friars* or the Cockpit, to arraigne plays dailie, know these plays have had their tryal already, and stood out all appeales.”

A writer, already quoted^q, informs us that one of these

NOTES.

^o In the printed play, these words are omitted; the want of which renders the prologue perfectly unintelligible.

^p The common people stood in *the Globe* theatre, in that part of the house which we now call the pit; which being lower than the stage, Shirley calls them *understanders*. In the private play-houses, it appears from the subsequent lines, there were seats in the pit.

^q Wright.

theatres was a winter, and the other a summer house. As *the Globe* was partly exposed to the weather, and they acted there usually by day-light, it was probably the summer theatre. The exhibitions here seem to have been more frequent^r than at *Black-friars*, at least till the year 1604 or 1605, when the *Bank-side* appears to have become less fashionable, and less frequented than it formerly had been^a.

Many of our ancient dramatic pieces were performed in the yards of carriers' inns, in which, in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then first united themselves in companies, erected an occasional stage^c. The form of these temporary play-houses seems to be preserved in our modern theatre. The galleries are, in both, ranged over each other on three sides of the building. The small rooms under the lowest of these galleries, answer to our present boxes; and it is observable that these even in theatres which were built in a subsequent period expressly for dramatic exhibitions, still retained their old name, and are frequently called *rooms* by our ancient writers. The yard bears a sufficient resemblance to the pit, as at present in use. We may suppose the stage to have been raised in this area, on the fourth side, with its back to the gateway of the inn, at which the money for admission was taken. Thus, in fine weather, a play-house not incommodious might have been formed.

Hence, in the middle of *the Globe*, and I suppose of the other *public* theatres, in the time of Shakspeare, there was an

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^r *King Lear*, in the title page of the original edition, printed in 1608, is said to have been performed by his majesty's servants, playing *usually* at *the Globe* on the Bankside.—See also the licence granted by king James in 1603: “—and the said comedies, tragedies, &c.—to shew—as well within their now *usual* house called *the Globe*—”

^a See *The Works* of Taylor the water-poet, p. 171. edit. 1633.

^c Fleckno, in his *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, published in 1661, says, some remains of these ancient theatres were at that day to be seen in the inn-yards of the *Cross-keys* in Gracechurch Street, and *the Bull* in Bishopsgate Street.

In the seventeen play-houses erected between the years 1570 and 1629, the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle* reckons “five *innes* or common *esteryes* turned into play-houses.”

open

open yard or area", where the common people stood to see the exhibition; from which circumstance they are called by our author *groundlings*, and by Ben Jonson, "the *under-standing* gentlemen of the ground." VOL. I. PROLOGO-MENA.

In the ancient play-houses there appears to have been a private box; of which it is not easy to ascertain the situation. It seems to have been placed at the side of the stage, towards the rear, and to have been at a lower price; in this some people sat, either from economy or singularity". The galleries or *scaffolds*, as they are sometimes called,

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" " In the play-houses at London, it is the fashion of youths to go first into the *yard*, and to carry their eye through every gallery; then like unto ravens, when they spy the carion, thither they flye, and press as near to the fairest as they can." *Plays Confuted, in Five severall Actions*, by Stephen Gosson, 1579. Again, in Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609: "The stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light, and lay you open; neither are you to be hunted from thence, though the *scare-crowes* in the *yard* hoot you, hiss at you, spit at you." So, in the prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1611:

" We may be pelted off for what we know

" With apples, eggs, or stones, from *those below*."

See also the prologue to *The Doubtful Heir*, ante p. 7:

" ——— and what you most delight in,

" Grave *understanders*, ———"

" " Whether therefore the gatherers of the publique or private play-house stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself to the throne of the stage. I mean not into *the lords' roome*, which is now but the *stage's suburbs*. No, those boxes,—by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women, and gentlemen-ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetous sharers—are contemptibly thrust into the *reare*, and much new fatten is there damnd, by being smother'd to death in darkness." Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609. So, in the prologue to Massinger's *City-Madam*:

" The *private box* took up at a new play

" For me and my retinue; a fresh habit

" Of a fashion never seen before, to draw

" The gallants' eyes that sit upon the stage."

See also, *Epigrams*, by Sir John Davis, no date, but printed at Middleburg, about 1598:

" *Rufus* the courtier at the theatre,

" Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,

" Doth

VOL. I. called, and that part of the house, which in private theatres
 PROLEGO- was named the pit ^x, seem to have been at the same price ;
 MENA. and probably in houses of reputation, such as *the Globe*, and
 that in *Black-friars*, the price of admission into those parts of
 the theatre was six-pence ^y, while in some meaner play-

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“ Doth either to the stage himself transfer,
 “ Or through a grate doth shew his double face,
 “ For that the clamourous fry of innes of court,
 “ Fills up the private roomes of greater price ;
 “ And such a place where all may have resort,
 “ He in his singularity doth despise.”

^x The pit, Dr. Percy supposes to have received its name from one of the play-houses having been formerly a *cock-pit*. This account of the term, however, seems to be somewhat questionable. The place where the seats are ranged in St. Mary's at Cambridge, is still called the *pit* ; and no one can suspect that venerable fabric of having ever been a *cock-pit*, or that the phrase was borrowed from a play-house to be applied to a church. A *pit* is a place low in its relative situation, and such is the middle part of a theatre.

Shakspeare himself uses *cock-pit* to express a small confined situation, without any particular reference :

“ Can this *cock-pit* hold
 “ The vasty fields of France—or may we cram,
 “ Within this wooden O, the very casques
 “ That did affright the air at Agincourt.”

^y See an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595 : “ When the great man had read the actor's letter, he presently in answer to it, took a sheet of paper, and folding *sixpence* up in it, sealed it, subscribed it, and sent it to his brother ; intimating thereby, that though his brother had vowed not in seven years to see him, yet he for his *sixpence* could come and see him upon the stage at his pleasure.”

So, in the induction to *The Magnetic Lady*, by Ben Jonson :
 “ Not the faces or grounds of your people that sit in the oblique
 caves and wedges of your house, your sinful *sixpenny mechanics*.”

See post. Verses addressed to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherdes*.

That there were *sixpenny* places at the *Black-friars* play-house, appears from the epilogue to Mayne's *City Match*, 1639, which was acted at that theatre :

“ Not that he fears his name can suffer wrack
 “ From them who *sixpence* pay, and sixpence crack ;
 “ To such he wrote not, though some parts have been
 “ So like here, that they to themselves came in.”

houses

houses it was only a penny ^a, in others two-pence ^a. The price of admission into the best rooms or boxes ^b, was, I believe, VOL. I. PROLEGO-
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^a So, in *Wit without Money*, by B. and Fletcher: "Break in at plays like prentices for three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars in penny rooms again."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the penny."

Again, in *Humour's Ordinarie*, where a Man may be very merry and exceeding well used for his Sixpence, no date:

"Will you stand spending your invention's treasure,

"To teach stage-parrots speak for penny pleasure."

^a "Pay thy two-pence to a player, in this gallery you may sit by a harlot." *Bell-man's Night-walk*, by Decker, 1616.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy by Sharpam, 1615: "And they, like your common players, let men come in for two-pence a-piece."

Again, in the prologue to the *Woman-hater*, by B. and Fletcher, 1607: "—— to the utter discomfiture of all two-penny gallery men."

It appears from a passage in *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy by Middleton, 1611, that there was a two-penny gallery in the Fortune play-house, which belonged to William Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich college: "One of them is Nip; I took him once at the two-penny gallery at the Fortune."

^b The boxes in the theatre at *Black-friars* were probably small, and appear to have been inclosed in the same manner as at present. See a letter from Mr. Garrard, dated January 25, 1635. *Straff. Letters*, vol. I. p. 511: "A little pique happened betwixt the duke of Lenox and the lord chamberlain, about a box at a new play in the *Black-friars*, of which the duke had got the key; which if it had come to be debated betwixt them as it was once intended, some heat or perhaps other inconvenience might have happened."

In the *Globe* and the other public theatres, they were of considerable size. See the prologue to *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, by Decker, acted at the *Red Bull*:

"—— Give me that man,

"Who, when the plague of an imposthum'd brains,

"Breaking out, infects a theatre, and hotly reigns,

"Killing the hearers' hearts, that the vast rooms

"Stand empty, like so many dead mens' tombs,

"Can call the banish'd auditor home, &c."

He seems to be here describing his antagonist B. Jonson, whose plays were generally performed to a thin audience. See *Verses* on our author, by Leonard Digges, post.

lieve,

VOL. I. lieve, in our author's time, a shilling^c; though afterwards
 PROLEGO. it appears to have risen to two shillings^d and half a crown^e.
 MENA.

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^c See Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1614: "If he have but *twelvepence* in his purse, he will give it for the *best room* in a play-house."

So, in the prologue to our author's *King Henry VIII*:

"Those that come to see

"Only a shew or two, and so agree

"The play may pass, if they be still and willing,

"I'll undertake may see away their *shilling*

"In two short hours."

Again, in a copy of verses prefixed to Massinger's *Bondman*, 1624:

"Reader, if you have disburs'd a *shilling*

"To see this worthy story——"

Again, in the *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609: "At a new play you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seem to be hail-fellow well met."

So late as in the year 1658, we find the following advertisement at the end of a piece called *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, by Sir William D'Avenant: "Notwithstanding the great expence necessary to *scenes* and other ornaments, in this entertainment, there is good provision made of places for a *shilling*, and it shall certainly begin at three in the afternoon."

^d See the prologue to *The Queen of Arragon*, a tragedy by Habington, 1640:

"Ere we begin, that no man may repent

"*Two shillings* and his time, the author sent

"The prologue with the errors of his play,

"That who will may take his money and away."

Again, in the epilogue to Mayne's *City Match*, 1639, acted at *Black-friars*:

"To them who call't reproof, to make a face,

"Who think they judge, when they frown i' the wrong place,

"Who if they speak not ill o' the poet, doubt

"They loose by the play, nor have their *two shillings out*,

"He says, &c."

^e See *Wit without Money*, a comedy, 1639:

"And who extoll'd you into the *half crown boxes*,

"Where you might fit and muster all the beauties."

In the play-house called *the Hope* on the Bankside, there were five different-priced seats, from sixpence to half a crown. See the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, 1614.

From

From several passages in our old plays we learn, that spectators were admitted on the stage^f, and that the critics and wits of the time usually sat there^g. Some were placed on the ground^h; others sat on stools, of which the price was either sixpenceⁱ or a shilling^k, according, I suppose, to the commodiousness of the situation. And they were attended by pages, who furnished them with pipes and tobacco, which

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^f “ ——— a fresh habit .

“ Of a fashion never seen before, to draw

“ The gallants’ eyes that sit upon the stage.”

Prologue to Massinger’s *City Madam*.

So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1608: “ The actors have been found in a morning in less compass than their stage, though it were ne’er so full of gentlemen.”

^g “ ——— to fair attire the stage

“ Helps much; for if our other audience see

“ You on the stage depart, before we end,

“ Our wits go with you all, and we are fools.”

Prologue to *All Fools*, a comedy, acted at Black-friars, 1605.

See also the preface to the first folio edition of our author’s works:—“ And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Black-friars, to arraigne plays dailie——”

^h “ Being on your feet, sneake not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on the rushes, or on stools about you; and draw what troops you can from the stage after you——” Decker’s *Gul’s Horn-book*. 1609. This accounts for Hamlet’s sitting on the ground at Ophelia’s feet, during the representation of the play before the king and court of Denmark. Our author has only placed the young prince in the same situation in which he perhaps often saw Essex or Southampton at the feet of some celebrated beauty. What some chose from œconomy, gallantry might have recommended to others.

ⁱ “ By sitting on the stage, you may with small cost, purchase the deere acquaintance of the boyes; have a good stoole for sixpence——” *Gul’s Horn-book*.

^k “ These are most worne and most in fashion

“ Amongst the, bever gallants, the stone riders,

“ The private stage’s audience, the twelvpenny stoole gentlemen.”

The Roaring Girl, a comedy by Middleton, 1611.

So, in the induction to Marston’s *Malcontent*, 1604: “ By God’s flid if you had, I would have given you but sixpence for your stool.”—This therefore was the lowest rate; and the price of the most commodious stools on the stage was a shilling.

VOL. I. was smoked here as well as in other parts of the house¹.
PROLOGO- Yet it should seem that persons were suffered to sit on the
MENA. stage only in the private play-houses, (such as *Black-friars*, &c.) where the audience was more select, and of a higher class; and that in *the Globe* and the other public theatres, no such licence was permitted^m.

The stage was strewed with rushesⁿ, which we learn from Hentzner and Caius de Ephemera, was in the time of Shakspere, the usual covering of floors in England^o. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pullies, though not a modern invention, (for it was used by Inigo Jones in the masques at court) was yet an apparatus to which the simple mechanism of our ancient theatres had not arrived; for in them the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod^p. In some play-houses they were woollen,

N O T E S.

- 1 " When young *Rogero* goes to see a play,
 " His pleasure is you place him on the stage,
 " The better to demonstrate his array,
 " And how he sits attended by his page,
 " That only serves to fill those pipes with smoke,
 " For which he pawned hath his riding cloak."

Springes for Woodcocks, by H. P. 1613.

^m See the induction to Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604, which was acted by his majesty's servants at *Black-friars*:

Tyreman. " Sir, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

Sly. " Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou dost not take me for a country gentleman, dost? Dost thou think I fear hissing? Let them that have stale suits, sit in the galleries, hiss at me—"

See also, *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton: " —the private stage's audience.—" Ante p. 13. (Note ^k).

ⁿ " On the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea, and under the state of Cambyfes himselfe, must our feather'd estridge, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality." Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*.

^o See also Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1600: " Fore G——, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love."

^p The epilogue to *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592, concludes thus:

" Now draw the curtaines for our scene is done."

So,

woollen, in others, made of silk⁹. Towards the rear of VOL. I.
the stage there appears to have been a balcony^r, the plat- PROLEGO-
MENA.

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So, in the induction to Marston's *What You Will*, a comedy, 1607: "Let's place ourselves within the *curtaines*; for good faith the stage is so very little, we shall wrong the general eye very much."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1657: "Be your stage *curtaines* artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in."

See also a stage direction in *The First Day's Entertainment at Retlead House, by Declamation and Music after the manner of the Ancients*, by Sir William D'Avenant, 1658:

"The song ended, *the curtaines are drawn open* again, and the epilogue enters."

⁹ See *A Prologue upon removing of the late Fortune Players to the Bull*, by J. Tateham; *Fancie's Theatre*, 1640:

"Here gentlemen our anchor's fixt; and we
"Disdaining *Fortune's* mutability,
"Expect your kind acceptance; then we'll sing,
"(Protected by your smiles our ever-spring)
"As pleasant as if we had still possess
"Our lawful portion out of *Fortune's* breast.
"Only we would request you to forbear
"Your wonted custom, banding tyle and peare
"Against our *curtaines*, to allure us forth;—
"Pray take notice—these are of more worth;
"Pure *Naples silk*, not *worsted*.—We have ne'er
"An actor who has mouth enough to tear
"Language by the ears. This forlorn hope shall be
"By us refin'd from such gross injury:
"And then let your judicious loves advance
"Us to our merits, them to their ignorance."

^r See Nabbes's *Covent Garden*, a comedy, 1639:

"Enter Dorothy and Susan in the *balcone*."

So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, a tragedy by Massinger, 1622:

"They whisper *below*. Enter *above* Sapritius—with him Artemisia the princess, Theophilus, Spungius, and Hercius." And these five personages speak from this elevated situation during the whole scene."

See also the early quarto editions of our author's *Romeo and Juliet*, where we meet—"Enter *Romeo and Juliet aloft*." So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*: "Enter *aloft* the drunkard."—Almost the whole of the dialogue in that play between the tinker and his attendants, appears to have been spoken in this balcony.

form

VOL. I. form of which was probably eight or ten feet from the ground. I suppose it to have been supported by pillars. From hence
PROLEGO- in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken ;
MENA. and in the front of this balcony, curtains likewise were hung¹.

A doubt has been entertained, whether in our ancient theatres there were side and other scenes. The question is involved in so much obscurity, that it is very difficult to form any decided opinion upon it. It is certain, that in the year 1605, Inigo Jones exhibited an entertainment at Oxford, in which moveable scenes were used²; but he appears to have introduced several pieces of machinery in the masques at court, with which undoubtedly the public theatres were unacquainted. A passage which has been produced from one of the old comedies³, proves, it must be owned, that even these were furnished with some pieces of machinery, which were used when it was requisite to exhibit the descent of some god or saint; but from all the contemporary accounts, I am inclined to believe, that the mechanism of our ancient stage

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¹ This appears from a stage-direction in Massinger's *Emperor of the East*, 1632: "The curtaines drawn above—Theodosius and his eunuchs discovered."

² See Peck's *Memoirs of Milton*, p. 282: "The above mentioned art of varying the face of the whole stage was a new thing and never seen in England till August 1605, at what time, king James I. being to be entertained at Oxford, the heads of that University hired the aforesaid Inigo Jones (a great traveller) who undertook to farther them much, and to furnish them with rare devices for the king's entertainment. Accordingly he erected a stage close to the upper end of the hall, (as it seemed at the first sight) at Christ-church;" but it was indeed but a false wall, fair painted and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about. By reason whereof, with other painted clothes, on Wednesday Aug. 28. he varied their stage three times in the acting of one tragedy."

³ "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now adays in *stage-playes*, when some *god* or some *saynt* is made to appere forth of a cloude; and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towards some great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie—" The author adds in a marginal note: "—the lyke manner used nowe at *our days* in *stage-playes*." *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to king Henry VIII. 1540.

seldom

seldom went beyond a painted chair, or a trap-door, and that few, if any of them, had any moveable scenes². When

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² All the ancient writers on the English stage, assert that until after the death of king Charles I it was unfurnished with scenes: "Now for the difference betwixt our theatres and those of former times, (says Fleckno, who lived near enough the time to be accurately informed) they were but plain and simple, *with no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewd with rushes; with their habits accordingly.*"—*Short Discourse of the English Stage, 1664.* But though the theatres were not supplied with these costly ornaments, it appears from this writer, (as well as from the passage above quoted, p. 16, note 1) that *scenes* themselves were not a novelty at the Restoration: "For scenes and machines, (he adds, in a subsequent page) they are no new invention; our masques, and *some of our plays* in former times, (though not so ordinary) having had as good, or rather better, than any we have now."—To reconcile this passage with the foregoing, the author must be supposed to speak here, not of the exhibitions at the publick theatres, but of *private* plays, performed either at court or at noblemens' houses. He does not say, "some of our theatres,"—but, "some of our plays having had, &c." In the reign of king Charles I. the performance of plays at court, and at private houses, seems to have been very common; and gentlemen went to great expence in these exhibitions. See a letter from Mr. Garrard to lord Strafford, dated Feb. 7. 1637. *Strafford's Letters, Vol. II. p. 150*: "Two of the king's servants, privy-chamber men both, have writ each of them a play, Sir John Sutlin [Suckling] and Will. Barclay, which have been acted in court, and at the Black-friars with much applause. Sutlin's play cost *three or four hundred pounds* setting out; eight or ten suits of new cloaths he gave the players; an unheard-of prodigality."—The play on which Sir John Suckling expended this large sum, was, I believe, *The Goblins.*

To the authority of Fleckno, may be added that of Edward Philips, who, in his *Theatrum Poetarum, 1674*, [article D'Avenant] praises that poet for "the great fluency of his wit and fancy, especially for what he wrote for the English stage, of which, having laid the foundation before by his musical dramas, when the usual plays were not suffered to be acted, *he was the first reviver and improver, by painted scenes.*" Wright also, who appears to have been well acquainted with the history of our ancient stage, says, in his *Historia Histrionica, 1699*, that "*scenes* were first introduced by Sir William D'Avenant, on the publick stage, at the Duke's old theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields." See also

C

Roscius

VOL. I. king Henry VIII. is to be discovered by the dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, reading in his study, the scenical direction in the first folio, 1623, (which was printed apparently from play house copies) is, "*The king draws the curtaine, [i. e. draws it open] and sits reading pensively;*" for, besides the principal curtaines that hung in the front of the stage, they used others as substitutes for scenes. If a bed-chamber is to be exhibited, no change of scene is mentioned; but the property-man is simply ordered *to thrust forth a bed*. When the fable requires the Roman capitol to be exhibited, we find two officers enter, "*to lay cushions, as it were in the capitol.*" So, in *King Richard II.* act iv. sc. i. "*Bolingbroke, &c. enter as to the parliament.*" Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "*Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a chamber.*" In *Romeo and Juliet*, I doubt much whether any exhibition of Juliet's monument was given on the stage. I imagine Romeo only opened with his mattock one of the stage trap-doors, (which might have represented a tomb-stone) by which he descended to a vault

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Roscus Anglicanus, p. 20, 1708: "In spring 1662, Sir William D'Avenant opened his house with the first and second parts of *The Siege of Rhodes*; having new scenes and decorations, being the first that were introduced in England." Downes the prompter, who was the author of *Roscus Anglicanus*, himself acted in *The Siege of Rhodes*, on the opening of Sir William D'Avenant's house.—Scenes, however, we have already observed, had been before used in private exhibitions; he ought therefore to have added—"on a publick theatre." They had been introduced by Sir William, probably in a less perfect state, about four years before the period Downes speaks of, not indeed in a play, but in an entertainment, entitled, "*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, express'd by vocal and instrumental Musick, and by *Art of perspective in Scenes*. Represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, 1658;" a performance, which Cromwell, from his hatred to the Spaniards, permitted, though he had prohibited all other theatrical exhibitions.

¹ In *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, the following stage-direction is found: "Alexander draweth [that is, draws open] *the curtaine of his studie*, where he discovereth the devill sitting in his pontificals." Again, in *Satiromastix*, by Decker, 1602: "Horace sitting in his *study*, behind a *curtaine*, a candle by him burning, books lying confusedly, &c."

² See these several stage-directions in the first folio, 1623.

beneath

beneath the stage, where Juliet was deposited; and this idea is countenanced by a passage in the play, and by the poem on which the drama was founded ^a.

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How little the imaginations of the audience were assisted by scenical deception, and how much necessity our author had to call on them to "piece out imperfections with their thoughts," may be also collected from Sir Philip Sidney, who, describing the state of the drama and the stage, in his time, says, "Now you shall see three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we heare news of a shipwracke in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke; then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the mean time two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field ^b."

All these circumstances induce me to believe that our ancient theatres, in general, were only furnished with curtains, and a single scene composed of tapestry ^c, which appears to have

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^a "Why I descend into this bed of death." *Romeo and Juliet*, act v. So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"And then our Romeus, the vault-stone set up-right,

"Descended downe, and in his hand he bore the candle light."

Juliet, however, after her recovery, speaks and dies upon the stage.—If therefore, the exhibition was such as has been now supposed, Romeo must have brought her up in his arms from the vault beneath the stage, after he had killed Paris, and then addressed her—"O my love, my wife, &c."

^b *Defence of Poesie*, 1595. Sign. H. 4.

^c After all, however, it is difficult to conceive how some of our author's plays could have been exhibited without some species of scenery. The sentiments of Mr. Steevens, who is of opinion that our ancient theatres were not unfurnished with scenes, appear so weighty, that I shall add them in his own words:

"It must be acknowledged that little more is advanced on this occasion, than is fairly supported by the testimony of contemporary writers. Were we, however, to reason on such a part of the subject as is now before us, some suspicions might arise, that where machinery was discovered, the less complicated adjunct of scenes was scarcely wanting. When the column is found standing, no one will suppose but that it was once accompanied by its

C 2

usual

VOL. I. have been sometimes ornamented with pictures^d: and
 PROLEGO. some passages in our old dramas incline one to think, that
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usual entablature. If this inference be natural, little impropriety can be complained of in one of the stage-directions above mentioned. Where the bed is introduced, the scene of a bed-chamber (a thing too common to deserve description) would of course be at hand. Neither should any great stress be laid on the words of Sir Philip Sidney. Are we not still obliged to receive the stage alternately as a garden, as an ocean, as a range of rocks, or as a cavern? With all our modern advantages, so much of *vraisemblance* is wanting in a theatre, that the apologies which Shakspeare offers for scenical deficiency, are still in some degree needful; and be it always remembered that Sir Philip Sidney has not positively declared that *no* painted scenes were in use. Who that mentions the present stage, would think it necessary to dwell on the article of scenery, unless it were peculiarly striking and magnificent? Sir Philip has not spoken of stage-habits, and are we therefore to suppose that none were worn? Besides, between the time when Sir Philip wrote his *Defence of Poesy*, and the period at which the plays of Shakspeare were represented, the stage in all probability had received much additional embellishment. Let me repeat, that if in 1529 (the date of *Acolastus*) * machinery is known to have existed, in 1592 (when Shakspeare commenced a play-wright) a greater number of ornaments might naturally be expected, as it is usual for one improvement to be soon followed by another. That the plays of Shakspeare were exhibited with the aid of *machinery*, the following stage-directions, copied from the folio 1623, will abundantly prove.— In *The Tempest*, Ariel is said to enter “like a harpey, claps his wings on the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.” In a subsequent scene of the same play, Juno “descends;” and in *Cymbeline*, Jupiter “descends likewise, in thunder and lightening, sitting upon an eagle.” In *Macbeth*, “the cauldron *fuks*, and the apparitions *risc*.” It may be added, that the dialogue of Shakspeare has such perpetual reference to objects supposed visible to the audience, that the want of scenery

* What happy deceptions could be produced by the aid of framework and painted canvas, we may learn from Holinshed, and yet more ancient historians. The pageants and tournaments at the beginning of Henry VIIIth's reign very frequently required that the castles of imaginary beings should be exhibited. Of such contrivances some descriptions remain. These extempore buildings afforded a natural introduction to scenery on the stage.

could

when tragedies were performed, the stage was hung with black^e. VOL. I.

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could not have failed to render many of the descriptions uttered by his speakers absurd and laughable.—Macduff examines the outside of Inverness castle with such minuteness, that he distinguishes even the nests which the martins had built under the projecting parts of its roof.—Romeo, standing in a garden, points to the tops of fruit trees gilded by the moon.—The prologue-speaker to *the second part of K. Henry IV.* expressly shews the spectators “*this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,*” in which Northumberland was lodged. Jachimo takes the most exact inventory of every article in Imogen’s bed-chamber, from the silk and silver of which her tapestry was wrought, down to the Cupids that support her andirons. Had not the inside of this apartment, with its proper furniture, been represented, how ridiculous must the action of Jachimo have appeared! He must have stood looking out of the room for the particulars supposed to be visible within it. In one of the parts of *K. Hen. VI.* a cannon is discharged against a tower; and conversations are held in almost every scene from different walls, turrets, and battlements. Nor is my belief in ancient scenery entirely founded on conjecture. In the folio edition of Shakspeare’s plays, 1623, the following traces of it are preserved. In *King John*: “Enter, before Angiers, Philip king of France, &c.”—“Enter a citizen upon the walls”—“Enter the herald of France with trumpets to the gates.”—“Enter Arthur on the walls.” In *K. Hen. V.* “Enter the king, &c. with scaling ladders at Harfleur.”—“Enter the king with all his train before the gates.” In *K. Hen. VI.* “Enter to the protector at the Tower gates, &c.”—“Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the walls.”—The French leap over the walls in their shirts.”—“Enter Pucelle on the top of the tower, thrusting out a torch burning.”—“Enter lord Scales upon the tower walking. Then enter two or three citizens below.”—“Enter king and queen and Somerset on the terrace.”—“Enter three watchmen to guard the king’s tent.” In *Coriolanus*: “Marcus follows them to the gates, and is shut in.” In *Timon*: “Enter Timon in the woods *.”—“Enter Timon from his cave.”

* Apemantus must have pointed to the scenes as he spoke the following lines:

“—shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.”

Again:

“—will these moist trees
That have outliv’d the eagle, &c.”

A piece of old tapestry must have been regarded as a poor substitute for these towering shades.

VOL. I. In the early part, at least, of our author's acquaintance with the theatre, the want of scenery seems to have been supplied

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In *Julius Cæsar*: "Enter Brutus in his orchard," &c. &c.—In short, without characteristic discriminations of place, the historical dramas of Shakspeare in particular, would have been wrapped in tenfold confusion and obscurity; nor could the spectator have felt the poet's power, or accompanied his rapid transitions from one situation to another, without such guides as painted canvas only could supply. The audience would with difficulty have received the catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet* as natural and affecting, unless the deception was confirmed to them by the appearance of a tomb. The managers who could raise ghosts, bid the cauldron sink into the earth, and then exhibit a train of royal phantoms in *Macbeth*, could with less difficulty supply the flat paintings of a cavern or a grove. The artists who can put the dragons of *Medea* in motion, can more easily represent the clouds through which they are to pass. But for these, or such assistances, the spectator, like Hamlet's mother, must have bent his gaze on mortifying vacancy; and with the guest invited by the Barmecide, in the Arabian tale, must have furnished from his own imagination the entertainment of which his eyes were solicited to partake.

"It should likewise be remembered, that the intervention of civil war would easily occasion many customs of our early theatres to be silently forgotten. The times when Wright and Downes produced their respective narratives, were by no means times of exactness or curiosity. What they heard, might have been heard imperfectly; it might have been unskillfully related; or their own memories might have deceived them:"

"Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

"One assertion made by the latter of these writers, is chronologically disproved. We may remark likewise, that in *private* theatres, a part of the audience was admitted on the stage, but that this licence was refused in the *public* play-houses. To what circumstance shall we impute this difference between the customs of the one and the other? Perhaps the *private* theatres had no scenes, the *public* had; and a crowded stage would prevent them from being commodiously beheld, or conveniently shifted*. The *fresh pictures* mentioned

* To *shift a scene* is at least a phrase employed by Shakspeare himself in *K. Hen. V.*

"——and not till then

"Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene*."

and by Ben Jonson, yet more appositely, in *The Staple of News*:

"*Lis,*

plied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places where the scene was laid in the progress of

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mentioned by Ben Jonson in the induction to his *Cynthia's Revels*, might be properly introduced to cover old tapestry; for to hang pictures over faded arras, was then and is still sufficiently common in antiquated mansions, such as those in which the scenes of dramatic writers are often laid. That Shakspeare himself was no stranger to the magic of theatrical ornaments, may be inferred from a passage in which he alludes to the scenery of *pageants*, the fashionable shews of his time:

- “ Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
 “ A vapour sometimes like a lion, a bear,
 “ A towred citadel, a pendent rock,
 “ A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 “ With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 “ And mock our eyes with air:—these thou hast seen,
 “ They are black Vesper's *pageants* *.”

Antony and Cleopatra.

“ To conclude, the richest and most expensive scenes had been introduced to dress up those spurious children of the muse called Masques; nor have we sufficient reason for believing that Tragedy, her legitimate offspring, continued to be exposed in rags, while appendages more suitable to her dignity were known to be within the reach of our ancient managers. Shakspeare, Burbage, and Condell, must have had frequent opportunities of being acquainted with the mode in which both masques, tragedies, and comedies, were represented in the inns of court, the halls of noblemen, and in the palace itself. STEEVENS.”

* “ Sir Crack, I am none of your fresh *pictures* that use to beautify the decayed old *arras*, in a *publick theatre*.” Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, 1601.

* In the induction to an old tragedy called *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, three personages are introduced under the names

- “ *Lic.* Have you no news o' the stage?
 “ *Tho.* O yes;
 “ There is a legacy left to the king's players,
 “ Both for their *various shifting of their scenes*,
 “ And dextrous change of their persons to all shapes
 “ And all disguises, &c.”

* After a pageant had passed through the streets, the characters that composed it were assembled in some hall or other spacious apartment, where they delivered their respective speeches, and were finally set out to view with the advantages of proper scenery and decoration.

VOL. I. the play, which were disposed in such a manner as to be visible to the audience ^f.

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MENA. Though the apparatus for theatrick exhibitions was thus scanty, and the machinery of the simplest kind, the invention of trap-doors appears not to be modern; for in an old morality, entitled, *All for Money*, we find a marginal direction, which implies that they were very early in use ^g.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors* ^h, that the covering, or internal roof of the stage, was anciently termed *the heavens*. It was probably painted of a sky-blue colour; or perhaps pieces of drapery tinged with blue were suspended across the stage, to represent the heavens.

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of *Tragedy*, *Comedy*, and *History*. After some contest for superiority, *Tragedy* prevails; and *History* and *Comedy* retire with these words:

Hist. "Look, *Comedie*, I mark'd it not till now,
" *The stage is hung with blacke*, and I perceive
" The auditors prepar'd for *tragedie*."

Com. "Nay then, I see she shall be entertain'd.
" These ornaments beseeem not thee and me;
" Then, *Tragedie*, kill them to-day with sorrow,
" We'll make them laugh with mirthful jests to-morrow."

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:
" *The stage of heaven is hung with solemn black*,
" A time best fitting to act *tragedies*."

Again, in our author's *K. Henry VI.* P. I.
" *Hung be the heavens with black*, &c."

Again, more appositely, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
" *Black stage for tragedies*, and murders fell."

^f "What child is there that coming to a play and seeing *Thebes written upon an old door*, doth believe that it is *Thebes*?"
Defence of Poesie, by Sir Philip Sidney. Sig. G. 1595.

^g "Here — with some fine conveyance, *Pleasure* shall appear from *beneath*." *All for Money*, 1578.

So, in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:
" Enter *Balurdo from under the stage*."

In the fourth act of *Macbeth*, several apparitions arise from beneath the stage and again descend.—The cauldron likewise sinks:—"Why *sinks* that cauldron, and what noise is this?"

In the *Roaring Girl*, a comedy by Middleton, 1611, there is a character called *Trap-door*.

^h *Apol. for Actors*, 1612. Sig. D 3.

From

From a plate prefixed to Kirkman's *Drolls*, printed in 1672, in which there is a view of a theatrical booth, it should seem that the stage was formerly lighted by two large branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches. They being, I suppose, found inconvenient, as they obstructed the sight of the spectators¹, gave place in a subsequent period to small circular wooden frames, furnished with candles, eight of which were hung on the stage, four at either side: and these within a few years were wholly removed by Mr. Garrick, who, on his return from France, first introduced the present commodious method of illuminating the stage by lights not visible to the audience.

If all the players whose names are enumerated in the first folio edition of our author's works, belonged to the same theatre, they composed a numerous company; but it is doubtful whether they all performed at the same period, or in the same house^k. Many of the companies, certainly were so thin, that one person played two or three parts^l; and

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¹ Fleckno, in 1664, complains of the bad lighting of the stage, even at that time: "Of this curious art [scenery] the Italians (this latter age) are the greatest masters; the French good proficient; and we in England only scholars and learners yet, having proceeded no farther than to bare painting, and not arrived to the stupendous wonders of your great ingeniers; especially *not knowing yet how to place our lights, for the more advantage and illuminating of the scenes.*" *Short Discourse of the English Stage.*

^k An actor, who wrote a pamphlet against Mr. Pope, soon after the publication of his edition of Shakspeare, says, he could prove that they belonged to several different companies. It appears from the MS. Register of lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers to king James I. that *Joseph Taylor*, in 1613, was at the head of a distinct company from that of *Hemminge*, called the lady Elizabeth's servants, who acted at *the Hope* on the Bank-side. Some of the players too, whose names are prefixed to the first folio edition of our author, were dead in the year 1600, or soon after; and others there enumerated, might have appeared in a subsequent period, to supply their loss. See *the Catalogue of Actors*, post.

^l In the induction to Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, *Piero* asks *Alberto*, what part he acts. He replies, "the necessity

VOL. I. and a battle on which the fate of an empire was supposed to depend, was decided by half a dozen combatants^m. It appears to have been a common practice in their mock engagements, to discharge small pieces of ordnance on the stageⁿ.

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Before the exhibition began, three flourishes or pieces of musick were played, or, in the ancient language, there were three soundings^o. Musick was likewise played between the acts^p. The instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, and hautboys. The band, which did not consist of more than five or six performers, sat (as I have been told by a very ancient stage veteran, who had his information

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fity of the play forceth me to act *two parts*." See also the *Dramatis Personæ* of many of our ancient plays; and post. p. 28. (Note¹).

- ^m " And so our scene must to the battle fly,
" Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace
" *With four or five most vile and ragged foils,*
" Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
" The name of Agincourt." *K. Henry V.* act IV.

ⁿ " Much like to some of the players that come to the scaffold with drumme and trumpet, to proffer skirmishe, and when they have sounded alarme, off go the pieces, to encounter a shadow or conquer a paper-monster." *Schoole of Abuse*, by Stephen Gosson, 1579.

So, in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt*, 1600: "Alarmes to the battaile.—York flies—then *the chambers be discharged*—then enter the king, &c."

- ^o " Come let's but think ourselves what may be found
" To deceive time with till the *second sound*."

Notes from Black-fryars, by H. Fitz-Jeffery, 1617.

See also Decker's *Gul's Horn-booke*, 1609: "Throw the cardes about the stage just upon the *third sound*, as though you had lost."

^p It has been thought by some that our author's dramas were exhibited without any pauses, in an unbroken continuity of scenes. But this appears to be a mistake. In a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, now before me, which clearly belonged to the play-house, the endings of the acts are marked in the margin; and directions are given for musick to be played between each act. The marginal directions in this copy appear to be of a very old date, one of them being in the ancient style and hand—"Play *musicke*."

from

from Bowman, the contemporary of Betterton) in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box. VOL. I.

The person who spoke the prologue, was ushered in by trumpets ¹, and usually wore a long black velvet cloak ², which, I suppose, was considered as best suited to a supplicatory address. Of this custom, whatever might have been its origin, some traces remained till very lately; a black coat having been, if I mistake not, within these few years, the constant stage-habiliment of our modern prologue-speakers. The dress of the ancient prologue-speaker is still retained in the play that is exhibited in *Hamlet*, before the king and court of Denmark.

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An epilogue does not appear to have been a regular appendage to a play in Shakspeare's time; for many of his dramas had none; at least, they have not been preserved. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As you like It*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *The Tempest*, the epilogue is spoken by one of the persons of the drama, and adapted to the character of the speaker; a circumstance that I have not observed in the epilogues of any other author of

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¹ See Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609. "Present not yoursele on the stage (especially at a new play) untill the quaking *prologue* hath by rubbing got cullor into his cheeks, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue, that he's upon the point to enter."

² See the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601:

1 *Child*. "Pray you, away; why children what do you mean?"

2 *Child*. "Marry, that you should not speak the prologue."

1 *Child*. "Sir, I plead possession of the *cloak*. Gentlemen, your suffrages, for God's sake."

So, in the prologue to *The Coronation*, by Shirley, 1640:

"Since 'tis become the title of our play,

"A woman once in a coronation may

"With pardon speak the prologue, give as free

"A welcome to the theatre, as he

"That with a little beard, a *long black cloak*,

"With a starch'd face and supple leg, hath spoke

"Before the plays this twelvemonth, let me then

"Present a welcome to these gentlemen."

Again, in the prologue to *The Woman-Hater*, by B. and Fletcher: "Gentlemen, inductions are out of date, and a prologue in verse is as stale as a *black velvet cloak*, and a bay garland."

that

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that age. The epilogue was not always spoken by one of the performers in the piece; for that subjoined to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* appears to have been delivered by a dancer.

The performers of male characters generally wore periwigs^a, which in the age of Shakspeare were not in common use. It appears from a passage in Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, that vizards were on some occasions used by the actors of those days^b; and it may be inferred from a scene in one of our author's comedies, that they were sometimes worn in his time, by those who performed female characters^c. But this, I imagine, was very rare. Some of the female part of the audience likewise appeared in masks^d.

The

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^a See *Hamlet*, act III. sc. ii. "O it offends me to the soul to hear a robusitious periwig-pated fellow, tear a passion to tatters."

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "As none wear hoods but monks and ladies,—and feathers but fore-horses, &c. none periwigs but players and pictures."

^b "—partly (says he) to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons."

^c In *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Flute objects to his playing a woman's part, because he has "a beard a coming." But his friend Quince tells him, "that's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will."

^d "In our assemblies at playes in London (says Goffon, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, Sig. C.) you shall see such heaving and showing, such ytching and shouldring to sitte by women, such care for their garments that they be not trode on; such eyes to their lappes that no chippes light in them; such pillows to their backes that they take no hurte; such masking in their ears, I know not what; such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at foot-saunte without cardes; such licking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedie to mark their behaviour."

So also the prologue to Marston's *Fawne*, 1606:

"—nor doth he hope to win

"Your laud or hand with that most common sin

"Of vulgar pens, rank bawdry, that smells

"Even through your masks, usque ad nauseam."

So, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:

"These happy masks that hide fair ladies' brows."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"—as

The stage-dresses, it is reasonable to suppose, were much more costly at some theatres than others. Yet the wardrobe of even the king's servants at *the Globe* and *Black-friars*, was, we find, but scantily furnished; and our author's dramas derived very little aid from the splendor of exhibition².

It is well known, that in the time of Shakspeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented by boys or young men. Sir William D'Avenant, in imitation of the foreign theatres, first introduced females in the scene, and Mrs. Betterton is said to have been the first woman that appeared on the English stage. Andrew Penny-cuicke played the part of *Matilda*, in a tragedy of Davenport's, in 1655; and Mr. Kynaston acted several female

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“ ——— as *these black masks*

“ Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
“ Than beauty could display'd.”

Again, in B. Jonson's verses, addressed to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherds*:

“ The wise and many-headed bench that fits
“ Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
“ Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
“ *Lady* or pupil, that wears *maske* or fan,
“ Velvet or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark
“ With the shop's foreman, or some such brave sparke,
“ (That may judge for his *fix;ence*) had, before
“ They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play.”

After the Restoration, masks, I believe, were chiefly worn in the theatre, by women of the town. Wright complains of the great number of masks in his time: “Of late the play-houses are so extremely pestered with vizard *masks* and their trade, (occasioning continual quarrels and abuses) that many of the more civilized part of the town are uneasy in the company, and shun the theatre as they would a house of scandal.” *Hist. Histrion.* 1699.

Ladies of unblemished character, however, wore masks in the boxes, in the time of Congreve.

² See the induction to Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, acted by the king's servants, in 1625:

“ O *Curiosity*, you come to see who wears the new suit to-day; whose cloaths are best pen'd, whatever the part be; which actor has the best leg and foot; *what king plays without cuffs, and his queen without gloves: who rides post in stockings, and dances in boots.*”

parts

VOL. I. parts after the Restoration. Downes, a contemporary of his, assures us, "that being then very young, he made a complete stage beauty, performing his parts so well, (particularly *Arthiophe* and *Aglaura*) that it has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, touched the audience so sensibly as he ¹."

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Both the prompter, or book-holder, as he was sometimes called, and the property-man, appear to have been regular appendages of our ancient theatres ².

No writer that I have met with, intimates that, in the time of Shakspeare, it was *customary* to exhibit more than a single dramattick piece on one day.

The Yorkshire Tragedy, or All's one, indeed, appears to have been one of four pieces that were represented on the same day; and Fletcher has also a piece called *Four Plays in One*; but probably, these were either exhibited on some particular occasion, or were ineffectual efforts to introduce a new species of amusement; for we do not find any other instances of the same kind. Had any shorter pieces been exhibited after the principal performance, some of them probably would have been printed: but there are none extant of an earlier date than the time of the Restoration. The practice therefore of exhibiting two dramas successively in the same evening, we may be assured, was not established before that period ³. But though the audiences in the time of our author, were not gratified by the representation of more than one drama in the same

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¹ *Rosc. Anglican.* p. 19.

² "I assure you Sir, we are not so officiously befriended by him [the author] as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the *book-holder*, swear for our properties, curse the poor *tireman*, rayle the musicke out of tune, &c." Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601.

³ Soon after the Restoration, Sir William D'Avenant exhibited, I believe, the first farce that appeared on the English stage, translated from Moliere's *Sganarelle ou le Cocu Imaginaire*; which, Langbaine says, used to be acted after the tragedy of *Pompey*, written by Mrs. Katherine Philips. It was afterwards incorporated by D'Avenant in a piece of five acts, called *The Play-house to be let*, where only it is now to be found. In 1677, *The Cheats of Scapin* was performed, as a second piece, after *Titus and Berenice*, a play of three acts, in order to furnish out an exhibition of the usual length; and about the same time farces were produced by Duffet, Tate, and others.

day

day, the entertainment was diversified, and the populace VOL. I.
diverted, by vaulting ^b, tumbling, slight of hand, and mor- PROLEGO-
ris-dancing; a mixture not much more heterogeneous than MENA.
that with which we are daily presented, a tragedy and a farce.

The amusements of our ancestors, before the commencement of the play, were of various kinds. While some part of the audience entertained themselves with reading ^c, or playing at cards ^d, others were employed in less refined occupations; in drinking ale ^e, or smoking to-

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^b "For the eye, beside the beautie of the houses and the stages, he [the devil] sendeth garish apparel, masques, vaulting, tumbling, dancing of giggies, galiardes, moriscoes, bobby-horses, shewing of juggling castles—nothing forgot, that might serve to set out the matter with pompe, or ravish the beholders with variety of pleasure." *Gosson's School of Abuse*. Sig. G.

^c So, in *Fitz-Jeffery's Satires*, 1617:

"Ye worthy worthies! none else, might I chuse,

"Doe I desire my poesie peruse,

"For to save charges ere the play begin,

"Or when the lord of liberty comes in."

Again, in a satire at the conclusion of *The Masque, or young Whelp of the old Dogge*.—*Epigrams and Satires*; printed by Thomas Creede:

[The author is speaking of those who will probably purchase his book.]

"Last comes my scoffing friend, of scowring wit,

"Who thinks his judgment 'bove all arts doth sit.

"He buys the booke, and hastes him to the play,

"Where when he comes and reads, "here's stuff," doth say;

"Because the lookers on may hold him wise,

"He laughs at what he likes, and then will rise,

"And takes tobacco; then about will looke,

"And more dislike the play than of the booke;

"At length is vext he should with charge be drawne

"For such slight fights to lay a suite to pawne."

^d "Before the play begins, fall to cardes." *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609.

^e See *The Woman-Hater*, a comedy, by B. and Fletcher, 1607:

"There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains, so fearfully, that a bottle of ale cannot be opened but he thinks somebody hisses."

bacco:

VOL. I. *bacco*^f: with these they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour, a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains^g.

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It was a common practice to carry table-books^h to the theatre, and either from curiosity, or enmity to the author, or some other motive, to write down passages of the play that was represented: and there is reason to believe that the imperfect and mutilated copies of some of Shakspeare's dramas, which are yet extant, were taken down in shorthand during the exhibitionⁱ.

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^f "Now, Sir, I am one of your gentle auditors that am come in.—I have my three sorts of *tobacco* in my pocket; *my light by me*—and thus I begin." Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1631.

So, in *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson: "He looks like a fellow that I have seen accomodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Horn-booke*: "By sitting on the stage, you may with small cost purchase the deare acquaintance of the boyes; have a good stool for sixpence;—*get your matchlighted, &c.*"

^g "——Pr'ythee what's the play?"

"I'll see it and fit it out whate'er.——"

"Had Fate fore-read me in a crowd to die,

"Or be made adder-deaf with *pippin-cry*."

Notes from Black-fryars by H. Fitz-Jeffery, 1617.

^h See the induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, a comedy, 1604: "I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them [Heminge, Burbage, &c.] intelligence for their action; I have most of the jests here in my *table-book*."

So, in the prologue to *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:

"——Nor shall he in plush,

"That from the poet's labours, in the pit

"Informs himself, for the exercise of his wit

"At taverns, *gather notes*."——

Again, in the prologue to *The Woman Hater*, a comedy, 1607:

"If there be any lurking among you in corners, with *table-books*, who have some hopes to find fit matter to feed his malice on, let them clasp them up, and flink away, or stay and be converted."

Again, in *Every man in his Humour*:

"But to such wherever they sit concealed, let them know; the author desies them and their *writing-tables*."

ⁱ See vol. VI. p. 647.

At

At the end of the piece, the actors, in noblemens' houses VOL. I.
and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed ^k, PROLOGO-
prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and MENA.
in the publick theatres, for the king and queen ^l. This
prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue ^m. Hence,
probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of
Vivant rex et regina, to the modern play-bills.

Plays in the time of our author, began at one o'clock in
the afternoon ⁿ; and the exhibition was usually finished
in

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^k See *A mad World my Masters*, a comedy, by Middleton,
1638: "Some sherry for my lord's players there, firrah; why
this will be a true feast—a right *Mitre* supper—a *play* and all."

The night before the insurrection of the gallant and unfortunate
earl of Essex, the play of *K. Richard II.* was acted at his house.

^l See the notes on the epilogue to *The Second Part of K. Henry
IV.* vol. V p. 615.

^m See *Cambyfes*, a tragedy, by Thomas Preston; *Lochrine*,
1555; and *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

ⁿ "Fuscus doth rise at ten, and at eleven

"He goes to Gyls, where he doth eat till one,

"Then sees a play."——

Epigrams by Sir John Davies, no date, but printed about 1598.

Others, however, were actuated by a stronger curiosity, and, in
order to secure good places, went to the theatre without their din-
ner. See the prologue to *The Unfortunate Lovers*, by Sir Wil-
liam D'Avenant, 1643:

"—— You are grown excessive proud,

"Since ten times more of wit than was allow'd

"Your silly ancestors in twenty year,

"You think in *two short hours* to swallow here.

"For they to theatres were pleas'd to come

"Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;

"There sat on benches not adorn'd with mats,

"And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats

"To every half-dress'd player, as he still

"Through hangings peep'd, to see the galleries fill.

"Good easy-judging souls with what delight

"They would expect a jigg or target-fight!

"A furious tale of Troy,—which they ne'er thought

"Was weakly writ, if it were strongly fought;

"Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,

"And cry'd—a *passing good one*, I protest."

From the foregoing lines it appears that, anciently, places were
not taken in the best rooms or boxes, before the representation.

VOL. I. in two hours °. Even in 1667, they commenced at three o'clock^p.
 PROLOGO-
 MENA.

When Goffon wrote his *School of Abuse* in 1579, it seems that dramattick entertainments were usually exhibited on Sundays^q. Afterwards they were performed on that and other days indiscriminately. From the silence of Prynne on this subject, it has been supposed that the practice of exhibiting plays on the Lord's day was discontinued when he published his *Histriomastix*, in 1633; but I doubt whether this conjecture be well founded, for it appears from a contemporary writer, that it had not been abolished in the third year of king Charles I^r.

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Soon after the Restoration, this practice was established. See a prologue to a revived play, in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672:

"Hence 'tis that at new plays you come so soon,
 "Like bridegrooms hot to go to bed ere noon;
 "Or if you are detain'd some little space,
 "The stinking footman's sent to keep your place.
 "But if a play's reviv'd, you stay and dine,
 "And drink till three, and then come dropping in."

° See note (n). See also the prologue to *K. Henry VIII.* and that to *Romeo and Juliet*.

^p See *The Demoiselles a la Mode*, by Flecknoe, 1667:

1 *Act*. "Hark you, hark you, whither away so fast?"

2 *Act*. "Why, to the theatre, 'tis past three o'clock, and the play is ready to begin." See also note " above.

After the Restoration, (we are told by old Mr. Cibber) it was a frequent practice of the ladies of quality, to carry Mr. Kynaston the actor, in his female dress, after the play, in their coaches to Hyde Park.

^q "These [the players] because they are allowed to play every Sunday, make four or five Sundays, at least, every week." *School of Abuse*, 1579.

In former times, (says Stowe in his *Survey of London*), ingenious tradesmen and gentlemens' servants would sometimes gather a company of themselves, and learn interludes, to expose vice, or to represent the noble actions of our ancestors. These they played at festivals, in private houses, at weddings, or other entertainments. But in process of time it became an occupation, and these plays being commonly acted on Sundays and other festivals, the churches were forsaken, and the playhouses thronged."

"And seldom have they leisure for a play

"Or masque, except upon God's holyday."

Withers's *Britaine's Remembrancer*, Canto vi. p. 197. b. 1628

It

It has been a question whether it was formerly a common practice to ride on horseback to the play-house; a circumstance that would scarcely deserve consideration, if it were not in some sort connected with our author's history, a plausible story having been built on this foundation, relative to his first introduction to the stage.

The modes of conveyance to the theatre, anciently, as at present, seem to have been various; some going in coaches, others on horseback, and many by water. To *the Globe* play-

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^a See vol. I. p. 201 of the prefatory matters; last edit.

^b "A pipe there, firrah; no soppificate—

"Villaine, the best—whate'er you prize it at—

"Tell yonder lady with the yellow fan,

"I shall be proud to usher her anon;

"My coach stands ready." —

Notes from Black-fryars, 1617.

The author is describing the behaviour of a gallant at the *Black-fryars theatre*.

^a See the induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601: "Besides, they could wish, your poets would leave to be promoters of other mens' jests, and to way-lay all the stale apothegms or old books they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal:—again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own but what they have twice or thrice cooked, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had dressed it, nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, beside *hobby-horses*, and *foot-cloth nags*."

^b In the year 1613, the Company of Watermen petitioned his majesty, "that the players might not be permitted to have a play-house in London or in Middlesex, within four miles of the city on that side of the Thames." From Taylor's *True Cause of the Watermens' Suit concerning Players, and the Reasons that their playing in London is their* [i. e. the Watermen's] *extreme Hindrance*, we learn, that the theatres on the Bankside in Southwark were once so numerous, and the custom of going thither by water so general, that many thousand watermen were supported by it.—As the book is not common, and the passage contains some anecdotes relative to the stage at that time, I shall transcribe it:

"Afterwards," [i. e. as I conjecture, about the year 1596] says Taylor, who was employed as an advocate in behalf of the watermen, "the players began to play on *the Bankside*, and to leave playing in London and Middlesex for the most part. Then there went such great concourse of people by water, that the small number of watermen remaining at home [the majority being employed

Vol. I. playhouse the company probably were conveyed by water^x; to
 PROLOGO- that in *Black-fryars*, the gentry went either in coaches^y, or on
 M. E. N. A. horse-

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employed in the Spanish war] were not able to carry them, by reason of the court, the tears, the players, and other employments. So that we were enforced and encouraged, hoping that this golden stirring world would have lasted ever, to take and entertaine men and boyes; which boyes are grown men and keepers of houses. — So that the number of watermen, and those that live and are maintained by them, and by the only labour of the oare and the skull, betwixt the bridge of Windfor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer than *forty thousand*; the cause of the greater halfe of which multitude hath bene the players playing on *the Bankside*; for I have known three companies, besides the bear-baiting, at once there; to wit, *the Globe*, *the Rose*, and *the Swan*.

“ And now it hath pleased God in this peaceable time [from 1604 to 1613] that there is no employment at the sea, as it hath bene accustomed; so that as all those great numbers of men remain at home; and the players have all (except the king’s men) left their usual residency on *the Bankside*, and do play in *Middle-fex*; far remote from the Thames; so that every day in the weeke they do draw unto them three or four thousand people, that were used to spend their moneys by water. —

“ — His majestie’s players did exhibit a petition against us, in which they said, that our suit was unreasonable, and that we might as justly remove the Exchange, the walkes in Paul’s, or Moorfields, to the Bankside, for our profits, as to confine them.”

The affair appears never to have been decided. “ Some (says Taylor) have reported that I took bribes of the players, to let the suit fall, and to that purpose I had a supper of them, at *the Cardinal’s bat*, on the Bankside.” *Works* of Taylor the water-poet, p. 171, edit. 1633.

^x See an epilogue to a vacation-play at *the Globe*, by Sir William D’Avenant. *Works*, p. 245 :

“ For your own sakes, poor souls, you had not best

“ Believe my fury was so much suppress’d

“ I’ the heat of the last scene, as now you may

“ Boldly and safely too cry down our play;

“ For if you dare but murmur one false note,

“ Here in the house, or going to take boat;

“ By heav’n I’ll mow you off with my long sword,

“ Yeoman and squire, knight, lady and her lord.”

^y See a letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford, dated Jan. 9, 1633-4; *Strafford’s Letters*, vol. I. p. 175: “ Here hath been an order of the lords of the council hung up in a table near *Paul’s* and *the Black-fryars*, to command all that resort to the play-

horseback; and the common people on foot. In an epigram by Sir John Davis, the practice of riding to the theatre is ridiculed as a piece of affectation or vanity; and therefore we may presume it was not very general.² VOL. I.
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Though from the want of news-papers and other periodical publications, intelligence was not so speedily circulated

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play-house there, to send away their *coaches*, and to disperse abroad in *Paul's Church-yard*, *Carter Lane*, *the Conduit in Fleet Street*, and other places, and not to return to fetch their company, but they must trot a-foot to find their *coaches*:—'twas kept very strictly for two or three weeks, but now I think it is disordered again."—It should however be remembered that this was written above forty years after Shakspeare's first acquaintance with the theatre. Coaches, in the time of queen Elizabeth were possessed but by very few. They were not in ordinary use till after the year 1605. See Stowe's *Annals*, p. 867. Even when the above mentioned order was made, there were no *hackney* coaches. These, as appears from another letter in the same collection, were established a few months afterwards.—"I cannot (says Mr. Garrard) omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one captain Baily, he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected according to his ability, some *four hackney coaches*, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the *May-pole* in the *Strand*, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had every where, as water-men are to be had by the water-side. Every body is much pleased with it. For whereas, before, coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper." This letter is dated April 1, 1634.—*Strafford's Letters*, vol. I. p. 227.

A few months afterwards, hackney chairs were introduced: "Here is also another project for carrying people up and down in *close chairs*, for the sole doing whereof, Sir Sander Duncombe, a traveller, now a pensioner, hath obtained a patent from the king, and hath forty or fifty making ready for use." *Ibid.* p. 336.

² "Faustus, nor lord, nor knight, nor wife, nor old,

"To ev'ry place about the town doth ride;

"He rides into the fields, plays to behold;

"He rides to take boat at the water-side."

Epigrams, printed at Middleburg, about 1598.

VOL. I. in former times as at present, our ancient theatres do not appear to have laboured under any disadvantage in this respect; for the players printed and exposed accounts of the pieces that they intended to exhibit ^a, which, however, did not contain a complete list of the characters, or the names of the actors by whom they were represented ^b.

PROLEGO-
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The long and whimsical titles that are prefixed to the quarto copies of our author's plays, I suppose to have been transcribed from the play-bills of the time. They were equally calculated to attract the notice of the idle gazer in

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^a "They use to set up their billes upon posts some certaine dayes before, to admonish the people to make resorte to their theatres, that they may thereby be the better furnished, and the people prepared to fill their purses with their treasures." *Treatise against Idleness, vaine Playes and Interludes*, bl. let. (no date).

The antiquity of this custom likewise appears from a story recorded by Taylor the water-poet, under the head of *Wit and Mirth*. 30. "Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet-Street a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him what play was played that day. He being angry to be staied on so frivolous a demand, answered that he might see what play was to be plaied upon every *poste*. I cry you mercy, said the gentleman, I took you for a *poste*, you rode so fast." Taylor's *Works*, p. 183.

Ames, in his *History of Printing*, p. 342, says, that James Roberts [who published some of our author's dramas] printed *bills for the players*.

It appears from the following entry on the Stationers' books, that even the right of printing play-bills was at one time made a subject of monopoly :

"Oct. 1587. John Charlewoode.] Lycensed to him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *onlye* ymprinting of all manner of *billes for players*. Provided that if any trouble arise here-bye, then *Charlewoode* to beare the charges."

^b This practice did not commence till the beginning of the present century. I have seen a play-bill printed in the year 1697. which expressed only the titles of the two pieces that were to be exhibited, and the time when they were to be represented. Notices of plays to be performed on a future day, similar to those now daily published, are found in the original edition of the *Spectators* in 1711. In these early theatrical advertisements, our author is always styled the *immortal* Shakspeare. Hence Pope :

"Shakespeare, whom you and every *play-house bill*
"Style the *divine*, the matchless, what you will——"

the

the walks at St. Paul's, or to draw a crowd about some voracious Autolykus, who perhaps was hired by the players thus to raise the expectations of the multitude. It is indeed highly improbable that the modest Shakspeare, who has more than once apologized for his *untutored lines*, should in his manuscripts have entitled any of his dramas *most excellent and pleasant performances*°. A contemporary writer has preserved

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° The titles of the following plays may serve to justify what is here advanced :

The most *excellent*
Historie of the *Merchant*
of *Venice*.

With the extreame crueltie of *Sbylocke the Jewe*
towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound
of his flesh : and the obtayning of Portia
by the choyse of three
caskets.

As it hath been diverse Times acted by the Lord
Chamberlaine his Servants.

Written by William Shakspeare.
1600.

M. William Shakspeare :

H I S
True Chronicle Historie of the Life and
Death of King LEAR and his three
Daughters.

With the unfortunate life of Edgar, Sonne
and Heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his
sullen and assumed humor of

TOM of Bedlam :

As it was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall upon
S. Stephen's Night in Christmase's Hollidayes.

By his Majestie's Servants playing usually at the Globe
on the Bank-side.

1608.

A most
Pleasant and Excellent Conceited
Comedie
of

Syr John Falstaffe,
and the
Merry Wives of Windfor.

D 4

Enter-

Vol. I. served something like a play-bill of those days, which
 PROLEGO. seems to corroborate this observation; for if it were di-
 MENA. vested

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Entermixed

With fundrie variable and pleasing Humors of Sir
 Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow,
 and his wife Cousin Mr. Slender.

With the

Swaggering Vaine of ancient Pistoll,
 and Corporal Nym.

By William Shakespeare.

As it hath been divers Times acted
 By the Right Honourable my Lord Chamber-
 laine's Servants;
 Both before her Majestie and else where,
 1602.

The

History of
 Henrie the

Fourth;

With the Battell at Shrewsburie,
 betweene the King and Lord Henrie
 Percy, surnamed Henry Hot-
 spur of the North.

With the humorous conceits of Sir
 John Falstaffe.

Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare.
 1598.

The

T R A G E D I E

of

King Richard

The Third

Containing his treacherous Plots, against
 his brother Clarence: The pittifull Murder of his inno-
 cent Nephews: his tiranous usurpation: with the whole
 course of his detested Life, and most
 deserved Death.

As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesties
 Servants.

Newly augmented
 By William, Shakespeare.
 1598.

THE

rested of rime, it would bear no very distant resemblance to the title pages that stand before some of our author's dramas :

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“ ————Prithee, what's the play ?
 “ (The first I visited this twelvemonth day)
 “ They say——“ A new invented boy of *Purle*,
 “ That jeoparded his necke to steale a girl
 “ Of twelve ; and lying fast impounded for't,
 “ Has hither sent his bearde to act his part ;
 “ Against all those in open malice bent,
 “ That would not freely to the theft consent :
 “ Faines all to's wish, and in the epilogue
 “ Goes out applauded for a famous——rogue.”
 “ ——Now hang me if I did not look at first
 “ For some such stuff, by the fond people's thrust^d.”

It is uncertain at what time the usage of giving authors a benefit on the third day of the exhibition of their piece, commenced. Mr. Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, intimates that dramattick poets had anciently their benefit on the first day that a new play was represented; a regulation which would have been very favourable to some of the ephemeral productions of modern times. But for this there is not, I believe, any sufficient authority. From D'Avenant, indeed, we learn, that in the latter part of the reign of queen Elizabeth, the poet

NOTES.

THE LATE
 And much-admired Play,
 called
 Pericles Prince
 of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historie,
 adventures and fortunes of the said Prince :

As also,

The no less strange and worthy accidents,
 in the Birth and Life of his Daughter

MARIANA.

As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by
 His Majestie's Servants at the Globe on
 the Banck-side.

By William Shake-speare.
 1609.

^d Notes from *Black-fryars*, 1617.

had

VOL. I. had his benefit on the second day^e. As it was a general practice, in the time of Shakspeare, to sell the copy of the play to the theatre, I imagine, in such cases, an author derived no other advantage from his piece, than what arose from the sale of it. Sometimes, however, he found it more beneficial to retain the copy-right in his own hands; and when he did so, I suppose he had a benefit. It is certain that the giving authors the profits of the third exhibition of their play, which seems to have been the usual mode during almost the whole of the last century, was an established custom in the year 1612; for Decker, in the prologue to one of his comedies, printed in that year, speaks of the poet's *third day*^f. The unfortunate Otway had no more than one

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- See *The Play-House to be Let* :

“ *Player.* — There is an old tradition,
 “ That in the time of mighty *Tamburlane*,
 “ Of conjuring *Faustus* and the *Beauchamps bold*,
 “ You poets us'd to have the *second day* ;
 “ This shall be ours, Sir, and to-morrow yours.
 “ *Poet.* I'll take my venture ; 'tis agreed.”

- † “ It is not praise is sought for now, but pence,
 “ Though dropp'd from greasy-apron'd audience.
 “ Clap'd may he be with thunder that plucks bays
 “ With such foul hands, and with squint eyes doth gaze
 “ On Pallas' shield, not caring, so he gains
 “ A cram'd *third day*, what filth drops from his brains !”

Prologue to *If this be not a good Play the Devil's in't*, 1612.

Yet the following passages intimate, that the poet at a subsequent period had some interest in the *second day's* exhibition :

“ Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd or hit,
 “ Are cares for them who eat by the stage and wit ;
 “ He's one whose unbought muse did never fear
 “ An empty *second day*, or a thin share.”

Prologue to *The City Match*, a comedy, by J. Mayne, 1639.

So, in the prologue to *The Sophy*, by Sir John Denham, acted at Blackfryars in 1642 :

“ — Gentlemen, if you dislike the play,
 “ Pray make no words on't till the *second day*,
 “ Or *third* be past ; for we would have you know it,
 “ The loss will fall on us, not on the poet,
 “ For he writes not for money.” —

In other cases, then, it may be presumed, the loss, either o the *second* or *third day*, did affect the author.

benefit

benefit on the production of a new play; and this too, it seems, he was sometimes forced to mortgage, before the piece was acted ^z.

Southerne was the first dramattick writer who obtained the emoluments arising from two representations ^b; and to Farquhar, in the year 1700, the benefit of a third was granted ^l. To the honour of Mr. Addison, it should be remembered, that he first discontinued the ancient, but humiliating, practice of distributing tickets, and soliciting company to attend at the theatre, on the poet's nights ^k.

When an author sold his piece to the sharers or proprietors of a theatre, it remained for several years unpublished; but, when that was not the case, he printed it for sale, to which many seem to have been induced, from an apprehension that an imperfect copy might be issued from the press without their consent ^l. The customary price of the copy of a play, in the time of Shakspeare, appears to have been twenty nobles,

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- ^z "But which amongst you is there to be found,
"Will take his *third day's pawn* for fifty pound?"

Epilogue to *Caius Marius*, 1680.

^b "I must make my boast, though with the most acknowledging respect, of the favours of the fair sex—in so visibly promoting my interest on those days chiefly, (the *third* and the *sixth*) when I had the tenderest relation to the welfare of my play."

Southerne's *Dedication of Sir Antony Love*, a comedy, 1691.

Hence Pope:

- "May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
"The price of prologues and of plays, &c."

^l On the representation of *The Constant Couple*, which was performed fifty-three times in the year 1700. Farquhar, on account of the extraordinary success of that play, is said by one of his biographers, to have been allowed by the managers, the profits of *four* representations.

^k Southerne, by this practice, is said to have gained seven hundred pounds by one play.

^l "One only thing affects me; to think, that scenes invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive, is, to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have therefore myself set forth this comedie." Marston's pref. to the *Malecontent*, 1604.

OR

VOL. I. or six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence^m. The play when printed was sold for sixpenceⁿ; and the usual present PROLEGO-MENA.

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^m See *The Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592: "Master R. G. [Robert Greene] would it not make you blush—if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the queen's players for *twenty nobles*, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to lord Admiral's men, for as much more? Was not this plain coney-catching, M. G.?"

Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, says, that Shakspeare received but *five pounds* for his *Hamlet*; whether from the players who first acted it, or the printer or bookseller who first published it, is not distinguished. It has been observed, that *Hamlet* is more accurately printed than any other of the quarto editions of our author's plays.

In the time of Dryden, it should seem, an author did not usually receive more from his bookseller for a dramattick performance than 20 £. or 25 £. for, in a letter to his son, he mentions, that the whole emoluments which he expected from a new play that he was about to produce, would not exceed one hundred pounds. The profits of the third night were probably seventy pounds; the dedication produced either five or ten guineas, according to the munificence of the patron; and the rest arose from the sale of the copy. In 1715, Sir Richard Steele sold Mr. Addison's comedy, called *The Drummer*, to J. Tonson for fifty pounds: and in 1721, Dr. Young received the same price for his tragedy of *The Revenge*. In the next year, Southerne, who seems to have understood author-craft better than any of his contemporaries, sold his *Spartan Dame* for the extraordinary sum of 120 £. and in 1726, Lintot the bookseller paid the celebrated plagiarist, James Moore Smyth, one hundred guineas for a comedy, entitled *The Rival Modes*. From that time, this appears to have been the customary price for several years; but of late, one hundred and fifty pounds have been given for a new play.

ⁿ See the preface to the quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609: "Had I time I would comment upon it, though it needs not, for so much as will make you think your *testerne* well bestowed, but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stult in it."

See also the preface to Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, a comedy, 1632: "Courteous reader, I beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expence of a *sixpence*, and the loss of half an hour."

from

from a patron, in return for a dedication, was forty shillings °. VOL. I.

On the first day of exhibiting a new play, the prices of admission appear to have been raised †; and this seems to have been occasionally practised on the benefit-nights of authors, to the end of the last century †.

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MENA.

Dramatick poets in those times, as at present, were admitted gratis into the theatre †.

NOTES.

° “I did determine not to have *dedicated* my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for; and above, few or none will bestow on these matters.” Dedication to *A Woman’s a Weathercock*, a comedy, by N. Field, 1612.

See also *the Author’s Epistle popular*, prefixed to *Cynthia’s Revenge*, 1613: “Thus do our pie-bald naturalists depend upon poor wages, gape after the drunken harvest of *forty shillings*, and shame the worthy benefactors of *Helicon*.”

After the Revolution, five, and sometimes ten, guineas, seem to have been the customary present on these occasions.

† This may be collected from the following verses by J. Mayne, to the memory of Ben Jonson:

“He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule’s true,
“Nothing is slowly done, that’s always new;
“So when thy *Fox* had ten times acted been,
“Each day was first, but that ’twas cheaper seen.”

‡ Downes the prompter, either speaks of, or alludes to, the custom of raising the price of admission on an author’s benefit-night.

† See verses by J. Stephens, to his worthy friend H. Fitz-Jeffery, on his *Notes from Black-fryars*, 1617:

“——— I must

“Though it be a player’s vice to be unjust
“To verse not yielding coyne, let players know,
“They cannot recompence your labour, though
“They grace you with a chayre upon the stage,
“And take no money of you, nor your page,”

So, in *The Play-house to be let*, by Sir W. Davenant:

“Poet. Do you set up for yourselves and profess wit,
“Without help of your authors? Take heed, Sirs,
“You’ll get few customers.

“Housekeeper. Yes, we shall have the poets.

“Poet. ’Tis because they pay nothing for their entrance.”

The

The custom of passing a final censure on plays at their first exhibition^a, is as ancient as the time of our author; for no less than three plays^b of his rival, Ben Jonson, appear to have been damned^c; and Fletcher's *Faithful Shep-*

N O T E S.

^a The custom of expressing disapprobation of a play, and interrupting the drama, by the noise of *catcalls*, or at least by imitating the tones of a cat, is probably as ancient as Shakspeare's time; for Decker in his *Gull's Horn-book*, counsels the gallant, if he wishes to disgrace the poet, "to *whew* at the childrens' action, to whistle at the songs, and *meow* at the passionate speeches."—See also the induction to *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy, 1608: "Either see it all or none; for 'tis grown into a custom at plays, if any one rise, (especially of any fashionable sort) about what serious business soever, the rest thinking it in dislike of the play (though he never thinks it) cry—'meow—by Jesus vile'—and leave the poor heartless children to speak their epilogue to the empty seats."

^b *Sejanus*, *Catiline*, and *The New Inn*. Of the two former Jonson's *Ghost* is thus made to speak in an epilogue to *Every Man in his Humour*, written by Lord Buckhurst, about the middle of the last century:

"Hold and give way, for I myself will speak:
"Can you encourage so much insolence,
"And add new faults still to the great offence
"Your ancestors so rashly did commit
"Against the mighty powers of art and wit,
"When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
"Sejanus, and my best-lov'd *Catiline*?"

The title-page of *The New Inn*, is a sufficient proof of its condemnation. Another piece of this writer does not seem to have met a very favourable reception; for, Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden (Jonson's friend) informs us, that "when the play of *The Silent Woman* was first acted, there were found verses, after, on the stage, against him, [the author] concluding, that the play was well named, *The Silent Woman*, because there was never one man to say *plaudite* to it." Drummond's *Works*, fol. p. 226.

^c The term, as well as the practice, is ancient.—See the epilogue to *The Unfortunate Lovers*, by Sir W. Davenant, 1643:

"———Our poet——
"——— will never wish to see us thrive,
"If by an humble epilogue we strive
"To court from you that privilege to-day,
"Which you so long have had, to *damn a play*."

herdesi,

*berdes*², and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, written by him and Beaumont¹, underwent the same fate.

VOL. I.
PROLOGO-
MENA.

It is not easy to ascertain what were the emoluments of a successful actor in the time of Shakspeare. They had not then annual benefits, as at present². The performers at each theatre seem to have shared the profits arising either from each day's exhibition, or from the whole season, among them². I think it is not unlikely, that the clear emoluments of the theatre, after deducting whatever was appropriated to the proprietors of the house, were divided into one hundred parts, of which the actors had various shares, according to their rank and merit³. From Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*,
we

NOTES.

¹ See ante p. 29 (Note *) Verses addressed to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherdess*.

² See the epistle prefixed to the first edition of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, in 1613.

³ "Mrs. Barry was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit-play, which was granted to her alone, if I mistake not, first in king James's time; and which became not common to others, till the division of this company, after the death of king William's queen Mary." *Apol. for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber*, p. 96.

⁴ See *The Picture*, a tragicomedy, by Massinger, 1630:
Coris. "How do you like the quality?"

"You had a foolish itch to be an actor,

And may now strole where you please.

Hil. "Will you buy my share?"

⁵ From the following stanza in a poem entitled, *I would and I would not*, by B. N. 1614, *five shares* seem to have been thought a considerable emolument for an actor to gain by his performance:

"I would I were a player, and could act

"As many parts as come upon the stage,

"And in my brain could make a full compact

"Of all that passeth betwixt youth and age;

"That I might have *five shares* in every play,

"And let them laugh that bear the bell away."

The actors were treated with less respect than at present, being sometimes interrupted during their performance, on account of supposed personalities; for the same author adds—

"And yet I would not; for then do I feare

"If I should gall some *goose-cap* with my speech,

"That

VOL. I. we learn, that one of either the performers or proprietors had seven shares and a half^c; but of what integral sum is not mentioned.

PROLEGO-
MENA.

From the prices of admission into our ancient theatres, which have been already mentioned, I imagine, the utmost that the sharers of *the Globe* play-house could have received on any one day, was about thirty-five pounds^d. So lately

NOTES.

“ That he would freat, and fume, and chafe, and swear,

“ As if some flea had bit him by the breech;

“ And in some passion or strange agonie

“ Disturb both me and all the companie.”

^c *Tucca*. “ Fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to *seven shares and a half*, [I suppose he means either one of the proprietors, or one of the principal actors] and remember tomorrow—If you lack a *service*, you shall play in my name, rascals; [alluding to the custom of actors calling themselves the *servants* of certain noblemen] but you shall buy your own cloth, and I’ll have *two shares* for my countenance.” *Poetaster*, 1602.

Though I have supposed *the Globe* theatre capable of containing so many persons as to produce somewhat more than thirty-five pounds. twenty pounds was probably esteemed a considerable receipt. I know not indeed whether even this is not rather too highly rated; for we find the whole company received but half that sum from his majesty, for the exhibition of a play at court.—If, however, we suppose twenty pounds to have been an ordinary receipt; that one half of this sum belonged to the proprietors, and that the other half was divided into one hundred shares; the player who had five shares in each play, received ten shillings. Mr. Hart and Mr. Kynaston, both very celebrated actors, had but ten shillings a day, each, at the king’s theatre in 1681. See Gildon’s *Life of Betterton*, p. 8. In 1684, when the the duke’s and the king’s company joined, the profits of acting (we are told by C. Cibber) were divided into twenty shares, ten of which went to the proprietors or patentees, and the other moiety to the principal actors, in different divisions, proportioned to their merit. For several years after the Restoration, (another writer informs us) every *whole sharer* in Mr. Hart’s company got 1000 £. per annum. *Hist. Histron.* 1699. But of these *whole sharers*, there were probably not more than two or three, and they must have been proprietors as well as actors.

^d Taylor, the water-poet, says, that two play-houses on the Bankside, *the Rose* and *the Swan*, were frequented daily by three or four thousand people. [See ante p. 36, Note *]. Taking then the lowest number, each of them contained one thousand five hundred persons. *The Globe* was at least as large as either of

lately as the year 1685, Shadwell received, by his third day, on the representation of *The Squire of Alsatia*, 130*l.* which Downes the prompter says was the greatest receipt that had been ever taken at Drury-Lane play-house, at single prices ^o. VOL. I. PROLEGOMENA.

It appears from the Mss. of lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers to king James I. that the customary sum paid to John Heminge and his company, for the performance of a play at court, was twenty nobles, or six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence ^f. And Edward Alleyn mentions in his *Diary*, that he once had so slender an audience in his theatre called *the Fortune*, that the whole receipts of the house amounted to no more than three pounds and some odd shillings ^s.

Thus scanty and meagre were the apparatus and accommodations of our ancient theatres, on which those dramas

NOTES.

of these; in the *South View of London*, as it appeared in 1599, it is larger than *the Swan*: (*the Rose* is not there delineated). Supposing, however, this account of Taylor's to have been exaggerated, and that *the Globe* theatre held but one thousand two hundred persons, if nine hundred paid sixpence a-piece, and three hundred one shilling each, the produce would be 37*l.* 10*s.* The theatre in Black-fryars probably did not produce, on any one day, above half that sum. Each of the modern theatres, in Drury Lane and Covent Garden, holds two thousand three hundred persons.

^c *Rosic. Anglican.* p. 41.

^f His majesty occasionally added three pounds six shillings and eight pence, by way of bounty.

^e For this information we are indebted to Mr. Oldys.—See *Biog. Brit.* article *Alleyn*. vol. I. p. 153. edit. 1778. From the *Diary* of Edward Alleyn, I expected to have learned several particulars relative to the ancient stage. But on enquiring for it at Dulwich College, I was informed by the gentleman who has at present the care of the library there, that this curious history of the private life of the founder, which had been preserved in the College for more than a century, had by the unaccountable negligence of some former librarian, been lost within these few years.

In Dulwich College there was likewise, formerly, a very valuable collection of old plays, that had been made by Mr. Cartwright, the comedian, (a friend of Edward Alleyn) and bequeathed by him to the Society. It was, I believe, the first collection made in England, and contained above five hundred plays. Mr. Garrick some years ago obtained a few of them, in exchange for some other books; being added to his large collection, which he has ordered, by his Will, to be deposited in the British Museum, they are again appropriated to the use of the publick.

VOL. I.

E

were

VOL. I. were first exhibited, that have since engaged the attention of
PROLEGO- so many learned men, and delighted so many thousand spec-
MENA. tators. Yet even then, we are told by a writer of that age^a,
 " that dramattick poesy was so lively expressed and represent-
 ed on the publick stages and theatres of this city, as Rome
 in the *auge* of her pomp and glory, never saw it better per-
 formed; in respect of the action and art, not of the cost and
 sumptuousness."

Of the actors on whom this high encomium is pro-
 nounced, the original performers in our author's plays were
 probably the most eminent. The following are the only
 notices that I have met with, relative to them.

Names of the Original Actors in the Plays of SHAKSPEARE :
From the Folio 1623.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

There is reason to believe that he performed the part of
 old *Knowell* in *Every Man in his Humour*—Adam in *As you
 like It*—and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. See Vol. I. p. 302. note (°).
 The following lines in *The Scourge of Folly*, by John Da-
 vies of Hereford, [no date, but printed about 1611]
 which the writer is pleased to call an Epigram, lead me to
 believe that our author likewise played Duncan in *Macbeth*,
 king Henry IV, and king Henry VI; parts which do not
 call for the exertion of any extraordinary theatrical powers :

“ To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakespeare.”
 “ Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
 “ Hadst thou not play'd some *kingly parts* in sport,
 “ Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
 “ And been a king among the meaner sort.
 “ Some others raile, but raile as they think fit,
 “ Thou hast no railing but a raigning wit,
 “ And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape,
 “ So to encrease their stock which they do keepe.”

N O T E.

^a Sir George Buck. This writer appears to have composed a
 treatise concerning the English stage; but I know not whether
 it was ever printed. See *The Third University of England*, at the
 end of *Stowe's Annals*, p. 1082. edit. 1631 : “ Of this art [the dra-
 matick] have written largely *Petrus Victorius*, &c.—as it were in
 vaine for me to say any thing of the art; besides, that *I have
 written thereof a particular treatise*.” If this treatise be yet extant,
 it would probably throw much light on the present enquiry.

The

The author of *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, concurs with Rowe, in saying, there was a stage-tradition, that Shakspeare was much more celebrated as a poet than as an actor.

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PROLEGMENA.

RICHARD BURBAGE

appears to have been a tragedian. He is introduced in person, in an old play called *The Returne from Parnassus*, and instructs a Cambridge scholar how to play the part of King Richard III. See also bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1648 :

“ For when he would have said, *king Richard dy'd,*

“ And call'd a *horse, a horse, he Burbage cry'd.*”

He was one of the principal sharers or proprietors of the *Globe* and *Black-fryars* play-houses. In a letter preserved in the British Museum, (Ms. *Harl.* 7002,) written in the year 1613, the actors at the *Globe* are called *Burbage's Company* *. He died, as we learn from Camden, (who styles him “ *actor Roscius,*”) in 1619.

The following character of Burbage is given by Flecknoe, in his *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664 :

“ He was a delightful *Proteus*, so wholly transforming himself into his part; and putting off himself with his cloaths, as he never (not so much as in the tiring-house) assumed himself again until the play was done.—He had all the parts of an excellent orator, animating his words with speaking, and speech with action; his auditors being never more delighted than when he spake, nor more sorry than when he held his peace: yet even then, he was an excellent actor still, never falling in his part, when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gesture maintaining it still unto the height.”

JOHN HEMINGE

is said by Roberts the player¹ to have been a tragedian. He does not produce any authority, but probably his assertion was grounded on some theatrical tradition. From an entry in the Council-books at Whitehall, I find that he was manager or principal proprietor of the *Globe* play-house before the death of queen Elizabeth. He is joined with Shakspeare, Burbage, &c. in the licence granted by king James

NOTES.

* In Jonson's *Masque of Christmasset*, 1616, Burbage and Heminge are both mentioned as managers: “ I could ha' had money enough for him an I would ha' been tempted, and ha' let him out by the week to the king's players: Master Burbage has been about and about with me; and so has old Mr. Heminge too; they ha' need of him.”

¹ *Answer to Pope*, 1729. This writer says, that Heminge and Condell were printers as well as actors.

VOL. I. in 1603; and all the payments made in 1613 by lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers to king James I. on account of plays performed at court in that year, are to "*John Hemminge* and the rest of his fellows." In 1623, in conjunction with Condell and Ford the poet, he published the first complete edition of our author's plays; soon after which time it has been supposed that he withdrew from the theatre; but this is a mistake. He continued chief director of the king's company of comedians till 1629 *, in which year he either died or retired from the stage.

AUGUSTINE PHILIPS.

This actor is likewise named in the licence granted by king James in 1603. It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1610, that he was then dead. In an extraordinary exhibition, entitled *The Seven Deadly Sins*, (of which an account will be given hereafter) he represented *Sardanapalus*. I have not been able to learn what parts he performed in our author's plays; but believe that he was in the same class as Kempe, and Armine; for he appears, like the former of these players, to have published a ludicrous metrical piece, which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1595. Philips's production was entitled *The Jigg of the Slippers*.

WILLIAM KEMPE

was the successor of Tarleton. "Here I must needs remember Tarleton, (says Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*,) in his time gracious with the queen his soveraigne, and in the people's general applause; whom succeeded *Will. Kempe*, as well in the favour of her majestie, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience." From the quarto editions of some of our author's plays, we learn that he was the original performer of Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*. From an old comedy called *The Returne from Parnassus*, we may collect, that he was the original Justice Shallow; and the contemporary writers inform us that he usually acted the part of a Clown; in which character he was celebrated for his *extemporal* wit^k. Launcelot in the *Merchant of Venice*,
and

N O T E S.

* Extracts from the *Warrant-book* of the earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, lord chamberlain of the household to king Charles I. post, p. 389.

^k See *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

" ——— you, Sir, are incorrigible and

" Take licence to yourself to add unto

" Your parts your own free fancy, &c."

" ——— That

and Touchstone in *As you like It*, were probably performed by this comedian. VOL. I.

He was an author as well as an actor¹.

THOMAS POPE.

This actor likewise performed the part of a Clown^m. He died before 1610ⁿ.

GEORGE BRYAN.

I have not been able to gain any intelligence concerning this performer, except, that in the exhibition of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, he represented the Earl of Warwick.

HENRY CONDELL

is said by Roberts the player to have been a comedian; but he does not mention any other authority but stage-tradition. From his having, in conjunction with Heminge, published Shakspeare's plays, and from the notice taken of him in our author's Will, it is reasonable to suppose that he was one of the proprietors of *the Globe* and *Black-fryars* theatres.

In Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, he acted the part of the Cardinal.

WILLIAM SLY

was joined with Shakspeare, &c. in the licence granted in 1603.—He is introduced, personally, in the induction to Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604, and from his there using an affected phrase of Osrick's in *Hamlet*, we may collect that he performed that part. He died before the year 1610^o.

NOTES.

- “ ——— That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
 “ On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter.”
 “ ——— Yes in the days of *Tarlton* and of *Kempe*,
 “ Before the stage was purg'd from barbarism.”

The character of the Clown as performed by *Kempe*, seems to have resembled the Harlequin of the present Italian comedy.

¹ See *The Returne from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606: “ Indeed, *M. Kempe*, you are very famous, but that is as well for workes in print as your part in cue.” *Kempe's New Jigge of the Kitchen-stuff Woman* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, in 1595.

“ ——— what meanes Singer then,

“ And *Pope*, the clowne, to speak so boorish, when

“ They counterfaite the clownes upon the stage?”

Humour's Ordinarie, where a man may be verie merie and exceeding well used for his fixpence. (No date.)

ⁿ Heywood's *Apol. for Actors*.

^o *Abol. for Actors*.

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RICHARD COWLEY

PROLOGO- appears to have been an actor of a low class, having per-
MENA. formed the part of Verges in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

JOHN LOWIN

was a principal performer in these plays. If tradition may be credited, he was the original Falstaff^p. He is said by Roberts—the player to have also performed king Henry VIII. and Hamlet; but with respect to the latter, he seems to have mistaken; for it appears from more ancient writers, that Joseph Taylor was the original performer of that character^q.

Lowin is introduced, in person, in the induction to Marston's *Malecontent*, printed in 1604; and he and Taylor are mentioned in a copy of verses, written about the year 1629, soon after the appearance of Jonson's *Magnetick Lady*, as the two most celebrated actors of that time:

“ Let Lowin cease, and Taylor scorn to touch
“ The loathed stage, for thou hast made it such.”

Besides the parts already mentioned, this actor represented the following characters—Morose, in *The Silent Woman*—Volpone in *The Fox*—Mammon in *The Alchymist*—Melantius in *The Maid's Tragedy*—Aubrey in *The Bloody Brother*—Bosola in *The Dutchess of Malfy*—Jacomo in *The Deserving Favourite*—Eubulus in Massinger's *Picture*—Domitian in *The Roman Actor*—and Belleur in *The Wild Goose Chase*.

After the suppression of the theatres, he became very poor. In 1653, in conjunction with Joseph Taylor, he published Fletcher's comedy called *The Wild Goose Chase*, for bread; and in his latter years, he kept an inn (*The Three Pidgeons*) at Brentford, where he died some time before the Restoration, very old^r. There is a picture of him, either in the Ashmole Museum, or in the Picture-Gallery, at Oxford.

SAMUEL CROSS.

This actor was probably dead before the year 1600; for Heywood, who had himself written for the stage before that time, says he had never seen him.

ALEXANDER COOKE.

From *The Platt of the Seven Deadly Sinns*, it appears that this actor was the principal stage-heroine. He acted some woman's part in Jonson's *Sejanus*, and in *The Fox*; and, we

N O T E S.

^p See Wright's *Hist. Histriion*. 1699.

^q *Hist. Histr.* and *Rosc. Anglican*,

^r *Hist. Histriion*.

may

may presume, performed all the principal female characters in our author's plays.

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PROLOGO-
MENA.

SAMUEL GILBURNE. Unknown.

ROBERT ARMIN

was alive in 1611, some verses having been addressed to him in that year by John Davies of Hereford; from which he appears to have occasionally performed the part of the Fool or Clown in Shakspeare's plays.

He was author of a comedy called *The Two Maides of More-clacke*, 1609.—A book likewise, called *A Nest of Ninnies simply of themselves, with compound*, by Robert Armin, was published in 1608. And at Stationers' Hall was entered in the same year, "a book called *Phantasm the Italian Teylor and his Boy*, made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty."

Mr. Oldys, in his Ms. notes on Langbaine, says, that "Armin was an apprentice at first to a goldsmith in Lombard-Street." He adds, that "the means of his becoming a player is recorded in Tarleton's jests printed in 1611, where it appears, this 'prentice going often to a tavern in Gracechurch-Street, to dun the keeper thereof, who was a debtor to his master, *Tarleton*, who of the master of that tavern was now only a lodger in it, saw some verses written by Armin on the waincot, upon his master's said debtor, whose name was *Charles Tarleton*, and liked them so well, that he wrote others under them, prophesying, that as he was, so Armin should be: therefore, calls him his adopted son, to wear the Clown's suit after him. And so it fell out, for the boy was so pleased with what Tarleton had written of him, so respected his person, so frequented his plays, and so learned his humour and manners, that from his private practice he came to publick playing his parts; that he was in great repute for the same at *the Globe* at the Bank-side, &c. all the former part of king James's reign."

NOTES.

• See *The Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611:

"To honest gamesome *Robert Armine*,

"Who tickles the spleene like a harmles vermin."

"Armine, what shall I say of thee, but this,

"Thou art a fool and knave—both?—fie, I misse,

"And wrong thee much; sith thou indeed art neither,

"Although in *shew* thou *play'st* both together."

E 4

WILLIAM

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WILLIAM OSTLER.

PROLEGO-
MENA.

had been one of the children of the Chapel; and is said to have performed womens' parts. In Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, there are some verses addressed to him with this title: "To the *Roscius* of these times, William Ostler." He acted Antonio in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*.

NATHAN. FIELD. }

JOHN UNDERWOOD. }

Both these actors had been children of the chapel*, and probably performed female parts. Field, when he became too manly to represent the characters of women, played the part of *Buffy d'Ambois* in Chapman's play of that name. From the preface prefixed to it, it appears that he was dead in 1641. He was the author of two comedies, called *A Woman is a Weather-cock*, and *Amends for Ladies*; and he assisted Massinger in writing *The Fatal Dowry*.

Underwood acted Delio in *The Dutchess of Malfy*.

NICHOLAS TOOLEY

acted Forobolco in *The Dutchess of Malfy*. From the *Platt of the Seven Deadly Sinns*, it appears, that he sometimes represented female characters.

WILLIAM ECCLESTONE.

No ancient piece (that I have seen) contains any memorial of this actor.

JOSEPH TAYLOR

appears from some verses already cited, to have been a celebrated actor. According to Downes the prompter, he was instructed by Shakspeare to play Hamlet; and Wright in his *Historia Histrionica*, says, "He performed that part incomparably well." From the remembrance of his performance of Hamlet, Sir William D'Avenant is said to have conveyed his instructions to Mr. Betterton. Taylor likewise played Iago. He also performed True-wit in *The Silent Woman*, and Face in *The Alchymist*†. He represented Ferdinand in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, after the death of Burbage. He acted Matthias in *The Picture*, by Massinger; Paris in *The Roman Actor*; the Duke in Carrell's *Deserving Favourite*; Rollo in *The Bloody Brother*; and, Mirabel in *The Wild Goose Chase*.

He died at Richmond in Surry, some time after the year 1653, and was buried there.

N O T E S.

* See *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, in which they both acted,

† *Hist. Histrion*,

He

He is said by some to have painted the only original picture of Shakspeare now extant, in the possession of the duke of Chandos. By others, Burbage is reported to have been the painter.

ROBERT BENFIELD

appears to have been a second-rate actor. He performed Antonio in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, after the death of Ostler. He also acted the part of the King in *The Deserving Favourite*; Ladislaus in *The Picture*; Junius Rusticus in *The Roman Actors*; and De-gard in *The Wild Goose Chase*.

He was alive in 1647, being one of the players who signed the dedication to the folio edition of Fletcher's plays, published in that year.

ROBERT GOUGHÉ.

This actor probably performed female characters. In *The Seven Deadly Sins*, he played Aspatia.

RICHARD ROBINSON

is said by Wright to have been a comedian. He acted in Jonson's *Catiline* in 1611; and, it should seem from a passage in *The Devil is an Ass*, [act II. sc. viii.] 1616, that at that time he usually represented female characters. I have not learned what parts in our author's plays were performed by this actor. In *The Deserving Favourite*, he played Orsinio; and in *The Wild Goose Chase* La Castre. In Massinger's *Roman Actor*, he performed Æsopus; and in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, after the death of Condell, he played the Cardinal. Hart, the celebrated actor, was originally his boy or apprentice. Robinson was alive in 1647, his name being signed, with several others, to the dedication prefixed to the first folio edition of Fletcher's plays. In the civil wars he served in the king's army, and was killed in an engagement, by Harrison, who was afterwards hanged at Charing-Cross. Harrison refused him quarter, after he had laid down his arms, and shot him in the head, saying at the same time, "Curfed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently."

JOHN SHANKE

was, according to Wright, a comedian. He was but in a low class, having performed the part of the Curate in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, and that of Hillario (a servant) in *The Wild Goose Chase*.

NOTE.

▪ *Hist. Histrion,*

JOHN

The only information I have met with concerning this player, is, that he performed the Marquis of Pescara, an inconsiderable part in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*.

The foregoing list is said, in the first folio, to contain the names of the *principal* actors in these plays.

Besides these, we know that *John Wilson* played an insignificant part in *Much Ado about Nothing*; but it was not this performer who was celebrated by Meres *for learning and extemporal witte*, [as Mr. Steevens imagined—See vol. I. p. 233, *Prolegomena*] but one *Thomas Wilson* *.

Gabriel was likewise an inferior actor, as appears from the old editions of the third part of *K. Henry VI.* See the first folio, p. 150, where we find “enter *Gabriel*.” The quartos here read, “Enter a *messenger*.”

Sinkler or *Sinklo*, was likewise a player of the same class †.

With respect to *Edward Alleyn*, who, according to *Langbaine*, was an ornament to *Black-fryars*, *Wright*, who seems to have been better acquainted with the ancient stage, says, “he had never heard that *Alleyn* acted there.”

To this short account of the original actors in *Shakespeare's* plays, I shall subjoin a transcript of a very curious paper now in my possession, entitled, *The Platt of the Secound Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns*, as it serves in some measure to mark the various degrees of consequence of several of these performers.

The piece entitled *The Seven Deadly Sins*, in two parts, (of one of which the annexed paper contains the outlines) was written by *Tarleton* the comedian †. From the man-

ner

N O T E S .

* *Stowe's Annals*, p. 697, edit. 1615.—Among the twelve players who were sworn the queen's servants in 1583, “were two rare men, viz. *Thomas Wilson* for a quicke delicate, refined *extemporal witte*, and *Richard Tarleton*, for a wondrous plentiful pleasant extemporal witt.”

† In *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* act III. sc. i. (first folio) the following stage-direction is found: “Enter *Sinklo* and *Humphrey* :—In the quarto: “Enter *two keepers*.”

‡ See *Four Letters and certain Sonnets*, [by *Gabriel Harvey*] 1592, p. 29.

—“doubtless it will prove some dainty devise, quaintly contrived

ner in which it is mentioned by Gabriel Harvey, his contemporary, it appears to have been a new and unexampled species of dramattick exhibition. He expressly calls it a play. I think it probable, that it was first produced soon after a violent attack had been made against the stage. Several invectives against plays were published in the latter part of the reign of queen Elizabeth. It seems to have been the purpose of the author of this exhibition, to concenter in one performance the principal subjects of the serious drama, and to exhibit at one view those uses to which it might be applied with advantage. That these *Seven Deadly Sins*, as they are here called, were esteemed the principal subjects of tragedy, may appear from the following words of Heywood, who, in his *Apology for Actors*, introduces *Melpomene* thus speaking:

“ Have I not whipt vice with a scourge of steele,
 “ Unmaskt sterne *Murder*, sham’d lascivious *Lust*,
 “ Pluckt off the visar from grimme treason’s face,
 “ And made the sunne point at their ugly finnes?
 “ Hath not this powerful hand tam’d fiery *Rage*,
 “ Kill’d poysonous *Envy* with her own keene darts,

NOTES.

contrived by way of humble supplication to the high and mightie Prince of darknesse; not duncically botched up, but *right formally conveyed*, according to the stile and tenour of Tarleton’s *president*, his famous play of *the Seaven Deadly Sinnes*; which most dealy [f. deadly] but lively playe I might have seen in London, and was verie gently invited thereunto at Oxford by Tarleton himselfe; of whom I merrily demaunding, which of the seaven was his own deadlie sinne, he bluntly answered, after this manner; By G—the sinne of other gentlemen, lechery.” Tarleton’s *Repentance and his Farewell to his Frenedes in his Sicknesse, a little before his death*,” was entered on the Stationers’ books in October 1589; so that the play of *The Seven Deadly Sins* must have been produced in or before that year.

The Seven Deadly Sins had been very early personified, and introduced by Dunbar, a Scottish writer, (who flourished about 1470) in a poem entitled *The Daunce*. In this piece they are described as presenting a mask or mummerly, with the newest gambols just imported from France. In an anonymous poem called *The Kalender of Shepherds*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1497, are also described the *Seven Visions*, or the punishments in hell of *The Seven Deadly Sins*. See Warton’s *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, II. 197, 272.

“ Choak’d

“ Choak'd up the *covetous mouth* with moulten gold,
 “ Burst the vast wombe of eating *Gluttony*,
 “ And drown'd the drunkard's gall in juice of grape
 “ I have shew'd *Pride* his picture on a flage,
 “ Layde ope the ugly shapes his steel-glasse hid,
 “ And made him passe thence meekely—”

As a very full and satisfactory account of the exhibit described in this ancient fragment, by Mr. Steevens, will be found in the following pages, it is unnecessary to add anything upon the subject.—What dramas were represented the *first* part of the *Seven Deadly Sins*, we can now only conjecture, as probably the *Plat* of that piece is long since destroyed. The ill consequences of *Rage*, I suppose, were culcated by the exhibition of *Alexander* and the death of *us*, on which subject, it appears there was an ancient play. Some scenes from the drama of *Mydas*^a were probably introduced to exhibit the odiousness and folly of *Avarice*. Lessons against *Pride* and ambition were perhaps furnished either by the play of *Ninus* and *Semiramis*^b, or by a play formed on the story of *Phaeton*^c: And *Gluttony*, we suppose, was rendered odious in the person of *Heliogabalus*.

MALON

N O T E S.

^a “ If we present a foreign history, the subject is so intended that in the lives of Romans, Grecians, or others, the virtues of our countrymen are extolled, or their vices reprov'd.—We have seen *Alexander* killing his friend in his *rage*, to reprove *rashness*; *Mydas* choked with gold, to tax *covetousness*; *Nero* against *tyranny*; *Sardanapalus* against *luxury*, *Ninus* against *ambition*.”—Heywood's *Apol. for Actors*, 1610.

^b See the foregoing note.

^c *The Tragedy of Ninus and Semiramis, the first Monarchs of the World*, was entered on the Stationers' books, May 10, 1595. See also note ^a.

^d There appears to have been an ancient play on this subject. “ Art thou proud? Our scene presents thee with the fall of *Phaeton*; *Narcissus* pining in the love of his shadow; *ambitious* *Hamlet* now calling himself a god, and by and by thrust headlong among the devils.” *Pride* and *ambition* seem to have been used as synonymous terms. *Apol. for Actors*.

Enter Ferrex crownd with drumm & colliers and
 soldiers one way. Harry. Kitt. R. Cowley John
 Duke to them at another dore Porrex drumm &
 colliers & soldiers. W. Sly. R. Pallant. John Sincier.
 J. Holland.

Enter Ferrex Philomela Julio. R. Burdage
 Ro. R. Pall. J. Sincier.
 Enter Progne Ius and Lords. Saander. Will. J.
 Duke. W. Sly. Harry.

Th

speaks.

Enter Ferrex crownd with drum & coulers and
foldiers one way. Harry. Kitt. R. Cowley John
Duke. to them at another dore Porrex drum &
collors & foldiers. W. Sly. R Pallant. John Sincier.

over the flag.

Enter Tereus Philomela Julio. R. Burbadge
Ro. R. Pall. J. Sink.

Enter Progne Ivis and Lords. Saunder. Will. J.
Duke W. Sly. Harry.

V
P
R

This singular curiosity was met with in the library of Dulwich college, where it had remained unnoticed from the time of Alleyn who founded that society, and was himself the chief or only proprietor of the *Fortune* play-house. PROLOGO-
MENA.

The *Platt* (for so it is called) is fairly written out on paste-board in a large hand, and undoubtedly contained directions appointed to be stuck up near the prompter's station. It has an oblong hole in its centre, sufficient to admit a wooden peg; and has been converted into a cover for an anonymous manuscript play entitled *The Tell-tale*. From this cover I made the preceding transcript; and the best conjectures I am able to form about its supposed purpose and operation, are as follows.

It is certainly (according to its title) the ground-work of a motley exhibition, in which the heinousness of the seven deadly sins was exemplified by aid of scenes and circumstances adapted from different dramas, and connected by means of choruses or occasional speakers. As the first part of this extraordinary entertainment is wanting, I cannot promise myself the most complete success in my attempts to explain the nature of it.

The period is not exactly fixed at which moralities gave way to the introduction of regular tragedies and comedies. Perhaps indeed this change was not effected on a sudden, but the audiences were to be gradually weaned from their accustomed modes of amusement. The necessity of half indulging and half repressing a gross and vicious taste, might have given rise to such pieces of dramattick patch-work as this. Even the most rigid puritans might have been content to behold exhibitions in which Pagan histories were rendered subservient to Christian purposes. The dullness of the intervening homilist would have half absolved the *deadly sin* of the poet. A sainted audience would have been tempted to think the representation of *Othello* laudable, provided the piece

NOTES.

* On the outside of the cover is written, "The *Book* and *Platt*, &c."

* Our antient audiences were no strangers to the established catalogue of mortal offences. Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, declares to Isabella that of *the deadly seven* his sin was *the least*. Spenser, F. Q. canto IV. has personified them all; and the Jesuits, in the time of Shakspeare, pretended to cast them out in the shape of those animals that most resembled them. See note on *K. Lear*, last edit. vol. ix. p. 467.

were

VOL. I.
PROLEGO-
MENA.

were at once heightened and moralized by choruses spoken in the characters of Ireton and Cromwell.—Let it be remembered, however, that to perform several short and distinct plays in the course of the same evening, was a practice continued much below the imagined date of this theatrical directory. Shakspeare's *Yorkshire Tragedy* was one out of four pieces acted together; and Beaumont and Fletcher's works supply a further proof of the existence of the same custom.

This "Platt of the *second* part of the seven deadly sins" seems to be formed out of three plays only, viz. Lord Buckhurst's *Gorboduc*, and two others with which we are utterly unacquainted, *Sardanapalus* and *Tereus*^f. It is easy to conceive how the different sins might be exposed in the conduct of the several heroes of these pieces. Thus *Porrex* through *Envy* destroys his brother—*Sardanapalus* was a martyr to his *sloth*:

Et venere, et cænis, et pluma Sardanapali.

Juv. Sat. x.

Tereus gratified his *lechery* by committing a rape on his wife's sister. I mention these three only, because it is apparent that the danger of the *four* preceding vices had been illustrated in the former part of the same entertainment. "These *three* put back the other *four*," as already done with, at the opening of the present exhibition. Likewise *Envy* crosses the stage before the drama of *Gorboduc*, and *Sloth* and *Lechery* appear before those of *Sardanapalus* and *Tereus*.—It is probable also that these different personages might be meant to appear as

N O T E.

^f *Tereus*.] Some tragedy on this subject most probably had existed in the time of Shakspeare, who seldom alludes to fables with which his audience were not as well acquainted as himself. In *Cymbeline* he observes that Imogen had been reading the tale of *Tereus*, where *Philomel* &c. An allusion to the same story occurs again in *Titus Andronicus*. A Latin tragedy entitled *Progne* was acted at Oxford when Queen Elizabeth was there in 1566. See Wood's *Hist. Ant. Un Oxon.* lib. I. p. 287. col. 2.

Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1610, has the following passage, from which we may suppose that some tragedy written on the story of *Sardanapalus* was once in possession of the stage. "Art thou inclined to lust? Behold the fall of the Tarquins in the *Rape of Lucrece*; the guerdon of *luxury* in the *death of Sardanapalus*; &c." See also note 2 ante p. 60.

in

in a vision to *King Henry VI.* while he slept; and that as often as he awaked, he introduced some particular comment on each preceding occurrence. His piety would well enough entitle him to such an office. In this task he was occasionally seconded by Lidgate the monk of Bury, whose age, learning, and experience, might be supposed to give equal weight to his admonitions. The latter certainly, at his final exit, made a formal address to the spectators.

As I have observed that only particular scenes from these dramas appear to have been employed, so probably even these were altered as well as curtailed. We look in vain for the names of *Lucius* and *Damasus* in the list of persons prefixed to the tragedy of *Gorboduc*. These new characters might have been added, to throw the materials that composed the last act into narrative, and thereby shorten the representation; or perhaps all was tragick pantomime, or dumb show, except the alternate monologues of *Henry* and *Lidgate*; for from the *Trois Boks* of the latter I learn that the reciters of dramatick pieces were once distinct from the acting performers or gesticulators. But at what period this practice (which was perhaps the parent of all the pageantry and dumb shows in theatrical pieces during the reign of Elizabeth) was begun or discontinued, I believe (like many customs of greater importance) is not to be determined.

“ In the theatre there was a small aulter
 “ Amyddes sette that was halfe circular
 “ Which into easte of custome was directe
 “ Upon the which a pulpet was erecte
 “ And therein stode an auncient poete
 “ For to reherse by rethorykes swete
 “ The noble dedes that were hystoryall
 “ Of kynges and prynces for memoryall,
 “ And of these olde worthy emperours
 “ The great empryse eke of conquerours,
 “ And how they gat in Martes hye honour
 “ The lawrer grene for fyne of their labour,

NOTE.

* I am led to this supposition by observing that Lord Buckhurst's *Gorboduc* could by no means furnish such dialogue as many of these situations would require; nor does the succession of scenes, enumerated above, by any means correspond with that of the same tragedy.

“ The

" The palme of knighthood diserved by old date,
 " Or Parchas made them passen into fate.
 " And after that with chere and face pale,
 " With style enclyned gan to tourne his tale,
 " And for to synge after all their loose,
 " Full mortally the stroke of Attropose,
 " And tell also for all their worthy head
 " The sodeyne breaking of their lives threde,
 " How piteously they made their mortall ende
 " Through false fortune that al the world wil shende,
 " And how the synne of all their worthynesse
 " Ended in sorowe and in high tristesse
 " By compassyng of fraud or false treason,
 " By sodaine murder or vengeance of poyson,
 " Or conspyryng of fretyng false envye
 " How unwarly that they dydden dye,
 " And how their renowne and their mighty fame
 " Was of hatred sodeynly made lame,
 " And how their honour downward gan decline,
 " And the mischiefe of their unhappy synne,
 " And how fortune was to them unswete,
 " All this was told and red by the poete.
 " *And whyle that he in the pulpit stode*
 " *With deadly face all devoyde of blode,*
 " *Synging his ditees with muses all to rent,*
 " *Amyd the theatre shrowded in a tent,*
 " *There came out men gaspfull in their cheres,*
 " *Disfigured their faces with viseres,*
 " *Playing by sygnes in the peoples syght*
 " *That the poete songe hath on heyght,*
 " *So that there was no manner discordaunce*
 " *Atwene his ditees and their countenaunce ;*
 " *For lyke as he alofte dyd expresse*
 " *Words of joye or of heavynesse,*
 " *Meaning and chere beneth of them playing*
 " *From poynt to poynt was alway answering ;*
 " *Now triste, now glad, now hevvy, and now light,*
 " *And face ychaungid with a sodeyne syght*
 " *So craftely they coulde them transfigure,*
 " *Conforming them unto the chante pure,*
 " *Now to synge and sodaynely to wepe*
 " *So well they could their observaunces kepe.*
 " And this was done, &c."—*Troie Boke*, B. ii. c. 12:

I think *Gravina* has somewhere alluded to the same contrivance in the rude exhibitions of very early dramattick pieces. VOL. I. PROLEGO-

It may be observed, that though Lidgate assures us both MENA. tragedies and comedies were thus represented in the city of Troy, yet Guido of Colonna (a civilian and poet of Messina in Sicily) whom he has sometimes very closely followed, makes mention of no such exhibitions. The custom however might have been prevalent here, and it is probable that Lidgate, like Shakspeare, made no scruple of attributing to a foreign country the peculiarities of his own.

To conclude, the mysterious fragment of ancient stage-directions, which gave rise to the present remarks, must have been designed for the use of those who were familiarly acquainted with each other, as sometimes, instead of the surname of a performer, we only meet with *Ned* or *Nich*^b. Let me add, that on the whole this paper describes a species of dramattick entertainment of which no memorial is preserved in any annals of the English stage.

STEEVENS.

P. 76.

NOTES,

^a From this paper we may infer, with some degree of certainty, that the following characters were represented by the following actors :

K. Henry VI.

{	E. of Warwick,	- - - -	Geo. Bryan *.
	Lieutenant,	- - - -	Rich. Cowley *.
	Pursuivant,	- - - -	John Duke †.
	Warder,	- - - -	R. Pallant.

Gorboduc.

{	Gorboduc,	-	R. Burbage *.
	Porrex,	-	W. Sly *.
	Ferrex,	-	Harry, (i. e. Condell) *.
	Lucius,	-	G. Bryan.
	Damasus,	-	T. Goodale.
Videna, (the Queen)		-	Saunder (i. e. <i>Alexander Cooke</i>) *

^b The names marked with an asterisk occur on the list of the original performers in the plays of Shakspeare.

† This performer, and Kit. i. e. Christopher Beeton, who appears in this exhibition as an attendant Lord, belonged to the same company as Burbage, Condell, &c. See B. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

VOL. I.

O O O O O O

PROLOGO- P. 76. *How little Shakespeare himself was once read, &c.]*
MENA.

Though no author appears to have been more admired in his lifetime than Shakspeare, at no very distant period after his death, his compositions seem to have been neglected. Jonson had long endeavoured to depreciate him, but he and his partisans were unsuccessful in their efforts; yet about the year 1640, whether from some capricious vicissitude in the publick taste, or from a general inattention to the drama, we find Shirley complaining that no company came to our author's performances.

" You see

- " What audience we have; *what company*
 " *To Shakespeare comes?* whose mirth did once beguile
 " Dull hours, and buskin'd made even sorrow smile;
 " So lovely were the wounds, that men would say
 " They could endure the bleeding a whole day;
 " *He has but few friends lately.*"

Prologue to *The Sisters*.

After the Restoration, on the revival of the theatres, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were esteemed so much superior to those of our author, that we are told by Dryden, "two of their pieces were acted, through the year, for one of Shakspeare's." If his testimony needed any corroboration, the following lines in a *Satire* published in 1680, would afford it:

N O T E S.

Tereus.

{	Tereus,	-	R. Burbage.
	Philomela,	-	R. Pallant.
	Panthea,	-	T. Belr.
	Itys,	- -	Will. (perhaps William Shakspeare.)
	Julio,	-	J. Sincler †.
	Progne,	-	Saunder.

Sardanapalus.

{	Sardanapalus,	-	Aug. Phillips *.
	Arbactus,	- -	Tho. Pope *.
	Nicanor,	- -	R. Pallant.
	Giraldus,	- -	R. Cowley.
	Phronesium,	-	T. Goodale.
	Will. Fool,	-	J. Duke.
	Aspatia,	- -	R. Gough *.
	Pompeia,	- -	Ned, (perhaps Edward Alleyn).
Rodope,	- -	Nich. (Nicholas Tooley) *.	

† This name will serve to confirm Mr. Tyrwhitt's supposition in the note to *The Taming of a Shrew*. Vol. III. p. 404.

" At

“ At every shop while *Shakspeare's* lofty stile
 “ Neglected lies, to mice and worms a spoil,
 “ Gilt on the back, just smoking from the press,
 “ The Apprentice shews you D'Ursey's *Hudibras*,
 “ Crown's *Mask*, bound up with Settle's choicest labours,
 “ And promises some new essay of Babor's.”

See also the prologue to Shirley's *Love Tricks*, 1667.

“ In our old plays the humour, love and passion,
 “ Like doublet, hose, and cloak, are out of fashion ;
 “ That which the world call'd wit in *Shakspeare's* age,
 “ Is laugh'd at, as improper for our stage.”

From the instances mentioned by Mr Steevens, he appears to have been equally neglected in the time of Queen Anne. During these last fifty years ample compensation has been made to him for the bad taste and inattention of the periods above mentioned. MALONE.

94. At the end of the translations of Ovid, add :

Ovidius Naso, his *Remedie of Love*, translated and entituled to the youth of England, 4to. Lond. 1600.

167.—and their caution against prophaneness, is in my opinion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the editors of the folio.]

I doubt whether we are so much indebted to the judgment of the editors of the folio edition, for their caution against prophaneness, as to the statute 3 Jac. I. c. 21. which prohibits under severe penalties the use of the sacred name in any plays or interludes. This occasioned the playhouse copies to be altered, and they printed from the playhouse copies. — E.

177. *He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank.]*

There is a stage tradition that his first office in the theatre was that of prompter's attendant ; whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage.

MALONE.

180. *Ten in the hundred lies bere engrav'd—]*

In *The more the Merrier*, containing *Threescore and odde headlesse Epigrams, shot (like the Fooles bolts) amongst you, light where they will.* By H. P. Gent. &c. 1608, I find the following

F 2

couplet,

VOL. L. couplet, which is almost the same as the two beginning lines of Shakspeare's *Epitaph on John a Combe*.
 PROLEGO-
 MENA. *Fæneratoris Epitaphium.*

EPIGRAM 24.

“ Ten in the hundred lies under this stone,
 “ And a hundred to ten to the Devil he's gone.”

STEEVENS.

So in Camden's *Remains*, 1614 :

“ Here lies ten in the hundred
 “ In the ground fast ramm'd,
 “ 'Tis a hundred to ten
 “ But his soul is damn'd.”

MALONE.

181. *And curst be he that moves my bones.]*

It is uncertain whether this epitaph was written by Shakspeare himself, or by one of his friends after his death. The imprecation contained in this last line, might have been suggested by an apprehension that our author's remains might share the same fate with those of the rest of his countrymen, and be added to the immense pile of human bones deposited in the charnel-house at Stratford. This, however, is mere conjecture; for similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs.

MALONE.

204.—*and this was the reason he omitted it.]*

Mr. Oldys might have added, that *he* was the person who suggested to Mr. Pope the singular course which he pursued in his edition of Shakspeare. “ Remember (says Oldys in a Ms. note to his copy of *Langbaine*, Article *Shakspeare*) what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use, out of Cowley's preface.” The observation here alluded to, I believe, is one made by Cowley in his preface, p. 52. edit. 1710. “ This has been the case with Shakspeare, Fletcher, Johnson, and many others, part of whose poems I should take the boldness to *prune and lop away*, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches.”—Pope adopted this very unwarrantable idea; striking out from the text of his author whatever he did not like: and Cowley himself has suffered a sort of poetical punishment for having suggested it, the learned bishop of Litchfield having *pruned and lopped away* his beautiful luxuriances, as Pope, on Cowley's suggestion, did those of Shakspeare.

MALONE.

Ibid.

[*Ibid.* line 7.]

I have been favoured with the following observations on the tradition here mentioned, by the learned author of *The History of English Poetry*. MALONE. VOL. I.
PROLEGO-
MENA.

Antony Wood is the first and original author of the anecdote that Shakspeare, in his journies from Warwickshire to London, used to bait at the Crown-inn on the west side of the corn-market in Oxford. He says, that Davenant the poet was born in that house in 1606. "His father (he adds) John Davenant, was a sufficient vintner, kept the tavern now known by the sign of the *Crown*, and was mayor of the said city in 1621. His mother was a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and conversation, in which she was imitated by none of her children but by this *William* [the poet]. The father, who was a very grave and discreet citizen, (yet an admirer and lover of plays and play-makers, especially *Shakspeare*, who frequented his house in his journies between Warwickshire and London) was of a melancholick disposition, and was seldom or never seen to laugh, in which he was imitated by none of his children but by Robert his eldest son, afterwards fellow of St. John's college, and a venerable Doctor of Divinity." *Wood Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 292. edit. 1692. I will not suppose that Shakspeare could have been the father of a Doctor of Divinity who never laughed: but it was always a constant tradition in Oxford that Shakspeare was the father of Davenant the poet. And I have seen this circumstance expressly mentioned in some of Wood's papers. Wood was well qualified to know these particulars; for he was a townsman of Oxford, where he was born in 1632. Wood says, that Davenant went to school in Oxford. *Ubi supr.*

As to the *Crown-Inn*, it still remains as an inn, and is an old decayed house, but probably was once a principal inn in Oxford. It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which seems to have been a sort of *Hall* for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating (as was the custom) different parties at once, there was a bow window, with three pieces of excellent painted glass. About eight years ago, I remember visiting this room, and proposing to purchase of the landlord the painted glass, which would have been a curiosity as coming from Shakspeare's inn. But going thither soon after, I found it was removed; the inn-keeper having communicated my intended bargain to the owner of the house, who began to

VOL. I. suspect that he was possessed of a curiosity too valuable to be parted with, or to remain in such a place: and I never could hear of it afterwards. If I remember right, the painted glass consisted of three armorial shields beautifully stained. I have said so much on this subject, because I think that Shakspeare's old hostelry at Oxford deserves no less respect than Chaucer's Tabarde in Southwark.

T. WARTON.

216. To the *Ancient and Modern Commendatory Verses on Shakspeare*, add the following:

Upon Master WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
the deceased authour, and his poems.

Poets are born, not made. When I would prove
This truth, the glad remembrance I must love
Of never-dying Shakspeare, who alone
Is argument enough to make that one.
First, that he was a poet, none would doubt
That heard the applause of what he sees set out
Imprinted; where thou hast (I will not say,
Reader, his *works*, for, to contrive a play,
To him 'twas none) the pattern of all wit,
Art without art, unparallel'd as yet.
Next Nature only help'd him, for look thorough
This whole book *, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate;
Nor plagiary-like from others glean,
Nor begs he from each witty friend a scene
To piece his acts with: all that he doth write
Is pure his own; plot, language, exquisite.
But O what praise more powerful can we give
The dead, than that, by him, the *king's-men* live,
His players, which should they but have shar'd his fate,
(All else expir'd within the short term's date)
How could *The Globe* have prosper'd, since through want
Of change, the plays and poems had grown scant.
But, happy verse, thou shalt be sung and hear'd,
When hungry quills shall be such honour barr'd.

* From this and the following lines it appears that these verses were intended to be prefixed to the folio edition of our author's plays.

MALONE.

Then

Then vanish upstart writers to each stage,
 You needy poetasters of this age!
 Where Shakespeare liv'd or spake, Vermin forbear,
 Left with your froth ye spot them, come not near.
 But if you needs must write, if poverty
 So pinch, that otherwise you starve and die;
 On God's name may the *Bull* or *Cockpit* have
 Your lame blank verse, to keep you from the grave:
 Or let new *Fortune's* * younger brethren see,
 What they can pick from your lean industry.
 I do not wonder when you offer at
Black-fryars, that you suffer: 'tis the fate
 Of richer veins; prime judgments, that have far'd
 The worse, with this deceased man compar'd.
 So have I seen, when *Cæsar* would appear,
 And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and *Cassius*, O how the audience
 Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!
 When, some new day, they would not brook a line
 Of tedious, though well-labour'd, *Catiline*;
Sejanus too was irksome; they priz'd more
 "Honest" *Jago*, or the jealous *Moor*.
 And though the *Fox* and subtil *Alchymist*,
 Long intermitted, could not quite be mist,
 Though these have sham'd all th' ancients, and might raise
 Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
 Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire
 Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
 And door-keepers: when, let but *Falstaff* come,
Hal, *Poins*, the rest,—you scarce shall have a room,
 All is so pester'd: Let but *Beatrice*
 And *Benedick* be seen, lo! in a trice
 The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
 To hear *Malvolio* that cross-garter'd gull.
 Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
 Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look:
 Like old-coin'd gold, whose lines, in ev'ry page,
 Shall pass true current to succeeding age.

* This, I believe, alludes to some of the company of *The Fortune* playhouse, who removed to the *Red Bull*. See a Prologue on the removing of the late *Fortune* players to *The Bull*. Tatcham's *Fancies Theatre*, 1640.

MALONE.

F 4

But

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But why do I dead *Shakspeare's* praise recite?
Some second *Shakspeare* must of *Shakspeare* write;
For me, 'tis needless; since an host of men
Will pay, to clap his praise, to save my pen *.

LEON. DIGGES,

An *Elegy* on the death of that famous writer and actor,
M. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

I dare not do thy memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefs to give a tongue.
I'll only sigh in earnest, and let fall
My solemn tears at thy great funeral.
For ev'ry eye that rains a show'r for thee,
Laments thy loss in a sad elegy.
Nor is it fit each humble muse should have
Thy worth his subject, now thou'rt laid in grave,
No, it's a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worth-less pamphlets are not sense in prose.
Let learned *Jonson* sing a dirge for thee,
And fill our orb with mournful harmony:
But we need no remembrancer; thy fame
Shall still accompany thy honour'd name
To all posterity; and make us be
Sensible of what we lost, in losing thee:
Being the age's wonder; whose smooth rimes
Did more reform than lash the looser times,
Nature herself did her own self admire,
As oft as thou wert pleased to attire
Her in her native lustre; and confess,
Thy dressing was her chiefest comeliness.
How can we then forget thee, when the age
Her chiefest tutor, and the widow'd stage
Her only favourite, in thee, hath lost,
And Nature's self, what she did brag of most?
Sleep then rich soul of numbers! whilst poor we
Enjoy the profits of thy legacy;
And think it happiness enough, we have
So much of thee redeemed from the grave,
As may suffice t'enlighten future times
With the bright lustre of thy matchless rimes †.

* These verses are prefixed to an edition of *Shakspeare's* poems,
12mo. 610. MALONE.

† These anonymous verses are likewise prefixed to *Shakspeare's*
Poems, 1640. MALONE.

In

OBSERVATIONS.

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In Memory of our famous SHAKSPEARE.

Sacred Spirit, whiles thy lyre
Echoed o'er the Arcadian plains,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wondered at thy strains :

Plautus sigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tears of anger, for to hear,
After they so long had slept,
So bright a genius should appear ;

Who wrote his lines with a sun-beam,
More durable than time or fate :—
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those that seem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly priest elect,
Chosen darling of the Nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and skill divine,

That were all their other glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable stories
Their garments ever shall be gay.

Where thy honour'd bones do lie,
(As Statius once to Maro's urn)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

S. SHEPPARD *;

In remembrance of Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Ode,

I.

Beware, delighted poets when you sing
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flow'r,
As it ne'er knew a sun or show'r,
Hangs there the pensive head.

* This author published a small volume of *Epigrams* in 1651, among which this poem in memory of Shakspeare is found.

MALONE.

II. Each

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II.

Each tree whose thick and spreading growth hath made
 Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
 Unwilling now to grow,
 Looks like the plume a captain wears
 Whose rifled *falls* are steep'd i'the tears
 Which from his last rage flow.

III.

The piteous river wept itself away
 Long since alas! to such a swift decay,
 That reach the map, and look
 If you a river there can spy,
 And, for a river, your mock'd eye
 Will find a shallow brook.

WILLIAM DAVENANT,

In such an age immortal Shakespeare wrote,
 By no quaint rules nor hamp'ring criticks taught;
 With rough majestick force he mov'd the heart,
 And strength and nature made amends for art.

Rowe's prologue to *Jane Shore*.

Upon Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.

Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
 Too mighty such monopoly of fame;
 Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
 His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could bestow,
 With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
 Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind;
 Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain;
 The British Eagle* and the Mantuan Swan
 Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou
 With uncontested laurels deck thy brow;
 Thy bard was *thine unschool'd*, and from thee brought
 More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught;
 Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won,
 The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

T. SEWARD,

* Milton.

217. The Epitaph on Shakspeare beginning
 "Renowned Spencer lie a thought more nigh"——
 is subscribed, in an edition of his poems printed in 1640, with the letters W. B. which I learn from the Ms. notes of Mr. Oldys, were placed for William Basse. I have not found these verses in any edition of Dr. Donne's works.

MALONE.

241. line 1.] After 1605. add T. C. for Nathaniel Butter.

Ibid. line 12. from the bottom. *The story of this play, &c.*]

This observation is misplaced. It belongs to the Article *Pericles*, and should follow the last line but one—"As the *brave's crusts, &c.*" STEEVENS.

242. Add to the LIST of PLAYS altered from SHAKSPEARE:

The Tempest, made into an opera by Shadwell, in 1673. See Downes, p. 34.

249. Add to the *List of detached pieces of criticism, on Shakspeare, his Editors, &c.*]

A Word or two of Advice to William Warburton, a Dealer in many words. By a Friend, [Dr. Grey.] With an Appendix containing a taste of William's spirit of railing. 8vo. 1746.

A free and familiar Letter to that great refiner of Pope and Shakspear, the Rev. Mr. William Warburton, preacher of Lincoln's Inn. With Remarks upon the Epistle of Friend A. E. In which his unhandsome treatment of this celebrated writer is exposed in the manner it deserves. By a Country Curate [Dr. Grey]. 8vo. 1750.

284. Add to note " :

Since I wrote the above, I have learned that there was an ancient play with the title of *Jane Shore*. "The history of the life and death of Mr. Shore and Jane Shore his wife, as it was lately acted by the Earl of Derby his servants," was entered in the Stationer's books by John Oxenbridge and John Busby, Aug. 28, 1599.

This play is likewise mentioned (together with another very ancient piece not now extant) in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613. "I was ne'er at one of these plays before; but I should have seen *Jane Shore* once; and my husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchamps*."

MALONE.

286. Note

VOL. I. 286. Note ^a.] For p. 282, read p. 280.

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MENA. Ibid. Note ^b, line 11.] For 1599. read 1598.

288. Note ^c.] Add:

It should likewise be remembered that Verses by Spenser are prefixed to Lewknor's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, printed in 1599. MALONE.

292. Add to the observations on the *Comedy of Errors*:

The *alternate* rhimes that are found in this play, as well as in *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, are a farther proof that these pieces were among our author's earliest dramattick productions. We are told by himself that *Venus and Adonis* was his first composition. *The Rape of Lucrece* was probably the next. When he turned his thoughts to the stage, the measure that he had used in these poems, naturally presented itself to him in his first dramattick essays.

MALONE.

294. line 17. — *with a few of our trivial translators.*]

■ Add, as a note:

The person whom Nashe had in contemplation in this passage, was, I believe, *Thomas Kyd*. The only play to which his name is affixed (*Cornelia*), is a professed translation from the French of Garnier, who imitated *Seneca*, as did also Kyd.

MALONE.

303. Note ^s. Add, after the words, *attempted to be ridiculed*:

In *The Devil's an Ass*, acted in 1616, all his historical plays are obliquely censured.

Meer-er. "By my faith you are cunning in the chronicles.

Fitz-dot. "No, I confess, I ha't from the play-books, and think they are more authentick."

They are again attacked in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*:

"An some writer that I know, had but the penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you such a *jig-a-jog i' the booths*, you should ha' thought an *earthquake* had been in the fair. But these *master-poets*, they will ha' their own absurd courses, they will be informed of nothing."

The following passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601, was, I think, likewise pointed against Shakspeare:

"Besides they would wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other mens' jests, and to way-lay all the stale apothegms

apothegms or *old books* they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal:—Again that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have *twice or thrice cooked*, they should not wantonly give out how soon they had *drejs'd it*, nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses and foot-cloth nags.”

Jonson's plots were all his own invention; our author's chiefly taken from preceding plays or novels. The former employed a year or two in composing a play; the latter probably produced two every year, while he remained in the theatre.

MALONE.

304. In note 2, towards the end, dele the paragraph, “In short he was in his personal character, &c.”

This paragraph, I find, is no part of Drummond's character of Ben Jonson. Not having the works of the former when the last impression of Shakspeare went to the press, I relied on the fidelity of the author of *Jonson's Life* in the *Biographia Britannica*, who has ascribed to Mr. Drummond what he did not write.

The reader is likewise desired to correct the following expressions in Jonson's character, which the above-mentioned writer of his life had also represented unfaithfully:

For rather chusing, *read* given rather.

For nothing right but what either himself or some of his friends had done, *read*, nothing well done but what he himself or some of his friends had said or done.

After the best sayings, *add*, and deeds.

For being versed in all, *read*, as being versed in both; and *add*, oppressed with fancy which overmastered his reason, a general disease in many poets. His inventions, &c.

MALONE.

313. Line 13.] For *lord Harrington*, read *lord Stanhope*.

Ibid. line 32. Add

King Henry VIII. not being then published, the fallacy of calling it a new play on its revival, was not easily detected.

MALONE.

314. Note 9. line 6 from the bottom.] For *lord Harrington*, read *lord Stanhope*.

320. line 14. —and highly praises his *Venus and Adonis*.] Add as a note on these words:

See the verses alluded to, ante p. 254. note *.

This writer does not seem to have been very scrupulous about

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about adopting either the thoughts or expressions of his contemporaries; for in this poem are found two lines taken verbatim from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, printed four years before *Myrrha the Mother of Adonis*, &c.

“Night like a masque was enter'd heaven's great hall,
“With thousand torches ushering the way.”

It appears from B. Jonson's *Silent Woman*, that W. Barksted was an actor, and was employed in the theatre where our author's plays were represented. He might therefore have performed a part in *Measure for Measure*, or have seen the copy before it was printed. MALONE.

331. Article, *Macbeth*.]

To the list of unpublished plays, add the following :

Catiline's Conspiracy, a tragedy—and *Captain Mario*, a comedy; both by Stephen Gosson.—*The True Historie of George Grandenburye*, as played by the right hon. the Earl of Oxenforde's servants—*The Tragedie of Richard Grinwoyle, Knight*—*Jane Shore*—*The Bold Beauchamps*—*The Second Part of Sir John Oldcastle*—*The General*—*The Toy*—*The Tell-tale* *, a comedy—*The Woman's Plot*—*The Woman's too hard for Him* [both acted at court in 1621.]—*Fulgins and Lucretia*—*The Fool Transformed*, a comedy—*The History of Lewis the Eleventh, King of France*, a tragi-comedy—*The Chaste woman against her Will*, a comedy—*The Tooth Drawer*, a comedy—*Honour in the End*, a comedy—*The History of Don Quixote, or the Knight of the Ill-favoured Countenance*, a comedy—*The Fair Spanish Captive*, a tragi-comedy.

MALONE.

332. Line 16. Delete the words—“*though not printed till 1617.*”

* The persons represented in this play (which is in my possession) are—Duke; Fidelio; Aspero; Hortensio; Borgias; Picentio; Count Gismond; Fernese; Bentivoglio; Cosmo; Julio; Captain; Lieutenant; Ancient; two Doctors; an Ambassador; Victoria; Elinor; Isabel; Lesbia.—Scene, Florence.

MALONE.

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Page 4.] This play must have been written after 1609, when Bermudas was discovered, and before 1614, when Jouson sneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakspeare, he has less of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice*, he expressly declares against them. This perhaps might be one criterion to discover the dates of his plays. —E.

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5. *Play the men.*]

So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ But thou hast forc’d me

“ Out of thy honest truth to *play the woman*.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ O I could *play the woman* with mine eyes.”

Again, in Scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: “ Be of good courage and let us *play the men* for our people.” MALONE.

7. To follow Mr. Steevens’s note .]

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

“ Up with a *course or two*, and tack about boys.”

MALONE.

18. *Pro. Now I arise.*]

Why does Prospero *arise*? Or, if he does it to ease himself by change of posture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read:

Mir. Would I might

But ever see that man!—Now I arise.

Pro. Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow.

Prospero in page 11. had directed his daughter to *sit down*, and learn the whole of this history; having previously by some magical charm disposed her to fall asleep. He is watching

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ing the progress of this charm, and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may *now arise*, as the story is done. Prospero, surpris'd that his charm does not yet work, bids her *sit still*; and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowsiness coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *still sitting* to her slumbers. — E.

Ibid. *And now I pray you, Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind—*]

I believe our author wrote:

For still 'tis beating on my mind—

So, in the *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

“ This her mind beats on.”

The allusion seems to be to the waves of the sea beating on the shore.” MALONE.

22. *Past the mid season.*]

Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

Ariel. Past the mid season, at least two glasses.

Prosper. The time, &c.

24. *To do me business.*]

I suspect that Shakspeare wrote——

To do my business.

There is good ground for supposing that the person who transcribed these plays for the press, trusted to his ear and not to his eye; another dictating what he wrote.—*My*, as it is frequently pronounced, is undistinguishable from *me*.

MALONE.

29. —— *I have us'd thee,*

Filth as thou art, with human care.]

The first folio reads, perhaps rightly;

—— with *humane* care.

It must however be acknowledged that this was the old way of spelling *human*. MALONE.

31. note

31. note 6.] *Race* and *raciness* in wine, signifies a kind of tartness. — E. VOL. I.
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34. *Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.*

Hark! now I hear them, — Ding, dong bell.

Burden, ding dong.]

So, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, &c. 13th edition, 1690:

“Corydon’s doleful knell to the tune of *Ding, dong.*”

“I must go seek a new love,

“Yet will I ring her knell,

Ding, dong.”

The same burthen to a song occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*, p. 192. STEEVENS.

43. *Widow Dido.*] Perhaps there is here an allusion to some old ballad. In the *Pepysian Collection* at Magdalen College in Cambridge, there is a ballad to the tune of *Queen Dido*. MALONE.

Ibid. Note 4. *Which was acted before queen Elizabeth in 1594.*] Queen Elizabeth was not at Cambridge in 1594; — she was there in 1564. But the play of *Dido*, then performed before her majesty, was not that written by Marlowe and Nashe. See a note on the words—*The rugged Pyrrhus*, &c. in *Hamlet*, post. MALONE.

45. *But rather lose her to an African.*] The old copy reads: — *lose her* — which may be right. So, in *Hamlet*:

“At such a time I’ll lose my daughter to him.”

Ibid. — *to wet the grief on’t.*] I suspect the author wrote:

Who hath cause to *wet* the grief on’t.

Wet and *wet* are often confounded in pronunciation.

MALONE.

47. *You are gentlemen of brave metal.*] This is the reading of the old copy; but *mettle* and *metal* are frequently confounded in the first folio.

The epithet *brave*, shews, I think, clearly, that we ought to read:

You are gentlemen of brave *mettle*. MALONE.

49. *I am more serious than my custom: you*

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do

Trebles thee o’er.]

This passage is represented to me as an obscure one. The meaning of it seems to be—You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper at-

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 attention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are*. Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatness) *thrice* the man he was before. In this sense he would be *trebled o'er*. So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

“ ——— the master calls

“ And *trebles* the confusion.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

“ ——— *thirds* his own worth.” STEEVENS.

64. *Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.*] It should be remembered, that trenchers, which, in the time of our author, were generally used, were cleansed by *scraping* only, and were never washed. They were scraped daily, till they were entirely worn away. This practice is again alluded to in *Romeo and Juliet*: “Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he *scrape* a trencher!”

WHITE.

67. *Beyond all limit of what else i' the world.*] I once thought that we should read:

——— of *aught* else i' the world.

but *what else* is right. So in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“ With promise of his sister and *what else*,

“ To strengthen and support king Edward's place.”

MALONE.

Ibid. *I am your wife &c.*]

“ Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra,

“ Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,

“ Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serva labore,

“ Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,

“ Purpureave tuum consternens veste cubile.”

Catul. 62. MALONE.

73. *This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of nobody.*] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs. *Westward for Smelts*, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle in Barbican, at the *sign* of the *No-body*.

MALONE.

77. *Each putter out on five for one.*] The old copy has:

——— of five for one.

I believe the words are only transposed, and that the author wrote:

Each putter out of *one for five*.

So, in *The Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

“ Sir

* Sir Solus straight will travel, as they say,
 " And gives out one for three, when home comes he."

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MALONE.

79. *To follow Mr. Steevens's note.*] The word is also used by John Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611 :

" Then here's a *dowle*, and there's a dab of fat,
 " Which as unhandsome hangs about his ears."

MALONE.

Ibid. — *whose wraths to guard you from,*] The meaning, which is somewhat obscured by the expression, is, — *a miserable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.* MALONE.

82. — *a third of mine own life.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note, p. 83.—I meet the same thought in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592. Tancred, speaking of his intention to kill his daughter, says :

" Against all law of kinde, to shred in twaine
 " The golden threede that doth us both maintaine."

Again, *ibid.* :

" But Nature that hath lock'd within thy breast
 " Two lives, the same inclineth me to spare
 " Thy blood, and so to keep mine own unspilt."

MALONE.

83. *Do not smile at me, that I boast her off.*] The old copy reads :

— that I boast her of.

I suspect that the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would read :

— that I boast of her.

So, in the last act of this play, *hang on them this line*, is printed instead of *hang them on this line*.

I know no such phrase as *to boast off*. MALONE.

88. *Higb* queen of state.] The first folio (the only authentick copy of this play) reads :

Highest queen of state. MALONE.

89. *Harmonious charmingly.*] A similar inversion occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" But miserable most to live unlov'd." MALONE.

91. *And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind.*]

To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English *pageants* were shows exhibited

VOL. I. bited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of
 TEMPEST a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages
 erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been
 nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our
 author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of
 speaking personages, who were characteristically habited.
 The speeches were in verse; and as the procession moved
 forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to
 the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a
 dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence oc-
 casioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles, very
 costly ornaments were bestowed. So early as in the reign of
 king Henry VI. in a pageant presented on that monarch's
 triumphal entry into London, after his coronation at Paris,
 the Seven Liberal Sciences, personified, were introduced
 in a *tabernacle of curious worke*, from whence their queen,
Dame Sapience, spoke verses. At entering the city, he was
 met and saluted in metre by three ladies (the dames NA-
 TURE, GRACE and FORTUNE) richly *cladde* in golde *and*
silkes, with coronets, who suddenly issued from a stately
 tower, hung with the most splendid arras. See *Fabian*.
Chron. tom. II. fol. 382. *Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poet.* vol.
 II. p. 190. 202. MALONE.

Ibid. *Leave not a rack behind; we are such stuff
 As dreams are made of.*] After note ⁶.

Rack, I am persuaded, was the author's word.

Rack is generally used for a *body of clouds*, or rather for
the course of clouds in motion; so, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“That which is now a horse, even with a thought,

“The *rack* dislimns.”

But no instance has yet been produced where it is used to
 signify a *single small fleeting cloud*, in which sense only it is at
 all applicable here.

The stanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted
 by Mr. Steevens from lord Sterline's *Darius*, may serve still
 farther to confirm the conjecture that one of these poets imi-
 tated the other:

“And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,

“Then what avails the adoring of our name?”

“A mere *illusion made to mock the sight*,

“Whose best was but the shadow of a *dream*.”

MALONE.

95. *And as with age his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers:—*]

Shakspeare,

Shakspeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what the great lord Effex, in an hour of discontent, said of queen Elizabeth: "*that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase*"—a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being manifestly written in the time of king James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated. MALONE.

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101. *Ye elves of hills &c.*] To follow Dr. Farmer's note.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole passage with Medea's speech as translated by Golding, will see evidently that Shakspeare copied the translation, and not the original. The particular expressions that seem to have made an impression on his mind, are printed in Italicks:

- "Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills*, of *brookes*, of *woodes* alone,
 "Of *standing lakes* and of the night, approche ye everych one.
 "Through *help of whom* (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
 "I have compelled streames to run clean backward to thei spring.
 "By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the tough seas playne,
 "And cover all the skie with clouds, and *chase* them thence again.
 "By *charmes* I raise and lay the windes, and burst the viper's jaw,
 "And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
 "Whole woods and Forrests I remove, *I make the mountains shake*,
 "And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
 "I call up *dead men from their graves*, and thee, O light-some moone,
 "I darken oft, though beaten bras abate thy peril soone,
 "Our forcerie *dimmes* the morning faire, and darks *the sun at noone*.
 "The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
 "And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take,
 "Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set*,
 "And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet." MALONE.

VOL. I. Ibid. ————by whose aid,

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That is; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight muthrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say proverbially, “Fire is a good *servant*, but a bad *master*.”

————— E.

102. ————boil'd within thy skull.] The old copy reads ————*boil*. Perhaps the passage ought to be regulated thus:

“A solemn air, and the best comforter,

“To an unsettled fancy's cure!—Thy brains,

“Now useless, *boil* within thy skull; there stand,

“For you are spell-stop'd.” MALONE.

111. ————*with* beating on

The strangeness——]

The same phrase is found in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

“This her *mind beats on*.”

The Jailor's daughter, whose mind was disordered, is the person spoken of.

A kindred expression occurs in *Hamlet*:

“*Cudgel thy brains no more about it*.” MALONE.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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VERONA.

121. To follow Dr. Farmer's note.] Only the *first* part of the *Diana of Montemayor* was translated by Thomas Wilson, as I learn from a Ms. of Mr. Oldys. The story which is supposed to have been imitated by Shakspeare in this play, is in the *second* part. MALONE.

128. *I a lost mutton* &c.] Add to my note.—This appellation seems to have been as old as the time of king Henry III. “Item sequitur gravis poena corporalis, sed sine amissione vitæ vel membrorum, si raptus fit de concubina legitima, vel aliâ quæstum faciente, sine delectu personarum: has quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace suâ.”

Braeton de *Legibus*, lib. ii.

MALONE.

135. *You*

135. *You have a month's mind.*] In my note, for *remon-* VOL. I.
strance, read *remembrance*. JOHNSON. GENT. OF

Ibid. To follow Johnson's note :] In Hampshire, and other VERONA.
western countries, for "I can't remember it," they say, "I
can't mind it." — E.

141. Val. *Not mine, my gloves are on.*

Speed. *Why then, this may be yours; for this is but one.*]

It appears from this passage, that the word *one* was an-
ciently pronounced as if it were written *on*. Hence, prob-
ably, the mistake in a passage in *K. John*, where we meet
in the old copy, "—found *on* unto the drowsy" &c. in-
stead of, "—found *one*" &c.

The quibble here is lost by the change of pronunciation ;
a loss, however, which may be very patiently endured.

MALONE.

149. Line ult.] Print thus :

Now come I to my mother (oh, that she could speak now!)
like a wood woman :

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading :
(oh, that *the shoe* could speak now!) — E.

154. *For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.*] It should be
printed :—'cite— i. e. incite. MALONE.

182. *Trenched in ice.*] Add to note *.—Again, in *Mac-*
beth :

"With twenty *trenched* gashes on his head."

MALONE.

183. *Therefore as you unwind her love from him.*] The
same phrase occurs in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

"You shall see me *wind* my tongue about his heart,

"Like a skeine of silk."

MALONE.

184. *That may discover such integrity.*] Perhaps the author
wrote :—*much* integrity. MALONE.

185. *Visit by night your lady's chamber-window*

With some sweet concert : to their instruments,

Tune a deploring dump ;]

The old copy reads :

With some sweet *consort*—

I believe, rightly. The words immediately following,
"—to their instruments," shew, I think, that by *consort*
was meant, a band or company of musicians. So, in *Maf-*
singer's Fatal Dowry, a tragedy, 1632 :

"*Rom.* By your leave, sirs!

"*Aym.* Are you a *consort*?

"*Rom.* Do you take me for a *fidler*?"

G 4

Again,

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Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet* :

“*Tyb. Mercutio*, thou *consort'st* with *Romeo*.

“*Mer. Consort!* what, dost thou make us *minstrels?*”

Thurio's next speech confirms this interpretation :

“Let us into the city presently,

“To *sort* some gentlemen well skill'd in *musick*.”

MALONE.

188. —[*awful men*.] Surely, *awful*, in the passage produced by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is an error of the press. I cannot help thinking the same also of the word introduced into the text here.

The old reading, however, may perhaps receive some support from a passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612 :

“It is a wonder to your noble friends

“That you—————

“—————should in your prime age

“Neglect your *awful* throne.” MALONE.

Ibid. *An heir and niece ally'd unto the duke*.] Mr. Theobald is often unfaithful in his account of the old copies. The first folio does not read *An heir* &c. but exhibits the line thus ;

And heir and neece alide unto the duke.

I believe Shakspeare wrote :

An heir, and near ally'd unto the duke.

Near was anciently spelt *neere* ; so that there is only the variation of one letter. MALONE.

194. *But, since your falsehood, shall become you well*—] I incline strongly to Dr. Johnson's emendation. *Falshood* and *false it*, when indistinctly pronounced, are so like, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him.

MALONE.

199. *It seems you lov'd not her to leave her token* :] *To leave*, seems to be here used for, *so part with*. It is used with equal licence, in a former place in this play, for *to cease* :

“———*I leave* to be,

“If I be not by her fair influence

“Foster'd.”———

The reading in the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

210. *O'tis the curse of love and still approv'd*.] *Approv'd* is felt, experienced. MALONE.

211. *Thou common friend that's without faith or love* ;] *Thai's*, is here used for *id est, that is to say*. MALONE.

212. —and

212. —and that my love &c.] Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's second speech in page 214, and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Protheus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denouement, which shews that, if it be Shakspeare's, (which I cannot doubt) it was one of his very early performances, —E.

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MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

219. To follow Dr. Johnson's note.] A passage in the first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, shews, I think, that it ought rather to be read between the *First* and the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the last act, Falstaff says :

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“ Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghost?

“ 'Sblood the fairies hath made a ghost of me.

“ What hunting at this time of night!

“ I'll lay my life the mad prince of Wales

“ Is stealing his father's deare.”

The *Fishwife's Tale of Brainford* in *Westward for Smelts*, a book which Shakspeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it part of the fable of *Cymbeline*) probably led him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love-adventures at *Windsor*. It begins thus: “ In *Windsor* not long agoe dwelt a sumpterman, who had to wife a verie faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cause, he was something *jealous*; yet had he never any proof of her inconstancy.”

MALONE.

224. To follow Dr. Grey's note.] By the *council* is only meant the court of star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in *Camera Stellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old 4to, “ the council shall know it,” follows immediately after “ I'll make a star-chamber matter of it.” —E.

225. *Mistress Ann Page, she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.*] Dr. Warburton has found more pleasantry here than I believe was intended. *Small* was, I think, not used

VOL. I. used in an ambiguous sense, but simply for *weak, slender,*
 M. W. OF *feminine*; and the only pleasantry of the passage seems to be,
 WINDSOR that poor Slender should characterize his mistress by a general quality belonging to her whole sex. In *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Quince tells Flute, who objects to playing a woman's part, "You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as *small* as you will." MALONE.

227. After Warton's note.] The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire are a large tract of downs, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing. I believe there is no village of that name. — E.

237. *I have seen Sackerion loose.*] *Sacarson* was the name of a bear that was exhibited in our author's time at Paris Garden. See an old collection of *Epigrams* [by Sir John Davis] printed at Middlebourg (without date, but in or before 1598):

"Publius a student of the common law,
 "To Paris garden doth himself withdraw——
 "——Leaving old Ployden, Dyer and Broke alone,
 "To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson."

MALONE.

240. Add to my note 3.] Again, in *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "——the leane-jaw'd Hungarian would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himself." STEEVENS.

242. *He hath study'd her will.*] Shakspeare, I believe, wrote:

He hath studied her well.

So I find the quarto reads.

MALONE.

244. *Bear you these letters tightly.*] *Rightly*, the reading of the quarto, appears to me much better. MALONE.

253. You shall have *ann-sool's* head] Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *ann*, founded broad, and *one*, which was formerly pronounced *on*. In the Scottish dialect *one* is written, and I suppose, pronounced, *ane*.

In 1603, was published *Ane verie excellent and delectable Treatise intituled Philotus &c.*

In act II. sc. i. of this play, *an* seems to have been misprinted for *one*: "What *an* unweigh'd behaviour &c." The mistake there probably arose from the similarity of the sounds.

MALONE.

Ibid. But I detest, an honest maid, as ever broke bread.] Dame Quickly means to say——I protest.

MALONE.

259. After Steevens's first note.] These knights will VOL. I.
back (that is, become cheap and vulgar) and therefore M. W. OF
 she advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming WINDSOR
 one. The whole of this discourse about knighthood is
 added since the first edition of this play; and therefore I
 suspect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of
 James I. in bestowing these honours, and erecting in 1611,
 a new order of knighthood, called Baronets; which few
 of the ancient gentry would condescend to accept. See
 Sir Hugh Spelman's epigram on them, *Gloss.* p. 76, which
 ends thus :

“ —dum cauponare recusant

“ Ex vera geniti nobilitate viri;

“ Interea e caulis hic proreperit, ille tabernis,

“ Et modo fit dominus, qui modo servus erat.”

See another stroke at them in *Othello*, vol. X. p. 553.

To *hick* and to *back*, in Mrs. Quickly's language, signifies to *flammer* or *hesitate*, as boys do in saying their lessons.

—E.

262. *He loves thy gallymaufry.*] The folio reads:

He loves the gallymaufry—

which may be right.—He loves a medley; all sorts of women,
 high and low, &c.

Ford's reply—*love my wife*—may refer to what Pistol
 had said before: “*Sir John affects thy wife.*” MALONE.

267. *I would have nothing lie on my head.*] Here seems to
 be an allusion to Shakspeare's favourite topick, the cuckold's
 horns. MALONE.

269. *Have with you mine host.*] This speech is given in all
 the editions to *Shallow*; but it belongs, I think, to *Ford*, to
 whom the host addresses himself when he says: “*Will you
 go and bear us?*” It is not likely he should address himself
 to *Shallow*, because *Shallow* and he had already concerted
 the scheme, and agreed to go together; and accordingly,
Shallow says, a little before, to *Page*, “*Will you go with
 us to behold it?*”

The former speech of *Ford*—*None I protest &c.* is given
 in like manner, in the first folio, to *Shallow*, instead of
Ford. The editors corrected the one, but over-looked the
 other. MALONE.

271. —*his wife's frailty*—] *His wife's frailty* is the
 same as *his frail wife*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet
death and honour, for an honourable death. MALONE.

VOL: I. 285. —to lay an amiable siege.] i. e. a siege of love.
MALONE.

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Ibid. *She's too bright to be look'd against.*]

“*Nimum lubricus aspici.*” *Hor.* MALONE.

306. To follow Mr. Steevens's note.] The story of Ben Jonson and young Raleigh could not have been here alluded to by Shakspeare; for Sir Walter Raleigh's eldest son was born in 1595, and consequently was not above six years old when this play was written. This incident is in the first sketch of this comedy, printed in 1602. MALONE.

310. *Thou art a traitor to say so.*]

The folio reads:
Thou art a tyrant to say so. MALONE.

Ibid. *I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not; Nature is thy friend.*] The first and second folio read:—I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy friend.—I understand neither. MALONE.

Ibid. —like *Buckler's bury in simple-time.*] (After Mr. Steevens's note.) So, in Decker's *Westward Hoe*, a comedy, 1607: “Go into *Buckler's bury*, and fetch me two ounces of *preserved melounes*, look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it.” Again, in the same play: “Run into *Buckler's bury* for two ounces of *dragon water*, some *spermaceti*, and *treacle*.” MALONE.

313. *And of the season too it shall appear.*] I would point differently:

And of the season too;—it shall appear.

Ford seems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: “And so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer out, peer out.*” MALONE.

318. Add to my note 4.] Again, in *The First Part of the Eighth liberal Science, entituled, Ars Adulandi &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel*, 1676: “—yea, even their very *dogs*, *Rug*, *Rig*, and *Risbie*, yea, *cut and long-taile* they shall be welcome.” STEEVENS.

330. —*he so takes on*—] After Dr. Johnson's note.—It is likewise used for *to rage*, by Nashe, in *Pierce Penniless his Supplication, &c.* 1592: “Some will *take on* like a madman, if they see a pig come to table.” MALONE.

331. *But what make you here?*] An obsolete expression for *what do you here*. So, in *Othello*:

“Ancient, *what makes he here?*”

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

“*What make you here, my lord, this dead of night?*”

MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. — an *abstract*.] i. e. a short note or description. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ The *abstract*, and brief chronicle of the times.”

MALONE.

333. — youth in a basket.] Ford imagined that Falstaff was in the basket, who was no youth, but on the contrary, as Mrs. Page describes him, *falling to pieces with age*.

I would read: *You i' the basket!* (*come forth!* being understood). MALONE.

342. *With some diffused song.*] (After Mr. Steevens's note.) It is not *Edgar*, but *Kent*, that in *King Lear* talks of *borrowing accents that may defuse his speech*. MALONE.

352. *The better to devote her to the doctor.*] (After Mr. Steevens's note.) Surely we not only may, but ought, to read—*denote*. In the folio 1623, the word is exhibited thus:—*deuote*. It is highly probable that the *n* was reversed at the press. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, we meet: “ He is *turn'd* orthographer”——instead of *turn'd*. Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ *Louely* apart——” for “ *Lonely* apart.”

Again, in *Hamlet*, quarto, 1605, we meet this very word put by an error of the press for *denote* :

“ Together with all forms, modes, shapés of grief,
“ That can *deuote* me truly.”

Again, in *Othello* : “ ——to the contemplation, mark and *deuotement* of her parts”——instead of *denotement*. Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act I. “ ——the mystery of your *louelinesfs*,” instead of *lonelinesfs*. Again, in *K. John* : “ This *expeditious* charge,” instead of—“ This *expedition's* charge.” Again, ib. “ *invulnerable*,” for—“ *invulnerable*.” Again, in *K. Henry V.* act III. sc. vi. “ *Lewity* and cruelty,” for “ *Lenity* and cruelty.”

MALONE.

363. *Vile worm*——] Add to my note.—Again, in *Pasquil's Night-cap*, a poem, 1623:

“ ——but this is too, too *vild*

“ She knows not who is father to her child.”

MALONE.

V O L U M E I I.

M E A S U R E F O R M E A S U R E .

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Page 6. —the *terms*] *Terms* mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accident of young students in the law. —E.

16. *What has he done.*] (Add to my note)

“ The strumpet with the stranger will not *do*,

“ Before the room be clear and door put to.”

Ovid's Elegies, translated by Marlowe; printed at Middlebourg [no date.]

Again, *ibid.*

“ But when I die, would I might droop with *doing*.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow,

“ And nut-browne girles in *doing* have no fellow.”

Again, in our author's *Winter's Tale*:

“ —They would do that,

“ Which should undo more *doing*.”

Again, in Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*:

“ *Leand.* Do, lady,

“ Do, happy lady.

“ *Amand.* All your mind's of *doing*;

“ You must be modester.” COLLINS.

17. *In a peculiar river.*] i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not publick property. MALONE.

19. *The words of heaven*;—on whom it will, it will—

On whom it will not, so;—yet still 'tis just.]

After Mr. Steevens's note.—The very ingenious emendation proposed by Dr. Roberts, is yet more strongly supported by another passage in the play before us, where this phrase occurs, [act III. sc. last]:

“ He who the sword of heaven will bear,

“ Should be as holy, as severe.”

MALONE.

20. *Whether*

20. *Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;*] To follow Dr. Johnson's note.—*Fault*, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, but to *newness*. The *fault and glimpse* is the same as *the faulty glimpse*. And the meaning seems to be—*whether it be the fault of newness, a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governour has yet had only a glimpse; has yet only taken a hasty survey.* Shakspeare has many similar expressions. MALONE.

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21. — *But this new governour
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me.]*

Lord Strafford, in the conclusion of his Defence in the House of Lords, had, perhaps, these lines in his thoughts:

“It is now full two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alledged crime, to this height, before myself.—Let us rest contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not *awake those sleeping lions*, to our own destruction, by raking up *a few musty records, that have lain so many ages by the walls, quite forgotten and neglected.*”

MALONE.

Ibid. — *her approbation.] i. e. enter on her probation, or noviciate.* So again, in this play:

“I, in *probation of a sisterhood.*”——

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“Madam, for a *twelvemonth's approbation,*

“We mean to make the trial of our child.”

MALONE.

22. *A prone and speechless dialect.] Prone* is used here for *prompt*. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“O that *prone* lust should stain so pure a bed!”

MALONE.

Ibid. — *lost at a game of tick-tack.] Tick-tack* is a game at tables. *Jouer au tric-trac* is used in French, in a wanton sense. MALONE.

24. *Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep.]* Add to my note.—The two readings which Mr. Theobald has introduced into the text, he might have found in an alteration of this play, published in 1700, by Charles Gildon, under the title of *Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate*:

“We

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“ We have strict statutes and sharp penal laws,
“ Which I have suffer'd *nineteen* years to *sleep*.”
And he might have supported the latter by the following
passage in *Hamlet* :

“ ———How stand I then,
“ That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
“ Excitements of my reason and my blood,
“ And *let all sleep?*” MALONE.

27. *For that, which, if myself might be his judge, —*] These words seem to have been transposed by accident at the press. I would read :— That for which —

MALONE.

31. *Has censur'd him already.*] I would wish to read :
He has censur'd him already.

Which according to the old fashion was written :

H' as censur'd &c. MALONE.

49. *But here they live to end.*] So the old copy. Is it not probable that the author wrote :

But *where* they live to end.

The prophecy is not, that future evils should end *ere* or before they are born ; or in other words, that there should be no more evil in the world ; (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration seems to have understood it) but, that they should end *where* they began ; i. e. with the criminal, who being punished for his first offence, could not proceed by *successive* degrees in wickedness, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice.

So, in the next speech :

“ And do him right, that answer'ing *this* foul wrong,
“ Lives not to act *another*.”

It is more likely that a letter should have been omitted at the press, than that one should have been added.

MALONE.

Ibid. After Mr. Steevens's note ³.— Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634 :

“ Thou bring'st such *pelting* scurvy news continually,
“ Thou art not worthy life.” MALONE.

50. *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.*] After Dr. Johnson's note.— The reading of the old copy is confirmed by a passage in Act V.

“ ———If he had so offended,
“ He would have *weigh'd* thy brother by *himself*,
“ And not have cut him off.” MALONE.

58. *Heaven*

58. *Whilst my intention—*] *Invention* is the reading of Vol. II. both the first and second folio. MALONE.

Ibid. *Heaven is in my mouth,*] The old copy reads :
Heaven in my mouth,

i. e. *heaven being* in my mouth,
I do not see any need of change. MALONE.

59. — *Blood thou art but blood*] *But* has been introduced by some of the modern editors. It is not in either the first or second folio. MALONE.

62. Note 6] Add, after the passage quoted from *Timon*—
Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ As rank as any flax-wench that *puts to*,
“ Before her troth-plight.”

Add, at the end of the note :

Means, I suppose, is here used for *medium* or *object*.

Moulds, however, if the passage be corrupt, (which I do not believe to be the case) is a very likely word to have stood here. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ —the honour'd *mould*

“ Wherein this trunk was fram'd.”

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

“ —that bed, that womb

“ That *mettle*, that self-same *mould* that fashioned thee;

“ Made him a man.”

Again, in *K. Lear* :

“ Crack Nature's *moulds*, all germins spill at once,

“ That make ingrateful man!” MALONE.

66. *But in the loss of question.*] Add to my note.—So, in *Melvil's Memoirs*, 1683: “ Having *loss'd* some words upon this matter, she being desirous of an honest colour or pretext, appeared the more readily satisfied in that point.”

Question is here used, as in many other places, for *conversation*. MALONE.

71. *That none but fools would keep*:] Mr. Steevens's explanation is confirmed by a passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ Of what is't fools make such vain *keeping*?

“ —Their life a general mist of error,

“ Their death a hideous storm of terror.”

Keeping is there apparently used for *account*, *estimation*.

Again, in the translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:

“ She takes no *keepe* of Augurs' skill.”—

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Again, in Gower *de Confessione Amantis*, edit. 1554, fol. 188.

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"The king, whiche thereof toke good kepe"——

See the Glossary to the late edit. of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, v *kepe*. MALONE.

72. ————*a breath thou art,*
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict——]

The editors have changed [dost] to [do] without necessity or authority. The construction is not, "the skiey influences, that do," but, "a breath thou art, that dost &c." If the second line be inclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish. PORSON.

77. After Steevens's second note.] I would point the lines thus:

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good. Indeed lord Angelo &c.

Indeed is the same as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of speeches in Shakspeare's age. See Charles the First's Trial. The king and Bradshaw seldom say any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir——." ——E.

78. Though *all the world's vastity*——] The old copy reads: *Through* all &c. MALONE.

81. ——*Has he affections in him*

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?

When he would force it, sure it is no sin;

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.]

I was led into a mistake concerning this passage, and into a hasty censure of Dr. Warburton, by the false pointing of the modern editions, according to which, the word *force* could not admit of his interpretation. But I am now convinced that he was right, and that these lines should be pointed thus:

——*Has he affections in him*

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

When he would force it?—Sure it is no sin,

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Is he actuated by passions that impel him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? [I find, he is.] Surely then [since this is so general a propensity] *it is no sin, or at least a venial one.* So, in the next act:

“——*A desflower'd maid*

“*And*

" And by an eminent body that *enforc'd*

" *The law* against it."

Force is again used for *enforce* in *K. Henry VIII.*

" If you will now unite in your complaints,

" And *force* them with a constancy."——

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" Why *force* you this?" MALONE.

87. — *bestow'd* her on *her own lamentation*——] I believe the words are transposed, and that the author wrote:

—— *bestow'd on her* her own lamentation. MALONE.

91. *Free from all faults &c*] The first and second folio have:

Free from our faults—— MALONE.

92. *Pygmalion's images &c.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—By *Pygmalion's images newly-made women*, I do not understand, with Mr. Steevens, *virgins as fresh as if they came recently from the hands of Pygmalion*. I rather think the meaning is: Is there no courtesan, who being *newly made woman*, [i. e. *lately debauched*,] still retains the appearance of chastity, and looks as cold as a statue, to be had &c.

The following passage in *Blurt Master Constable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, seems to authorize this interpretation:

" *Laz.* Are all these women?"

" *Imp.* No, no, they are half men, and half women.

" *Laz.* You apprehend too fast. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, *nor are maids women.*"

Mulier in Latin had precisely the same meaning.

MALONE.

94. *You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.*] Alluding to the etymology of the word *husband*.

MALONE.

95. *Then Pompey? nor now.*] I think there should not be a note of interrogation here. The meaning is: *I will neither bail thee then, nor now.* So again, in this play:

" *More, nor less* to others paying."—— MALONE.

103. *To weed my vice and let his grow!*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note^s.—*My vice*, for the *vices of my dukedom*, appears to me very harsh.

My, does not, I apprehend, relate to the duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite person.—The meaning seems to be—*to destroy by extirpation*, (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height.

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The speaker, for the sake of argument, puts himself in the case of an offending person. MALONE.

MEASURE
FOR
MEASURE.

Ibid. *Though angel on the outward side!*] Here we see what induced the author to give the outward-fainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

Ibid. *How may likenes made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw &c.]*

Thus this passage stands both in the first and second folio. The only corruption, I suspect, is in the word *made*, instead of which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote *wade*.

I here are frequent instances in these plays of the letters *m* and *w* being confounded by the printer. In this very play there is great reason to believe that *flawes* is printed instead of *flames*.—So, in *Macbeth*, we meet :

“ —Thou sure and firm-set earth,”

“ Hear not my steps which they *may* walk.”
instead of—which *way* they walk.

Again, in *K. John* : “ —and his siege is

“ Against the *wind* ;”
instead of *mind*.

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

“ Come go *me* in procession to the village.”

The sense then of the passage will be—*How may persons assuming the semblance of virtue, indulge in the grossest crimes! practising on mankind, in order to draw to themselves, by the flimsiest pretensions, the most solid advantages.*

Likeness is here used for *specious* or *seeming* virtue—So, before : “ O seeming, seeming !”

With respect to the word now proposed, it is used by Shakspeare nearly in the sense required here, in *Macbeth* :

“ —I am in blood,

“ Stept in so far, that should I *wade* no more,

“ Returning were as tedious as go o’er.”

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592 :

“ Forbear and *wade* no farther in this speech.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ Nor farther *wade* in such a case as this.”

The word is here clearly used for *proceed*. MALONE.

104. *Take, oh take*—] To follow Mr. Steevens’s note :

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1593 :

“ Pure lips, sweet seals on my soft lips imprinted,

“ What bargains may I make still to be sealing.”

MALONE.

115. To

115. To follow Mr. Steevens's second note.] *Mealed* is VOL. II.
mingled, compounded; from the French *mesler*. ——— E. MEASURE

Ibid. But *this being so*——] The tenor of the argument
seems to require:—But this *not* being so—— MEASURE.

Perhaps, however, the author meant only to say——

But, his life being paralleled, &c. he's just. MALONE.

Ibid. That *wounas the unresisting postern*——] To follow
Dr. Johnson's note.—*Unfisting* may signify “never at rest,”
always opening. ——— E.

118. *One that is a prisoner nine years old.*] i. e. That has
been confined these nine years. So, in *Hamlet*: “Ere we
were two days *old* at sea, a pirate of very warlike prepara-
tion &c.” MALONE.

121. *First, here's young Master Rash*——] All the names
here mentioned are characteristic. *Rash* was a stuff for-
merly used. So, in *A Reply as true as Steel, to a rusty,*
roving, ridiculous, lying Libell, which was lately written by an
impudent unfeeder'd Ironmonger, and called by the name of an
Answer to a foolish pamphlet entitled A Swarme of Sectaries
and Schismatiques. By John Tylour, 1641:

“And with *mockado* suit, and judgment *rash*,

“And tongue of *saye*, thou'lt say all is but trash.”

MALONE.

120. *Now the unfolding star.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's
note:

“So doth the evening star present itself

“Unto the careful shepherd's gladsome eyes,

“By which unto the fold he leads his flock.”

Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613. MALONE.

123. *All great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's*
sake.] I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It
appears from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed
among Davics's epigrams, [about the year 1611] that this
was the language in which prisoners who were confined for
debt, addressed passengers:

“Good gentle writers, for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's
sake,

“Like Ludgate prisoner, lo, I, begging, make

“My mone——”

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*. 1593:—
“At that time that thy joys were in the *Fleeting*, and thou
crying for the Lord's sake, out at an iron window, in a lane
not far from Ludgate-hill.”—— MALONE.

128. ——— if the old fantastical duke of dark corners——] This

VOL. II. This duke who meets his mistresses in by-places. So, in
K. Henry VIII.

MEASURE
FOR
MEASURE.

"There is nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
"Deserves a corner."

Again, in *Westward Ho*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "Has not his lordship's virtue once gone against the hair, and coveted corners?" MALONE.

Ibid. — *he's a better woodman* —] To follow Mr. Steevens's note. — A *woodman*, I believe, signified not a huntsman, but an archer. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"He is no *woodman* that doth bend his *bow*
"To strike a poor unseasonable doe."

In *Pbilaster*, by B. and Fletcher, a woodman swears by his *bow*." MALONE.

129. — *let it be proclaimed: betimes in the morning &c.*] Should not this passage be rather pointed thus? "Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes in the morning: I'll call &c." So a little above, he says;

"And why should we proclaim it *an hour before his entering*."
MALONE.

137. — *charaëts* —] To follow Steevens's note. *Charaët* signifies an inscription. The stat. 1 Edw. VI. c. 2. directed the lease of office of every bishop to have "certain *charaëts* under the king's arms, for the knowledge of the diocese." *Charaëters* are the letters in which an inscription is written. *Charaëttery* is the materials of which characters are composed.

"Fairies use flowers for their *charaëttery*."

Merry Wives of Windsor. — E.

Ibid. *As e'er I heard in mainness*.] This is the reading of the old copy. I suspect Shakspeare wrote:

As ne'er I heard in madness. MALONE.

Ibid. *Do not banish reason for inequality*.] To follow Dr. Johnson's note. I imagine the meaning rather is — *Do not suppose I am mad, because I speak passionately and unequally*.

MALONE.

138. *Mended again*.] I think we ought to read: — *Mend it again* — the matter: — proceed. *Correct that phrase when you have occasion to speak again of the deputy — you left off as matter — proceed*.

The corruption might easily have arisen in transcribing, from the similarity of sounds. MALONE.

139. *O that it were as like as it is true.*] The meaning I think, is: O that it had as much of the appearance as it has of the reality of truth! MALONE.

138. *I for a while will leave you—stir not &c.*] The old copy reads:

—will leave you: but stir not you till &c.

MALONE.

152. *Show your sheep-biting face and be hang'd an hour.*] To follow Dr. Farmer's note.—A similar expression is found in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:

“Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while.”

MALONE.

153. *Which consummate.*] i. e. which being consummated.

MALONE.

161. To follow Johnson's note.] The duke probably had learnt the the story of Mariana in some of his former retirements, “having ever loved the life removed.” (Page 23) And he had a suspicion that Angelo was but a *semer* (page 26) and therefore he stays to watch him.

—E.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

165. *Comedy of Errors.*] I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially in long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. —E.

VOL. II.
COMEDY
OF
ERRORS.

Ibid. A play with this title was exhibited at Gray's-inn, in December 1594; but it probably was a translation from Plautus.—“After such sports, a *Comedy of Errors* (like to Plautus his *Menechmus*) was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors. Whereupon it was ever afterwards called *the Night of errors.*” *Gesta Grayorum*. 1688. The Registers of Gray's-inn have been examined, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the play above mentioned was our author's;—but they afford no information on the subject.

MALONE.

H 4

176. Add

176. Add in my note.] So, in Geo. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"Yet both in *lapse* at length this *Cressid* leaves."

STEEVENS.

187. *That never words were musick to thine ear.*] Imitated by Pope:

"My musick then you could for ever hear,

"And all my words were musick to your ear."

Epistle from Sapho to Phaon. MALONE.

191. After Mr. Tollet's note, add: *Owls* are also mentioned in *Cornu-Copiae*, or *Pasquil's Night-cap*, or *Antidote for the Headach*. 1623. p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darke some night,

"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

STEEVENS.

199. Once this—*your long experience of her wisdom.*] *Once this*, I have no doubt, is wrong, though it is difficult to conjecture what the true reading was.

The passage is manifestly corrupt in the old copy, which has instead of *her wisdom*—*your wisdom*.

Perhaps the author wrote:—*Own* this.— MALONE.

Ibid. For *ever* *bous'd* where't gets possession.] *Possession* is pronounced as a trisyllable; and therefore the line should be printed:—where it &c. MALONE.

225 Add to note ⁵.] So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning schoole-master in England; I mean a cunning man as a schoole-master; that is a *conjurour* &c." STEEVENS.

233. *But moody and dull melancholy* &c.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

"But rather *moody* mad."

Mr. Gray has imitated this passage, and also the lines in the text:

"And *moody* *madness* laughing wild

"Amid severest woe—

"*Grim* *visag'd* *comfortless* *despair*,

"And sorrow's piercing dart.—

"Lo! in the *vale* of *years* beneath

"A grisly *troop* are seen

"*The* *painful* *family* of *death*

"More hideous than their queen."

Ode on the Prospect of Eton.

He

He seems to have had Pope's *Essay on Man* also in his thoughts:

"Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain.

Again:

"The *fury-passions* from the blood began,

"And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man."

So, Gray, *ibid.*

"The *fury-passions* these shall tear." MALONE.

236. Add, after the first instance in my first note:] So, in Geo. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*. 1576: "—yet won by *importance* accepted his courtesie." STEEVENS.

242. *Have written strange defeatures*—] To follow Mr Steevens's note.—I rather think *defeatures* means here, as in another place in this play, *alteration of feature*, or *disfigurement*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*. 1593:

"—To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,

"To mingle beauty with infirmities,

"And pure perfection with *impure defeature*."

If we understand by *defeatures*, in this place, *miscarriages*, or *misfortunes*, then we suppose Ægeon to say, "that careful hours, i. e. *misfortunes*, have written *misfortunes* in his face."

MALONE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

255. Add to my note ^b:] A *bolt* seems to have been a general term for an *arrow*. So, in Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*: "When the keepers are none of the wisest, their *bolts* are sooner shot."

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MUCH ADO
ABOUT
NOTHING.

There the *bolt* is supposed to be employed against deer-stealers. The word is still used in the common proverb: *A fool's bolt is soon shot*.

That particular species of arrow which was employed in killing birds, appears to have been called a *bird-bolt*.

MALONE.

258. *The gentleman is not in your books*.] To follow Dr. Farmer's note.—This expression, I make no doubt, took its rise from the custom mentioned by Dr. Farmer. That in all great

VOL. II. great families, the names of the servants of the household
 MUCH ADO were written in books kept for that purpose, appears from
 ABOUT the following passage in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, a co-
 NOTHING. medy, 1639: "See, master Treatwell, that his name be
 enrolled among my other servants—Let my steward receive
 such notice from you."

A servant and a lover were in Cupid's Vocabulary, syno-
 nymous. Thus, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: "Is not
 Marshall *Makeroom*, my servant in reversion, a proper gen-
 tleman?"

Hence the phrase—to be in a person's books—was applied
 equally to the lover and the menial attendant. MALONE.

266. To follow note^a.] The borrowing of a line from
Hieronymo, which was published in 1605, proves this play
 to be one of Shakspeare's later compositions. As also its
 being ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*.

E.

The Spanish Tragedy, or *Hieronymo is Mad again*, though
 there is no edition of it now extant earlier than 1605, was
 written many years before. Nashe, in a pamphlet published
 in 1593, quotes a passage in it. The line therefore here
 borrowed from it, will not serve to ascertain the date of
Much Adu about Nothing. Its date, however, is ascertained
 by other circumstances, with more precision than most of our
 author's plays. It is almost certain that it was written, or
 at least first exhibited on the stage, in 1599, or 1600; hav-
 ing been printed in the latter year, and not being enu-
 merated by Meres among Shakspeare's plays in 1598. See *An
 Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays attributed to
 Shakspeare were written*, Vol. I. *Prolegomena*. p. 306 MALONE.

269. *Cousin*, you know—[and afterwards, *good cousin*—]
 Surely *brother* and *cousin* never could have had the same
 meaning: yet, as this passage stands at present, Leonato
 appears to address himself to Antonio, (or as he is styled in
 the first folio, *the old man*) his *brother*, whom he is made to
 call *cousin*.

It appears that several persons, I suppose Leonato's *kinf-*
men, are at this time crossing the stage, to whom he here
 addresses himself. Accordingly, the old copy reads, not
cousin, but—

"*Cousins*, you know what you have to do."

*You all know your several offices; take care to assist in making
 preparations at this busy time for my new guests.*

I would therefore read *cousins* in both places. MALONE.

270. *Enter*

270. *Enter Don John.*] The folio has—*Sir John:* VOL. II.
MALONE. MUCH ADD

271. —*than a rose in his grace.*] To follow Dr. Johnson's note.—The former speech, in my apprehension, shews clearly that the old copy is right. Conrade had said: "He hath ta'en you new into his *grace*, where it is impossible that you should take *root* but by the fair weather that you make yourself." To this Don John replies, with critical correctness: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a *rose* in his *grace*." We meet a kindred expression in *Macbeth*:

"——Welcome hither:

"I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour

"To make thee full of *growing*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"I'll *plant* Plantaganet, *root* him up who dares."

MALONE.

273. *Enter Leonato &c. Margaret and Ursula.*] Why *Margaret* and *Ursula* should enter here, I know not. They are not mentioned in the old copy; and on the other hand, do actually enter masked in the next scene.

MALONE.

275. Note 7. —*or dumb John.*] Here is another proof that when the first copies of our author's plays were prepared for the press, the transcript was made out by the ear. If the Ms. had lain before the transcriber, it is very unlikely that he should have mistaken *Don* for *dumb*: but, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, they might easily be confounded. MALONE.

277. Note 2.] This whole note is, I apprehend, founded on a mistake; *or*, in the stage-direction in the old copy, at the beginning of this scene, was, I believe, an accidental repetition; and, *dumb*, I suspect, was written instead of *Don*, through the mistake of the transcriber, whose ear deceived him.

I think it extremely probable, that the regulation proposed by Theobald, and the author of *the Revival*, is right.

MALONE.

280. *Therefore all hearts &c.*] *Let*, which is found in the next line, is understood here. MALONE.

282. —*wish such impossible conveyance,*] I believe the meaning is—*wish a rapidity equal to that of jugglers, who appear to perform impossibilities.*

Conveyance was the common term in our author's time for *sights of hand*. MALONE.

295. *But*

VOL. II.

MUCH ADD.
ABOUT
NOTHING.295. *But that she loves him with an enraged affection &c.*]

The meaning I think is—but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.

MALONE.

305. —*press me to death*—] The allusion is to an ancient punishment of our law, called *paine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on those persons, who, being indicted, refused to plead. In consequence of their silence, they were pressed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their stomach. This punishment, the good sense and humanity of the legislature have within these few years abolished.

MALONE.

Ibid. *Which is as bad as die with tickling.*] The author meant that tickling should be pronounced as a trisyllable, *tickeling*. So, in Spenser, B. ii. Canto 12.

“The while sweet Zephirus loud whistled

“His treble, a strange kind of harmony;

“Which Gayon’s senses softly tickled, &c.”

MALONE.

309. —*and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff’d tennis-balls.*] So, in *A Wonderful, strange, and miraculous astrological Prognostication for this Year of our Lord 1591*; written by Nalhe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey: “—they may sell their haire by the pound to *stufte tennis balles.*”

STEEVENS.

333. —*shall conjecture bang,*] *Conjecture* is here used for *suspicion*. MALONE.

342. *Bene. Beat.*] I believe we ought to read: *But Beatrice*—So, before: “Nay, *but Beatrice*—.”

Beat was probably only an abbreviation in the Ms. for *Beatrice*; and *but* was accidentally omitted. MALONE.

344. To follow Theobald’s note.] The omission of this passage since the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the sacred name being jestingly used four times in one line. — E.

349. *If such a one will smile &c.*] What militates strongly against Dr. Johnson’s pointing, and consequently against his interpretation, is, that in these plays, the words *cry* and *hem* are generally found joined together. So, in *As you like It*: “If I could *cry hem* and have him—.”

Again, in *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* act II. sc. iv. and in many other places.

A very slight alteration of the text will, I apprehend, make perfect sense:

It

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard ;

In sorrow wag ; cry hem, when he should groan ;

And and *in* hastily or indistinctly pronounced might easily have been confounded, supposing (what there is great reason to believe) that these plays were copied for the press by the ear.

By this reading a clear sense is given, and the latter part of the line is a paraphrase on the former.

To cry hem was, as appears from the passage cited by Mr. Tyrwhitt, a mark of festivity. So also from *Love's Cruelty*, a tragedy by Shirley, 1640 :

“ Cannot he *laugh* and *hem* and kiss his bride,

“ But he must send me word ?”

Again, in *The Second Part of Henry IV* :

“ We have heard the bells chime at midnight——That we have, that we have ;—our watch-word was, *hem*, boys.”

On the other hand, *to cry woe* was used to denote grief. Thus, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ ——but the last, O Lords,

“ When I have said, *cry woe*.”

With respect to the word *wag*, the using it as a verb, in the sense of *to play the wag*, is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. There is scarcely one of his plays in which we do not find substantives used as verbs. Thus we meet——to testimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to paper, to page, to dram, to stage, to fever, to fool, to palate, to mountebank, to god, to virgin, to passion, to monster, to history, to fable, to wall, to period, to spaniel, to stranger, &c. &c. MALONE.

358. *But soft you ; let be.*] The first folio reads :

But soft you ; let *me* be ; pluck &c.

We might read : But soft you ; *let me pluck* ——

Since I wrote the above, I find that the second folio reads :

But soft you ; let *me see* ; pluck up &c.

which is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE,

351. *Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong.*] i. e. combined; an accomplice. So, in lord Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 269. edit. 1740. “ If the issue shall be this, that whatever shall be done for him shall be thought to be done by a number of persons that shall be laboured and *packed*——.”

MALONE.

367. *Done to death*——] This obsolete phrase occurs frequently in our ancient writers.——Thus, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657 :

“ His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,

“ Thinking her own son is *done to death*.” MALONE:

LOVE'S

L O V E'S L A B O U R L O S T.

VOL. II. 394. After Steevens's note.] The time when Banks's horse was exhibited will fix the date of this play; which also appears in p. 433. to be about 1597. —E.

LOVE'S
L.A.R. LOST.

413. To follow Mr. Steevens's note.] So, in the prologue to *Fletcher's Custom of the Country*:

“ — The play

“ Is quick and witty; so the poets say.” MALONE.

414. *No l'envoy*—.] After Mr. Steevens's note.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, by B. and Fletcher, 1616:

“ What a trim *l'envoy* here she has put upon me ?”

MALONE.

419. Cost. *Guerdon*,—*O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better &c.*] The following parallel passage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort &c.* 1598, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

“ There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman as of his servantes: one of the sayd servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd servant, and sayth unto him, Holde thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the servant receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the forefayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts: now the servant payde no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *sbilling*, and the other but a *three-farthinges*.”

Whether Shakspeare, or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time when *Love's Labour Lost* was written, and the date of the earliest edition

of

of the *Serving-man's Comfort* &c. shall be ascertained by circumstances which at present are beyond our reach.

STEEVENS.

VOL. II.
LOVE'S
LAB. L. 17.

431. *Who is the shooter.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.— So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The King's guard are counted the strongest archers, but here are better *suitors*." So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet in the old copy: (owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him)

" ——— *A grief that suits*

" My very heart at root."

instead of ——— a grief that *shoots*.

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, we find *shoot* instead of *suit*:

" End thy ill aim before thy *shoot* be ended."

Here clearly the author meant *suit*.

In Ireland, where there is reason to believe that much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's time is yet retained, the word *sutor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. The word in the text ought, I think, to be written *sutor*, as in the instance above quoted from *Essays* &c. by G. M.

The mistake arose from the similarity of the sounds; and this is one of many proofs, that when these plays were transcribed for the press, the copies were made out by the ear.

MALONE.

441. *Fausite precor gelida.*] From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time:

" With the first and second lease he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verditis *Pierce Penniless* for a *grammar-school wit*; saies, his margine is as deepe learned as *Fausite precor gelida*." MALONE.

452. *Her hairs were gold, chrystal the other's eyes.*] The first folio reads: *On her hairs* &c. The context, I think, clearly shews that we ought to read:

One, her hairs were gold, chrystal the other's eyes.

i. e. *the hairs of one of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the other as clear as chrystal.* The king is speaking of the panegyrics pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses.

One was formerly pronounced *on*. Hence the mistake. See a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ante p. 87.

The

VOL. II. The same mistake has happened in *All's Well that ends Well*; (first folio.)

LOVE'S LAB. LOST. "A traveller is a good thing after dinner—but *on* that lies two thirds &c."

The two words are frequently confounded in our ancient dramas. MALONE.

454. *And* critick *Timon*.] After Mr. Steevens's note.— Mr. Steevens's observation is supported by our author's 112th *Sonnet*:

" —my adder's sence
" To *cryttick* and to *flatterer* stopped are."

MALONE.

463. Add to my note:—Again, in *Storer's Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey*, a Poem, 1599:

" With whose hart-strings Amphion's lute is strung,
" And Orpheus harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

468. —audacious *without impudency*.] *Audacious* was not always used by our ancient writers in a bad sense. It means no more here, and in the following instance from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldness*:

" —she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and *audacious* ornaments."

STEEVENS.

Ibid. *He is too piqued*.] The following passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, 1593, may serve to corroborate Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation: "And he might have shrowded a *picked* effeminate carpet knight under the fictionate person of Hermaphroditus." Again, in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "Such riot, dicyng, cardyng, *pikyng*, —must needs bring him to naught." MALONE.

487. Add to my last note:] Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606: " —in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *shop-keeper*." STEEVENS.

496. Add to my note 2.] Again, in Randolph's *Poems*, 1664:

" The titles of their saires fright some more,
" Than *Lord* have mercy writ upon a door."

MALONE.

Ibid. Add to my note:] Again, in *More Fools yet*, a collection of Epigrams by R. S. 1610:

" To declare the *infection* for his sin,
" A *croffe* is set without, there's none within."

Again, *ibid.*

" But

OBSERVATIONS.

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II

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LOVE'S
LAB. LOST.

" But by the way he saw and much respected
" A doore belonging to a house infected,
" Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custome still)
" *The Lord have mercy on us: this sad bill*
" The sot perus'd——." STEEVENS.

520. *And cuckow-buds of yellow hue.*] Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of B. Jonson's works, many years ago proposed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckow-flower, he observed, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himself no mean botanist, has distinguished it:

Albaque cardamine &c.

MALONE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

VOL. III. P. 7. *But earthly happier*—] This is a thought in which
 MIDSUM. Shakspeare seems to have much delighted. We meet with
 N. DREAM. it more than once in his *Sonnets* :

“ Then were not summer's distillation left,
 “ A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 “ Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 “ Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
 “ But *flowers distill'd*, though they with winter meet,
 “ Leave but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

“ Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 “ In thee thy summer, ere thou be *distill'd* ;—
 “ Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
 “ With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.”
 Fifth and sixth *Sonnet*.

Again, in the 54th *Sonnet* :

“ They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
 “ Die to themselves. Sweet *roses* do not so ;
 “ Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 “ And so of you, *beauteous* and lovely youth,
 “ When that shall fade, my verse *distills* your truth.”

MALONE.

9. *The course of true love &c.*] This passage seems to have
 been imitated by Milton. *Paradise Lost*, B. 10.—896.

MALONE.

10. *Making it momentary*—] After Dr. Johnson's note.—
 The first folio has not *momentary* but *momentary*.

MALONE.

11. *From Athens is her house remote seven leagues.*] *Re-*
mov'd, which is the reading of the folio, was, I believe,
 the author's word.—He uses it again in *Hamlet*, for *re-*
mitte :

“ He waits you to a more *removed* ground.”

MALONE.

14. — *when*

14. —when *Phæbe* doth behold &c.]

15. ————*deep* midnight. }

Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from page 4. that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonshine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in page 59.

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N. DREAM.

E.

15. *Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd*] I think, *sweet*, the reading proposed by Theobald, is right.

Counsels relates in construction to *emptying*—and not to the last word in the line, as it is now made to do by reading *swell'd*. A similar phraseology is used by a writer contemporary with Shakspeare:

“ So ran the poor girls filling the air with shrieks,

“ *Emptying* of all the colour their pale cheeks.”

Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, Sig. B. 4. 1610.

The adjective *all* here added to *colour*, exactly answers, in construction, to *sweet* in the text, as regulated by Theobald.

MALONE.

18. —and *so grow to a point*.] The first folio reads: —and *so grow on* to a point. MALONE.

22. *I will rear you as it were* &c.] The first folio omits *you*. MALONE.

23. After the first instance in note 4, add] So, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:

“ —have you devices to jeer the rest?

“ *Luc.* All the regiment on 'em, or I'll *break my bow-strings*.” STEEVENS.

24. Add to my note 6:] So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: “ Have we not *God* bys *wrath*, for *Goddess* *wrath*, and a thousand of the same *stampe*, wherein the corrupte orthography in the moste, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte *profodye* in over-many?” STEEVENS.

26. After Steevens's note on *square*:] It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaziers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms, for a pane of glass. —E.

29.—*sweet* Puck.] After Mr. Tyrwhitt's note add—So, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1614:

“ Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,

“ As if it groan'd to beare the weight of sinne;

“ The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,

“ And crie out at the shame they do live in:

I 2

“ And

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“ And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
“ The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down.”

Again, in Spenser's *Epithal.* 1595 :

“ Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,
“ Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,
“ Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes
“ Ne let hobgoblins &c.”

STEEVENS.

39. *By their increase now knows not which is which.*] To follow Dr. Johnson's note.—So, in our author's 97th *Sonnet* :

“ The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
“ Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime——”

MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Tyrwhitt's note:] —*Henchman*. Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedisequus*.

—E.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some support from the following passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. vol. V. p. 566 :

“ O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
“ Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings
“ The lifting up of day.”

STEEVENS.

47. Add to my note ³.] Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605 :

“ So could I live in desert most unknowen,
“ Yourself to me enough were populous.” MALONE.

55. —*Nature shews art*,] The first folio reads:—*Nature her thews art*. I suppose the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would therefore read:—*Nature shews her art*. The second folio however reads (which may be right)—*Nature here shews art*. MALONE.

Ibid. *Not Hermia, but Helena I love*.] The first folio has :
——but Helena now I love. MALONE.

59. *No, I am no such thing ; I am a man, as other men are : —and there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.*] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes,

anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Feasts*, VOL. III. Ms. Harl. 6395:

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"There was a spectacle presented to queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to represent *Arion* upon the dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be very hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of *Arion*, not he, but even honest *Har. Goldingham*; which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well."

The collector of these *Merry Passages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger I. 'Estrange. MALONE.

61. *If I were fair, Thisbe, I were only thine.*] I think, this ought to be pointed differently:—If I were, [i. e. as true, &c.] fair *Thisbe*, I were only *thine*. MALONE.

62. *The ouzel-cock so black of hue &c.*] In *The Arbor of Amorous Devices*, 4to, bl. l. are the following lines:

"The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaille,

"*The thrusle-cock that was so black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I consulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the stanza, or to ascertain the date of the book.

STEEVENS.

66. *I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb; if I cut my finger I shall make bold with you.*] In *The Mayde's Metamorphosis*, a comedy, by Lilly, there is a dialogue between some foresters and a troop of fairies, very similar to the present:

"*Mopso*. I pray you, Sir, what might I call you?

"1 *Fai*. My name is Penny.

"*Mop*. I am sorry I cannot purse you.

"*Frisco*. I pray you, Sir, what might I call you?

"2 *Fai*. My name is Cricket.

"*Fris*. I would I were a chimney for your sake."

The Maid's Metamorphosis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written some years before. Mr. Warton says, (*History of English Poetry*, vol. II. p. 393.) that Lilly's last play appeared in 1597. MALONE.

68. *And forth my minnock comes.*] I believe the reading of the folio is right:

And forth my *mimick* comes.

The line has been explained as if it related to *Thisbe*, but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. *Bottom* had just

VOL. III. been playing that part, and had retired into the brake.
 MIDSUM. "Anon his *Thiſbe* muſt be answered, *And forth my mimick*
 N. DREAM. (i. e. my actor) *comes.*" In this there ſeems no difficulty.

Mimick is uſed as ſynonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Gul's Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troope you can from the ſtage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow-room." Again, in his *Satiremaſtix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonſon] haſt forgot how thou ambleſt in a leather pitch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'ſt mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get ſervice amongſt the *mimicks.*"

MALONE.

72. *And from thy hated preſence part I ſo.*] So has been ſupplied by ſome of the modern editors. MALONE.

Ibid. *For debt that bankrupt ſleep*—] The firſt and ſecond folio read—*ſup*. The ſame error has, perhaps, happened in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Which for theſe nineteen years we have let *ſlip.*"

MALONE.

75. *But you muſt join in ſouls &c.*] The phraſe, *in ſouls*, has been ſo well ſupported, that there remains nothing to be ſaid relative to it.

I ſuſpect, however, that the words were tranſpoſed at the preſs, and would read:

"Can you not hate me, as I know you do

"In ſouls, but you muſt join to mock me to?"

So, a little lower:

"You hate me with your hearts." MALONE.

Poſſibly by adding a ſingle letter, the ſenſe may be leſs embarrassed:

But you muſt join in *ſouls* to work me too.

Scouls, I believe is ſometimes uſed as ſynonymous with *ſcoffi*.

E.

76. *Leſt to thy peril, thou aby it dear.*] The folio has *abide*,

MALONE.

77. — *brought me to thy ſound.*] Folio—*that ſound*,

MALONE.

83. *Thou ſhalt aby it.*] The folio reads—*abide* it.

MALONE.

84. *I am amaz'd and know not what to ſay.*] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

89. To follow Mr. Tyrwhitt's note.] I do not perceive any defect in the metre of the ſecond line. It is the ſame as in the former ſtanza. MALONE.

90. — *overflow'n with a bonny-bag.*] It ſhould be *overflow'd.*—

flow'd.—Yet the mistake is as likely to have been the author's VOL. III
as the transcriber's. MALONE.

91. *So dash the woodbine &c.*] After Dr. Johnson's note.— MIDSUM.
The following passage in *The Fatal Union*, 1640, in N. DREAM
which the honey-suckle is spoken of as the flower, and the
woodbine as the plant, supports Dr. Johnson's interpretation :

“ —As fit a gift as this * were for a lord—a honey-
suckle,

“ The amorous woodbine's offspring.” MALONE.

95. After Steevens's note :] A statute 3 Hen. VII. c. 14.
directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to
be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's household.

—E.

96. *Uncouple in the western valley—go.*] The folio reads :
Uncouple in the western valley *let them go*.
Shakspeare might have written :

Uncoupled in the western valley let them go.

MALONE.

Ibid. —*they bay'd the bear.*] Add to my note :—Shakspeare
must have read the *Knights Tale* in Chaucer, where are
mentioned Theseus's “ white alandes [grey-hounds] to
huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*.” TOLLET.

Ibid. *My hounds are bred &c.*] This passage has been imi-
tated by Lee in his *Theodosius* :

“ Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,

“ With hounds that open'd like Theſſalian bulls,

“ Like Tygers flew'd, and fanded as the shore,

“ With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew.”

MALONE.

99. *Melted as is the snow.*] *Is* has been supplied by some
of the editors. MALONE.

100. *And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,*

Mine own and not mine own.]

To follow Dr. Warburton's note.—An anonymous critick
supposes that Shakspeare had in his thoughts the mine of
rubies, belonging to the king of Zeylan (mentioned by
Le Blanc and other travellers) out of which the king had all
that exceeded the weight of four or five carrats, and none
under that weight—on which account the jewels of the mine
might be called his own and not his own.

I do not suppose any such allusion to have been intended.—

* Shewing a flower,

I 4

Helena,

VOL. III. Helena, I think, only means to say, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has *found by accident*; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*.

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Helena does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had *found him*, like a jewel &c

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ———by starts

“ His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear

“ *Of what he has, and has not.*”

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ Where ev’ry something, being blent together,

“ Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

“ *Express, and not express.*” MALONE.

104. ———in a fine frenzy rolling——] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry* : describing Marlowe, he says :

“ ———that *fine madness* still he did retain,

“ Which rightly should possess a *poet’s* brain !”

MALONE,

109. *Where I have come great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes,
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome.]*

So, in *Pericles* :

“ She sings like one immortal, and she dances

“ As goddesses like to her admired lays ;

“ *Deep clerks she dumbs.*”

It should be observed, that *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full stops*. MALONE.

111. *And finds his trusty Thisbe’s mantle slain.]* The first folio reads :

And finds his Thisbie’s mantle flaine.

The second has :

And finds his gentle Thisby’s mantle slain.

The present reading is that of the quarto.

MALONE.

112. *And Thisbe tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew and dtd.]*

These

These lines ought to be regulated thus:

And (Thisbe tarrying in Mulberry shade)

His dagger drew and died.

MALONE.

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113. *And thou O wall, O sweet—*] The first folio reads :

And thou O wall, *thou* sweet &c. MALONE.

122. *Now the hungry lion roars,*

And the wolf beholds the moon;] Add to my note——

The following passage in *Antonio's Revenge*, a tragedy, 1602, written by Marston, (who has evidently imitated Shakspeare, or was imitated by him) appears to me a strong confirmation of the reading proposed by Dr. Warburton :

“ Now *barke* the *wolfe* against the full-check'd moon,

“ Now Lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,

“ Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *screech* aloud,

“ Fluttring 'bout casements of departing souls ;

“ Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let loose

“ Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth.”

It is observable, that in the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As you like it*——“ 'Tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon”——the expression is found, that Marston has here used instead of *behows*. “ In courting Phebe, thou *barkest* with the wolves of Syria against the moon.”

MALONE.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

137. *Is that any thing now?*] The first and second folio read, by an apparent error of the press :

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VENICE.

It is that any thing now.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of the old reading is supported by a passage in *Othello* :

“ Can any thing be made of this?” MALONE.

139. *And am I prest unto it.*——] Folio rightly—

And I am prest unto it. MALONE.

141. *But this reasoning is not in the fashion.*] Folio—

But this reason is not in fashion. MALONE.

144. —and

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“ ———for affection,

“ *Master of passion, sways it to the mood &c.*”

MALONE.

218. *Is dearly bought, is mine, —*] The first folio reads :
 —’*tis mine.* MALONE.

220. ———*to cureless ruin.*] The folio has—*endless ruin.*
 MALONE.

222. ———*in the course of justice, none of us*
Should see salvation.]

Portia’s referring the *Jew* to the Christian doctrine of sal-
 vation, and the Lord’s Prayer, is a little out of character.

————— E.

234. To follow Mr. Tyrwhitt’s note.] “ *Sweet love!*”
 is not an arbitrary insertion by Mr. Pope, but the reading of
 the second folio ; and, in my apprehension, decisively proves
 that these words belong to Lorenzo’s speech : for, “ *sweet*
love,” cannot well be applied to Launcelot’s master.

MALONE.

236. Add to my note, after the words—*and perhaps con-*
firms it.] *It,* I apprehend, refers to *harmony*, and not to *souls*.
 I here is, therefore, no need of Dr. Johnson’s proposed alter-
 ation, — “ *in th’ immortal soul.*”

Perhaps Shakspere, when he wrote this passage, had Sir
 Philip Sydney’s elegant *Defence of Poesie* in his thoughts :—
 “ But if you be born so neare the *dull-making* cataract of
Nilus, that you cannot *bear* the *planet-like musick* of poetrie,
 if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot list itself
 up to look to the skie of poetrie &c.” MALONE.

240. ———*this breathing courtesy*] *Breathing for verbal.*—
 So, in *Timon*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made
 a long speech :

“ *You breathe in vain.*”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

“ *The youth you breathe of, guilty.*” MALONE.

258. After Mr. Tyrwhitt’s note, add :] Of the incident
 of the *band*, no English original has hitherto been pointed
 out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator : hand-*
ling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations :
some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other
ancient Writers, the rest of the Author’s own Invention : Part of
which are of Matters happened in our Age.—Written in
French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P. [i e. La-

zarus]

zarus Pilot] *London, printed by Adam Iſlip, 1596.* — (This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

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DECLAMATION 95.

“ Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.

“ A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteene daies, the Jew refused to take his money; and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying:

“ Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intollerable slavery, where not only the whole bodie but also all the senses and spirits are tormented, the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation, yea amongst Christians it hath been seene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torments the free citizens; how manie of them (do you thinke) would

VOL. III. would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiment of a pounce of their flesh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons, for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed. Neverthelesse, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late, and also to hang a theefe though he steale never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for grieffe? were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, already bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and especially because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person, for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth

delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me.”

The Christian's Answer.

“ It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable, the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh, whereby is manifestly seene the antient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect: yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them, seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abomination is equitie: trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe, yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof, as for me I thinke that by secret meanes he hath caused the monie to be delaid, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind my selfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paid with mans flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigris, than men, the which also was never heard of: but this divell in shape of a man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he allegeth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt. To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which

VOL. III. which yet upon an extreame necessitie is somewhat excuse-
 MERC. OF able; as for me, I have promised, and accomplished my
 VENICE. promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew
 the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mis-
 chievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did
 I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion
 of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastlines.
 Wherein then have I satisfied my promise, is it in that I
 would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge?
 Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he
 may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judge-
 ment, where is then my promise broken? But it is no mar-
 vaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us, for they
 do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have cru-
 cified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so
 reputed of this worthy Turkish nation: but what shall I say?
 Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against
 their priests, judges and leaders. What did not the very
 patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning?
 They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst
 them, they had slaine him for verie envie. How many adul-
 teries and abominations were committed amongst them?
 How many murders? Absalom did he not cause his brother
 to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not
 for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without
 leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they
 had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his
 wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges
 amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of
 them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their
 rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable
 work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not
 a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to
 consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who
 doth wholly submit himselfe unto your just clemencie:
 hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie."

FARMER.

AS

AS YOU LIKE IT.

263. *As I remember, Adam &c.*] To follow Johnson's note.—*It was on this fashion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnson reads, is but awkward English. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion.*—He *bequeathed me by will*, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. *As I remember* (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c. ——— E.

VOL. III.
AS YOU
LIKE IT.

275. ——— *with bills on their necks.*] To follow Farmer's note.—So, in *Gorboducke*, 1569: "Enter one bearing a bundle of faggots on his neck." MALONE.

289. *Being native burghers of this desert city.*] A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring stood

"The citizens o' the wood." MALONE.

302. After note 4, add] In confirmation of the old reading, Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen-roost was robbed, a facetious old 'squire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

"*Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?

"*duck, duck, duck.*——

"*Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?

"*chuck, chuck, chuck.*"—— STEEVENS.

307. *Till that the very, very*——] The old copy has ——— *wearry, very.* MALONE.

312. *Thou art not so unkind &c.*] That is; thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,

"She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd *unkind.*"

320. *It's the right butter woman's rate to market.*] Rosalind a little lower says: "this is the very false gallop of verses." Sir T. Hanmer, who first introduced the word *rate*, (for both the first and second folio read *rank*) I suppose, understood the passage now before us, thus amended, in this way:

VOL. I.

K

L

VOL. III. *It is the same kind of pace as that of the butter-woman going to market.* But have *butter-women* any particular pace, or do they go *faster* to market than other people?

AS YOU
LIKE IT.

A passage in *All's Well that ends Well*, shews, I think, that this is yet faulty, and that in the present instance, the *volubility* of the *butter-woman* selling her wares at market, was alone in the author's contemplation: "—tongue! I must put you into some *butter-woman's* mouth, and buy myself another of *Bajazet's* mules, if it *prattle* me into these perils."

I would therefore read—It is the right *butter-woman's* rate at market. MALONE.

324. Add to my note:] Again, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Defence of Poesie*: "Though I will not wish unto you the *affe's* ears of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as *Bubonax* was, to hang himself, nor to be *rimed to death*, as is said to be done in Ireland &c. MALONE.

Ibid. —but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.] "Montes duo inter se concurrerunt &c." says *Pliny*, *Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. c. 83. or in *Holland's* translation: "Two hills [removed by an earthquake] encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise."

TOLLET.

327. Cry holla to thy tongue.] *Holla* was a term of the manège, by which the rider restrained and stopp'd his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

"His flattering *holla*, or his stand I say?"

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here:

"*Holla!* stand there." MALONE.

329. Add to my note.] Again, in *Vittoria Corrombona*, a tragedy, by *Webster*, 1612: "It may appear to some ridiculous thus to talk *knave* or *madman*."

There is no need of Sir *T. Hanmer's* alteration: "I answer you right in the *stile* of painted cloth." We had before in this play: "It is the right *butter-woman's* rate at market."

MALONE.

337. After note 6.] Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the

the

the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight VOL. III.
 who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman with- AS YOU
 out any regular degree from either of the Universities. See LIKE IT.
 Barrington's *History of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

349. *Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:—*
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?]

The second of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, fig. B b. where it stands thus:

“Where both deliberate, the love is flight:

“*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*”

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1610, p. 29. and in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

354. After Johnson's note.] Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in *Hamlet*: “The coroner hath sat on her, and finds it—*Christian burial*.”

MALONE.

371. —never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams.] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle*, 1575: “——oqtrageous in their racez az rams at their rut.” STEEVENS.

376. To follow Steevens's note.] Perhaps we might read:
 As those that feign they hope and know they fear.

—E.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

402. To follow Steevens's second note.] Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him. —E. T. OF THE SHREW.

405. Note⁶.] *Sincklo* or *Sinkler* was certainly an actor in the same company with Shakspeare &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadlie Sinns*. See p. 60.

Instead of *Sincklo*, *Player* should be prefixed to this line.

MALONE.

VOL. III. 408. *A room in the lord's house—Enter Sly &c.*] From the original stage-direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and all the persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is: "*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, &c.*" So afterwards at the end of this scene—"The Pre-senters above speak." MALONE.

412. After Steevens's note.] For *old John Naps* of Greece read, *old John Naps o' th' Green*. — E.

In *The London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled "*George o' the Green*" is mentioned. The addition seems to have been a common one. MALONE.

415. After Steevens's note.] In the old play (see p. 403.) the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. — E.

417. After Steevens's note.] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. — E.

430. — *as many diseases as two and fifty horses.*] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not well how to rectify it—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "*O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!*" MALONE.

Ibid. — *he'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] *Rope-tricks* is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras*:

"—Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,

"That speak, and think contrary clean;

"What member 'tis of whom they talk,

"When they cry *rope*, and walk knave, walk."

The following passage in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term: "Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toun, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in a great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my dampnacion, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee." This the author in the margin calls "*rope ripe*"

ripe chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, VOL. III. 1611: "Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms."

MALONE. T. OF THE SHREW.

436. After Steevens's note.] It is given in the first folio to Biondello. MALONE.

450. — *from a wild Kate to a Kate.*] To follow Steevens's note.—The second folio reads:

— *from a wild Kat to a Kate.*

which is, I think, sufficient authority for the reading adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

460. *That we might beguile the old Pantaloon.*] By the *old Pantaloon* perhaps Gremio was meant. In the stage-direction for the first entrance, in the old copy, we meet, "Enter Baptista the father &c. *Gremio a Pantaloon.*" So, in a subsequent scene:

"We'll over-reach the *grey-beard* Gremio."

MALONE.

476. — *fire, fire; cast on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in these words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

"Fire, fire; — Fire, fire;

"Cast on some more water." — E.

494. *I fear it is too phlegmatick a meat* —] The first folio reads: — *too choleric a meat* — The reading of the text was furnished by the second folio. MALONE.

511. *That every thing I look on seemeth green.*] Shakspeare's observations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics. — E.

V O L U M E IV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,

VOL. IV.

ALL'S
WELL & C.

Page 4. *O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence (then translated) where Menedemus says:

“ *Filium unicum adolescentulum*

“ *Habeo. Ah, quid dixi? habere me? imo*

“ ——— *habui Chreme,*

“ *Nunc habeam necne incertum est.*” ——— E.

9. To follow Steevens's note 7.] Mr. Steevens's explanation of this word is supported by a passage in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1600: “ O I have it in writing here of purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking.*”

MALONE.

14. ——— *a traitress*—] To follow Steevens's note.— Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says to Mrs. Ford: “ Thou art a *traitor* to say so.” In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love. MALONE,

16. Add to my note.] Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*

“ Yet let me wonder, Harry,

“ At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*

“ Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.”

MALONE.

17. *The mightiest space &c.*] I understand the meaning to be this—*The affections given us by Nature, often unite persons between whom Fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join, like likes, (instar parvium) like persons in the same situation or rank of life.*

If the author had written *spaces*, the passage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre.

The mightiest space in fortune, for persons the most widely separated by Fortune, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a licence as Shakspeare often takes. He might, perhaps, have written:

The

The mightiest space in nature, Fortune brings
To join &c.

VOL. IV

Accident sometimes unites those whom inequality of rank has separated. MALONE. ALL'S
WELL &c

19, 20. To follow Johnson's note, p. 19.] Point thus :

He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords : but they may jest,
Till their own scorn returns to them, un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt &c. ———E.

22. To follow Tyrwhitt's note] The reading of the old copy is supported by a similar passage in *Cymbeline* :

“ ———some jay of Italy

“ Whose mother was her painting——.”

Again, by another in the same play :

“ ——No, nor thy taylor, rascal,

“ Who is thy grandfather ; he made those cloaths,

“ Which, as it seems, make thee.”

Here the garment is said to be the father of the man :—in the text, the judgment, being employed solely in inventing new dresses, is called *the father of the garment*. MALONE.

23. To follow Johnson's note.] Cardinal Wolfey, after his disgrace, wishing to shew king Henry a mark of his respect, sent him his fool *Patch*, as a present, whom, says Stowe, “ the king received very gladly.” MALONE.

25. *You are shallow madam, in great friends.*] Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation of the passage is, I believe, right ; but I would read, with less deviation from the text :

You are shallow, madam : *ev'n* great friends.

Ev'n and *in* are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The same mistake has happened in another place in this play. Act III. sc. i. (folio 1623)

“ *Lad*. What have we here ?

“ *Clown*. In that you have there.”

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ No more but *in* a woman.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Act. I. sc. v. “ 'Tis with him *in* standing water, between boy and man &c.”

The modern editors have rightly corrected all these passages, and read—“ *Ev'n* that you have there”—“ No more but *ev'n* a woman &c.”

Ev'n was formerly contracted thus, *e'n*. [See Act IV. of

K 4

this

VOL. IV. this play, sc. i. sixth speech, in the old copy.] Hence the
 ALL'S mistake was the more easy. MALONE.
 WELL &c.

34. *Yet in this captious and intenable sieve.*] By *captious*, believe, Shakspeare only meant *recipient*, capable of receiving what is put into it; and by *intenable*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed. MALONE.

50. Add to my note ⁹.] So, in *More Fooles yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams, 4to, 1610:

“ Moreover fattin futes he doth compare

“ Unto the service of a barber's chayre;

“ As fit for every Jacke and journeyman.

“ As for a knight or worthy gentleman.” STEEVENS.

60. *Good alone is good &c.*] I have no doubt the meaning is—Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so, vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. The very same phraseology is found in *Macbeth*:

“ Though all things foul would wear the brows of
 grace,

“ Yet grace must still look so.”

i. e. must still look like grace—like itself. MALONE.

61. ————*that is honour's scorn*

*Which challenges itself as honour's born,
 And is not like the fire.*]

Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*,—honourably descended; the child of honour. MALONE.

64. After note ⁹.] *To comment* means *to assume the appearance of persons discoursing*. A similar stage-direction occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*: “A song—while Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.” MALONE.

78. Note ³.] Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed incontestably by these lines in the fifth act, in which Helena again repeats the substance of this letter:

“ ————there is your ring;

“ And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

“ *When from my finger you can get this ring &c.*”

MALONE.

86. *A right good creature*——] Add to my note.—The same expression is found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

“ *A right good creature*, more to me deserving,

“ Than I can quit or speak of.” MALONE.

95. *And*

95. *And lawful meaning.*—] Mr. Tollet's explanation Vol. IV. appears to me rather ingenious than true. *And lawful* and *unlawful* are so near in sound, that I have no doubt the latter (which Sir T. Hanmer proposed) was the author's word. ALL'S
WELL &c.

This line, I think, is only a paraphrase on the foregoing.

MALONE.

96. *So we seem to know, is to know*—] I think the meaning is—Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is to make him to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him.

To know, in the last instance, signifies *to make known*.

MALONE.

100. *I pri'thee do not strive against my vows.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—There can, I think, be no doubt that this is Bertram's meaning. If Mr. Steevens's explanation wanted support, it might be had from a passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612, in which the duke Brachiano, after having declared that he would never more cohabit with his wife, uses the same expression, which Shakespeare has here given to Bertram:

“Henceforth I'll never lie with thee—by this,

“This ring—————

“—————'This my vow

“Shall never on my soul be satisfied,

“With my repentance: let thy brother rage

“Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,

“My vow is fix'd.”

In Mr. Steevens's note, instead of—“in his letter to her,”—read—“in his letter to *the countess*.” MALONE.

106. *Is it not meant damnable*—] We ought, I think to read:

Is it not most damnable— MALONE.

112. —he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good-natured language of our ancestors, an *idiot* or *natural fool*. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of *Charlewood in Surrey*: “Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605.” WHALLEY.

Doll Common in the *Alchemist*, being asked for her opinion of the *widow Pliant*, observes that she is—“a good dull *innocent*.”

Vol. IV. *nocent.*" Again, in *The Silent Woman*: "Do you think you had married some *innocent* out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth, and look upon you?" Again, in *I Would and Would not*, a poem, by B. N. 1614:

"I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,
 "That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,
 "And eate fat meate, and never goe to schoole,
 "And be in love, but with an apple-pie;
 "Weare a pide coate, a cockes-combe, and a bell,
 "And think it did become me passing well."

See also Mr. Reed's note on Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, new edit. of Doddsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. VIII, p. 24. STEEVENS.

115. *Men are to mell with*—] Add to my note—*To mell* is used by Marston, our author's contemporary, in the sense of *medling*, without the idea which Theobald imagines to be couched under the word in this place:

"To bite, to gnaw, and boldly to inter-mell
 "With sacred things—".

Scourge of Villanie, B. iii. Sat. 9. MALONE.

120. Hel. *Yet I pray you*—] To follow Dr. Johnson's note, p. 121.—I would read:

Yet I 'fray you

But with the word: the time will bring &c.

And then the sense will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight." —E.

125. After note 3.] When Cromwell, in 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the speaker's mace. —E.

138. ——— *noble she was, and thought
 I flood engaged.*]

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right. *Gaged* is used by other writers, as well as by Shakspeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Pastoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

"Not that the earth did *gäge*
 "Unto the husbandman
 "Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

Ingaged in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

144. Mr.

144. *Methought you said*—] The poet has here forgot VOL. IV
himself. Diana has said no such thing: —E. ALL'S

145. *May justly diet me.*] To follow Mr. Collins's note.— WELL & C
I rather think the meaning is—*May justly loath or be weary* —
of me—as people generally are of a regimen or prescribed diet.

MALONE.

146. *He did love her Sir*—but how?] *But how*, I believe,
belongs to the king's next speech:

But how, how I pray you?

This suits better with the king's apparent impatience and
solicitude for Helena. MALONE.

T W E L F T H N I G H T,

154. —*That breathes upon a bank of violets*—] Here TWELFTH
Shakspeare makes the South steal odour from the violet. In NIGHT.
his 99th *Sonnet*, the violet is made the thief:

“The forward violet thus did I chide:

“Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells;

“If not from my love's breath?” MALONE.

161. *He hath indeed, almost natural:*] Mr. Upton proposes
to regulate this passage differently:

He hath indeed, *all, most* natural. MALONE.

162. —*like a parish-top.*] “To sleep like a *town-top*,” is
a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns
round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise.

—E.

166. To follow Steevens's note *.] It appears from
many passages in the old English plays, that in our author's
time, curtains were hung before *all* pictures of any value.
So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

“I yet but draw the *curtain*—now to your *picture*.”

MALONE.

180. *And leave the world no copy*] After Steevens's note.—
Again, in his 9th *Sonnet*:

“Ah!

VOL. IV.

TWELFTH
NIGHT.

- “ Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
 “ The world will wail thee like a makeless wife,
 “ The world will be thy widow, and still weep
 “ *That thou no form of thee hast left behind.*”

Again, in the 13th Sonnet :

- “ O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 “ No longer yours than you yourself here live :
 “ Against this coming end you should prepare,
 “ *And your sweet semblance to some other give.*”

MALONE.

185. *That sure methought &c*] After Steevens's note.—The word *sure*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the second. MALONE.

187. *Alas our frailty*—] The second folio gave the present reading. MALONE.

188. —*an excellent breast.*] So, in *Antonio and Mellida*, by Marston, 1602 :

- “ Boy, *sing* aloud; make heaven's vault to ring
 “ With thy *breast's* strength.” MALONE.

190. *I did impetticoat thy gratuity.*] The old copy has :
 I did *impeticos* thy *gratillity*. MALONE.

210. *My nettle of India.*] To follow Steevens's note p. 211.—The change was made by the editors of the second folio in 1632, probably from the original Ms. ; for of this play there is no quarto edition. MALONE.

212. —*the lady of the strachy*—] To follow Steevens's note.—In B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, a gingerbread woman is called *lady of the basket*. MALONE.

214. *Or play with some rich jewel.*] The old copy has :
 —or play with *my* some rich jewel. MALONE.

Ibid. *Though our silence be drawn from us with cars.*] The first folio reads *cars*; the second, apparently by an error of the press, *cares*. The reading proposed by Sir T. Hanmer, though I think it not right, is countenanced by a similar expression in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*: “ Poesie must not be drawn by the *ears*, it must be gently led.”

MALONE.

216. After Mr. Steevens's second note] I am afraid some very coarse and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by these capital letters. ——— E.

219. Add after the second instance in note 5.] Again, in *Wherever you see me Trust unto Yourselfe, or the Mysteria of Lending and Borrowing, &c.* by Thomas Powell London-

Cam.

Cambrian, 1623: "—He goes to the scrivener's shop, where sodainly and unawares he finds him saying his praiers, while he was withal *croffe-gartering* of himselfe; and had he not knowne him better by his *croffe-garters* than by his praiers, questionles he had lost his labour."

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TWELFT
NIGHT.

STEEVENS.

228. *After the last enchantment you did hear.*] I have not the least doubt that Dr. Warburton's conjecture is right.—Throughout the first edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word that we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*. So also in many other ancient books.

Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent; she had seen and talked with the messenger. Besides, "*after the last enchantment you did hear*," is so aukward an expression, that it is very unlikely to have been Shakspeare's.

MALONE.

233. Add to my note] So, in a *Dialogue of the Phœnix*, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little *wren* that *many young ones* brings."

STEEVENS:

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N. B. 1606:

"The titmouse, and the *multiplying wren*."

MALONE.

234. *And thanks and ever: oft good turns
Are shuffled off &c.*]

In the second folio, whether by accident or design, these two lines are omitted. MALONE.

235. —'gainst the duke his gallies] The only authentick copy of this play reads: —the *count* his gallies. There is no need of change. *Orsino* is called *count* throughout this play, as often as *duke*. MALONE.

236. —*what bestow of him?*] Surely *of* is an error of the press, in the old copy, for *on*. MALONE.

239. —*be opposite with a kinsman*—] *Opposite*, here, as in many other places, means—*adverse, hostile*.

MALONE.

251. —*o'er-flourish'd by the devil.*] To follow Steevens's note.—Again, in his 60th *Sonnet*:

"Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth."

The following lines in *K. Richard II.* as exhibited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, confirm Mr. Steevens's observation:

"The purest treasure mortal times afford

" 13

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TWELFTH
NIGHT.

“ Is spotless reputation ; — that away,
 “ Men are but *gilded trunks*, or painted clay.” MALONE.
 259. After Smith’s note.] Mr. Smith is, I believe,
 right. It appears from a passage in Decker’s *Honest Whore*,
 1615, that the Italian proverb had been adopted in English :
 “ O my lord, these *cloaks* are not for *this rain*.” MALONE.
 268. *Though I confess on base and ground enough*,] I once
 thought that these words were transposed at the press, and
 wished to read :

Though I confess, and on base ground enough,
 Orsino’s enemy —
 But the old copy is right ; *base* is here a substantive.

MALONE.

271. *A contract of eternal bond of love*.] I suspect the poet
 wrote :

A contract *and* eternal bond of love. MALONE.

272. Add to my note.] This expression occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ The *case* of that huge spirit now is cold.”

MALONE.

277. — *where lie my maid’s weeds*.] The old copy reads :
 Where lie my *maiden* weeds.

The metre is rather hurt than improved by this unnecessary
 change. MALONE.

278. *A most extracting frenzy of mine own*.] Since I wrote
 my former note, I have met with a passage in the *History of*
Hamlet, bl. l. 1608. Sig. C 2. that seems to support the
 reading of the old copy : “ — to try if men of great ac-
 count be *extract* out of their wits.” MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Steevens’s note.] I rather think the
 meaning is — *If you would have it read in character, as such*
a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a
frantick tone. MALONE.

279. *So much against the mettall of your sex*] The old copy
 reads, I think rightly :

So much against the *mettle* of your sex.

i. e. so much against the natural disposition of your sex. So,
 in *Macbeth* :

“ — thy undaunted *mettle* should compose

“ Nothing but males.”

The reading which has been substituted, affords, in my ap-
 prehension, no meaning. *Mettle* is here, as in many other
 places, used for *spirit*, or rather for *timidity*, or *deficiency of*
spirit.

Our

Our author has taken the same licence in *All's Well that ends Well*: VOL. IV.

“ ’Tis only title thou disdain’st in her——”

i. e. the *want* of title. Again, in *K. Rich. III*:

“ The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant’s life.”

i. e. the *remission* of the forfeit. MALONE.

281. Then *cam’st in smiling*.] This passage, as it now stands, is ungrammatical. I suppose we may safely read:

Thou cam’st in smiling. MALONE.

TWELFTH
NIGHT.

THE WINTER’S TALE.

297. *And clap thyself my love*——] After Steevens’s note.—Again, in *No Wit like a Woman’s*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: WINTER’S TALE.

“ ——The hour draws on,

“ At the new-married widow’s; there we are look’d-for;

“ There will be entertainments, sports and banquets;

“ There these young lovers shall *clap hands* together.”

MALONE.

308. ——*wishing clocks more swift*.] There should be a note of interrogation after *swift*. MALONE.

309. *Why he that wears her like her medal*——] I suspect the poet wrote:——like a medal—— So, in *K. Henry VIII*.

“ ——a los of her,

“ That like a jewel has hung twenty years

“ About his neck; yet never lost her lustre.”

The word *her* having occurred just before in the line, the compositor probably repeated it inadvertently. MALONE.

312. ——*If I could find example &c.*] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James’s time. ——E.

317. *Part of his theme &c.*] Add to my note.—We meet a similar phraseology in *Twelfth Night*: “ Do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose*.”

MALONE.

323. *But*

VOL. IV. 323. *But with her most vile principal*—] In my note, for
 WINTER'S alone read only. Add—It has the same signification again in
 TALE. this scene :

“ He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,

“ *But that he speaks.*” MALONE.

Ibid. *He who shall speak for her, is, afar off guilty,*
But that he speaks.]

To follow Johnson's note.—Dr. Johnson is certainly right. The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V.*

“ Or shall we sparingly shew you *far off*

“ The dauphin's meaning?” MALONE.

326. *The second and the third nine, and some five.]* This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both “*the second and the third.*” But it is sufficiently clear, referendo singula singulis. *The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old.*

The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear* :

“ For that I am, *some twelve or fourteen moonshines,*

“ *Lag of a brother.*” MALONE.

328. —do *push on this proceeding.]* The old copy reads :
 —doth push &c. which is more accurate than what hath been silently substituted in its place :

“ —Camillo's flight,

“ Added to their familiarity,

“ —doth push on this proceeding.” MALONE.

344. To follow Johnson's note⁴.] It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, Act V.

“ He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false.*”

Again :

“ —Thou art rash as fire

“ To say that she was *false.*” MALONE.

345. *With what encounter &c.] To strain,* I believe, here signifies *to swerve.* The word occurs again nearly in the same sense in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Nor aught so good but *strain'd* from that fair use,

“ Revolts—”

A *bed-swerger* has already occurred in this play.

MALONE.

351. *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour.]* How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgot this circumstance. MALONE.

360. *And*

360. *And leave the growth untry'd*—] To follow Vol. IV. Johnson's note ³.] Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage: WINTER'S TALE.

"I turn my glass, and give my scene such *growing*,
"As you had slept between."

So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Now to Marina bend your mind,

"Whom our fast-growing scene must find." MALONE.

364. *Missingly noted*.] The sense is, I think, improved by Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture, which I believe to be right.

"I have *missingly noted*," means, *I have viewed with admiration*. So, in Holinshed's *Chron.* p. 921. "It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, to *use* what it should mean." Again, in our author's *Macbeth*:

"*Muse* not, my worthy friends—." MALONE.

379. In my note, for 1608, read 1613. And add—Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"———what a brow,

"Of what a spacious majesty he carries,

"Arch'd like the great-ey'd *Juno's*,——"

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

"Upon her *eye-lids* many graces fate,

"Under the shadow of her even brows."

Faery Queen, B. II. c. iii. ft. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

"When on each *eye-lid* sweetly do appear

"An hundred graces as in shade they sit."

MALONE.

390. To follow Steevens's note.] Again, in Fitz-Jeffery's *Satires and Satirical Epigrams*, 1617:

"O Venus, how *a'-life* I favour it!" MALONE.

391. —and was turn'd into a cold fish, for *she* &c.] *For* has here the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*:

"——or *for* I am declin'd

"Into the vale of years."

Again:

"Haply *for* I am black." MALONE.

398. *Looks on alike*.] This is sense; but I suspect that a word was omitted at the press, and that the poet wrote:

Looks on *both* alike. MALONE.

VOL. IV. 404. *Your pardon Sir, for this ;*

WINTER'S
TALE.

I'll blush you thanks.]

Should not this passage be rather pointed thus ?

Your pardon Sir ; for this

I'll blush you thanks. MALONE.

408. — *and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.]* I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read : — by I know *not* how much an ounce. MALONE.

409. Add to my note *.] So, in *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, or Luste's Prodigious, &c.* 1607 :

“ Leave we him *touz'd* in care, for worldly wee,

“ Love to leave great men in their *miseric.*”

STEEVENS.

415. — *the former queen is well ?]* i. e. at rest ; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead :

“ *Mess.* First, madam, he is *well* ?

“ *Cleop.* Why there's more gold ; but firrah, mark ;

“ We use to say, *the dead are well* ; bring it to that,

“ The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour

“ Down thy ill-uttering throat.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, says :

“ Then she is *well*, and nothing can be ill.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“ *Ch. Just.* How does the king ?

“ *War.* Exceeding *well*. His cares are now all ended.

“ *Ch. Just.* I hope not *dead*.

“ *War.* He's walk'd the way of nature.”

Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore certainly inadmissible. MALONE.

426. *Who was most marble there, changed colour.]* I rather think, *marble* here means, *hard-hearted, unfeeling.* MALONE.

434. *The fixure of her eye has motion in it.]* To follow Steevens's note.—The reading of the old copy is strongly confirmed by our author's 88th *Sonnet*, where we meet a similar thought :

“ — Your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand,*

“ Hath *motion*, and mine eye may be deceived.”

MALONE.

436. *And from your sacred vials pour your graces—]* The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings :

“ And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the seven

angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials of the wrath of* VOL. IV.
 God upon the earth." Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE. WINTER'S
TALE.

444. After Steevens's note³.] " — Some say, they
 [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of
 todes and cats." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book I. c. 4.
 TOLLET.

M A C B E T H.

446. *And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling* —] After MACBETH.
 Steevens's note. — The reading proposed by Dr. John-
 son, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a
 passage in our author's *King John* :

" — And put his *cause* and *quarrel*

" To the disposing of the cardinal." MALONE.

447. — *unseam'd him from the nave to the chops*,] At the
 end of note³. — The old reading is supported by the follow-
 ing passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Witch*, by Tho-
 mas Middleton :

" Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from *neck* to *navel*,

" Though there's small glory in't —." MALONE.

448. *As whence the sun &c.*] To follow Steevens's note
 p. 449. — Sir William Davenant's alteration of this passage
 affords a reasonably good comment upon it :

" But then this day-break of our victory

" Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,

" That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise."

MALONE.

450. *As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks*.] This word
 is used in the old play of *K. John*, 1591, and applied, as here,
 to ordnance :

" — as harmless and without effect,

" As is the echo of a cannon's *crack*." MALONE.

451. — *So should he look*

That seems to speak strange things.]

To follow Steevens's note¹. p. 452. — i. e. that seems
about to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes
 us with the best comment on this passage. In *Antony and*
Cleopatra, we meet with nearly the same idea :

" The business of this man *looks out of him*."

L 2

Again,

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MACBETH.

Again, in *Ali's Well that ends Well*:

" — Her business looks in her

" With an *importing visage*."Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:" And let your prologue *seem to say* &c."

Surely there is no need of alteration. Sir W. Davenant reads:

— that comes to speak strange things. MALONE.

455. Add to note ¹.] Again, in the author's invocation to *Wherever you see me, trust unto yourself, or the Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing. Seria Focis, or the Tickling Torture*, by Thomas Powell, London-Cambrian, 1623:

" Thou spirit of old Gybbs, a quondam cooke,

" Thy hungry poet doth thee now invoke,

" T' infuse in him the juice of *rump* or *kidney*," And he shall sing as sweet as ere did *Sydney*."

STEEVENS.

456. *And the very points they blow*—] To follow Steevens's note ³.—The substituted word was first given by Sir William Davenant, who in his alteration of this play, has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished the modern editors with the new, reading:

" I myself have all the other—

" And then from every *port* they blow," From all the *points* that seamen know." MALONE.464. —Silenced *with that*—] i. e. wrap'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c.

MALONE.

466. *That, trusted home*—] Surely we ought to read—*thrusted*. The error is, I find, as old as the first folio. The added word, *home*, clearly shews, in my apprehension, that *trusted* [i. e. confided in] was not the author's word.*Thrusted* is the regular participle from the verb *to thrust*, and, though now not often used, was perhaps common in the time of Shakspeare. So we meet in *K. Henry V*:" With *castled slough*, and fresh legerity." MALONE.468. *Time and the hour*—] Add to my note, p. 469.—Again, in our author's 126th *Sonnet*:

" O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power

" Do'st hold *Time's* fickle glafs, his fickle, *hower*—"

MALONE.

470. *There's no art**To find the mind's construction in the face.*]The meaning, I think, is—*We cannot construe or discover the*

the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face. The VOL. IV.
same expression occurs in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* MACBETH.

“*Construe* the times to their necessities.”

In *Hamlet* we meet a kindred phrase :

“ These profound heavens

“ You must *translate*; 'tis fit we understand them ”

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Vol. IX. p. 61.

“ I'll *decline* the whole question.”

Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare.—In his 93d *Sennet*, we find a contrary sentiment asserted :

“ In manys' *looks* the *false heart's history*

“ Is writ.” MALONE.

471. *More is thy due* than more than all can pay.] *More* is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompence, can pay.

There is an obscurity in this line, arising from the word *all*, which is not used here personally (more than all persons can pay), but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more clearly, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ *More* than *my all* is nothing.”

This line appeared obscure to Sir William Davenant, for he has altered it thus :

“ I have only left to say

“ That thou deservest *more than I have to pay.*”

MALONE.

Ibid. *Safe toward your love and honour.*]

Safe (i. e. saved) toward *you* love and honour ; and then the sense will be—“ Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state ; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you.” The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was absolute and without any exception ; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. “ *Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy,*” as it is in Lyttleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of *Macbeth*, now beginning to

VOL. IV. waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere
 MACBETH. says,

“ When love begins to ficken and decay,
 “ It useth an enforced ceremony.” ——— E.

472. ——— *My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow.]*

“ ——— *Lacrimas non sponte cadentes*
 “ Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto.”
Lucan, lib. ix. MALONE.

Ibid. *From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us farther to you.]*

The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth, is supported by history; for, from the Scottish Chronicle it appears, that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. “ Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno.” *Fordun. Scotchchron. lib. iv. c. 44.*

“ Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provincias.” *Buchan. lib. vii. MALONE.*

476. *The raven himself is hoarse—*] Sir W. Davenant seems to have viewed this passage in the same false light in which it appeared to Dr. Warburton; for he reads

“ There would be *musick* in a raven's voice,
 “ Which should but croak the entrance of the king.”

MALONE.

Ibid. To follow note 9.] It was added by Sir William Davenant. MALONE.

Ibid. ——— *nor keep peace between
 The effect and it.]*

Add to my note, p. 477.—A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the *Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
 “ *Keep truce between her griefs and her,* though ne'er so
 fayne she would.” MALONE.

478. *That my keen knife—*] This word has been objected to, as being connected with the most sordid offices, and therefore unsuitable to the great occasion on which it is used. But, however mean it may sound to a modern ear, it was formerly a word of sufficient dignity, and is constantly used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as synonymous to *dagger*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— If

" —If *knife*, drugs, serpents have
" Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe."

Again, *ibid.*

" —He is dead, Cæsar,
" Not by a hired *knife*——"

In the same play, we meet a marginal direction to Cleopatra to "draw a *knife*." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

" —to keep your royal person
" From treason's secret *knife*."

Again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" *Knife*, lie thou there!"

Again, *ibid.*

" 'Twi'x my extremes and me, this bloody *knife*
" Shall play the umpire."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

" —That should against his murderer shut the door,
" Not bear the *knife* myself."

Here it certainly was used for *dagger*, for it appears that Duncan was murdered with a dagger. Again, in Seneca's *Hercules Oetous*, translated by Newton, 1581:

" But treason black, pale envy, deep deceit,
" With privie *knife* of murder, step in streight."

In the Induction to *A Warning for Faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599, the following stage-direction occurs: "Enter at one door *Hystorie* with drum and engine, *Tragedie* at another, in her one hand a whip, in the other hand a *knife*."

This term, however, appears to have lost its ancient signification, and to have been debased in the time of Sir W. Davenant, for he has substituted another in its place:

" That my keen *steel* see not the wound it makes,
" Nor heav'n peep through the *curtains* of the dark &c."

I do not see that much is obtained by this last alteration. Sir W. Davenant seemed not willing to quit the bed. If we were at liberty to make any change, I should prefer *mantle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Come civil *night*
" With thy black *mantle*."

But *blanket* was without doubt the poet's word, and perhaps was suggested by the word *coverture* in the passage above quoted, note ⁶. MALONE.

⁴⁷⁹. To follow Steevens's note ⁴.] Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" —and make *stale*
" The glitt'ring of *this present*."

L 4

Again,

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MACBETH.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Shall I be charg’d no further than this *present*.”

MALONE.

480. ——— *To beguile the time,
Look like the time——]*

This expression is also found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher:

“ —— Let’s go off,

“ And bear us like the time.” MALONE.

[Ibid. After Steevens’s second note.] The *eighth* book of Daniel’s *Civil Wars* was not published, I believe, till after *Macbeth* had been acted. An edition of his Works, printed in folio, in 1602, contains only six books of the *Civil Wars*. MALONE.

481. *This castle hath a pleasant seat.*] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth’s castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo observing the martlet’s nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion. Whereas the modern writers see, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

486. ——— *I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition——]*

So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“ Why think you, lords, that ’tis *ambition’s spur*,

“ That pricketh Cæsar to these high attempts?”

MALONE.

487. *Was the hope drunk——]* The same expression is found in *K. John*

“ Oh

“ Oh where hath our intelligence been drunk,

“ Where hath it slept ?” MALONE.

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MACBETH.

489. *But screw your courage to the sticking place,*] At the end of note ⁵.—Sir William Davenant entirely misunderstood this passage. By *the sticking place*, he seems to have thought the poet meant *the stabbing place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

“ Bring but your courage to the *fatal* place,

“ And we'll not fail.” MALONE.

492. *Their candles are all out.*] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Night's candles are burnt out.” MALONE.

493. After note ⁵.] *Ta-night* was first introduced by Sir W. Davenant. MALONE.

497. After note ⁴.] *Now* was inserted by Sir W. Davenant. MALONE.

498. *With Tarquin's ravishing strides*—] After Steevens's note.—Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Sylvester, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600:

“ Anon he stalketh with an *easy stride*

“ By some clear river's lillie-paved side.”

Again, in our author's *K. Rich. II.*

“ Nay rather every *tedious stride* I make——”

Thus also the Roman poets:

“ ——*vestigia furtim*

“ *Suspensio digitis fert taciturna gradu.*”

Ovid. Fasti.

“ *Eunt taciti per mæsta silentia magnis*

“ *Passibus.*” *Statius*, lib. x.

It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he has occasion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to describe the action here alluded to, uses a similar expression; and probably would have used this very word, if he had not been fettered by the rhyme:

“ Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks.*” MALONE.

501. To follow Steevens's note.] In Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Wilford and his mistress's sister eat a posset on the stage, before he retires to rest. MALONE.

505. ———*the multitudinous seas incarnardine.*] By *the multitudinous seas* the poet, I suppose, meant, not the various seas, or seas of every denomination, as the Caspian &c. but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

“ Ποντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπανευθε φερυσιν.”

The

VOL. IV. The word is used by Ben Jonson.—It is objected by a rhetorical commentator on our author, that Macbeth in his present disposition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Inverness, the remark would be just. But the critick should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a distempered mind, but the composition of Shakspeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea. MALONE.

MACBETH.

Ibid. *Making the green one red.*] This thought is also found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

“Thou mighty one that with thy power hast turn'd

“*Green Neptune into purple.*” MALONE.

506. *My hands are of your colour*—] A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

“Your cheeks are black, let not your souls look white.”

MALONE.

508. To follow Dr. Farmer's note.—From the following passages in *The Scornful Lady*, by B. and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that large breeches were then in fashion:

“*Young Lov.* If it be referred to him [Savil, the old steward] if I be not found in carnation Jersey stockings, blue devils breeches with the gards down, and my pocket in the sleeves, I'll ne'er look you in the face again.

“*Sav.* A comlier wear, I wiss, it is, than your *dangling flocs.*”

Again: “Steward, this is as plain as your old *minikin breeches.*” MALONE.

513. Add at the beginning of note 6.] I once thought that the author wrote *batb'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right. So, in the second &c. MALONE.

514. *His silver skin laced with his golden blood.*] We meet the same antithesis in many other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“——to see the fish

“Cut with her golden oars the silver stream.”

Again,

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“Spread o’er the *silver waves thy golden hairs.*”

MALONE.

516. *Look to the lady*—] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

“*Look to the lady!*—Oh—she’s but o’erjoy’d.”

MALONE.

517. *Against the undivulg’d pretence.*] To follow note ².—*Pretence* is generally used by Shakspeare for some *clandestine scheme or plot*; which I apprehend to be the case here.

MALONE.

521. *Lay your command*—] To follow Steevens’s note ².—The change was suggested by Sir W. Davenant’s alteration of this play:

“Your majesty *lays* your commands on me,

“To which my duty is to obey.” MALONE.

Ibid. *And I’ll request your presence.*] I cannot help suspecting this passage corrupt, and would wish to read:

And *I* request your presence.

Macbeth is speaking of the present, and not of any future time. Sir W. Davenant, plausibly enough, reads:

And *all* request your presence. MALONE.

523. —as it is said

Marc Antony’s was by Cæsar.]

After Johnson’s note.—These words were rejected by Sir W. Davenant. MALONE.

525. *How you were borne in hand*—] To follow Steevens’s note ³. p. 526.—To *bear in hand*, is to foother with hope, and fair prospects. MALONE.

526. *We are men my liege.*] That is; we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly resentment* for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

I should not have thought so plain a passage wanted an explanation, if it had not been mistaken by Dr. Grey, who says, “they don’t answer in the name of *Christians*, but as *men*, whose humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act.” This false interpretation he has endeavoured to support by the well-known line of Terence:

“Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.”

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a cut-throat.—They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to shew Macbeth their willingness, not their aversion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

532. *But*

VOL. IV. 532. *But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.*] Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play:

MACBETH.

“—and our high-plac'd Macbeth
“ Shall live the *leaf of Nature*, pay his breath
“ To time and mortal custom.”

Again, by our author's 13th *Sonnet*:

“ So should that beauty which you hold in *leaf*
“ Find no determination.” MALONE.

Ibid. —*ere the bat hath flown*
His cloyster'd flight.]

Bats are often seen flying round *cloysters*, in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time. MALONE.

Ibid. *The shard borne beetle*] is the cock-chafer. Sir W. Davenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it,

—the *sharp-brow'd beetle*. MALONE.

537. *Our hostess keeps her state.*] To follow Steevens's note.—A *state* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“ This *chair* shall be my *state*.”

Again, in Sir Thomas Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I.*: “ The gentlemen that formerly waited, were permitted to perform their respective services in the presence, where a *state* was placed.” Again, *ibid.* “ Where being *set*, the king *under a state* at the end of the room——.” Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: “ Espying the *chayre* not to stand well under the *state*, he mended it handsomely himself, and then set him down to give them audience——.” Again, in *Cambyfes*, a tragedy: “ On the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea and *under the state* of *Cambyfes* himself.” MALONE.

543. *The arm'd rhinoceros or the Hyrcan bear.*] To follow Tollet's note.—Sir W. Davenant first read *Hyrcanian*. In *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* we meet—the tygers of *Hyrcania*. MALONE.

544. *Overcome us like a summer's cloud.*] Add to my note.—So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ This ague fit of fear is *over-blown*.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

“ And like a hermit *over-pass'd* thy days.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ But ere they come bid them *o'er-read* these letters.”

Again,

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593 :

“ Outstripping crows that strive to *over-fly* them.”

The word *overcome* is used by the author of *The Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*; in the same sense as it is in the text :

“ With blode *overcome* were both his eyes.”

MALONE.

546. *Magot-pies*—] To follow Steevens's note.—*Magot-pies* was changed to *maggies* by Sir W. Davenant.

MALONE.

547. *You lack the season*—] Add to my note.—So also, by B. and Fletcher in *The Scornful Lady* :

“ You have a *season* of your first mother in you.”

MALONE.

548. To follow Steevens's note¹.] Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book iii. c. 2. and c. 16. and book xii. c. 3. mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly “ meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods,” and “ that in the night times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans &c.”—Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as “ the lady Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*.” TOLLET.

550. *Who cannot want the thought*—] The sense requires :

Who *can* want the thought—

Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these minutiae. MALONE.

552. —our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd]

There should not be a point after *country*. The construction is—our country suffering under a hand accursed.

MALONE.

557. *Black spirits and white,*
Blue spirits and grey:]

The modern editors have silently deviated from Sir W. Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, from which this song hath been copied. Instead of “ *Blue* spirits and gray,” we there find “ *Red* spirits &c.” which is certainly right. In a passage already quoted by Dr. Johnson, from Camden, fairies are said to be *red*, *black*, and *white*.

Since the above was written, I have seen Middleton's Ms. play

VOL. IV. play entitled *The Witch*, in which this song is found; and
MACBETH. there also the line stands:

Red spirits and gray. MALONE.

561. ————— *untill*

*Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.]*

Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

“ Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May

“ Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,

“ Quhen the Lowmound beyde Falkland

“ Be listit to Northumberland——.”

WARTON.

562. *And thy air* —] To follow Johnson's note⁶.—In support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that the common people (of which rank the person who recited these plays to the transcriber probably was) almost universally pronounce the word *air*, as if it were written *bair*, and vice versa. MALONE.

563. ——— *to the crack of doom.*] To follow Steevens's note⁷.—It was used so lately as the latter end of the last or the beginning of the present century, in a translation of one of the odes of Horace:

“ ——— Unmov'd he hears the mighty *crack*——.”

MALONE.

575. *His title is affear'd.*] The reading of the old copy, with the change of only one letter, affords an easy sense:

Thy title is affear'd.

Poor country! wear thou thy wrongs! thy title to them is now fully established by law.—Or perhaps he addresses himself to Malcolm—Since you are so passive, continue to suffer the injury you now sustain: thy title is established by thy own pusillanimity.

*The was, I conceive, merely the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.*

For the substituted reading, *his*, there is no authority.

MALONE.

577. ——— *summer-seeming.*] Read—*summer-seeding.* The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, “Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*,

lost, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, VOL. IV. when it sheds its seed and decays." ———E.

578. *All these are portable.*] *Portable* is, I think, here used for *supportable*; and ought to be printed with a mark of elision — *All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be endured.* MALONE.

MACBETH.

Ibid. *Dy'd ev'ry day she liv'd.*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily.*" MALONE.

579. ———*and modest wisdom plucks me*

From over-credulous haste]

From over-hasty credulity. MALONE.

583. Add to my note.] Again, in a poem by our author, entitled *The Lover's Complaint*:

"My woeful self that did in freedom stand,

"And was my own *fee-simple.*" MALONE.

586. *This tune goes manly.*] To follow Steevens's note.—

Rowe's emendation is supported by a former passage in this play, where the word which he has introduced is used in a similar manner:

"*Macb.* Went it not so?

"*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words."

MALONE.

592. *Shall never fagg with doubt*——] To follow Steevens's note? p. 593.—Again, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "He tooke exceptions to the traveler's bag, which he wore *fagging* down his belly before." MALONE.

593. *Where got thou that goose look?*] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote

Where got thou that *ghost* look?

still alluding to his paleness. This agrees with all the other epithets—*cream-fac'd*—*linen cheeks*—*whey-fac'd*.

Sir W. Davenant omits the line, but reads afterwards—*What! Ghosts?*—instead of—*Geese, villain!*

In this latter place I think *geese* right. In the former the mistake might have arisen from the similarity of the sounds. The old copy, however, it must be acknowledged, may be supported by this passage in *Coriolanus*:

"——ye souls of *geese*,

"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run

"From slaves that apes would beat?" MALONE.

594. ———*my May of life*——] Add to my note? p. 595.—The mistake, however, which is supposed to have happened in

in

VOL. IV. in the text here, has likewise happened in Massinger's *Roman*
 MACBETH. *Actor*, 1622 :

- “ —when I was mistress of myself,
 “ And in my way of youth pure and untainted—”
 where way is clearly an error of the press. MALONE.
 596. *Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff.*] To follow Steevens's note 7.—The recurrence of the word *stuff* in the original copy is certainly unpleasing; but I have no doubt that the old reading is the true one; because Shakspeare was extremely fond of such repetitions. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet:
- “ Now for the love of love—”
 Again, in *All's Well that ends Well* :
 “ The greatest grace lending grace.”
 Again, *ibid.*
- “ —with what good speed
 “ Our means will make us means.”
 Again, in *K. Henry VIII* :
 “ Is only grievous to me only dying.”
 Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :
 “ Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit.”
 Again, *ibid.*
 “ Confusion's cure lives not in these confusions.”
 Again, *ibid.*
 “ No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean.”
 Again, *ibid.*
 “ These times of woe afford no time to woo.”
 Again, in *K. John* :
 “ For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 “ Thy now unsworn assurance to the crown.”
 Again, *ibid.*
 “ I trust I may not trust thee.”
 Again, *ibid.*
 “ Believe me, I do not believe thee man.”
 Again, in this play of *Macbeth* :
 “ Those he commands move only in command.”
 Again, *ibid.*
 “ By the grace of grace.”
 Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :
 “ I charge thee use her well, even for my charge.”
 With respect to the word *stuff*, however mean it may sound at present, it, like many other terms, has been debased by time, and appears to have been formerly considered as a word proper

proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. Thus, VOL. IV.
we meet in *Hamlet* : MACBETH.

“ If thou art made of penetrable *stuff*——.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ *Stuff'd* as they say with honourable parts.”

Again, *ibid.*

“ With un*stuff'd* brain.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

“ Of *stuff'd* sufficiency——”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Ambition should be made of sterner *stuff*.”

Again, in *K. Henry VIII* :

“ There's in him *stuff* that puts him to these ends.”

Again, in *Othello* :

“ Horribly *stuff'd* with epithets of war——”

Again, *ibid.*

“ Yet do I hold it very *stuff* of the conscience

“ To do no contriv'd murder.”

On which passage Dr. Johnson observes, that “ *stuff* in the Teutonic languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoefd stoffen*, or *head stuffs*.”

Again, in *The Tempest*, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity :

“ —And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,

“ Leave not a rack behind.—We are such *stuff*

“ As dreams are made of.”

Spenser also affords an authority to the same purpose :

“ And wants the *stuff* of wisdom him to stay.”

Faery Queen. MALONE.

601. *The way to dusty death.*] To follow Steevens's note².—The reading of the first folio may be supported by a line written by Sir Philip Sydney on the same subject, which perhaps our author might have remembered :

“ Our life is but a step in *dusty way*.” MALONE.

602. Add, after the first instance in my note.]

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass* &c. 1593: “ Who would have thought, or could have imagined, to have found the witt of Pierce so starved and *clunged*?” Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 :

“ My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*.”

Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637 :
VOL. I. M “ His

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MACBETH.

" His entrails with long fast and hunger *clung*—"

STEEVENS.

608. —before my body

I throw my warlike shield.]

One might be tempted to think that Shakspeare had this expression, which is uncommon, from Spenser :

" Her ample shield she threw before her face."

Faery Queen, B. III. c. xi. st. 25. MALONE.609. *Thy kingdom's pearl.*] Add to my note, p. 610.—We meet a similar metaphor in *Othello* :

" The riches of the ship is come ashore."

MALONE.

VOLUME V.

KING JOHN.

Page 3. After Dr. Farmer's note.] The first edition of *The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinestead Abbey—As it was (sundry Times) publikely acted by the Queene's Majesties Players in the honourable Citie of London.*—Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591—has no author's name in the title. On the republication in 1611, the printer, who inserted the letters W. Sh. in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—*publikely*—*in the honourable Citie of London*, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakspeare's *King John*; the company to which he belonged, having no *publick* theatre in London: that in Blackfriars being a private play-house, and the Globe, which was a publick theatre, being situated in Southwark. He also, probably, with the same view, omitted the following lines addressed to the *Gentlemen Readers*, which are prefixed to the first edition of the old play:

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- “ You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
 “ Have entertain'd the *Scythian Tamburlaine*,
 “ And given applause unto an infidel;
 “ Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesie,
 “ A warlike Christian and your countryman.
 “ For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,
 “ And set himselfe against the man of *Rome*,
 “ Until base treason by a damned wight
 “ Did all his former triumphs put to flight.
 “ Accept of it, sweete gentles, in good sort,
 “ And thinke it was prepar'd for your disport.”

From the mention of *Tamburlaine*, I conjecture that Marlowe was the author of the old *King John*. If it was written by a person of the name of Rowley, it probably was the composition of that “*Maister Rowley*,” whom Meres mentions in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, as “once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge.” W. Rowley was a player in the King's Company, so late as the year 1625, and can

VOL. V. hardly be supposed to have produced a play thirty-four years before. MALONE.

5. *And fullen presage of your own decay.*] After Johnson's note¹.—I do not see why the epithet *fullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell*. In our author's *Henry IV.* P. II. we find

“ Sounds ever after as a *fullen bell*——.” MALONE.

10. Sir Robert's his *like him*.] This ought to be printed: Sir Robert his like him.

His according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case. As the text now stands, there is a double genitive. MALONE.

11. To follow Theobald's note.] Mr. Theobald has not mentioned the most material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion entirely depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence B. Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says: “ He values me at a *crack'd three-farthings*.” MALONE.

12. *I would not be Sir Nob*——] The reading of the text was given by the second folio. The first has: “ *It would not be &c.*” MALONE.

15. *Now your traveller*——] To follow Steevens's note⁴.—So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 [Article, *an Affected Traveller*]: “ He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping; he will choke rather than confess beere good drinke; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour.”

MALONE.

25. *Than now the English bottoms have wast o'er*——].
Wast for *wasted*. So again, in this play:

“ The iron of itself, though *heat red hot*——”

i. e. heated. STEEVENS.

30. *Now shame upon you whe'r she does or no.*] *Whe'r* for *whether*. So, in an *Epigram*, by B. Jonson:

“ Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,

“ When I dare send my epigrams to thee?”

Again, in *De Confessione Amantis*, 1532:

“ That maugre *where* she wolde or not——.”

MALONE.

31. *But God hath made her sin*——] If part of this obscure sentence were included in a parenthesis, the sense would, perhaps, be somewhat clearer:

But God hath made her sin and her (the plague

On

On this removed issue—plagued for her,
 And with her) plague her son; his injury &c.
 Instead of—“the beadle to her *sin*”—I would read—“the
 beadle to her *sins*.”

Removed, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in *The
 Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues.”

MALONE.

37. *Say shall the current of our right run on?*] The first folio
 has “—*rome* on.” The present reading is found in the
 second folio. MALONE.

38. *Before we will lay by our just-borne arms,*] The old
 copy reads —*lay down*. The alteration was made, by one
 of the modern editors, I suppose, on account of the word
~~down~~ recurring in the next line.—But the jingle was proba-
 bly intended, and why should we change, when change is
 unnecessary?

Most of Shakspeare's repetitions offend the ear; but this
 appears to me rather to add strength and spirit to the passage.

MALONE.

Ibid.—*mouthing the flesh of men.*] After Steevens's note.
 —I do not see any necessity for departing from the old copies.
 The two elder folios concur in reading *moufing*; a circum-
 stance of the more weight, because many of the errors that
 occur in this play, in the first folio, are corrected in the
 second.

Moufing, though it is not very easy precisely to ascertain
 its meaning, is used in two other places by our author, ap-
 parently in the sense required here:

“A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place

“Was by a *moufing* owl hawk'd at and kill'd.” *Macbeth*.

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's dream*:

“Well *mous'd*, Lion!”

Moufing, I suppose, in all these places, means *mamcking*;
 tearing to pieces, as a cat tears a *mouse*.

When any sense can fairly be drawn from the old copies,
 we are, I think, bound to adhere to them. MALONE.

39. *A greater power than ye denies all this.*] I see no reason
 for substituting *ye* in the room of *we*, which is the reading of
 the old copy. Before I read Mr. Tollet's note, I thought,
 that by a *greater power*, the power of Heaven was intended.

It is manifest that the passage is corrupt, and that it must
 have been so worded, as that their *fears* should be styled their
kings or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears;

M 3

because

VOL. V. because in the next line mention is made of these same *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

This passage in the folio is given to Faulconbridge, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justifies some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. From too great a scrupulousness in this respect, a speech in *Measure for Measure* is yet suffered to stand in the name of *the Clown*, though it evidently belongs to *Abborson*. See Vol. II. p. 113.

MALONE.

Ibid. *At your industrious scenes* —] I strongly suspect the poet wrote *illustrious*. So, in the next line:

Your royal presences &c.

Faulconbridge, in his former speech, enlarges much on the high dignity of the combatants:

“When the rich blood of kings is set on fire—”

Again:

“Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus? MALONE.

40. *Till their soul-fearing clamours*—] i. e. soul-apalling.

MALONE.

42. *Here's a stay!*] In a subsequent scene in this play, *to stay* signifies *to support*:

“And he that stands upon a slippery place,

“Makes nice of no vile hold *to stay* him up.”

Again, in the last act we meet:

“What surety of the world, what hope, what *stay*,

“When this was now a king, and now is clay.”

Again, in *The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey*. 1607:

“And of him grac'd with titles well-deserv'd,

“Of country's father, *stay* of commonwealth—”

Again, *ibid.*

“Rob not my young years of so sweet a *stay*,

“Nor take from Rome the pillar of her strength.”

Again, in a copy of Verses addressed to the earl of Ormond, by John Davies of Hereford, printed in his *Scourge of Folly*, (about 1611)

“Great, glorious, fear'd, and much beloved earl,

“England's fast friend, and Ireland's constant *stay*.”

Again, in *Taucred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

“—O thou fond girl,

“The shameful ruin of thy father's house,

“ 10

“ Is this my hoped joy? is this the *stay*,

“ Must glad my grief-full years that waste away?”

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K. JOHN.

These instances induce me to think that our author uses *stay* here for a *partizan or supporter of a cause*—“ Here’s an extraordinary supporter of the cause of France, that shakes &c.”

There is, I apprehend, no necessity that the metaphor here should suit with the image in the next line, which Dr. Johnson by his emendation seems to have thought requisite. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors.

MALONE.

44. *Left zeal now melted*—] To follow Steevens’s note³.—The allusion might, I think, have been to *dissolving ice*, and yet not be subject to Dr. Johnson’s objection.

The sense may be—*Left the now zealous and well-affected heart of Philip, which but lately was cold as ice, and has newly been melted and softened by the warm breath of petitions &c. should again be congealed and frozen*.—I rather incline to think this was the poet’s meaning, because in a subsequent scene we meet a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions :

“ This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts

“ Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal.”

MALONE.

49. *But for my band*—] *For* has here as in many other places the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello* :

“ —or for I am declin’d into the vale of years.”

MALONE.

50. *Like a proud river peering o’er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603 :

“ Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,

“ Like a proud river, o’erflow their bounds—”

MALONE.

Ibid. *Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?*] For this reading there is no authority. Both the first and second folio, the only authentick copies of this play, read :

“ Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?”

There is clearly no need of change. The sad signs are—*the shaking of his head—laying his hand on his breast &c.*

MALONE.

52. —*here I and sorrows sit*.] I believe the author meant to personify *sorrow*, and wrote :

—here I and *Sorrow* sit ;

which gives a more poetical image.

M 4

The

VOL. V. The transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him, the
K. JOHN. two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike.

MALONE.

54. *Among the high tides in the calendar.*] After note ¹.—I do not suppose that the poet used *high tides* as synonymous to *solemn seasons*. The meaning, I apprehend, is—*Why should this day be set down in the calendar, in golden letters, among the high tides and other remarkable occurrences, which are distinguished by a special mark?* The *high tides* are marked in every almanack. MALONE.

59. *What earthly name to interrogatories
Can taste the free breath of a sacred king?*]

The first and second folio both read:

What *earthly* name——

Can *taste* &c.

Earthy occurs in another of our author's plays:

“To do his *earthy* and abhor'd commands.”

To *taste* is used ludicrously in *Twelfth Night*: “That puts quarrels purposely on others to *taste* their valour.”——To “*taste the breath*,” is, however, a very harsh phrase, and can hardly be right.

Breath for speech is common in our author. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

“The latest *breath* that gave the found of words.”

Again:

“Or let the church, our mother, *breathe* her curse.”

In another play we meet—“*breathing* courtesy,” for—“*verbal* courtesy.”

In this passage there should, I think, be a comma after *interrogatories*.—What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, can force a king to speak and answer them? MALONE.

67. *I muse your majesty*——] *I muse*, means here, as in other places, *I wonder*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“*Muse* not, gentle friends——” MALONE.

68. *To arms, let's bie.*] I would point thus:—*To arms let's bie.*—The proposition is, I believe, single. *Let us begone to arms!* MALONE.

70. ————*the fat ribs of peace*

Must by the hungry now be fed upon.] To follow Stevens's note ⁴.—This passage has, I think, been misunderstood, for want of a proper punctuation. There should be, I apprehend, a comma after the word *hungry*:

Must by the hungry, now be fed upon.

i. e. by the hungry troops, to whom some share of this ecclesiastical

ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like VOL. V. many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings: "And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they K. JOHN. may prepare a city for habitation." 107th *Psalm*. — Again: "He hath filled *the hungry* with good things, &c." *St. Luke*, c. i. 53.

This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated:

"Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;
"Ransack their abbeyes, cloysters, priories,
"Convert their coin unto my *soldiers'* use."

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that suggested itself was, that a word had dropped out at the press, in the controverted line, and that our author wrote:

Must by the hungry *soldiers* now be fed on.

But the punctuation above recommended renders any alteration unnecessary. MALONE.

71. *But I will fit it with some better time.*] The first and second folio both read—*tune*; which, I think, can hardly be right. We meet, however, in *Macbeth*:

"*Mac.* Went it not so?
"*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words."

MALONE.

Ibid. Sound on &c.] After Steevens's note 7. p. 72.—I have since observed that *one* and *on* were in the time of our author pronounced alike. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived.

That these words were pronounced in the same manner, appears from a quibbling passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"*Speed.* Sir, your glove.
"*Valiant.* Not mine; my gloves are *on*.
"*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but *one*."

So, *once* was anciently written, as it was probably pronounced, *ons*. Throughout Massinger and Marston's plays, *on* is almost every where printed instead of *one*. MALONE.

74. *A whole armado of collected fail.*] The old copy exhibits the line thus:

A whole armado of conuicted fail.

The true reading, I believe, is, *connected*: *u* is constantly used in the folio for *v*; in the present instance one of the *n*'s might have been turned upside down in the press, an accident which frequently happens. The words *scattered* and *disjoined* support

VOL. V. support this conjecture. *Convicted*, however, may be right, and might have meant *subdued, destroyed*, from the Latin participle *convictus*, or from the French *convaincre*. To *convince* is used, with equal licence, in the sense of to *conquer* :

“ This malady *convinces*
“ The great assay of art——” *Macbeth*.

MALONE.

75. *And stop this gap of breath——*] The *gap of breath* is the mouth ; the outlet from whence the breath issues.

MALONE.

76. *Thou art unholy——*] Both the first and second folio have :

Thou art *holy——*

Rowe reads :

“ Thou art *not* holy to believe me so.” MALONE.

80. *John lays you plots.*] I suspect Shakspeare wrote :
John lays *your* plots.

John is doing your business for you. MALONE.

Ibid. No scape of Nature——] After Steevens's note.— The word *abortives* in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes of nature*, confirms the emendation of the old copy that has been made. MALONE.

81. —— *they would be as a call——*] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are caught ; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call*. MALONE.

83. *Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul affect,*] I suspect that the author wrote :

—— for so foul a *fact*. MALONE.

89. *Must make a stand——*] Both the first and second folio read :

Doth make a stand.

The change, I suppose, was made, because it was thought that *all* required a plural verb ; but *all* here signifies *the whole*. Since *the whole*, and each particular part, of our wishes, *doth* make a stand &c. The old reading therefore may remain.

MALONE.

90. *If what in rest you have——*] The argument, I think, requires that we should read

If what in rest you have, in right you hold *not——*

The word *not* might have dropped out at the press. If this was not the case, and the old reading be the true one, there ought to be a note of interrogation after the word

exercise,

extrajse, at the end of the sentence; so that the meaning might be—*If you are entitled to what you now quietly possess, why then should your fears move you &c.?* MALONE. VOL. V. K. JOHN.

95. *Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste—*] It should be remembered that taylor generally work barefooted. Hence this newsmonger was under the necessity of putting on his shoes or slippers (whether on the right or the contrary feet), before he could communicate his intelligence to his friend the smith. MALONE.

109. *Mixing the air with colours idly spread.*] To follow Johnson's note ⁶.—From these two passages, Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated ode:

“ Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

“ Confusion on thy banners wait!

“ Though *fan'd* by conquest's crimson wing,

“ They mock the air in idle state.” MALONE.

115. After note ⁶.] So, in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

“ I look about and neigh, *take bedge* and ditch,

“ Feed in my neighbour's pastures ” MALONE.

123. *Why know you not? the lords are all come back,*

And brought prince Henry in their company;

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they &c.] The punctuation of the folio has here

been followed; but surely it is faulty. I would point thus:

Why know you not, the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company?

At whose request the king hath pardon'd them:

And they are all about his majesty. MALONE.

Ibid. *Is touch'd* corruptibly.] *Corruptibly* for *corruptively*. The mistake was, however, probably the author's.

MALONE.

125. In my note.] Dele the words—“ but which of the two poets borrowed from the other, it is not easy to determine;” and instead of—“ *a passage in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion*”—read—*the following passages*. After the passage quoted, add this:

“ O poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,

“ Fetch me some water for my *burning breast*,

“ To cool and comfort me with longer date.”

Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591.

At the end add—It must, however, have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died.

MALONE.

127. Eng-

COL. V. 127. *This England never did, nor never shall,*] The words *nor never shall* ought to be included in a parenthesis; otherwise the next line but one,

But when it first &c.

is ungrammatical. MALONE.

Ibid. *If England to itself do rest* but true.] After Steevens's note.—Shakspeare's conclusion seems rather to have been borrowed from these two lines of the old play:

“ *Let England live but true within itself,*

“ *And all the world can never wrong her state.*”

MALONE.

R I C H A R D II.

KING RICH. II. 134. *What I have spoke or thou canst worse devise.*] The folio reads, more grammatically:

What I have spoken or what thou can't devise.

The quarto of 1615:

What I have spoken or thou can't devise.

For the present reading I have found no authority.

MALONE.

135. After Steevens's note².] Again, in a subsequent scene in this play:

“ ——— Gaunt as a grave

“ *Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.*”

MALONE.

138. ———— *that away,*

Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.]

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this line is quoted with some variation:

“ *Men are but gilded trunks, or painted clay.*”

The first and all the subsequent quartos, however, have *loam*. Perhaps the editor of *England's Parnassus* quoted from a Ms. His reading may be the true one. It was anciently the custom to bestow very costly ornaments on the outside of trunks. MALONE.

143. ——— *Let him not come there*

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.] Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense;

———|ct

—let him not come there
To seek out sorrow—That dwells every where.

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WHALLEY.

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156. *O who can hold a fire in his hand*—] By departing from the spelling of the old copy, the metre is defective. The quarto of 1615, reads:

O who can hold a fier in his hand—
Fier being written and probably pronounced as a diffyllable.

MALONE.

158. *And be our subject's next degree in hope.*]

Spes altera Romæ. Virg. MALONE.

161. *Fear'd for their breed*—] After Steevens's note, p. 162.—The first and second folio both read:

Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth.

Mr. Rowe reads:

Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth.

MALONE.

163. *Should dying men flatter with those that live?*] *With* has been supplied by some of the editors for the sake of the metre.

MALONE.

Ibid. Giv'ft thy anointed body—] All the old copies that I have seen, read:

Commis't thy anointed body— MALONE.

165. In note ³, after—“*crooked* may mean *armed with a crook*,” add] So, in *Kendall's Epigrams*, 1577:

“The regall king and *crooked* clowne,

“All one alike death driveth downe.”

STEEVENS.

178. *Go muster up your men,*

And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.] The folio exhibits the passage thus:

“— Come cousin,

“I'll dispose of you. *Gentlemen*, go muster up your men,

“And meet me presently at Berkeley castle.”

The quarto of 1615—

“— Come cousin,

“I'll dispose of you. *Gentlemen*, go muster up your men,

“And meet me presently at Berkley.”

Shakspeare seems to have designedly neglected the metre in this speech, perhaps to mark more strongly the perturbation of the speaker's mind. MALONE.

179. *And*

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179. *And yet your fair discourse.*] The folio reads:
—our fair discourse. MALONE.

Ibid. *And hope to joy*—] To *joy* is, I believe, here used as a verb. So, in the second act of this play: “Poor fellow never *joy’d* since the price of oats rose.” Again, in *King Henry V*:

“I do at this hour *joy* o’er myself.”

Again, in *K. Henry VI*. P. II:

“Was ever king that *joy’d* on earthly throne—.”

If *joy* be understood as a substantive, the common reading is scarcely English. We might read:

And hope of *joy* — MALONE.

181. *My lord, my answer is to Lancaster*;] As this line is printed, the sense is obscure. It would be clearer thus:

“My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster.”

Your message, you say, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My answer is—It is not to him; it is to the duke of *Lancaster*.

MALONE.

182. After Johnson’s note^s.] York’s reply confirms Dr. Johnson’s conjecture:

Even in condition &c. MALONE.

183. *Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.*] i. e. with an impartial eye. “Every juryman,” says Sir Edward Coke, “ought to be impartial and *indifferent*.” MALONE.

186. —and *disfigur’d* clean.] *Clean* has here the signification of *altogether*, *totally*. So, in our author’s 75th *Sonnet*:

“Sometimes all full with feasting on your sight,

“And by and by, *clean*-starved for a look.” MALONE.

189. *As a long parted mother*—]

“Ως επιπων, αλοχοιο φιλης εν χειρην εθαυε

“Παιδ’ εον’ η’ δαρα μιν κνωδ’ει δεξαλο κολπω

“ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ.” *Hom. Il. vi.*

I would point thus:

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly, with her tears and smiles in meeting;

So weeping, smiling &c.

As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom she has been a long time parted, crying and at the same time smiling at meeting him—

Perhaps *smiles* is here used as a substantive.—If it be considered as a verb, I would read:

—and smiles in *weeping*. MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. Guard it, *I pray thee*—] *Guard it*, signifies here, as in many other places, *line it*. MALONE.

190. *That when the eye of heaven*—] The reading of the old copies is :

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, *that* lights the lower world."

A slight transposition will restore the sense without changing a word :

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe,
Then &c.

By *the lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I suppose, our *Antipodes*. But *the lower world* may signify *our world*. Thus, in *Measure for Measure* :

"Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
"To the under generation." MALONE.

191. *Awake thou coward majesty*!—] This is the reading of the quartos.—The folio has :

Awake thou *suggard* majesty!

The alteration was probably the author's. The epithet agrees with *sleep*, better than *coward*.

MALONE.

192. —and clasp their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.] The quarto of 1615, and the folio both read :

And *clap* their female joints—

I see no need of change. MALONE.

198. —the *whole head's length*.] The old copies (that I have seen) read :

—*your* whole head's length. MALONE.

199. *To his most royal person*.] *Most* has, I believe, been added by some modern editor, for the sake of the metre. The quarto of 1615, and the folio, have :

To his royal person. MALONE.

Ibid. —*totter'd battlements*.] The old copies (that I have seen) read—*tattered*. MALONE.

201. —*he is come to ope*

The purple *testament of bleeding war*] The poet seems to have had in his thoughts the sacred book, which is frequently covered with *purple* leather. MALONE.

Ibid. *Shall ill become the flower of England's face*;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace

To scarlet indignation—] To follow Steevens's note.

VOL. V. note.—The words *face* and *peace* have, perhaps, changed places.

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We might read :

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's *peace* ;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale *face*
To scarlet indignation——

Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten thousand crowns, besmeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale countenance to glow with indignation &c. The double opposition between *crown* and *peace* is much in our author's manner.

MALONE.

210 *Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches——*] All has been added by some of the modern editors, to the prejudice of the metre. MALONE.

Ibid. 'Tis doubt, *he will be——*] The reading of the folio is, I think, better :

'Tis doubted, he will be. MALONE.

Ibid. *O I am prest to death through want of speaking.*] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

222. — *a sovereign, a slave,*] The folio reads :— *a sovereignty.* Rowe, I suppose, made the change, for which there does not seem any necessity. To *make sovereignty a slave*, is as proper an expression, as to *make majesty a subject*, or state *a peasant*. MALONE.

231. *Yea look'st thou pale—let me see the writing.*] After what Dr. Johnson has said, I am almost afraid to offer a conjecture. Yet, I believe, Shakspeare wrote :

Boy, let me see the writing.

York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

238. *Thou frantick woman what dost thou do here?]* The old copies read :

—— *what dost thou make here ?*

The expression, though now obsolete, frequently occurs in these plays. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :

“ *What make you here ?* ”

Again, in *Othello* :

“ *Ancient, what makes he here.* ” MALONE.

Ibid. *Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !]* This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

239. *The chopping French*—] *Chopping*, I believe, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Englishmen. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the same phrase:

“How now! how now! *chop logick?*” MALONE.

240. — *cousin* too *adieu!*] *Too* has been added by some modern editor. MALONE.

242. Note ³.] The first folio reads:

Their watches on unto mine eyes.

The third quarto:

There watches on unto &c. MALONE.

244. *For though it have helps madmen to their wits,*] The allusion, I believe, is to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are said to be cured by musick. MALONE.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

252. *No more the thirsty entrance of this soil*—] To follow Steevens's note ⁴. p. 253.—Mr. Steevens's conjecture is so likely to be true, that I have no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text.

It should be observed that supposing these copies to have been made out by the ear (which there is great reason to believe was the case), the transcriber might easily have been deceived; for *entrance* and *entrants* have nearly the same sound, and he would naturally write a familiar instead of an unusual word.

A similar mistake has happened in the first scene of *King Henry V.* where we meet (in the first folio)

“With such a heady *currance* scowring faults——.”
instead of——“With such a heady *current* &c.”

I do not know that the word *entrant* is found elsewhere; but Shakspeare has many of a similar formation. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“Here enter'd Pucelle and her *praëisants*.
Again, *ibid.*

“But when my angry *guardant* stood alone——.”

Vol. I,

N

Again;

VOL. V. Again, in *K. Lear* :

“ Than twenty filly ducking *observants*——”

K. HEN.
IV. P. I. Again, *ibid.*

“ *Conspirant* 'gainst this high illustrious prince.”

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, uses comedient for a writer of comedies. MALONE.

254. ——— we will go,

Therefore we meet not now.] Point thus :

—— we will go :

Therefore we meet not now.

i. e. not on that account do we now meet ;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expediion.

MALONE.

263. Add at the end of my first note.] Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass*, 1593 :
“ —— and here's a lusty lodd of the castell, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death.” STEEVENS.

Ibid. After Dr. Farmer's note.] From the following passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle (not, I conceive, the lord Cobham) was represented on the stage as a very fat man.—“ Now, signors, how like you mine host ? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too ? and if you chaunce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grandfather, and not much unlike him in *paunch*.”—The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says :
“ Nay gallants, I'll sit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe.”—*Signor Kickshawe* replies : “ Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*.”

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, I believe, was this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589) in which there is a Sir John Oldcastle, (“ a pamper'd glutton, and a debaucher,” as he is called in a piece of that age) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants &c.* Our author probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, lord of Cobham, in any respect ; but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, a mad round knave also. From the

the first appearance of *King Henry IV.* the old play in which this Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character.

Falstaff having thus grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant-appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have crept, in some play-house copy, into one of the speeches in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

MALONE.

266. Add to my note] So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devils Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "As touching the river, looke how *Moor-Ditch* shews when the water is three quarters dreyn'd out, and by reason the stomacke of it is overladen, is ready to fall to casting. So does that; it stinks almost worse, is almost as poysonous, altogether so muddy, altogether so black." STEEVENS.

269. *Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a watch.*] The folio reads—have set a *watch*—which is, perhaps, right. The same expression occurs in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, by Davenport, 1639:

"My *watch is set*—charge given—and all at peace." In a subsequent scene, when Gadshill enters, Poins says, "*O'tis our setter*;" i. e. he, whose business it was to *set a watch*, to observe what passengers should go by.

That a *watch* was *set* on those whom they intended to rob, appears from what Poins says afterwards: "Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already *way-laid*—."

The error in the first quarto, which was followed by the others, might have arisen from a *w* being used by the compositor instead of an *m*, a mistake that sometimes happens at the press. In the hand-writing of our author's time, the two letters are scarcely distinguishable.

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K. HEN.
IV. P. I.

In support, however, of the reading of the quartos, the following passage in *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, 1614, may be alleged: "Peace, Sir; they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are *setting their match*." Here the phrase seems to mean *making an appointment*. MALONE.

278. *And, I beseech you, let not his report*—] The quarto of 1613 and the folio read—*this report*. MALONE.

287. *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowsbip!*] To follow Johnson's note.—I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented. So, in *K. John*:

"With that *half face* he would have all my land—

"A *half-fac'd groat*, five hundred pound a year!"

MALONE.

293. *I am stung like a tench.*] Why like a *tench*? One would expect the similitude to consist in the spots of the fish, and those made by the bite of vermin. But unluckily a *tench* is *not spotted*. MALONE.

Ibid. *Why they will allow us*—] The folio, and quarto of 1613, read—*you will allow us*—; which may be right. He speaks to the ostler within. MALONE.

304. *Thieves. Stand.*] The quarto of 1613, and the folio, have—*stay*. MALONE.

308. *Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared.*] I would point thus: "Hang him! let him tell the king:—*we are prepared*." Let him divulge our plot to the king when he will—I care not; for we are prepared. MALONE.

Ibid. *In thy faint slumbers*—] The folio, and the quarto of 1613, have—*my faint slumbers*. MALONE.

309. — *of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets*;] After Steevens's note.—The following lines in *Notes from Blackfriars*, by H. Fitz-Jeffery, 1617, may serve to confirm the reading of the text, and to shew that there is no occasion for the alteration made by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton:

"See Captain Martio—he i' the *renounce me band*;

"———let's remove

"Unto his ranke, if such discourse you love;

"He'll tell of basilisks, trenches, retires,

"Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontiers*,

"Of culverins, and barricadoes too——." MALONE.

310.—*Pll*

310. — [I'll break thy little finger Harry.] This piece of Vol. V. amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; K. HEN. being mentioned in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: IV. P. I. "Whereupon, I think, no sort of kyffes or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor pinching by the little finger." AMNER.

Ibid. ————— Away,

Away, you trisler! Love? I love thee not.] To follow Johnson's note, p 311 — The regulation proposed by Dr. Johnson seems to me unnecessary. The passage, without any alteration, will, I think, appear perfectly clear, if pointed thus :

————— Away,

Away, you trisler! — love! — I love thee not.

The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb :

————— love thee! — I love thee not.

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what lady Percy had said *some time before* :

"Some heavy busness hath my lord in hand,

"And I must know it — *else he loves me not*"

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy : *O my sweet Harry, (says she) how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he, and answers — *some fourteen* — AN HOUR AFTER. MALONE.

314. Add to my note³.] So, in *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, or Luste's Prodigies*, a poem, 1607 :

"Forc'd her to skink so much, the juice ran o'er,

"So that Jove's drink wash'd the defiled floor."

STEEVENS.

316. *Caddice garter*. —] After Steevens's note⁵, p. 317. — "At this day," [1614] says Edm. Howes, the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, "men of mean rank wear garters and shoes roses of more than five pounds a-piece." Stowe's *Annals*, 1039. edit. 1631. MALONE.

317. *Brown bastard*.] After Steevens's note, p. 318. — *Bastard* is enumerated by Stowe among other sweet wines : "When an Argosie came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadel, malmsey, sack, and *bastard* &c." *Annals*, 867.

MALONE.

322. *I could sing all manner of songs*.] To follow Johnson's note⁶. — I believe, wherever the sacred name has been

VOL. V. suppressed, or any expression bordering on profaneness altered, the alteration was made in consequence of the stat.
 K. HEN. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. Of the truth of this observation a speech of
 V. P. I. Falstaff's in this scene is a remarkable proof: "By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye." Thus it stands in the quarto of 1598, and all the subsequent quartos, which were copied each from the other. But in the folio this characteristick exordium is omitted, and the passage stands—"I knew ye as well &c." In another place, "I bid my lord they are false," is altered to "I' faith my lord, they are false," though the answer shows that an oath was intended by the poet: "Swearst thou, ungracious boy?"

Shakspeare would never willingly have made Falstaff so unlike himself as to scruple adding an oath to his lies.

MALONE.

Ibid. In Steevens's part of note 5. after "—never sherry—" add—The difference between the true *sack* and *sherry*, is distinctly marked by the following passage in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"Rayns. Some *sack*, boy &c.

"Drawer. Good *sherry sack*, Sir.

"Rayns. I meant *canary*, Sir: what, hast no brains?"

STEEVENS.

325. —two I am sure I have paid;] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou cozenest boys of sleep, and dost betray them

"To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"—Then as I am an honest man,

"I'll pay thee soundly." MALONE.

326. To follow Johnson's note.] *Points* were metal hooks, fastened to the waistband of the *hose* or breeches (which had then no opening or buttons), and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. —E.

338. *Shall the blessed sun of heaven*—] The folio and quarto of 1613, read—*Son of heaven*. MALONE.

341. —that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly,] Add to my note 2.—This place likewise appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newses from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "—you shall have a slave eat more at a meal"

meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, VOL. V, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitfun-ale." STEEVENS. K. HEN.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. See also *The Cboosing of Valentines*, a poem, by Thomas Nashe, Mf. in the Library of the Inner Temple: IV. P. I.

"——or see a play of strange moralitie,

" Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,

" Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme."

Again, in Decker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1607:

" Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree*." In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole.

" Huge volumes, (says Osborne in his *Advice to his Son*) like the *ox roasted whole* at *Bartholomew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces." MALONE.

349. *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds*

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.]

Shakspeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phenomena, as with the ordinary appearances, of Nature.

A writer in the *Philosophical Transactions*, N^o 207, describing an earthquake in Catania, near Mount *Ætna*, by which eighteen thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked the birth of *Glendower*: "There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; the cattle in the fields ran crying." MALONE.

Ibid. *Where is he living*——] The quarto of 1613, and the folio read——Where is the living—— MALONE.

Ibid. ——*thrice from the banks of Wye,*

And sandy bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,] The quarto of 1613, and the folio, read——have I bent him.

MALONE:

350. *England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto,]* i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map.) MALONE.

Ibid. *Metbinks, my moiety, north from Burten here,]* The division is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on *K. Lear*, Act I. sc. iv. MALONE.

352. ——*I'm glad no't with all my heart ;]* This vulgar-
N 4 ifm

VOL. V. ifm frequently occurs in the old copies; but here neither the
K. HEN. transcriber nor compositor is to blame, for all the old editions,
IV. P. I. that I have seen, read—I am glad of it. MALONE.

357. Yet *straight they shall be here.*] The quarto of 1613, and the folio have—*And straight &c.* MALONE.

Ibid, Add to my note.] Again, in this play; “*And the indentures be drawn, I’ll away within these two hours.*”

MALONE.

Ibid, *Neither; ’tis a woman’s fault.*] The whole tenor of Hotspur’s conversation in this scene shews, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words, which may be better understood than explained.—He is still in the Welch lady’s bed-chamber. AMNER.

358. To velvet guards, and *sunday citizens.*] It appears from the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the best dress of a *city-lady* in the time of our author:

“*Frances.* But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?

“*Civet.* No, Frank [i. e. Frances], I’ll have thee go like a *citizen*, in a *garded gown*, and a French hood.” MALONE.

359. *’Tis the next way to turn tailor,*] *Next for nearst.* So, in *Maffinger’s Duke of Millaine*, a tragedy, 1638;

“What’s the letting out

“Of a little corrupt blood, and the *next way* too?”

MALONE.

362. *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,*] Dr. Warburton’s explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. According to him, Henry steals a certain portion of courtesy out of heaven, as Prometheus stole a quantity of fire from thence. But the poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even understanding it to signify *affability*) the characteristic attribute of those deities.

The meaning, I apprehend, is—I was so *affable and popular*, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded Heaven of its worshippers.

Courtesy is here used for the respect and obedience paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:

“To dog his heels and *court’sy* at his frowns.”

In Act V. it is used for a respectful salute, in which sense it was applied to *men* as well as to *women*;

“I

“ I will embrace him with a soldier’s arm,
 “ That he shall shrink under my *courtesy*.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ If a man will make *curt’sy*, he is virtuous.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“ The homely villain *curt’sies* to her low.”

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a similar thought:

“ And dress’d myself in such humility,

“ That I did pluck allegiance from mens’ hearts.”

Henry robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his subjects. MALONE.

Ibid. *That I did pluck allegiance from mens’ hearts,*] Apparently copied from Marlowe’s *Lust’s Dominion*, written before 1593:

“ The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
 “ And pull obedience from thy subjects’ hearts.”

MALONE.

364. *That, being daily swallow’d by mens’ eyes*—] Nearly the same expression occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

“ The people’s eyes have fed them with my sight.”

MALONE. ●

369. *I am a pepper-corn—a brewer’s horse; the inside of a church:*] These last words were, I believe, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Falstaff is here mentioning (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) things to which he is very unlike; things remarkably small and thin. How can the *inside of a church* come under that description?

Perhaps, however, the allusion may be to the pious uses to which churches are appropriated.—“ *I am as thin as a brewer’s horse; I am as holy as the inside of a church.*” Or Falstaff may here be only repeating his former words—*The inside of a church!*—without any connexion with the words immediately preceding. MALONE.

378. *Nay an if I do, let my girdle break!*] The folio has: *Nay if I do*—The quarto, 1613,—*Nay and I do*—

MALONE.

—*an if I do, let my girdle break!*] Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *’Tis Merry when Gossips meet*, a poem, quarto, 1609:

“ How say’st thou, Bessie? shall it be so girle? speake:

“ If I make one, pray God *my girdle break!*” STEVENS.

383.—*far*

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K. HEN.
IV. P. I.

383. —for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound

[Of all our fortunes.] I once wished to read—
tread; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To
read a list is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more
so than many others of Shakspeare. At the same time that
the bottom of their fortunes should be displayed, its circumfer-
ence or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. Sight
being necessary to reading, so read is here used, in Shak-
speare's licentious language, for to see.

The passage quoted from *K. Hen. VI.* strongly confirms this
interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
Which sees into the bottom of my grief?”

And this in *Measure for Measure*:

“And it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place.”

One of the phrases in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*:

“She is the list of my voyage.”

The other [the soul of hope] occurs frequently in our author's
plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in
A Midsummer Night's Dream, we meet:

“—the soul of counsel.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“—the soul of love.”

So also, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:

“—Your desperate arm
Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope.”

MALONE.

385. *This absence of your father's draws a curtain,*] i. e. draws
it open. So, in a stage-direction in *K. Henry VI. P. II.*
(quarto 1600): “Then the curtaines being drawne, duke
Humphrey is discovered in his bed.” MALONE.

Ibid. —as this term of fear.] Folio—dream of fear.

MALONE.

396. *Gave him their heirs; as pages followed him,*] The
phrase of giving him their heirs, simply without any addition,
appears to me very harsh. I would rather point the line thus:
Gave him their heirs as pages; followed him
Even at the heels &c. MALONE.

402. *The dangers of the time,*] The folio and quarto of
1613, read—danger. MALONE.

4c6. Cal

406. *Can honour set to a leg?*] The folio reads, more intelligibly,

Can honour set, too, a leg? MALONE.

411. *I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;*] The folio reads:

I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot. MALONE.

412. *I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.*] The folio reads: —*er a Scot.* MALONE.

416. *I saw him hold lord Percy at the point, With lustier maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown warrior.*] So, in Holinshed, p. 759: “——the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged.”

STEEVENS.

421. To follow Steevens's note.] The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V*:

“And touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder.”

MALONE.

Ibid. *Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh &c.*] Lord Lyttelton observes, that the Conqueror cashiered one of his knights, for wounding Harold in his thigh with a sword after he was slain; and thinks Shakspeare has here applied to Falstaff, what William of Malmesbury relates of Harold. WHALLEY.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

443. —*devour the way*] To follow Steevens's last note.— So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which):

“——*curfu consumere campum.*” —E.

447. *Sounds ever after as a sullen bell*——] So, in our author's 71st Sonnet:

“——you shall hear the surly sullen bell

“Give warning to the world that *I am fled.*”

This significant epithet has been adopted by Milton:

“I hear the far-off curfew sound,

“Over some wide water'd shore

“Swinging slow with sullen roar.” MALONE.

448. ———

VOL. V. 448. ———— and these news
 K. HEN. Having been well, that would have made me sick——]
 IV. P. II. i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me sick.

There should be a comma after the word *news*. MALONE.

449 ———— even so my limbs

Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are th'ice themselves:] Northumberland is here comparing himself to a person, who, though his joints are weakened by a bodily disorder, derives strength from the distemper of his mind. I therefore suspect that Shakspeare wrote:

Weaken'd with age——

or perhaps,

Weaken'd with pain——

The following line seems to confirm this conjecture:

“———hence therefore thou nice crutch!”

The crutch was used to aid the infirmity of limbs weakened by age or distemper, not by grief.

When a word is repeated, without propriety, in the same or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption. Thus, in this scene, in the first folio, we meet “able heels,” instead of “armed heels,” in consequence of the word *able* having occurred in the preceding line. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Thy news shall be the news &c.”

instead of

“Thy news shall be the fruit——”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace;”

instead of

“Whom we to gain our place &c.”

The mistake, I imagine, happened here in the same manner. MALONE.

450. You were advis'd his flesh was capable——] i. e. you knew; for such was the ancient signification of this word. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“How shall I doat on her with more advice——”

i. e. on further knowledge. MALONE.

454. What said master Dombledon——] After note 7.— Mr. Steevens's conjecture is confirmed by a passage in a subsequent scene of this play, where the name of a silkmercer is introduced, evidently formed from the goods he dealt in: “And he's indited to dinner to the Lubbard's head in Lombard Street to master Smooth's the silkman.” In *Measure for Measure*, master T bree-pile, the mercer, is mentioned,

MALONE.

456. Add

456. Add to my last note] So, in *The Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets &c.* no date; by K. HEN. Nalhe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "Paule's church is in wonderful perill thys yeare without the help of our conscionable brethren, for that day it hath not cyther broker, maisterless serving-man, or penniless companion, in the middle of it, the usurers of London have sworne to bestow a newe steeple upon it." STEEVENS. VOL. V. IV. P. II.

459. To follow Steevens's note.] It should, however, be remembered, that there is no player in the list prefixed to the first folio, whose name begins with this syllable; and the part of Falstaff, we may be sure, was not performed by an obscure actor. See this matter differently accounted for, ante p. 178. MALONE.

Ibid. Add to my note:] Names utterly unconnected with the personæ dramatis of Shakspeare, are sometimes introduced as entering on the stage. Thus, in *The Second Part of K Hen. IV.* edit. 1600: "Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe." Sig. B 4.—Again: "Enter the Prince, Poynes, Sir John Russell, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in *K. Henry V.* 1600: "Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon." Sig. D 2.

Old might have been inserted by a mistake of the same kind; or indeed through the laziness of compositors, who occasionally permit the letters that form such names as frequently occur, to remain together, when the rest of the page is distributed. Thus it sometimes will happen that one name is substituted for another. This observation will be well understood by those who have been engaged in long attendance on a printing-house; and those to whom my remark appears obscure, need not to lament their ignorance, as this kind of knowledge is usually purchased at the expence of much time, patience, and disappointment. STEEVENS.

464. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.] A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a stick about two or three inches diameter,



Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is struck by a bat or

VOL. V. or large stick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet
 K. HEN. perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills
 IV. P. II. it. This is called *Filliping the Toad*.—A *three-man beetle*
 is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log
 of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and four-



teen or fifteen inches thick, with one short, and two long handles, as per sketch. A man to each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and

a third man by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for *filliping* so corpulent a being as Falstaff. J. JOHNSON.

466. *Yes, in this present quality of war, Indeed of instant action—*] *If* may have been a misprint for *in*, as Dr. Johnson supposes; but the substitution of *the* for *of*, is, in my apprehension, unnecessary; for the passage is as intelligible, or perhaps more so, if the ancient reading of the second line be adhered to, and the sentence pointed thus:

Yes, in this present quality of war:

Indeed *the* instant action, a cause on foot

Lives so in hope, &c.

There is yet a difficulty, which the commentators have passed over. It is not true of *all* causes on foot, that they afford no hopes on which any reliance may be placed, though it was perhaps true of *that particular cause* then on foot. We ought therefore, perhaps, to read:

Indeed the instant action—*the* cause on foot—
 or perhaps the old reading may stand, if the passage be thus regulated:

Indeed the instant action (a cause on foot)

Lives so in hope—

Indeed the present action (our cause being now on foot) lives &c. MALONE.

469. *And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,*] *Up* is not found in the old copy, and the metre does not require it.

The poet probably meant that the preceding word should be written and pronounced *trimmed*. The line is smoother so.

MALONE.

477. —*draw thy action.*] It should be printed—'draw thy action; i. e. *withdraw* it. MALONE.

481: *Cont*

481. *Come you virtuous asfs.] Folio—pernicious asfs.*

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MALONE.

482. *And methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat—]* It should be observed, that the *alewife's* petticoat was probably *red*, a favourite colour of the lower females, and the fittest to represent Bardolph's face.

K. HEN.
IV. P. II

AMNER.

483. —*as a borrower's cap;]* To follow Warburton's note.—Perhaps the old reading—*a borrowed cap*—may be right. Falstaff's followers, when they stole any thing, called it a *purchase*. A *borrowed cap* might be a *stolen one*; which is sufficiently ready, being, as Falstaff says, *to be found on every hedge*. MALONE.

487. —*when my heart's dear Harry—]* The folio reads, perhaps with more elegance:

—when my *heart-dear Harry*—

MALONE.

Ibid. *Did seem defensible:]* *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence*;—the passive for the active participle.

MALONE.

494. *Hang yourself &c.]* This line is from the old edition in 1600. MALONE.

Ibid. After Steevens's note ¹.] The word *scorbuto* (as an ingenious friend observes to me) is used in the same manner in Italian, to signify a peevish ill-tempered man. MALONE.

500. *Have we not Hiren here?]* To follow Steevens's note.—Mr. Oldys, though a diligent antiquarian, was sometimes inaccurate. From *The Merie conceited Jest* of *George Peele, Gentleman, sometime Student in Oxford*, quarto, 1657, it appears, that *Peele*, so far from having written down *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek* (as Oldys represents in his Ms. notes on *Langbaine*), was himself the author of that play. One of these jests, or rather stories, is entitled, *How George read a Play-book to a Gentleman*. "There was a gentleman (says the tale) whom God had endued with good living, to maintain his small wit—one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that *George* had done, himself being a writer.—This self-conceited brock had *George* invited to half a score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had writ *Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*—in Italian called a *curtezan*; in Spain, a *margarite*; in French, *un curtain*; in English, among the barbarous, a *whore*; among the gentles,

VOL. V. tles, their usual associates, a *punk*.—This fantastick,
 K. HEN. whose brain was made of nought but cork and sponge, came
 IV. P. II. to the cold lodging of monsieur Peel.—George bids him
 welcome;—told him he would gladly have his opinion of *his*
book.—He willingly condescended, and George begins to
 read, and between every *scene* he would make pauses, and
 demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it, &c.”

Have we not Hiren here? was, without doubt, a quotation from this play of Peele's, and, from the explanation of the word *Hiren* above given, is put with peculiar propriety into the mouth of Pistol. In *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy, by Johnson, Chapman, and Marston, 1605, *Quicksilver* comes in drunk, and repeats this and many other verses, from dramatick performances of that time:

“Holla ye pamper'd jades of Asia!” [*Tamburlaine.*]

“Hast thou not *Hiren* here?”

“Who cries out murder, lady, was it you?”

[*Spanish Tragedy.*]

All these lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks.

MALONE.

505. To follow Steevens's note ^o.] *Slide-thrift*, or *shove-groat* is one of the games prohibited by statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9. —E.

506.—and ten times better than the nine worthies: *ah villain!*] This term cannot well be applied, without any qualification or addition, to Falstaff. Doll indeed, a little before, had given him that appellation, but then it is—“*ah you uborson, little, valiant, villain!*” So also, she uses *rogue* as a term of endearment, but not without some *douceur*—“*you sweet little rogue:*” and again—“*ah! rogue, I love thee.*”

The old quarto reads—*a villain!*—which is perhaps preferable. She is speaking of Pistol. MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Johnson's note] These artificial pigs are of later introduction. In the time of Shakspeare, real ones were roasted at almost every booth in Smithfield. See Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, and particularly the character of *Ursula the pig-woman*. STEEVENS.

509. —licking to his master's old tables;—] The reading proposed by Dr. Farmer—“*licking too his master's old tables—*” is countenanced by a passage in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

“*Constable* Master Harpool, I'll have one *buffs* too.

“*Harp.* No *licking* for you, constable; hand off, hand off.”

MALONE.

515. *Why*

525. — *Master Sure-card, as I think*] It is observable, VOL. V.
that many of Shakspeare's names are invented, and character- K. HEN.
istical: *Master Forth-right*, the tilter; *master Shoe-tie*, the IV. P. II.
traveller; *master Smooth*, the silkman; *Mrs. Over-done*, the
bawd; *Kate Keep-down*, *Jane Night-work* &c. *Sure-card* was
used as a term for a boon companion, so lately as the latter end
of last century, by one of the translators of *Suetonius*.

MALONE.

532. Add to the end of note 6.] It is as remarkable, that
he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend,
nor commendatory verses on any living author, which was
the constant practice of Jonson, Fletcher &c. Perhaps the
singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempt-
ing to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn
of mind forbid him to express such gross and indiscriminate
praises as too often disgrace the names of many of his con-
temporaries. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

Ibid. *I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's-
inn*—] “When I lay,” here signifies, when I lodged or
lived. So, *Leland*: “An old manor place where in tymes
passe sum of the Moulbrays lay for a starte;” i. e. *lived for a
time or sometimes.* *Itin.* Vol. I. fol. 119.

T. WARTON.

So, said Sir Henry Wotton, “An ambassador is an honest
man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.” *Re-
liquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685.

Again, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright:

“I was not born with it, I confess; but lying

“In Turkey for intelligence, the great Turk

“Somewhat suspicious of me &c.”

Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607:

“Survey'd with wonder by me, when I lay

“Factor in London.” MALONE.

*I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's-inn,
I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was* &c.] Does
he mean that he acted Sir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at
Clement's-inn? By the application of a parenthesis only, the
passage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the sense I would
assign, will appear to be just. — “I remember at Mile-end
Green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dago-
net in Arthur's show) there was &c.” That is: “I re-
member when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn,
and not fit to act any higher part than Sir Dagonet in the in-
terludes”

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O

terludes

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terludes which we used to play in the society, that among the soldiers who were exercised at Mile-end Green, there was &c." The performance of this part of Sir Dagonet was another of Shallow's feats at Clement's-inn, on which he delights to expatiate: a circumstance in the mean time, quite foreign to the purpose of what he is saying, but introduced, on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Just as he had told Silence, a little before, that he saw Schoggan's head broke by Falstaff at the court-gate, "and the very same day, I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn." Not to mention the satire implied in making Shallow act Sir Dagonet, who was king Arthur's fool. *Arthur's show*, here supposed to have been presented at Clement's-inn, was probably an interlude, or masque, which actually existed, and was very popular in Shakspeare's age: and seems to have been compiled from Mallory's *Morte Arthur*, or the History of King Arthur, then recently published, and the favourite and most fashionable romance.

That *Mile-end Green* was the place for publick sports and exercises, we learn from Froisart. T. WARTON.

534. To follow Warton's note ².] The first edition of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, printed in 1613, strongly confirms Mr. Warton's conjecture relative to that piece. There is an epistle dedicatory prefixed to it by the printer, from which it appears, that this play was written in eight days.—"Soon after, it was by his parents (perhaps because he was so unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who, for want of judgment, or not understanding the *privie mark of ironie* about it (which shewed it was no offspring of any vulgar brains), utterly rejected it;—so that for want of acceptance, it was even ready to give up the ghost."

From the same dedication, it appears, that this play was written in 1611.—"I have fostered it privately in my bosom," says the printer, "these two years." He seems to fear that the idea of the piece should be thought to have been borrowed from Cervantes. "Perhaps it will be thought to be of the race of D. Quixote:—We both may confidently swear, it is his elder above a year, [he means a year older than the English translation of Don Quixote, which was published in 1612] and therefore may, by virtue of his birth-right, challenge the wall of him."

The names of B. and Fletcher are not prefixed to this original edition. Heywood's play, which Mr. Warton imagines

lines this was intended to ridicule, though not printed till VOL. V. 1612, had appeared on the stage in 1596. MALONE.

536. —and *fung those tunes—goodnights.*] This passage is K. HEN. IV. P. II. found only in the quarto of 1600. MALONE.

545. *O my good lord Mowbray—*] The thirty-seven lines following are not in the old copy printed in 1600.

MALONE.

548. *And present execution of our wills*

To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;] In my copy of the first folio, the word, I think, is—*confin'd*. The types used in that edition were so worn, that *f* and *s* are scarcely distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is *consign'd*; that is, *sealed, ratified, confirmed*; a Latin sense: “*aucltoritate consignatæ literæ*——” *Cicero pro Cluentio*. It has this signification again in this play:

“ And (Heaven *consigning* to my good intents)

“ No prince nor peer &c.”

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

“ And take with you free power to ratify,

“ Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best

“ Shall see advantageable for our dignity,

“ Any thing in or out of our demands;

“ And we'll *consign* thereto.”

Again, *ibid.* “ It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to——” MALONE.

552. *To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself;*] All the copies (that I have seen), by an apparent error of the press, read—*imagine* voice. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote:

To us, the *image* and voice of heaven itself.

MALONE.

561. After Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, add:] So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ Then he is held a freshman, and a sot,

“ And never shall *commence*.” STEEVENS.

563. *As humorous as winter,*——] *Humorous* is, I believe, here used equivocally for *fanciful* and *moist*.—He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, *humorous* is used by our author, to signify *moist*:

“ To be comforted with the *humorous* night.”

A spring day may with propriety be called *changeable*, and is frequently described as such; thus in Heywood's *Challenge*

VOL. V. *for Beauty*, 1636: "I am as full of *humours*, as an *April* day of variety."

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Again, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, 1605:

"As proud as May, and *humorous* as *April*."

But a *winter's day* has generally too decided a character to admit of Dr. Johnson's interpretation. MALONE.

572. *Have broke their sleeps with thought,*] The quarto reads, more elegantly—their *sleep*. MALONE.

575. —*when riot is thy care?*] After Tyrwhitt's note. — One cannot help wishing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more than—What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular business and occupation?* MALONE.

578. *For what in me was purchas'd,*] *Purchased* seems to be here used in its legal sense, as opposed to an acquisition by descent. MALONE.

579. *Left rest, and lying still, might make them look Too near into my state.*] The expedition that Cæsar meditated against the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been ascribed to the same apprehension which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land:

"Invidiæ stimulos ergo ut lenire furentes,

"*Et capiti insidias, quas maturare quietem*

"*Non nescit, Cæsar factis avertere possit,*

"*Nec non externo maculas abstergere bello*

"*Civilis, cum jam Crassi vindicta perisset,*

"*Debita jamdudum Latio, jussu ille Senatûs,*

"*(Ne patrum imminui videatur sacra potestas)*

"*Decretoque togæ, mandari Parthica bella*

"*Suppliciter petiit.*" *Supplem. Lucani. lib. vii.*

MALONE.

596. Add to my note ⁴] Sir Thomas Hanmer (as an ingenious friend observes to me) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* an Italian word. There is no such word in that language. The phrase is—*buon pro vi facia*—much good may it do you! MALONE.

Ibid. *And welcome merry Shrove-tide.*] *Shrove-tide* was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding Lent, which lasted many days, called CARNISCAPIUM. See Carpentier in v. Supp. Lat. Gloss. Du Cange. tom. I. p. 831. In some cities of France, an officer was annually chosen, called LE PRINCE D'AMORBUX, who presided

presided over the sports of the youth for six days before Ash- VOL. V.
 Wednesday. Ibid. v. *Amoratus*, p. 195; and v. *Cardinali*, K. HEN.
 p. 818. Also v. *Spinetum*, tom. III. p. 848. Some traces IV. P. II.
 of these festivities still remain in our universities. In the
Percy Household-Book, 1512, it appears, "that the clergy and
 officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his
 Lordship upon Shrowftewesday at night." p. 345.

T. WARTON.

Ibid. *And we shall be merry*, now comes in the sweet of
 the night.] I believe these latter words make part of some
 old ballad.—In one of Autolycus's songs we meet :

"Why then comes in the sweet of the year."

Most of the speeches attributed to Silence, in this scene,
 are ends of ballads. Though his imagination did not furnish
 him with any thing original to say, he could repeat the verses
 of others. MALONE.

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K I N G H E N R Y V.

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Page 14. Or, rather, *swaying more upon our part,*] *Swaying is inclining.* So, in *K. Hen. VI.* P. III :

“ Now *sways* it this way, like a mighty sea,
 “ Forc’d by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 “ Now *sways* it that way.” MALONE.

20. After Steevens’s note ¹.] *Imbars* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, and many other words used by Shakspeare. MALONE.

22. *She hath been then more fear’d than harm’d, my liege:]* *Fear’d* is here *frightened*. MALONE.

25. *They have a king and officers of sorts:]* The quarto of 1600 reads, I think rightly,—*officers of fort;* i. e. of rank or quality. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Give notice to such men of *fort* and *suit*,
 “ As are to meet him.”

Again, in this play of *K. Henry V* :

“ What prisoners of good *fort* are taken ?”

Again : “ It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great *fort*.” MALONE.

36. — *we’ll be all three sworn brothers to France:]* The humour of *sworn brothers* should be open’d a little. In the times of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other’s fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror’s expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery were *fratres jurati*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *sworn brother* Roger. So these three scoundrels fet out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom.

WHALLEY.

37. — *though patience be a tir’d mare, yet she will plod.]* So, in *Pierce’s Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Ass, &c.* “ Silence is a slave in a chaine, and *patience* the common packhorse of the world.” STEEVENS.

Ibid. *O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now!] To follow Theobald’s note ¹.—The quarto confirms Mr. Theobald’s emendation. It reads—“ O Lord, here’s corporal Nym’s,*

Nym's, now we shall have wilful adultery &c." After VOL. VI. "Nym's," the words—*sword drawn*, or *sword out*, are KING manifestly omitted by the carelessness of the compositor. HEN. V. Through out this play, the editor of the quarto copy, which was probably taken down in short-hand, during the representation, seems to have given the sense of many passages, as well as he could pick it up, without much regarding the author's words.

Surely, *lady* has crept into this passage by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding word. It seems to have no meaning here. MALONE.

40. *Therefore exhale*——] *Exhale*, I believe, here signifies *draw*, or in Pistol's language, *lug out*.

The stage-direction in the old copy, which ought to be preserved, [they drawe] confirms this explanation.

MALONE.

43. *Now sits the wind fair*,——] The quarto of 1600 reads—*Now, firs, the wind is fair*—which may be right. MALONE.

47. *And other devils that suggest &c.*] The reasoning, I think, requires that we should read—*For other devils*——

MALONE.

Ibid. *But he that temper'd thee*——] Dr. Johnson's emendation is strongly supported, not only by the word *suggest*, which he has mentioned, but likewise by the foregoing and subsequent lines :

"And whatsoever cunning fiend it was

"That wrought upon thee——"

"If that same *dæmon* that hath gull'd thee thus——"

MALONE.

53. To follow Tyrwhitt's note.] In the account of Falstaff's death, my dame Quickly says, "'a made a finer end, and went away an it had been any *chrisom'd* child" The *chrisom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptism. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be church'd, who was then to offer it to the minister. So that, truly speaking, a *chrisom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was church'd. Erroneously, however, it was used for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination such children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the year 1726. But have I not seen, in some edition, *chrisom* child? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority, I should

VOL. VI. like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enuntiation,
 KING who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with pro-
 HEN. V. priety, and who just before had called *Abraham—Arthur*.

W H A L L E Y.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first and second folio both read *christom*; and so should the word hereafter be printed. MALONE.

58. After Steevens's note ².] The following lines in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607, may perhaps assist the reader in his conjectures:

“ I conjure thee, foul fiend of Acheron,

“ By puissant Hobblecock, and Brittletoe,

“ By Windicaper, *Monti-boggle-bo—*” MALONE.

60. *And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,*

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;] I believe, Shakspeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and foolish, while in fact his understanding was good.

Our author's meaning is sufficiently explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“ *Brutus*, who pluck'd the knife from *Lucrece*' side,

“ Seeing such emulation in their woe,

“ Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,

“ Burying in *Lucrece*'s wound his folly's show.

“ He with the Romans was esteemed so,

“ As silly jeering ideots are with kings,

“ For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

“ But now he throws that *shallow habit* by

“ Wherein deep policy did him disguise,

“ And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly

“ To check the tears in *Colatinus*' eyes.”

MALONE.

Ibid. *Which of a weak and niggardly projection*] This passage, as it stands, is so perplexed, that I cannot help thinking it corrupt. If *which* be referred to *proportions of defence*, (and I do not see to what else it can be referred) the construction will be—“ *which proportions of defence, of a weak and niggardly projection &c. doth, like a miser &c.*”

I suspect the author wrote:

While oft, a weak and niggardly projection

Doth &c.

The reasoning then is clear.—In cases of defence, it is best to imagine the enemy more powerful than he seems to be;

by this means, we make more full and ample preparations to defend ourselves: whereas on the contrary, a poor and mean idea of the enemy's strength induces us to make but a scanty provision of forces against him; wherein we act as a miser does, who spoils his coat by scanting a little cloth.

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Projection, I believe, is here used for *fore-cast* or *pre-conception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*. MALONE.

63. *The piping maiden's groans*—] The folio reads:

The *privy* maiden's groans—

Perhaps the words were transposed. The author might have written—"the maiden's *privy* groans;"—the secret lamentations of those maidens who might not chuse to disclose to the world the state of their affections. So, in Gaucioigne's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1576:

"Thy sister's absence puts thy fyre

"To too much *privie* paine."

Again, in *The Scourge of Venus*, a poem, 1614:

"And holding up her hands, as she did kneel,

"Said, madame, tell the *privy* grief you feel."

MALONE.

64. After Steevens's note ⁴.] The folio, as well as the quarto, reads:

Shall *chide* your trespass—

For *bide* there is no authority. MALONE.

65. —which *you shall read*.] The folio has:

—*that* you shall read.

The quarto—

—*which* you shall find. MALONE.

66. *Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy*;] I suspect the author wrote, *steerage*. So, in his *Pericles*:

"—Think his pilot, thought;

"So with his *steerage* shall your *thoughts* grow on,"

"To fetch his daughter home—" MALONE.

67. *And eke out our performance with your mind*.] The first and second folio both read—*each* out; and so, it appears, the word was anciently pronounced. Thus, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"And time that is so briefly spent

"With your fine fancies quaintly *each*;

"What's dumb in shew I'll plain with *speech*."

MALONE.

69. —*a case of lives*:] To follow Johnson's note ².—Perhaps only *two*; as *a case* of pistols; and in Ben Jonson, *a case* of masques. WHALLEY.

70. Enter

- VOL. VI. 70. *Enter Fluellen.*] The direction in the quarto is——
 KING “Enter Fluellen, and beats them in.” MALONE.
 HEN. V. 75. *The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;*] We again meet
 this significant expression in *The Third Part of K. Hen. VI.*
 “Open thy gate of mercy, gracious Lord.” MALONE.
 79. *Alice. De foot, madame, and de con.*] Alice pronounces
 all the other words rightly, and why should she be supposed
 not to know this? We should, I think, read:
De foot, madame, and de gown.
Gown, it should seem, from the queen’s mistake, was, in
 Shakspere’s time, pronounced like the words *blown, sown,*
 &c. AMNER.
 80. *And over-grow their grafters?*] For this reading there
 is no authority. The folio has—*over-look*. The quarto—
out-grow. MALONE.
 81. *Upon the houses’ thatch——*] The folio reads:
 Upon our houses’ thatch——
 The quarto——
 Upon our houses’ tops. MALONE.
 Ibid. *Sweat drops of gallant youth——*] The quarto reads:
 Sweat drops of youthful blood—— MALONE.
 Ibid. *Poor we may call them,*] *May* was added in the se-
 cond folio. MALONE.
 89. To follow Steevens’s first note.] So, Falstaff in *The*
Merry Wives of Windsor: “I will *ensconce* (i. e. entrench)
 myself behind the arras.” ——E.
 Ibid. —and a *hírrid* suit of the camp.] To follow Steevens’s
 note 2.—*Suit*, I have no doubt, is the true reading. *Suit*,
 in our author’s time, appears to have been pronounced *shoot*.
 [See a note on *Love’s Labour Lost*, Vol. II. p. 431.] Hence
 the quarto, which was, I believe, copied by the ear, has—
shoot. MALONE.
 90. *Drums and colours. Enter the King, Gloster, and Sol-*
diers.] The direction in the folio is—“Drums and colours.
 Enter the King and his *poor* soldiers.”
 This was, I suppose, by way of introduction to the subse-
 quent description in the chorus of Act IV. “The *poor* con-
 demned English &c.” MALONE.
 Ibid. —— *one that is like to be executed——*] The quarto
 has not these words; and I think they might well be omitted,
 For, from the latter part of Fluellen’s speech, it should seem,
 that Bardolf was *already* executed: “*His nose is executed, and*
his fire’s out.” MALONE.

96. —like a kerne of Ireland &c.] The following stage-direction in Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, 1634, shews clearly that the lower Irish were, in the time of our author, described and represented as wearing trowsers; and that therefore the words in the text "in your straight *trossers*," do not mean—in your naked *skin*, but are to be understood in their literal sense:—"Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks accordingly habited. Enter at another door, four wild *Irish* in *trowjes*, long haired, and accordingly habited." MALONE.

103. *Presented them unto the gazing moon*] I have no doubt that *presenteth*, which Mr. Steevens proposes, is the true reading. It excludes entirely Mr. Tollet's interpretation.

If *in fasting*, which is a most probable conjecture, be admitted, the whole is clear.—Each of these mistakes might easily have happened from a hasty pronunciation, or inattention in the transcriber. MALONE.

105. *That we should dress us fairly for our end*] *Dress us*, I think, means here, *address us*; i. e. prepare ourselves. So, before, in this play:

"To-morrow for our march we are *address'd*."

It should therefore be printed—'dress us. MALONE.

136. *A testament of noble-ending love.*] The quarto reads: An argument of never-ending love. MALONE.

138. I, *he was porn at Monmouth*,] The vowel *I*, which was used formerly for the affirmative particle, has, through oversight, been suffered to keep its place here. We should read:

Ay; he was porn &c. MALONE.

141. After Steevens's note ³.] There is no difference, that I can find, in the two copies, Both the quarto and the folio has these lines MALONE.

146 To follow Johnson's note.] The king, by "*thy glove*," might have meant—the *glove that thou hast now in thy cap*; i. e. Henry's glove. There is therefore no need of alteration. The quarto, as well as the folio, reads—*thy*.

MALONE,

THE

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

VOL. VI. 178. After Steevens's note.] Spenser, in his *Ruins of Time*,
 K. HEN. uses *nourice* as an English word :

VI. P. I. "Chaucer, the *nourice* of antiquity——" MALONE.

192. Add to note ⁹.] *Tawny* was a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*; and was therefore the proper and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court.

"A crowne of baies shall that man weare

"That triumphes over me;

"For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,

"Which *mourning colours be*."

The Complaint of a Lover wearing *blacke* and *tawnie*; by
 E. O. *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596. STEEVENS.

200. To follow Steevens's note.] There are frequent references to this etymology in this play :

"I scar'd the dauphin and his *trull*."

Again :

"Scoff on vile fiend, and shameless *courtezan*!"

MALONE.

233. *Qui va lá?*] The old copy has—*Che la*; evidently a corruption of—*Qui est la?* MALONE.

247. —but that I am *prevented*,] *Prevented* is here-
anticipated;—a Latinism. MALONE.

252. *Be humbled to us*.] The first folio reads :

Be humble to us. MALONE.

253. After Steevens's note ⁶.] Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

"There laid him down, and *dew'd* him with my tears."

MALONE.

260. *O twice my father ! twice am I thy son* :] A French epigram, on a child, who being shipwrecked with his father saved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the same thought. After describing the wreck, it concludes thus :

"——aprez mille efforts

"J'appercus pres de moi flotter des membres morts;

"Helas ! c'étoit mon pere.

"Je le connus, je l'embrassai,

"Et sur lui jusq' au port hereusement poussé,

"Des ondes et des vents j'évitai la furie.

" 24

“ *Que ce pere doit m’etre cher,*
 “ *Qui m’a deux fois donné la vie,*
 “ *Une fois sur la terre, et l’autre sur la mere!*”

MALONE.

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263. After Steevens’s note ³.] Again, in *K. Henry VI.*
 P. II:

“ *I tender so the safety of my liege.*” MALONE.

277. *Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,*
To be the princely bride of such a lord ;] To woo her
little worth—may mean—to court her small share of merit.
 But I would rather point the passage thus :

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth
 To be the princely bride of such a lord.

i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince.

MALONE.

278. *Mad, natural, graces that extinguish art ;] Pope*
 had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote

“ *And catch a grace beyond the reach of art.*”

In *The Two Noble Kinemen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, *mad*
 is used in the same manner as in the text :

“ *Is it not mad lodging in these wild woods here?*”

MALONE.

288. *It most of all these reasons bindeth us,] The word it is*
 not in the old copy. MALONE.

Ibid. Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,] The word
forth which is not in the first folio, was supplied, I think
 unnecessarily, by the second. *Contrary* was, I believe, used
 by the author as a quadrasyllable, as if it were written *con-*
terary; according to which pronunciation the metre is not de-

fective :

Whereas the *conterary* bringeth blifs—

In the same manner Shakspeare frequently uses *Henry* as a
 trisyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as dissyllables. MALONE.

Ibid. More than in woman commonly is seen,] The two first
folios read—women. MALONE.

Ibid. As I am sick with working of my thoughts.] So, in King
Henry V:

“ *Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.*”

The recurrence of the same expressions in the plays indisputably
 written by Shakspeare, and in these *three parts of K. Henry*
VI. is an additional proof that the latter were composed by
 him, MALONE.

S E 3

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

- COL. VI. 316. After Steevens's note ².] These words are not in the undated quarto. The first folio reads—"the spight of man." The second—"the spight of my man." MALONE.
- L. HEN. I. P. II. 340. *With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;*] *Still*, which is not in the elder copies, was added in the second folio. MALONE.
347. *Well, Suffolk, yet—*] *Yet* was added in the second folio. MALONE.
357. *—like to a wild Morisco—*] *To* has been added by some of the modern editors. MALONE.
359. *I thank thee &c.*] To follow Theobald's note.— Though the king could not well forget his wife's name, I believe Shakspeare, or rather the transcriber, did. That *Nell* was not here a mistake of the press for *well*, (which has been too hastily admitted in its room) is clear from a subsequent speech in this scene, where *Eleanor* is again *three times* mentioned instead of *Margaret*. The right name ought to be replaced here as well as in those other places:
 "I thank thee, *Margaret*; these words content me much."
 MALONE.
368. *Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;*] Perhaps our author had Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* in his thoughts:
 "Come, Moor, I am arm'd with more than complete steel,
 "The justice of my quarrel." MALONE.
374. *Where, from thy sight—*] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.
- Ibid. *Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,*] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced *corfsive*; and the metre shews that it ought to be so printed here. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:
 "His son distrest, a *corfsive* to his heart."
 Again, in *The Alchymist*, by B Jonson, 1610:
 "Now do you see that something's to be done
 "Beside your beech-coal and your *corfsive* waters."
 Again;

Again, in an *Ode* by the same :

“ I send not balms nor *corfives* to your wound.”

MALONE.

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Ibid. — [*such a jaded groom.*] This epithet seems to me so strange, that I suspect some corruption. The quarto reads either *lady-groom*, or *jady-groom*; it is difficult to say which.

MALONE.

394. To follow Steevens's note.] *Killingworth* is still the modern pronunciation. — E.

398. *Monfieur Basimecu*,] Cade means to call the dauphin *Monfieur Baisfermoncu*. In the old quarto it is half French, half English; *Buffmine cue*. MALONE.

399. To follow Steevens's first note.] Mr. Meerman in his *Origines Typographicæ* hath availed himself of this passage in Shakespeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederic Corfellis a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. — E.

Ibid. — [*to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer.*] The quarto reads, with more humour, — “ honest men that steal for their living.”

MALONE

402. *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.*] The word *guiltless* was, I imagine, an interlineation in the Ms. and has, I think, been inserted in a wrong place. I believe, we ought to read :

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

MALONE.

406. *I was made a king at nine months old.*] So all the historians agree. And yet in Part I. p. 243, king Henry is made to say :

“ I do remember how my father said,”

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this. — E.

408. After note 9.] The second folio reads — *claim'd*.

MALONE.

411. *As for more words* —] *More* has been added by some of the modern editors. It is not in the first or second folio. The passage is not in the quarto.

MALONE.

Ibid. *And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.*] *And hang thee* — only means *I will have thee hung*. The same kind of expression is found in *The Winter's Tale*: “ If thou'lt see a thing

VOL. VI. thing to talk on, when thou art dead and rotten——" i e. for

K. HEN. people to talk on. MALONE.

VI. P. II. 424. *The silver livery of advised age ;] Advised is wise, experienced.* MALONE.

425. *For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,]* The quarto, though manifestly made out by the ear, by some unskilful short-hand writer, has generally something like the poet's sense, though seldom his words. The reading which it here exhibits, induces me to think that a line was omitted at the press, when the folio was printing. It might have been of this purport :

Behold, the prophecy is come to pass ;

For underneath &c. MALONE.

426. *Away, my lord away !]* The quarto has given the king three lines before his exit :

“ Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,

“ And summon up a parliament with speede,

“ To stop the fury of these dyre events.”

427. *Being opposites of such repairing nature.]* Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. MALONE.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

K. HEN.
VI. P. III.

442. *Why, how now, sons, and brother, at a strife ?]* After Johnson's note, p. 443.—Dr. Johnson's emendation is confirmed by the quarto, where York addresses *only* his sons :

How now *sonnes !* what jarre among yourselves !

MALONE.

445. *Enter a Messenger.*

Gab. *The queen with all the northern &c.]* Instead of *Gabriel*, *Messenger* should be prefixed to this speech. *Gabriel* was the actor who played this inconsiderable part. He is mentioned by Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

MALONE.

449. Add to my note ².] Since I wrote the above, I met with the following passage in Nashe's Preface to Greene's *Arcadia*, which confirms my conjecture :

“ ——to bodge up a blank verse with *ifs* and *ands*.”

In Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, the word *bodge* is used for a *stop* or *hitch*, a sense which will suit here: K. HEN.

"Here is a *bodge*; bots on't; farewell my pen!

VI. P. III.

"My muse is dull'd; another time will serve."

MALONE.

451. *That raught at mountains*—] The undated quarto reads:

That *aim'd* at mountains— MALONE.

457. *Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop*—] i. e. he demeaned himself. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"How I may formally in person *bear me*—"

MALONE.

Ibid. *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.*] *Prize*, I believe, here means *privilege*. So, in the former act:

"Is it war's *prize* to take all vantages?" MALONE.

459. *Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast.*] *Fire*, it should be remembered, is used by the poet as a disyllable. MALONE.

471. After Steevens's note ¹.] See also, Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Penniless*, 1593: "Why thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean and scratop of *scoldis*, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcasse? continually read the rhetorick lecture of Ramme-Alley? a *wispe*, a *wispe*, you kitchin stufte wrangler." In *A Warning for Faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599, we meet the same allusion:

"Thy jests are like a *wispe* unto a *scold*."

Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone striving who shall wear the Breaches*—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

"Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,

"This once let me entreat thee,

"And make me promise, never more

"That thou shalt mind to beat me;

"For feare *thou weare the wispe*, good wife,

"And make our neighbours ride—"

MALONE.

474. *Our hap is lost, our hope but sad despair*] Milton seems to have copied this line:

"—Thus repuls'd, *our final hope*

"*Is flat despair*." MALONE.

489. *Enter Sinklo and Humphrey*—] In the quarto, these archers have no names. The direction is, "Enter two Keepers with both bowes and arrowes." This would sufficiently confirm Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, if it wanted confirmation; but it does not, for *Sinklo* was certainly the name of a

Vol. I.

P

player.

VOL. VI. player. [See a note on the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, ante p. 131.] *Humphrey* was, I suppose, another player. MALONE.

492. *Why, so I am, in mind;*] There seems to be an allusion to a line in an old song, (quoted in *Every Man out of his Humour*):

“ My mind to me a kingdom is.” MALONE.

518. *You that love me*——] The same adjuration is also found in *The Battle of Alcanar*, 1594:

“ Myself will lead the way,

“ And make a passage with my conquering sword,

“ Knee deep in blood of these accursed Moors;

“ *And they that love my honour, follow me.*”

So also, in our author's *K. Richard III.*:

“ The rest that love me, rise and follow me.”

MALONE.

554. *You have no children, butchers!*] The same sentiment is repeated by Macduff, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*; and this passage may serve as a comment on that. ——E.

557. *The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time.*] The quarto reads:

——aboding luckless tune.

If this be the true reading, it should be printed:

a boding, luckless tune. MALONE.

VOLUME VII.

KING RICHARD III.

Page 12. *Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!*] This epithet Vol. VII is again used by our author in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“And then in *key-cold* Lucrece’ bleeding stream

“He falls——” MALONE.

KING
RICH. III.

24. After Stevens’s note.] The quarto of 1613, reads:
Madam, we did. MALONE.

28. *We followed then our lord, our sovereign king;*] The quarto of 1613 reads:—our *lawful* king;—which is, perhaps, better, as it justifies the attachment of his followers. MALONE.

29. — *what mak’st thou in my fight?*] An obsolete expression for — *what dost thou in my fight*. So, in *Othello*:

“Ancient, what *makes* he here?”

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. MALONE.

30. After Warburton’s note.] It is so in all the ancient copies; for *Queen* only is prefixed to the line. To the speeches of the Queen Dowager *Q. Marg.* is prefixed throughout the scene. MALONE.

Ibid. *And turn you all your hatred now on me?*] I would point thus:

And turn you all, your hatred now on me?

to shew that *all* is not to be joined in construction with *hatred*. That the poet did not intend that it should be connected with *hatred*, appears, I think, from the foregoing line:

What! were you snarling all &c.

The quarto reads, perhaps better:

And turn you now your hatred, all on me? MALONE.

Ibid. *Could all but answer for that preevisb brat?*] The folio reads—*Should* all——which is, perhaps, better. MALONE.

35. *Sin, death, and hell——*] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. — E.

38. *So full of fearful dreams——*] The quarto of 1613 has—*ghastly* dreams. MALONE.

39 *What fights of ugly death——*] The quarto of 1613 reads:

What *ugly* fights of death —— MALONE.

VOL. VII. 40. ————*but still the envious flood*
 KING *Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth*
 RICH. III. *To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air.]* The folio
 reads :

Stopp'd in my soul—
 and instead of—*to seek the empty &c.* has—*to find the empty,*
 &c. The quarto of 1613, evidently by a mistake of the com-
 positor, reads :

To keep the empty &c.
 This line would, I think, be improved by a different punc-
 tuation :

To find the empty vast, and wandring air.
 To find the *immense vacuity &c.* *Vast* is used as a substan-
 tive, by our author, in other places. So, in *Pericles* :

“Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the furies—”
 Again, in *The Winter's Tale* : “——they have seem'd to
 be together though absent ; shook hands over a *vast*——”

MALONE.

47. *If you are hired for meed, go back again.]* The quarto
 of 1613, reads——*for need,*——which may be right. *If it be*
necessity which induces you to undertake this murder——

MALONE.

51. ————*If I unwittingly*
Have aught committed that is hardly borne] The folio and
 the quarto of 1613 add after *unwittingly*——“or in my rage.”
 The metre is hurt by the addition, but the sense improved.

MALONE.

61. To follow Steevens's note 7.] *Which* was frequently
 used by our ancient writers for the personal pronoun *who*. It
 is still so used in our Liturgy. MALONE.

68. To follow Johnson's note.] The quarto of 1613
 reads as the folio does :

——the grossness of this age. MALONE.

73. Add to my note 8.] Again, in Holinshed, p. 725.
 concerning one of Edward's concubines : “——one whom
 no one could get out of the church *lightlie* to any place, but
 it were to his bed. STEEVENS.

75. Add to note 2.] So, in *The first Part of the Eight li-*
berall Science, entituled Ars Adulandi &c. devised and compiled
by Ulpian Fulwel, 1576 : “——thou hast an excellent *back*
 to carry my lord's *ape*.” STEEVENS.

76. After Johnson's note.] It does not appear that one
 of these councils was more private than the other. In the
 next scene the messenger tells Hastings :

“——There

“ ——— There are two councils held,
 “ And that may be determined at the one
 “ Which may make you and him to rue at the other.”

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KING
RICH. III.

One of these councils was held by the queen and her partisans; the other by the duke of Gloucester and his followers.

MALONE.

89. Intending *deep suspicion*:] *Intending* is here for *pretending*. MALONE.

99. *As the ripe revenue and due of birth*:] The quarto of 1613 reads:

As my right, revenue, and due by birth;
 which, I believe, is the true reading. So, in the preceding speech:

“ *Your right of birth, your empery, your own.*”

MALONE.

100. ——— *leat'd bigamy*.] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. ———E.

106. *For never yet one hour in his bed*] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a disyllable.

MALONE.

114. *O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes, ———*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms ———

A book of prayers on their pillow lay ———] These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murther of Edward V.* &c. in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*. The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690:

“ *When these sweet children thus were laid in bed*

“ *And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said,*

“ *Sweet slumbring sleep then closing up their eyes,*

“ *Each folded in the other's arms then lyes.*”

It must be owned, however, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this and many others of our ancient ballads. STEVENS.

129. *Even of your metal, of your very blood*:] It should be *mettle*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— Thy undaunted *mettle* should compose

“ *Nothing but males.*” MALONE.

VOL. VII. 132. *If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven—*
 KING ———— *an oath by him.*] Shakspeare, I have no doubt,
 RICH. III. wrote *by him* in both places. This appears from the first
 words of this speech, which began originally :

God's wrong is most of all.

The players probably substituted *Heaven* instead of the sacred name, in this and many other places, after the passing of the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21; and having changed—*God's wrong*—to *Heaven's wrong*, it became necessary to read “an oath *with Heaven*,” instead of “an oath *by him*.” MALONE.

142. To follow Toller's note.] *Drawn* in the sense of *embowelled*, is never used but in speaking of a *fowl*. It is true, *embowelling* is also part of the sentence in high treason, but in order of time it comes after *drawing* and *hanging*.

Ibid. ———— *conscience is a thousand swords,*] Alluding to the old adage, “*Conscientia mille testes.*” ———— E.

151. ———— *with fullsome wine,*] *Fulsome* signifies here, as in many other places, *rich, unctuous*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was *Malmsey*.

MALONE.

K I N G H E N R Y V I I I.

K. HEN. VIII. 193. *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, &c.*] By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, “*puts out,*” for “*puts on,*” a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. “I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign.” ———— E.

196. ———— *as putter on*

Of these exactions.] The *instigator* of these exactions; the person who suggested to the king the taxes complained of, and *incited* him to exact them from his subjects. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ———— The powers above
 “ *Put on their instruments.*”

Again,

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd causç.”

MALONE.

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K. HEN.

VIII.

198. *That traitable obedience is a shew*

To each incens'd will.] After Musgrave's note.—

The meaning, I think, is—Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominates in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

199. *There is no primer baseness.*] Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read :

—no primer *business* :

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No *primer baseness* is no mischief more ripe or ready for redress. So, in *Othello* :

“Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies—”

STEEVENS.

211. *Should find a running banquet ere they rest.*] By a *running banquet* a dance seems to have been meant. This appears, I think, from a subsequent passage in this play :—

“—and there they are like to *dance* these three days ; besides the *running banquet* of two beadles that is to come.” So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“Where are my maids ? provide a *running banquet*.”

MALONE.

223. Anne. *I swear again, I would not be a queen*

For all the world.

Old L. *In faith, for little England*

You'd venture an emballing : I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire—] *Little Eng-*

land seems very properly opposed to *all the world* ; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here ? Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon ? or may not this be the allusion ? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry III's time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales* ; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon*. WHALLEY.

241. *I utterly abhor, yea from my soul*

Refuse you as my judge—] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law—

P 4

Detester

VOL. VII. *Detestor* and *Recuso*. The former in the language of the K. HEN. canonists, signifies no more, than I *protest* against.

VIII.

250. To follow Tyrwhitt's note.] The metre shews here is a syllable dropt. I would read :

I know my life so even. If 'tis your business
To seek me out &c. — E.

306. ————— *But we all are men,*

In our own natures frail ; and capable

Of our flesh, few are angels :] I suspect that Shak-

spere wrote :

————— *In our own natures frail, incapable ;*

Of our flesh few are angels. ———

We are all frail in our natures, and *weak in our understandings*.

The subsequent words strongly support this conjecture :

“ ——— out of which *frailty,*

“ *And want of wisdom, you &c.*”

The transcriber's ear, I believe, here, as in many other places, deceived him. MALONE.

312. *Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons :*] To follow Steevens's note.—As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Feasts*, Ms. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been in a subsequent period :

“ Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? No 'faith, Ben, says he, not I ; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what? says he.—'Faith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good *latten spoons*, and thou shalt translate them.”

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Esstrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story. MALONE.

316. *There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit*——] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to the *Magnetick Lady* : “ And all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume.” MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. *These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;—that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-bill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.*] After Steevens's note.—I doubt much whether Shakspeare intended in this passage to describe any part of the spectators at the theatre. He seems to me rather to point at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave* or *Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull*: and, *The Hog bath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publickly acted by certain *London 'prentices*.

The *fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*: “Your judgment, rascal; for what?—Sweeping the stage! or gathering up the *broken apples*—”] and the words—“which no audience can endure,” shew, I think, that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

The limbs of Lime-house, their dear brothers—were, I suppose, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: “Why I had it from my maid *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school, she says, a little *limb* of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school master in England.—They make all their scholars *play-boys*. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders*? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their *play-books*.”—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin. MALONE.

319. *I'll peck you o'er the pales else.*] To *peck* is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense of *to pitch*. MALONE.

321. *From her shall read the perfect way of honour;*
And by those &c.] So the only authentick copy of this play. But surely we ought to read:
 —the perfect *ways* of honour.

This, I think, is manifest, not only from the word *those* in the next line, but from the scriptural expression, which probably was in our author's thoughts: “Her *ways* are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” MALONE.

C O R I O L A N U S.

VOL. VII.

CORIO-
LANUS.

336. *Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first*—] Ought not this passage rather to be
pointed thus?

*Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first*—]

*Thou, that are in the worst condition for running, takest the lead,
&c.* MALONE.

339. *As I could pitch my lance*—] As the only authentick
copy of this play reads—*picke*, my lance, on what principle
can it be changed? The same word occurs in the sense here
required, with only a slight variation in the spelling, in *K.
Henry VIII.* :

“ I'll *pecke* you o'er the pales else.” MALONE.

345. *To take in many towns*—] *To take in* is here, as in
many other places, *to subdue*. So, in *The Execration on Vul-
can*, by Ben Jonson:

“ —The Globe, the glory of the Bank,

“ I saw with two poor chambers *taken in*,

“ And raz'd.” MALONE.

Ibid. — *for the remove*—] After Johnson's note.—
Dr. Johnson's conjecture appears to me highly probable.
The remove and *their remove* are so near in sound, that the
transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. MALONE.

352. *You shames of Rome, you! herds of boils &c.*] This
passage would, I think, appear more spirited, if it were
pointed thus :

All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you *herd* of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er!

You herd of *cowards*, he would say, but his rage prevents him.

Coriolanus speaking of the people in a subsequent scene,
uses the same expression :

“ —Are these your *herd*?

“ Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

“ And straight disclaim their tongues?”

Again, Menenius says :

“ Before he should thus stoop to the *herd* &c.”

The first folio countenances this arrangement; for after
the word *Rome* there is a colon, and the second *you* is con-
nected with the subsequent words. This regulation and
reading

reading are also farther supported by the old copy, where we find not *berds*, but *beard*, which is applicable to a body of men, and cannot be connected with the subsequent words. The modern editors chusing to connect it with *boils* and *plagues* &c. were forced to alter it to *herds*.

We might read :

—boards of boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er.

So, in a subsequent scene :

“ The *boarded* plague of the gods

“ Requite your love !”

But the regulation now proposed, in my opinion, renders any change unnecessary. MALONE.

359. Add to my note :.] That is ; if any one here esteems his reputation above his life. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,

“ That holds his honour higher than his ease——”

If *lesser* be admitted, *regard* or some synonymous word is required, instead of *fear*, to make the passage sense.

MALONE.

368. — *Mine emulation*

Hath not that honour in't &c.] I would rather point the passage thus :

———Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force

(True sword to sword), I'll potch at him some way

Or wrath or craft may find him.

I am not so honourable an adversary as I was ; for *whereas* I thought to have subdued him in equal combat, our swords being fairly opposed to each other ; but now I am determined to destroy him in whatever way my resentment or cunning may devise.

Where is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*.

MALONE.

370. (*'Tis south the city mills*)] Shakspeare frequently introduces these minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ —underneath the grove of *sycamore*,

“ That *westward* rooteth from the *city's* side.”

Again :

“ It was the *nightingale* and not the *lark*——

“ ——Nightly she sings on *yon pomegranate tree*.”

MALONE.

378. *Me*

VOL. VII. 378. *Menenius, ever, ever.*] By these words, I believe, Coriolanus means to say—He is still the same affectionate friend as formerly. MALONE.

380. Add before the beginning of my note:] So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Drvel's Carrier*, 1606; “—a beard filthier than a baker’s *mawkin* that he sweeps his oven with.” STEVENS.

390. *To spend his time to end it.*] The old copy reads: To spend the time—— MALONE.

419. *He shall sure out.*] The first folio has—*ont*. The correction was made in the second.

MALONE.

424. *Before he should thus sleep to the herd.*] After Warburton’s note.—Dr. Warburton’s conjecture is confirmed by two former passages in which Coriolanus thus describes the people:

“ You shames of Rome! you *herd* of——”

(so the first folio reads.) Again:

“ ——Are these your *herd*?

“ Must these have voices &c.”

Herd was anciently spelt *beard*. Hence *beart* crept into the old copy. MALONE.

427. ——*and, being bred in broils,*

Hast not the soft way.] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):

“ ——Rude am I in my speech,

“ And little bless’d with the *soft* phrase of peace;

“ And little of this great world can I speak,

“ More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——’Tis a worthy deed,

“ And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

“ To *soft* and gentle speech.” MALONE.

430. *But own thy pride thyself.*] The old copy reads:

But *owe* thy pride thyself.

There is no need of change. MALONE.

432. ——*and to have his worth*

Of contradiction.] Add to my note.—The phrase occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now.”

MALONE.

436. *You common cry of curs!*] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in this play;

“ ——You have made good work,

“ You and your *cry*.”

Again,

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634 :

“ I could have kept a hawk, and well have hallo'd

“ To a deep cry of dogs.” MALONE.

440. *More than a wild expoſture to each chance*

That ſtarts i' the way before thee.] I know not whether the word *expoſture* be found in any other author. If not,

I ſhould incline to read *expoſure*. MALONE.

443. *You have told them home.*] I believe we ought to read:

You have *toll'd* them home.

i. e. you have rung ſuch a peal of clamorous reproaches in their ears, that they are departed home. MALONE.

446. —*many an heir &c.*] Add to my note.—Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ —Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy

“ To inherit ſuch a haven ?”

Again, in *K. Lear* :

“ —to the girdle do the gods inherit,

“ Below is all the fiend's.” MALONE.

453. —*never man*

Sigh'd truer breath.] The ſame expreſſion is found

in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593 :

“ I'll ſigh celestial breath, whoſe gentle wind

“ Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634 :

“ Lover never yet made ſigh

“ Truer than I.”

MALONE.

456. —*and leave his paſſage poll'd.*] The folio reads
—*poll'd*. MALONE.

Ibid. —*whiſt he's in direſtitude.*] I ſuſpect the author wrote :

—*whiſt he's in diſcreditude.*

A made word, inſtead of *diſcredit*. He intended, I ſuppoſe, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this ſervant, which had ſome reſemblance to ſenſe ; but could hardly have meant that he ſhould talk abſolute nonſenſe. MALONE.

V O L U M E VIII.

J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

Vo. VIII. Page 23 *Why old men, fools, and children calculate.*] To follow Johnson's second note.—There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore point thus :

Why old men fools, and children calculate.

27. To follow Steevens's note.] That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

“ ———He hath left you all his walks,
“ His private arbours, and new-planted *orchards*
“ On this side Tiber.”

In Sir T. North's *Translation of Plutarch*, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: “ He left his *gardens* and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber.” MALONE.

31. To follow Steevens's note.] The note on Dr. Akinfide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, is as follows :

“ During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.”

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the

the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick: Vo. VIII.

“Duncan is in his grave;

JULIUS
CÆSAR.

“After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well;

“Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

“Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing

“Can touch him further.”

Letter from Mr. W. Warburton to Mr. M. Concanen.

“Dear Sir,

“having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis’d to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv’d I in vain sought for them thro’ a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what oar, as well as what lime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those Idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an Ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will authorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nihil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius*: For these reasons I say I give myselfe the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Æt 2. Sc. 1.

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequeretur presentis
periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugi-
enda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset
servitus. *Philipp. Or. 10^a.*

Addison. Bid him disband his legions
Restore the commonwealth to liberty
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,
Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully.

O. VIII.

JULIUS
CESAR.

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me: *Philipp.* 5^a.

Addison. — But what is life?

'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
From time to time——

'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows inspid and has lost its relish.

Sc. 3.

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est; sed ea nulla est omnino servienti. *Philipp.* 10^a.

Addison. Remember O my friends the laws the rights

The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renowned forefathers.
O never let it perish in your hands.

Act 3. Sc. 5.

Tully. — Hanc [libertatem scilicet] retinete, quæso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt.

Philipp. 4^a.

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of Heroes the Delight of Gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum.

de oratore.

“ The first half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act. is nothing but a transcript from the 9 book of Lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgement who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar: complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakespear, who in his *Julius Caesar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the Int'rim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,
The Genius and the mortal Instruments
Are then in council, and the state of Man
like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Mr.

Mr. Addison has thus imitated it :

O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

I have two things to observe on this imitation. I. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

“ The genius and the mortal instruments

“ Are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other thing more worth our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh: description, *that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him.* For,

“ O 'tis a dreadful interval of time

“ Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

“ —all the Int'rim is

“ Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

&

“ The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.

Again when Mr. Addison wou'd paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

“ True she is fair. O how divinely fair !

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex :

“ Then he wou'd talk : Good Gods how he wou'd talk !

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection ag^t. Shakespear's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itself. You may now, S^r, justly complain of my ill manners in

b. VIII. deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant.

ULIUS
CÆSAR.

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The superscription is thus]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodwards at the
half moon in fleetstreet.

London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane-court Fleetstreet. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766.

M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akinfide, as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to ———— Esq.—I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned. MALONE.

39. ———— *doth bear Cæsar hard,*] The second folio reads *hatred*. MALONE.

67. Note ^s.] *Instead of*——Shakspeare perhaps in his thoughts had——*read*——Shakspeare had, perhaps, in his thoughts—— MALONE.

77. *Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.*] To *mar* seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, 1599. Basilisco feeling the end of his dagger, says:

“ This point will *mar* her skin.” MALONE.

85. ———— *and our best means stretch'd out;*] The oldest copy reads:

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
The present reading was given in the second folio.

MALONE.

89. Add to my note,] Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

“ ——why

“ —why stay we to be baited

“ With one that wants her wits?” MALONE.

Vo. VIII.

93. *If that thou be'st a Roman,*] To follow Johnson's note.—This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 97.

JULIUS
CÆSAR.

“ Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.”

E.

103. *With fearful bravery,*] That is, with a gallant show of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay. *Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—producing fear—intimidating. MALONE.

Ibid. *The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*] It should be—is yet unknown. Yet the error is such, that it probably was Shakspeare's. MALONE.

106. To follow Steevens's note.] Shakspeare perhaps wrote *foremer*; and I do not see why the word (so spelt, to distinguish it from *former*, antecedent in point of time) should not be admitted into the text. MALONE.

107. To follow Steevens's note.] I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but as he expresses himself, (page 131.) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. E.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

125. *Take in that kingdom*——] i. e. subdue that kingdom. So, in *Coriolanus*:

ANT. AND
CLEOPAT.

“ This no more dishonours you at all

“ Than to *take in* a town with gentle words.”

MALONE.

126. *Let's not confound the time*——] i. e. let us not consume the time. So again, in this play:

“ —but to *confound* such time

“ That drums him from his sport.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour,

“ And bring thy news so late?” MALONE.

127. *Whom every thing becomes;*—to chide, to laugh, to weep——] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:

Q 2

“ Whence

S U P P L E M E N T A L

- “ Whence hast thou this *becoming* of things ill,
 “ That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 “ There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 “ That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?”

MALONE.

129. To follow Johnson's note.] The following passage in an ancient satirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfriars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnson's observation :

- “ He'll not approach a tavern, no nor drink ye,
 “ To save his life, hot water ; wherefore think ye ?
 “ For heating's *liver* ; which some may suppose
 “ Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his nose*.” MALONE.

130. Note ³.] In the instance given by Dr. Johnson—“ I should shame you and tell all,” *I* occurs in the former part of the sentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards ; but here no personal pronoun has been introduced. Dr. Warburton's emendation, therefore, which is so near the old copy, deserves, in my opinion, to be received.

MALONE.

134. *When our quick winds lie still* ;] I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in page 149. So, in *Genesis*, c. 45. “ Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest.”

E.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *teeming fallows* ; for such *fallows* are always *fruitful in weeds*.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to *lie still*, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* spontaneously ; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and noxious herbage. STEEVENS.

136. *We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears* ;] I believe Shakspeare wrote :

We cannot call her sighs and tears, winds and waters ;

MALONE.

137. *And*

137. *And get her love to part*—] I suspect the author wrote: Vo. VIII.

And get her *leave* to part. MALONE. ANT. AND
CLEOPAT.

146. Add to my note ⁵.] A kindred thought occurs in *K. Henry V.*

“ Though the truth of it stands off as gross

“ As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.”

MALONE.

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ And like bright metal on a sullen ground,

“ My reformation, glittering o’er my fault,

“ Shall shew more goodly and attract more eyes

“ Than that which hath no foil to set it off.”

In the former part of this note, for *the same thought*—read *a similar thought.* MALONE.

148. *The discontented repair*—] That is, the *malecontented*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ —that may please the eye

“ Of fickle changelings and poor *discontented*.”

See the note there. MALONE.

160. Add to my note ⁹.] The present reading is, however, ascertained to be the true one, by a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to Antony

“ —your wife and brother

“ Made wars upon me.” MALONE.

163. Note ⁷.] For *before*—read—*again in this scene.*

MALONE.

164. Add to my note.] Dr. Warburton’s explanation is confirmed by a passage in *Hamlet*, in which we meet a similar phraseology :

“ —So like the king

“ That was and is the *question* of these wars.”

MALONE.

167. —*your considerate stone.*] The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter) :

—your consideratest one.”

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree ; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. —E.

172. *And what they undid, did.*] To follow Johnson’s note.—The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra’s cheeks, which they were employed to cool ; and

Q 3

what

o. VIII. *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they in fact produced.

ANT. AND
CLEOPAT.

MALONE.

176. ——— *Good night, dear lady.*

OE. *Good night, Sir.*] These last words, in the only authentick copy of this play, are given to Antony. I see no need of change. He addressses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night.* MALONE.

180. To follow Steevens's note^o.] *Moody* is applied as an epithet to melancholy, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

“ Sweet recreation barr'd what doth ensue

“ But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?”

Ibid. After note¹.] The first copy reads:

——— *tawny fine fishes.* MALONE.

182. In my note.] For “ You *shall* come” — read “ You *should* come ———” MALONE.

183. *Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,*] I believe the author wrote:

Pour out thy pack ——— MALONE.

195. *I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1658:

“ Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*

“ Above the host and altar reared 'is.”

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, which perhaps he preferred, as better suited to the pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated. In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

“ My country's high *pyramides* ———”

Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's *Poems*, 1658:

“ Neither advise I thee to pass the seas

“ To take a view of the *pyramides.*”

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “ Thou art now for building a second *pyramides* in the air.”

MALONE.

235. Add to my note] Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— What the *declin'd* is,

“ He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

“ As feel in his own fall.”

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593:

“ Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd.” MALONE.

238. *When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,*] i. e. of conquering kingdoms. So before:

“ He

“ He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,

Vo. VI

“ And take in Toryne.” MALONE,

ANT. A

243. *I and my sword will earn my chronicle;*] The old copy reads—*our chronicle*; which is right. *I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded.* The poet was probably thinking of the swords belonging to the heroes of ancient romances, which are chronicled, and dignified with names. MALONE.

CLEOP. A

251. ——— *have on their riveted trim,*] So, in *K. Hen. IV.*

“ The armourers accomplishing the knights,

“ With busy hammers closing rivets up.” MALONE.

263. *Triple-turn'd whore!*] To follow Tollet's note.—That Dr. Johnson is mistaken in his explanation of this epithet, appears clearly from a former passage in this play:

“ I found you as a morsel cold upon

“ Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay thou wert a fragment

“ Of Cneius Pompey's.” MALONE.

268. *They are black Vesper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. T. Warton.

269. To follow Steevens's note.] I believe the trumpet card is in France universally called *Fatout*. MALONE.

273. ——— *But I will be*

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed.] Stowe, describing the execution

of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Essex's associates, says, that “ having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death, he prayed very devoutly.” Our author might have remembered the passage. MALONE.

Ibid. *The guard! how!*—] I believe the poet wrote:

The guard ho! O dispatch me!

So, afterwards:

“ *What ho! the emperor's guard!*” MALONE.

292. *Do not abuse our master's bounty*—] The folio reads:

— *my master's bounty* —. MALONE,

295. ——— *his voice was propertied*

As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

VOL. I.

Q 4.

“ His

TO. VIII.
ANT. AND
CLEOPAT.

“ His qualities were beauteous as his form,
“ For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;
“ Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
“ As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
“ When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.”
MALONE.

307. To follow Steevens's note ^o.] Again, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ For tickle Fortune *dotb*, in changing, but her *kind*.”
MALONE.

312. *She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.*] i. e. numberless experiments.
So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ —Is it not meet
“ That I did amplify my judgment in
“ Other *conclusions* ?”

Again, in *The Spanish Gypsy*, by Middleton and Rowley,
1655 :

“ —and to try that *conclusion*,
“ To see if thou beest Alchumy or no,
“ They'll throw down gold in muffs.”

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly* (no date) :

“ For wit me taught, I thought for proof of folly,
“ To try *conclusions* on this doting afs.” MALONE,

T I M O N O F A T H E N S.

TIMON OF
ATHENS.

322. —to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.] The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. 5.

MALONE.

Ibid. —artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.] In my note, instead of—*Strife is either the contest or act with nature*, read—*Strife is either the contest of art with nature*—. JOHNSON.

This misprint was in Dr. Johnson's first edition, and has passed through all the subsequent impressions.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *the contest of art with nature*, and not *the contrast of forms* or

OBSERVATIONS.

or opposition of colours—may appear from our author's *Venus* Vo. VIII. and *Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed : TIMON OF ATHENS.

“ Look when a painter would surpass the life
 “ In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 “ His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 “ As if the dead the living should exceed ;
 “ So did this horse excell &c.” MALONE.

326. —*when he must need me.*] I suspect the author wrote :
 —when he *most needs me.* MALONE.

333. *That I had no angry wit*—] To follow Steevens's first note.—Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus :

Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.

Or,

Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit. ———E.

337. *But yonder man is ever angry.*] The old copy reads :
 But *yond* man is *very* angry.

Ever was introduced by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

366. To follow Theobald's note.] By *cold-moving nods*, I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling*, or *cold-producing* nods—but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the same as *coldly-moving*. So—*perpetual-sober* gods, for—*perpetually sober* ; *lazy-pacing clouds*—*loving-jealous*—*flattering-sweet*, &c.—Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.

367. *Bid him suppose some good necessity*

Touches his friend,] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness:—or, some *best* necessity, not the consequence of a *villainous and ignoble* bounty. I rather think this latter is the meaning.

MALONE.

376. *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*

Whom he redeem'd from prison :] This circumstance likewise occurs in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon* :

“ O yee ingrateful ! have I freed yee

“ From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,

“ To trample ore mee in my misery ?”

Ibid. *His friends, like physicians*

Thrive, give him o'er.] To follow Steevens's note,

P. 377.

Vo. VIII.
TIMON OF
ATHENS.

p. 377.—The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutchess of Malfy*, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, we meet:

“ —Use me well, you were best;

“ What I have done, I have done; I'll confess nothing.”

Apparently from *Othello*:

“ Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;

“ From this time forth I never will speak word.”

Again, the Cardinal, speaking to his mistress Julia, who had importuned him to disclose the cause of his melancholy, says:

“ ———Satisfy thy longing;

“ The only way to make thee keep thy counsel

“ Is, not to tell thee.”

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

“ ———for secrecy

“ No lady closer; for I well believe

“ Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know.”

Again, in *The White Devil*:

“ Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ 'Tis the eye of childhood

“ That fears a painted devil.”

Again, in *The White Devil*:

“ —the secret of my prince,

“ Which I will wear i' th' inside of my heart.”

Copied, I think, from these lines of *Hamlet*:

“ —Give me the man

“ That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

“ In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart.”

The White Devil was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See also another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Vol. IX. p. 289; and the last scene of the fourth act of *The Dutchess of Malfy*, which seems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. sc. ii.

The Dutchess of Malfy was printed in 1623, so that probably the lines above cited from thence by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it first appeared in the folio, which was not published till December 1623. See the entry on the Stationers' books, Nov. 18. 1623.—Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the press,

pref, but the author's original word, which Webster imi-
tated, not from the printed book, but from the representa-
tion of the play, or the Ms. copy.

Vo. VIII.
TIMON OF
ATHENS.

It is observable, that in this piece of Webster's, the
dutchess, who, like Desdemona, is strangled, revives *after*
long seeming dead, speaks a few words, and then dies.

MALONE.

378. *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man
politick; &c.*] To follow Tollet's note.—I suspect no
corruption of the text. The meaning, I think, is this:—
The devil did not know what he was about, [or, how
much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished]
when he made man crafty: he thwarted himself [by thus
raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at
length to surpass him;] and I cannot but think that at last the
enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make
even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would
least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent,

Clear is in many other places used by our author and the
contemporary writers, for *innocent*. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ Nothing but heart's sorrow

“ And a *clear* life ensuing.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ —This Duncan

“ Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

“ So *clear* in his great office——”

Again, in the same play:

“ ——always thought

“ That I require a *clearness*.”

Again, in Massinger's *Renegado*:

“ ——and win as many

“ By the *clearness* of my actions——”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher,
1634:

“ ——For the sake

“ Of *clear* virginity, be advocate

“ For us and our distresses.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

“ I know myself am *clear*

“ As is the new-born infant.”

Again, in an unpublished tragi-comedy, called *The Witch*,
by Thomas Middleton:

“ ——I am guilty in a rash intent,

“ But

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“ But *cleave* in act, and she most *cleave* in both ;
 “ Not sanctity more spotless.”
 Again, in *The Proceedings at the Arraignment of the Earls of Essex and Southampton*, 1601 : “ And for the open action in the city, he [Southampton] concurred with Essex, with protestation of the *clearness* of his mind, for any hurt to the queen’s person.” Again, in our author’s *Pericles* :
 “ Persever in that *clear* way thou goest, and
 “ The gods strengthen thee !” MALONE.

391. ——— *I’ll cheer up
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.*] A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe’s *Lust’s Dominion*, 1657 :
 “ He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them
 “ When he shall finger Castile’s crown.” MALONE.
 392. *’Tis honour with most lands to be at odds*——] Perhaps the poet wrote :

——with most lords——

The senators throughout this play are called *lords*.

MALONE.

405. ——— *This is it,
 That makes the wappen’d widow wed again.*] The following passage in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* induces me to think that *wappen’d* means *stale* :

“ ——We come towards the gods

“ Young and *unwapper’d*, not halting under crimes

“ Many and stale.”

I suppose we should here read *unwappen’d*, or perhaps in the text we ought to read—“ the *wapper’d* widow. MALONE.

409. — *bring down rose-cheek’d youth*——] This expressive epithet our author might have found in Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander* :

“ *Rose-cheek’d* Adonis kept a solemn feast,” MALONE.

417. *Yes, thou spok’st well of me.*] Shakspeare, in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings :
 “ Woe unto him of whom all men speak well !”

MALONE.

419. *This is in thee a nature but affected ;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune.*] The first and second folio read *infected*, and *change of future*. Rowe made the alteration. MALONE.

422. *Thou art a slave, whom Fortune’s tender arm
 With favour never clasp’d ;*] In a collection of sonnets entitled

entitled *Cbloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd*, by William Smith, 1596, nearly the same image is found :

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“ Doth any live that ever had such hap

“ That all their actions are of none effect?

“ Whom *Fortune* never dandled in her lap,

“ But as an abject still doth me reject.” MALONE.

432. —*since you profess to do't*—] The old copy has :

—*since you protest to do't*— MALONE.

439. *Is not thy kindness, subtle, covetous,*

If not a usuring kindness?] To follow Tyrwhitt's note.—I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—*Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain some equivalent in return, or rather to gain a great deal more than thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of something worse, of usury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

441. Add to my note.] Again, in *King Lear* :

“ —In my true heart

“ I find the names my very *deed of love*.”

MALONE.

458. On: *faults forgiven*.] I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right, and deserves a place in the text. *On* and *one* were anciently sounded alike, and in the plays of Fletcher and Massinger are perpetually confounded. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived.

MALONE.

V O L U M E IX.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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Page 4. After note 3.] To be "fulfilled with grace and benediction," is still the language of our liturgy. —E.

10. —must tarry the grinding.] Folio:

—must needes tarry &c. MALONE,

Ibid. *When she comes!—when is she thence?*] Folio:

Then she comes when she is thence. MALONE.

11. —as when the sun doth light a storm—] The first and second folio read—*a-scorne*. MALONE.

Ibid. —*Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart*

*Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!*

In whose comparison &c.] There is no reason why

Troilus should dwell on Pandarus's *handling in his discourse* the *voice* of his mistress, more than her *eyes, her hair, &c.* as he is made to do by this punctuation, to say nothing of the harshness of the phrase—*to handle a voice*.

The passage, in my apprehension, ought to be pointed thus:

—Thou answer'st, she is fair;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest, in thy discourse, o that her hand,

In whose comparison all whites are ink &c.

Handlest is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The circumstance itself seems to have strongly impressed itself on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched:

" —To let a fellow that will take rewards

" And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with

" My play-fellow, your *hand*—this kingly seal

" And plighter of high hearts." MALONE.

20. After note 3.] *Hlistus*, in the Gothic language signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311.

31. —*which*

31. ————— *which were such,*

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece

Should hold up high in brass; and such again

As venerable Nestor, batch'd in silver,

Should with a bond of air—] After Steevens's note. —

In the following verses in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the same picture is given. The fifth line of the first stanza strongly confirms Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, who wishes to read—*batched* in silver; or rather supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word in the text, which he has shewn might bear the same meaning. With respect to the breath or speech of Nestor, here called a *bond of air*, which Mr. Steevens has well explained, it is so truly Shakspearian, that I have not the smallest doubt of the genuineness of the expression. The stanzas above alluded to are these:

“ There pleading you might see grave Nestor stand,

“ As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,

“ Making such sober action with his hand,

“ That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the fight;

“ In speech, it seem'd *his beard all silver white*

“ Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly

“ Thin winding breath, which purld up to the sky.

“ About him was a press of gaping faces,

“ Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,

“ All jointly list'ning but with several graces,

“ As if some mermaid did their ears entice,

“ Some high, some low; the painter was so nice:

“ The scalps of many almost hid behind

“ To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.”

What is here called *speech that beguiled attention*, is in the text a *bond of air*. Shakspeare frequently calls words *wind*. So, in one of his poems:

“ —Sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind* of words.”

MALONE.

35. ————— *with a purpose.* Folio ————— *in a purpose.*

MALONE.

36. *'Twi'x his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage.*] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. See *The Account of the ancient Theatres*, ante. MALONE.

36. *Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming—*] We should read, I think, —*o'er-wrested*. *Wrested* beyond the truth; *overcharged*. The word hitherto given has no meaning.

MALONE.

39. 1

VOL. IX. 39. *I ask that I might waken reverence,*] The folio has *I; I ask &c.*
 TRO. AND CRESSIDA. which is, I believe, right. Agamemnon says with surprize,
 "Do you ask how Agamemnon may be known?"

Æneas replies :

"Ay, I ask (that I might waken reverence)

"Which is that god in office &c." MALONE.

Ibid. In my note, for—"So the folio. The quarto has:" read—*So the quarto. The folio has*— JOHNSON.

40. *In other arms than hers*—] *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier.

MALONE.

41. *But if there be not in our Grecian host*] The first and second folio read—*Grecian mould.* MALONE.

42. *That hath to its maturity blown up*—] Folio :
 — *this maturity.* MALONE.

43. — *bring those honours off*—] Folio—*his honour.*
 MALONE.

44. *The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By shewing the worst first.*] The folio reads :
 The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better.

The alteration was probably the author's. MALONE.

47. To follow Steevens's note.—In the preface to James Ilt's Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions. — E.

51. Add to my note] Perhaps Achilles's *brooch* may mean, the person whom Achilles holds so dear; so highly estimates. So, in *Hamlet* :

"—He is the *broach* indeed,

"And gem of all the nation." MALONE.

56. — *mid-age and wrinkled elders.*] The folio has :
 — *wrinkled old.*

Perhaps the poet wrote :

— *wrinkled eld.* MALONE

Ibid. *Add to my clamours!*] Folio—*clamour.*

MALONE.

60. *Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer.*] The folio has—*enginer*,—which seems to have been the word formerly used. So, *truncheoner, pioner, mutiner, &c* MALONE.

Ibid. — *without drawing the massy iron,*] Folio—*iron.*
 MALONE.

73. *I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.*] The words :
I'll lay my life—are not in the folio. MALONE.

78. So,

78. *So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.*] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakespeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that *kisses the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“ —So, a fair riddance;

“ There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress*.”

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612: *Flam.* “ I hope you do not think —

Cam. “ That noble men *bowl* booty; 'faith his cheek

“ Hath a most excellent bias; it would fain jump with my *mistress*.”

Again in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ *Mini.* Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.

“ *Sir Vaugh.* Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bowl* in your alley” MALONE.

83. *As true as steel* —] It should be remembered that mirrors, in the time of our author, were made of plates of polished steel. So, in *The Renegado*, by Massinger:

“ Take down the looking-glass; — here is a *mirror*

“ *Steel'd* so exactly &c.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, by Heywood, 1601:

“ For thy *steel-glass* wherein thou won't to *look*,

“ Thy chrystal eyes gaze in a chrystal brooke.”

One of Gascoigne's pieces is called the *Steel-glass*; a title, which, from the subject of the poem, he appears evidently to have used as synonymous to *mirror*.

The same allusion is found in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of queen Elizabeth:

“ Behold in her the lively *glasse*,

“ The pattern *true as steel* — ”

As true as steel therefore means — *as true as the mirror*, which faithfully represents every image that is presented before it.

MALONE.

84. — *as iron to adamant* —] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

“ As true to thee as *steel to adamant*.” MALONE.

90. After Johnson's note.] Dr. Johnson's exposition is strongly supported by a subsequent line;

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R

“ — That

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“ — That no man is the lord of any thing,
 “ (Though in and of him there is much confisting)
 “ Till he communicate his parts to others.”

So, *Persus* :

“ Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter.”

MALONE.

91. ——— *Now we shall see to-morrow
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him
 Ajax renown'd.*] I would read :

Ajax renown.

The passage as it stands in the folio is hardly sense. If *renown'd* be right, we ought to read :

By an act &c. MALONE.

94. ——— *The cry went once on thee.*] The folio has :
 ——— *out on thee.* MALONE.

99. After Johnson's note.] *Question* is frequently used in this sense by Shakspere and his contemporaries. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspere and Fletcher, 1634 :

“ — Be pleas'd to shew

“ In gen'rous terms your griefs, since that

“ Your *question's* with your equal.” MALONE.

103. *And dreaming night will hide our joys.*] The folio reads :

——— *hide our eyes.* MALONE.

Ibid. *With wings more momentary-swift than thought.*] The second folio reads :

With wings more momentary, *swifter* than thought.

MALONE.

106. At the end of note 7.] *The secrets of nature* could hardly have been a corruption of “ the secrets of *neighbour Pandar.*” Perhaps the alteration was made by the author, and that he wrote :

Good, good, my lord ; the *secretest* of nature
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— the *secretest* man of blood.” MALONE.

107. *If ever she leaves Troilus. Time, force, and death—*] The second folio reads :

——— *Time and death.* MALONE.

110. *Distasted with the salt of broken tears.*] Folio :
 Distasting &c. MALONE.

111. ——— *The Grecian youths*

Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;] The folio reads :

The

The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
 Flowing and swelling o'er &c.

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I suppose the author wrote:

They're loving—

The quarto omits the middle line:

The Grecian youths are full of quality,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise— MALONE:

133. To follow Steevens's note °.] May we not rather suppose, that Shakspeare, who is so frequently licentious in his language, meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*? MALONE.

143. *That cause sets up with and against itself*!] The folio reads:

—against *thyself*. MALONE.

144. To follow Johnson's note °.] So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632:

"Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch,
 "In true *knots*, which nought but death shall loose."

MALONE.

CYMBELINE.

175. *You speak him far.*] or as it stands in the old copy— CYMBELINE.
 Surely we ought to read:

You speak him *fair*.

which was formerly written *faire*. MALONE.

175. *I do extend him, Sir, within himself.*] To *extend* means here, as in many other places, to estimate, or appreciate.—*However highly I estimate him, my estimation is still short of his real value.* So, in a subsequent scene of this play: "The approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to *extend* him."

The term is, originally, legal. MALONE.

193. After note °.] Dr. Warburton's alteration makes perfect sense, but the word *not* is not likely to have crept into the text without foundation. Printers sometimes omit, and sometimes misrepresent an author's words, but I believe, scarcely ever insert words without even the semblance of authority

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from

VOL. IX. from the manuscript before them; and therefore, in my apprehension, no conjectural regulation of any passage ought to be admitted, that requires any word of the text to be expunged, without substituting another in its place. Omissions in the old copies of our author, are, I believe, more frequent than is commonly imagined. In the present instance, I suspect he wrote:

I could not *but* believe &c.

Thus the reasoning is exact and consequential.—*If she excelled other women that I have seen, in the same proportion that your diamond surpasses others that I have beheld, I could not but acknowledge that she excelled many; but I have not seen the most valuable diamond, nor you the most beautiful woman; and, therefore, I cannot allow that she excels all.*

As the passage now stands, even with Mr. Steevens's explanation, the latter member of the sentence—but *I have not seen* &c. is not sufficiently opposed to the former.

MALONE.

201. ——— *O that husband!*

My supreme crown of grief!] The completion of my distress: So, in *K. Lear*:

“ 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.*” MALONE.

Ibid. ——— *but most miserable,*

Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those

How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,

Which season's comfort.] To follow Steevens's note,

p. 202.—Imogen's sentiment, is in my apprehension, simply this:—*Had I been stolen away in my infancy, or (as she says in another place) born a neat-herd's daughter, I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a glorious station; and most miserable is such a situation! Wretched is the wish of which the object is glory! Happier far are those, how low soever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more; or, (to borrow our author's words in another place) which keeps comfort always fresh and lasting.*

A line in *Timon* may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

“ O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings!”

Of the verb *to season*, as explained by Mr. Steevens, so many instances occur, that there can, I think, be no doubt of

of the propriety of his interpretation. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

“ This that did *season* all my sour of life——”

Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ How much salt water thrown away in haste,

“ To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!”

Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ ——This suit of yours,

“ So *season'd* with your faithful love to me——”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ But being *season'd* with a gracious voice——”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ ——All this to *season*

“ A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*

“ And *lasting* in her remembrance.” MALONE.

203. *Upon the number'd beach?*] After Farmer's note, p. 204.—Theobald's conjecture is supported by a passage in *K. Lear*:

“ ——the murm'ring surge

“ That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes——”

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, approach so nearly in sound, that it is difficult for the ear to distinguish one from the other. MALONE.

204. *Should make desire vomit emptiness*——] To follow Johnson's note, p. 205.—No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. MALONE.

208. *The remedy then born*——] We should read, I think:

The remedy's then born—— MALONE.

Ibid. *Fixing it only here*:] The folio, 1623, reads—*fixing*. The reading of the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

211. *He sits 'mongst men, like a descended God*:] The reading of the text, which was furnished by the second folio, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*:

“ ——A station like the herald Mercury,

“ *New lighted* on a heaven-kissing hill.”

The first folio reads:

——like a *defended* God. MALONE.

216. ——*Tarquin thus*

Did softly press the rushes——] This shews that Shakspeare's idea was, that the *ravishing strides* of Tarquin were *softly* ones, and may serve as a comment on that passage in *Macbeth*. ——E.

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LINE,

217. *Under these windows.*] i. e. her eyelids. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — Thy eyes' windows fall,

“ Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;

“ Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth — ”

MALONE.

222. *To orderly sollicit;*] The oldest copy reads—*solicity*. The reading of the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

232. *The roof of the chamber*

With golden cherubims is fretted:] It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, that the roof of the stage in our author's time was termed the *heavens*; being probably decorated with *golden cherubims*. Shakspeare has very prudently furnished Imogen's chamber with such ornaments as his own stage could readily supply. MALONE.

237. *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,*

And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with

A prudency so rosy, the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd old Saturn—] It certainly

carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires: But may we not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance: *Did* it &c.

i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve; taking *Did* in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in many other places. WHALLEY.

239. — *but to own such straight arms, none.*] The folio reads: — *but to owe—*

That is, to *possess*. There is no need of change. MALONE.

242. *Thy mind to her is now as low—*] That is; thy mind compared to her's is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to her's. I believe the author wrote: .

Thy mind to her's— MALONE.

Ibid. — *Do't; — the letter*

That I have sent her by her own command,

Shall give thee opportunity:] One is tempted to think

that Shakspeare did not give himself the trouble to compare the several parts of his play, after he had composed it.—

These words are not found in the letter of Posthumus to Pisanio, (which is afterwards given at length,) though the substance of them is contained in it. MALONE.

243. *Art*

243. *Art thou a feodary for this act—*] *Feodary* is, I believe, VOL. I
here used for a *confederate*. It is, I think, used in the same CYMBE
sense, in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE. LINE.

252. Add to my note ⁵.] *Paladour* was the ancient name
for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Na-*
ture, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ This noble king builded faire Caerguent,
“ Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame ;
“ And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
“ That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name.”

STEEVENS.

Ibid. *The younger brother Cadwall,*] This name is like-
wise found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*,
which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting*
Dialogue-wise &c. in which, as Mr. Steevens has observed,
our author might have found the name of *Paladour* :

“ —Augifell king of stout Albania,

“ And *Cadwall* king of Vinedocia—” MALONE.

253. After note ⁷.] In *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Na-*
ture, The Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove, by R. Chester, 1601,
where Shakspeare perhaps found the name of *Paladour*, *Ar-*
viragus is introduced, with the same neglect of quantity as
in this play :

“ Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,

“ First built by *Arviragus*, Britaine's king.” MALONE.

254. *That drug-damn'd Italy bath out-crafted him,*] Folio :
—*out-crafted*. MALONE.

255. To follow Steevens's note.] In *All's Well that ends*
Well, we have :

“ —whose judgments are

“ Mere fathers of their garments.” MALONE.

Ibid. *Poor I am stale*, a garment out of fashion ;] This
image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately
at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded :
“ But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her *as a garment*
out of fashion.” STEEVENS.

258. Note ⁴.] Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be supported
by the following passage in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611 : “ —I'll
ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes*, but I'll hear the
brazen head speak.” STEEVENS.

282. After Steevens's note.] That Mr. Steevens's expla-
nation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the pre-
sent repetition of Cloten's speech, and also from the speech
itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened

VOL. IX. to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them
 with his own hand :
 C Y M B E -
 L I N E.

“ *Die the death &c.*” MALONE.

285. *Thou divine nature, thou thyself thou blazon’st
 In these two princely boys!*] I strongly suspect that the
 author wrote :

— *how* thyself thou blazon’st

In these two princely boys!

The compositor inadvertently set the word *thou* twice. The
 second folio reads :

Thou divine Nature! thyself thou blazon’st &c.

MALONE.

289. At the end of note 1.] We may fairly conclude that
 Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from
 which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a
 passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by
 a distracted lady :

“ —you’re very welcome ;

“ Here’s rosemary for you, and rue for you ;

“ Heart’s-ease for you ; I pray make much of it ;

“ I have left more for myself.”

The lines cited by Dr. Farmer stand thus in *The White
 Devil* :

“ Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,

“ Since o’er shady groves they hover,

“ And with leaves and flowers do cover

“ The friendless bodies of unburied men ;

“ Call unto his funeral dole

“ The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,

“ To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm.”

The preface mentioned by Mr. Steevens is prefixed to the
 edition of this play printed in 1612. MALONE.

300. *I heard no letter from my master*—] Perhaps *letter*
 here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable.
 This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare’s time. We
 yet say—I have not heard a syllable from him. MALONE.

301. — *we being not known, nor muster’d*—] Folio ;
 — *not muster’d*— MALONE.

Ibid. After Steevens’s note.] So again, in this play :

“ My boon is, that this gentleman may render,

“ Of whom he had this ring.” MALONE

302. *The certainty of this hard life ;*] That is, the cer-
 tain consequence of this hard life. MALONE.

304. *And*

304. *And make them dread it*—] I have no doubt that the author wrote: VOL. IX.

And make them *dreaded* to the doer's thrift. *Dreaded, and dread it* are so near in sound, that they are scarcely to be distinguished in pronunciation. MALONE. CYMBELINE.

320 To follow Johnson's note ⁵.] The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene:

"And though he came our enemy, remember

"He was *paid* for that." MALONE.

344. *On whom Heaven's justice*—] The old copy reads: Whom *Heavens, in justice*, both on her and hers Have laid most heavy hand. MALONE.

Ibid. After Johnson's note.] A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you. Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone*—was published at London in 1603; and again in 1620. To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for part of the fable of *Cymbeline*. It is told by the Fishwife of *Standon the Green*, and is as follows:

"In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that Nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unpareled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he believed, in chooing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death; the cause I will tell you.

"Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be brieve, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, Sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodnesse
and

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and womens' loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearly, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill general taxation of women, in her behalf, said, "Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, Sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answer in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, Sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answer for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest: so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same faint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of womens' slights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused." This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much ado he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger beeing a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleeve that this vaine speech of yours procedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of womens' looseness: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divellish art of corrupting womens' chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women) I doe freely give you leave to enjoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered into the oast
of

of the house his hands, and the fitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espyed her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny). After his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray pardon me, if I have beene too bold. I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious busines that keeps him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestly bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

“ In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might win him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under

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under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who having been at prayers with her household, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a litle table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a litle crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

“ At length the gentlewoman, having unttyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listning if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so litle noise, that neither the mistres nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to his husband, as signe of his wife’s disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

“ In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily (‘cause one tarried to speake with her), missed not her crucifix. So passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a litle discontented that her ghest went away so unmanerly, she using him so kindly. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him return’d so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of woman’s subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you
have

have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In VOL. IX. brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, C Y M B E -
 a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shew- LINE.
 ing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not suffici-
 ent prooffe, I will fetch you more.

“ At the sight of this, his bloud left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheeres his spirits, seeing that was sufficient prooffe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world (seeing where he had put onely his trust he was deceived) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius perswaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said—George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest be ready to render up to doe me good. True, Sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replied he; but there is no such need: I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby shall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant); pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is; thou must goe home, praying thy mistress to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in some private place kill her: I mean as I speake, kill her, I say; this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this—Take my ring, and when thou hast done

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done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistres' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, Sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his master presently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was enlarged by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

“ George being come to Waltam, did his dutie to his mistris, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George; he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner—Mistris, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? Why, George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou? Faith mistris, said he, I think so too, and am so fully perswaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one my selfe: Mistris, you are this woman; you have so offended my master (you know best, how, your selfe), that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you mean to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering abundance of teares, she at last spake these words—And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou onely tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command. I'll tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe
not

not jest. With that she prayed him stay, saying,—And is it VOL. IX.
 so? Then what should I desire to live, having lost his favour, CYMBE-
 (and without offence) whom I so dearly loved, and in whose LINE.
 sight my happinesse did consist? Come, let me die. Yet
 George, let me have so much favour at thy hands, as to
 commend me in these few words to him: Tell him, my
 death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet
 no otherwise but by a wife's obedience) ever since I called
 him husband; but that I am guilty of the least fault toward
 him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, de-
 sire that Heaven would powre down vengeance upon me, if
 ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would
 not speake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for
 in good troth I have deserved none. Pray Heaven blessē
 him; I am prepared now, strike pr'ithee home, and kill me
 and my griefes at once.

“George, seeing this, could not with-hold himselfe from
 shedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his sword, saying,
 —Mistris, that I have used you so roughly, pray pardon me,
 for I was commanded so by my master, who hath vowed, if
 I let you live, to kill me. But I being perswaded that you
 are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath
 than to stainē my hands with the blood of your cleere and
 spotlesse brest: yet let me intreat you so much, that you
 would not come in his sight, lest in his rage he turne your
 butcher, but live in some disguise, till time have opened the
 cause of his mistrust, and shewed you guiltlesse; which, I
 hope, will not be long.

“To this she willingly granted, being loth to die cause-
 lesse, and thanked him for his kindnesse; so parted they
 both, having teares in their eyes. George went home,
 where he shewed his master's ring, for the government of
 the house till his master and mistris returne, which he said
 lived a while at London, 'cause the time was so troublesome,
 and that was a place where they were more secure than in the
 country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to
 his will; amongst whom hee used himselfe so kindly that he
 had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (mistris of
 the house) in short time got man's apparell for her disguise;
 so wand'ered she up and downe the country, for she could
 get no service, because the time was so dangerous that no man
 knew whom he might trust: onely she maintained herselfe
 with the price of those jewels which she had, all which she
 sold. At the last, being quite out of money, and having
 nothing

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“ In this time it chanced that king Edward, beeing come out of France, and lying there about with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that privat place? To whom she very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well featur'd as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages; to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

“ After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there for dead. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there-by; where opening his breast to dresse his wounds, she espied her crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

On a time when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke; to whom he said—“ Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me
most

most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horreur in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest. Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectfully as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her, above all his other pages, most dearly, said—"Edmund (for so had she named herselfe) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge myselfe." She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battell of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix? He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denied the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, he called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page averre; yet he utterly denied the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

"She seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne're had knowne the owner of it. It was my wife's, a woman virtuous, till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

"With that the king said—"Sirra now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it?" To whom he answered with fearfull countenance—"And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentleman's

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man's

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 C Y M B E - truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she,
 L I N E. being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of
 her love.

“ The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover herselfe in that disguise, said—“ And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman—The king having given her leave, she said, “ First, Sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denied that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman's wife's gift.—With his majestie's leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false.” With that she discovered herselfe to be a woman, saying—“ Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodnes left in thee, speake the truth.”

“ With that he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and himselfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that means persuaded her husband that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—“ Sir, (speaking to her husband) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge.” With that *Mrs. Dorrill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying—“ Sir, all my ranager to you I lay down with this kisse. He wond'ring all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from willfull damine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner:— That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere's imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king's

king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindly welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content." MALONE.

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K I N G L E A R.

355. To follow Steevens's note ².] Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593: K. LEAR.

"The *third* and *last*, not *least*, in our account."

MALONE.

367. Add, at the beginning of my note ¹.] I once thought that the author wrote *plated*:—cunning *superinduced*, thinly spread over. So, in this play:

"Plate sin with gold,

"And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

But the word &c. MALONE.

370. To follow Steevens's note ⁷.] *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." MALONE.

372. At the end of Steevens's note ².] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—Not in the legions

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

"To *top* Macbeth." MALONE.

386. Add to my note ⁶.] So, in *K. Richard III.*:

"His apparent open guilt omitted,

"I mean his *conversation* with Shore's wife."

MALONE.

396. Note ⁶.] It is also used by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603: "Go to then; and the better to avoid suspicion, we must insist, they must come up *darkling*."

MALONE.

Ibid. Note ².] *Whoop* *fug*, *I'll do thee no harm*, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

419. —[*sooth every passion*] *Sooth* is the reading of neither the folio nor the quarto; in both of which we find *smooth*, which is, I think, the true reading. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"Traitor unto his country! how he *smooth'd*,

"And seem'd as innocent as truth itself!"

S 2

Again,

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K. LEAR.

“ The sinful father

“ Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.”

Smooth was first introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Ibid. After note ⁹ add] Mr. Blake observes that in an ancient map of Enfield chace &c. the name of *Camelot* is given to a large pond which in all probability was once a place where *geese* were bred. MALONE.

449. Or *swell the curled waters 'bove the main,*] I once thought that the poet wrote :

Or *swell the curled waters 'bove the moon—*

So, in a subsequent scene :

“ The sea in such a storm as his bare head

“ In hell-black night endur'd, wou'd have buoy'd up,

“ And quench'd the *stelled fires*.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* : “ ——Now the *ship* boring the *moon* with her main-mast——”

But the old reading, and Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, are strongly confirmed by a passage 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, Sir?”

MALONE.

464. ———*Take physick, pomp!*

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And shew 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.

472. To follow Farmer's note ³.] Both the quarto and the folio have *old*, and not *olds*. MALONE.

479. *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:*] There is a peculiar propriety in this address that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems, 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

" They knew not what they did, but every day

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" Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique ;

K. LEAR.

" Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme,

" One calls herself poor *Besse*, the other *Tom*."

MALONE.

493. *And, in the end, meet the old course of death,*] That is, die a natural death. MALONE.

518. Add to my note.] So, in *A wonderful, strange, and miraculous Astrological Prognostication for this Year &c.* 1591: " Maidens this winter shall have strange stitches and gripings of the collicke, which diseases proceed from lying too much *upright*." STEEVENS.

528. ———— to *shoe*

A troop of horse with felt.] So, in *Hay any worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: " Their adversaries are very eger: the saints in heaven have *felt* o' their tongues."

STEEVENS.

563. Add to my note ?.] *Poor fool* was an expression of tenderness in the age of Shakspeare. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ———— *poor venomous fool,*

" Be angry, and dispatch."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And *pretty fool*, it stinted and said—ay."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.:

" So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean."

STEEVENS:

V O L U M E X.

R O M E O A N D J U L I E T.

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Page 7. After Steevens's first note.] Breval lays in his *Travels*, that, on a strict enquiry 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.

I believe that Shakspeare formed his drama on the poem entitled *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, (which very rare piece the reader will find at the end of the notes on this tragedy,) rather than on Painter's Novel, for these reasons :

1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boileau he is named *Signor Escala*, and sometimes *Lord Baribolomeu of Escala*. 2. 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, fryar *John* is employed in this business. 3. 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. 4. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, and some expressions are borrowed from thence.

With respect to the name of *Romeo*, this also Shakspeare might have had from the poem; for in one place that name is given to him. MALONE.

8. *Here comes of the house of the Montagues.*] I believe the author wrote :

Here comes *two* of the house of the Montagues. The word *two* was inadvertently omitted in the quarto of 1599, from which the subsequent impressions were printed; but in the first edition of 1597. the passage stands thus;

" Here comes *two* of the Montagues——"
which confirms the emendation. The disregard of concord is in character, and was probably intended.

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 viscount 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 knownc from *Capels*, where they pals,

“ For ancient grutch which long ago 'twene these houses was.” MALONE.

11. *To old Freetown, our common judgment-place.*] This name the poet found in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets.

MALONE.

21. *Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-appareld April &c.*] After Steevens's note.—Our authors 98th *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.

Ibid. *Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.*] After Steevens's note, p. 22.—The reading of the text, on which Mr. Steevens has founded a very probable conjecture, is that of the first quarto.

MALONE.

22. ——— *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 Capilet himself hath hid unto his feast,

“ Or by his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.”

Ibid. *That man! one fire burns out another's burning——*

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

S 4

And

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And the rank poison of the old will die.] Thus, in the same poem :

“ Eye 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.
 “ As out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
 “ So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth rive.” MALONE.

36. ————— for our judgment fits.

Five times in that ere once in our five wits.] Shakspeare is on every occasion so fond of antithesis, that I am persuaded he wrote :

Five times in that ere once in our *five* wits.

We meet in *K. Lear* :

“ Bless thy *five* wits !”

So, in a subsequent scene in this play : “ Thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy *wits*, than I am sure I have in my whole *five*.”

The same mistake happened in *The Midsummer Night’s Dream*, where in all the old copies we meet :

“ Of all these *fine* the sense——”

instead of——“ all these *five*——”

In the first quarto the line stands ;

“ *Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits.”

When the poet altered “ *three* times” to “ *five* times,” he probably 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.

45. *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 latter we are told——“ A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance.”

In the poem of *Romeus 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.

52. *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 mimicry of that animal. Nashe, in

ØRG

one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lilly's *Explicet*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE. VOL. X.
 56. *Thou art thyself, though not a Mountague.*] A slight ROM. AND
 change of punctuation would give an easy sense: JULIET.

Thou art thyself, though;—not a Mountague.
 So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. last:
 "My legs are longer *though*, to run away."
 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 Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour, *though*, and him too."

MALONE.

57. *With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;*] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The History of Romeus 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.

60. *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 where so 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.

67. *The*

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67. *The very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft;*] The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows were directed, was fastened by a black pin placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. 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*, 1591:

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
"Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave."

MALONE.

68. *O their bons, their bons.*] Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Greene'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 gentleman has." MALONE.

77. ——— *Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,
"And gave them her—a slight reward, quoth he;—
"and so adieu." MALONE.

Ibid, *Well, sir, 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 *Romeus and Julietta*.

MALONE.

80. *Fie how my bones ache!*—*What a jaunt have I had?*] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read:

—what a *jaunce* have I had?

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous, See *K. Rich. II* Vol. V. p. 255.:

"Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke."

MALONE.

81. *No,*

81. *No, no: but all this did I know before;*
What says he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tropicall History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562:

“Tell me else what, quoth she, this evermore I thought,
“But of *our marriage*, say at once, what answer have
you brought?” MALONE.

89. To follow Steevens's note.] Middleton, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, 1657, uses this word as our author has done:

“Why 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness
“Should take a greater height than mine *aspires*.”

So also, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1591:

“Until our bodies turn to elements,
“And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.”

MALONE.

94. To follow Steevens's note.] *That* seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *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 runaway eyes *may* wink, and Romeo
“Leap to those arms, untalked of and unseen.”

—E.

99. *Alas, 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 *murdring* 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'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?”

“Since he is guiltless quite, 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 of wrong,

“That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire
strong.” MALONE.

Ibid. *Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring; &c.*] To follow Steevens's note. — Juliet's reasoning, as the text now stands, appears to me perfectly correct. — *Back* (says she) *to your native source, you foolish tears! Properly you ought to flow only*

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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 has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep? MALONE.

102. ——— *more courtship lives*

In carrion flies, than Romeo:] To follow Johnson's note.—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 blessings from her lips——

“ ——— Flies may do this.” MALONE.

Ibid. *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty——] This and the next line were not in the first copy.* MALONE.

Ibid. *But Romeo may not; he is banished.] To follow Steevens's note.—It ought, without doubt, to be placed there. In the first edition it is inserted immediately before—Flies may do this.* MALONE.

105. *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*

Thy tears are womanish; &c.] Shakspeare has here closely followed his original:

“ *Art thou,* quoth he, *a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;*

“ *Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*

“ For manly reason is quite from off thy mind out-chased,

“ And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;

“ So that I stood in doubt this hour at the least

“ *If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.”*

Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

MALONE.

Ibid. *Why railst thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?] Romeo has not here railed on his birth &c. though in his interview with the fryar as described in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 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,

“ ——— Q^a

“ ————On Fortune eke he rail'd———”

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the fryar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. MALONE.

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109. SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—“ *Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.*” In the second quarto—“ *Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*” They appeared probably in the balcony which appears to have been erected on the old English stage. See the *Account of the Ancient Theatres*, ante, p. 15. MALONE.

113. *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.

Ibid. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory 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 blifs, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:

“ *You cannot call him back with tears and sbrickings shrill;*

“ It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will.” MALONE.

118. ————*and having now provided*

A gentleman of princely parentage——

——And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

Answer—I'll not wed—I cannot love——] So, in

Romeus and Juliet, 1562:

“ Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,

“ That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have for thee

“ One of the greatest lords that wounes about this town,

“ And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown;——

“ ————and yet thou playest in this case

“ The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl; for want of skill,

“ Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey my will.” MALONE.

119. *'Faith, here it is: Romeo*

Is banished; and all the world to nothing

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you; &c.] To

follow Steevens's note². This picture, however, is not an

VOL. X. an original. In *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*,
 1562, the Nurse exhibits the same readiness to accomodate
 ROM. AND herself to the present conjuncture:
 JULIET.

“ 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 Romeus prais’d
 before:

“ Paris shall dwell there still; Romeus 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 re-
 spect the character of his Nurse from Shakspeare.

E.

125. *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
 Tragical History of Romeus 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.

126. *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.

128. —— *this reverend holy friar,*

All our whole city is much bound to him] So, in *Ro-
 meus 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.

Ibid.

Ibid. '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 particularly 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 now just returned from shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, "'tis near night," and this same night is ascertained to be Tuesday. This is one out of many instances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

129. For I have need of many orisons—] To follow Johnson's note.—This pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurse, was suggested by *The Tragicall History of Romens and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech borrowed from thence :

- " Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day
 " Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpose is to 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—"

MALONE.

Ibid. *What if this mixture do not work at all?*] To follow Stevens's note ^o. p. 130.—Shakspeare appears, however, to have followed the poem :

- " — to the end I may my name and conscience save,
 " I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have ;
 " 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?*
 " —Or how shall I that always have in so fresh air been bred,

En-

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“ 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 com-
 mon grave.
 “ Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
 “ Find me, if I awake before, *y-sifted in the tomb?*”

MALONE.

130. *Lie thou there!* —] To follow Steevens’s note^s.—
 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 to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how pre-
 valent 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.

134. *Ay, let the county take you in your bed;*] So, in *The Tra-
 gicall History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“ First softly did she call, then louder she did cry,
 “ Lady, you sleep too long, *the earl will raise you by*
 and by.” MALONE.

135. *Death, that hath ta’en her hence to make me wail,
 Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.*] Our au-
 thor 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 sud-
 den woe,
 “ That he ne had the pow’r his daughter to bewweep,
 “ *Ne yet to speak,* but long is forc’d his tears and plaints
 to keep.” MALONE.

136. To

136. To follow Steevens's note ².] 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.”

MALONE.

138. *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.

141. To follow Steevens's note ⁹.] It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth :

“ When the merry bells ring round,

“ And the jocond *rebecks* sound——”

MALONE.

144. *I do remember an apothecary, &c.*] It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him ; for he has borrowed an expression from thence :

“ 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 shew,

“ 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 gear*,

“ And more there is than you shall need ; for half of that is there

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“ Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour
“ To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison’s
pow’r.” MALONE.

145. *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] Perhaps from
Kyd’s *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“ Upon thy *back* where *miser*y doth sit,
“ O Rome &c. MALONE.

147. *Going to find a bare-foot brother out,*
One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Suspecting &c.] So, in *The Tragical History of Remus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ 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 eye *should be accompanied with one*

“ *Of his profession*, straight 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.

Perhaps the third and fourth lines are misplaced, and that this passage ought to be regulated thus :

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Here in the city visiting the sick,

Suspecting &c.

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 ; whereas, on the other hand, it was the business of the *searchers* to visit the sick, and to mark those houses in which the pestilence raged.

The phrase of *visiting the sick* might have deceived the transcriber, and perhaps induced him to misplace this line, in order that it might apply to the friar. The error however (if it be one) is in the quarto, from which the folio is manifestly printed. MALONE.

156. *A dateless bargain to engrossing Death !]* *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. MALONE.

157. Note 2. add] Again, in the first edition of this play :

“ Which

“ Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
 “ Must be my *conduct* in the secret night”
 Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. :
 “ Although thou hast been *conduct* of my shame.”

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Ibid. *It burneth in the Capulets' monument.*] Both the folio and the quarto read :

It burneth in the Capels' monument.] MALONE.

163. To follow Johnson's note.] Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet.* MALONE.

166. After Johnson's note.] In the preliminary observations on this play it has been mentioned, that our author seems to have been more indebted to the poem entitled *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, printed at London in 1562, than to *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. That piece being extremely rare, it is here reprinted entire. From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the Death of Maister Arthur Brooke drown'd 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—”

MALONE.

T 2

THE

THE TRAGICALL HYSTORY

O F

ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie;

With the subtile Counsels and practises of an old Fryer,
and their ill Event.*Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.*

TO THE READER.

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 lyecking 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 starres are, the wery pilates marke,
 In stormes to gyde to haven the roffed barke; —

Right so my muse
 Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
 Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of stile,
 Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
 Which carefull travell and a longer whyle

May

May better shape. The eldest of them loe
 I offer to the stake; my youthfull woork,
 Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe:
 The rest, unlickt as yet, a while shall lurke,
 Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight
 With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of sryfe,
 Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might;
 And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe.
 The while, 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 Juliet's 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 mariage is offred to his wyfe;
 She drinke 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 drinke his bane; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,
 When she awakes, herselfe, alas! she sleath.

T 3

R O.

R O M E U S A N D J U L I E T *.

There 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 fertile soyle,
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.
The fruitfull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth
flow ;

The

* 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*. 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 loro pietosa morte; intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala. Nuovamente Stampata* — There are some variations in the editions. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story :

“ Siccome voi stessa vedeste, mentre il cielo verso me in tutto ogni suo sdegno rivolto non ebbe, nel bel principio di mia giovanezza al mestier dell'arme mi diedi, e in quella molti grandi et valorosi uomini seguendo, nella disettevole vostra patria del Frioli alcun anno mi esercitai ; per la quale, secondo i casi, quando privatamente or quinci or quindi servendo, m'era bisognodi andare. Aveva io per continuo uso cavalcando di menar meco uno mio arciero, uomo di forse cinquanta anni, pratico nell' arte e piacevolissimo, e come quasi tutti que' di Verona (ov' egli nacque) sono, parlante molto, et chiamato Peregrino. Questi oltra che animoso et esperto soldate fusse, leggiadro & forse più di quello che agli anni suoi si faria convenuto, innamorato sempre si ritrovava, il che al suo valore doppio valore aggiugneva : onde le più belle novelle & con miglior ordine e grazia si dilettava di raccontare ; e massimamente quelle che di amore parlavano, che alcun altro, ch' io udisse giammai. Per la qual cosa partendo io da Gradisca, ove in alloggiamenti mi stava, & con costui e due altri miei, forse d' amore sospinto, verso Udine venendo ; la quale strada molto solinga, e tutta per la guerra arsa e distrutta in quel tempo era, e molto dal pensiero soppresso e lontano dagli altri venendomi, accostatomisi il detto Peregrino, come quello che i miei pensieri indovinava, così mi disse : Volete voi sempre in trista vita vivere, perchè una bella ciudele, altramente mostrando, poco vi ami ? E benchè contro a me stesso dica, pure perchè meglio si danno, che non si ritengono, i consigli, vi dirò,
Patroa

The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,
And other mee commodities, which profit may and please;
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngrny eyes of those that curiously beholde;
Doe make this towne to be be preferde above the rest
Of Lombard townes, or, at the least, compared with the best.
In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy hadde befell,
Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able fourth to
tell.

Within my trembling hande my penne doth shake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heare.
But sith shee doeth commaunde, whose heft I must obeye,
In morning verse a woful chaunce to tell I will assaye.
Helpe learned Pallas, helpe ye Muses with your art.
Help all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourn'd to smart:
Help eke, ye sisters three, my skillese pen tindyte,
For you it caus'd which I alas! unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lov'd of the common sorte, lov'd of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to stryke;
Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capeler, and thother Mountague.
A wonted use it is, that men of likely sorte,
(I wot not by what furye fors'd) envye eache others porte.
So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envie's roote blacke hate and rancor grew;
As of a littel sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, first hatch'd of trifling stryfe,
Did bathe in blood 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 scepter helde,
So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,
By jentyl meane he sought their cholere to asswage,
And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage;

Patron mio, che oltra che a voi nell' esercizio, che siete, lo far
molto nella prigion d' amore si disdica; sì tristi son quasi tutti i
fini, a quali egli ci conduce, ch' è uno pericolo il seguirlo: E in
testimonianza di ciò, quando a voi piacesse, potre' io una novella
nella mia città avvenuta, che la strada men solitaria, e men rin-
cresevole ci faria, raccontarvi; nella quale sentireste come due no-
bili amanti a misera e piatosa morte guidati fossero. E già avendo
jo fatto segno di udirlo volentieri, egli così cominciò."

VOL. X. But both his words and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne
 So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buyfy payne.
 ROM. AND When frendly sage advise ne gentyll woords avayle,
 JULIET. By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he
 quayle;

In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,
 In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boord within
 their brest.

Now whilst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
 And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,
 One Romeo, whose name 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 founde a mayde so fayre (he founde so foule 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 sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
 At length, in hope of better speede, 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 fostred evermore
 With vertus's foode, and taught in schole of wisdome's 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 mind retyre,
 So much the more his servept minde was prickt fourth by desyre,
 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-bestowed 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?
 What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,
 But she the path wherein I treade with spedy 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

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ROM. AND
JULIET.

But whilst he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
 A contrary repugnant thought sank in his brest so depe,
 That doutefull is he now which of the twayne is best.
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte; in care, in sorow and unrest;
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night;
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygrav'd 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 ronae,
 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 among the rest, the truitiest 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 meant 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 forning all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyse, ne thine unispotted truth,
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe?
 Now, for our frendship's sake, and for thy health, I pray
 That thou henceforth 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 thyself to hate.
 For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
 Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Love's court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortune's grace:
 What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?
 By painfull studie's 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 distraine thy seely father's hart,
 As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vice,
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertue's 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 foresathers 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 eare to thy complaint, and pitty ere thou sterve.
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle
 As yelds in harvelt time no crop, in recompence of toyle.

Ere

Vol. X. 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."

ROM. AND
 JULIET.

The yong man's listning care receiv'd the holsome sounde,
 And reason's truth y-planted so, within his head had ground; ;
 That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
 And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did
 create.

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 church, at games in open streete,
 And every where he would resort where ladies went 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 wasted hornes renew,
 False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischief newe to
 brewe.

The very winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
 And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
 And fyrst in Capel's 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 gentelman of high or lowe renowne,
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
 Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a guest.
 Yong damsels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
 Not so much for the banquet's sake, as bewties to serche out.
 But not a Montague 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 forsooke
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chamber's nooke.
 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 fightly shape, and bewtie's spotles hewe ;
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
 That ladies, thought the fayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,
 How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes :
 Of courage floute they thought his cumming to procede,
 And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede,

The

The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,
 Yet they suppress the tyred yre; the cause I doe not knowe: **VOL. X.**
 Perhaps toffend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth; **ROM. AND**
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreading the prince's **JULIET.**
 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 theyr 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 fancies 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 judg who best, and who next her, was wrought in na-
 ture's frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,
 (Which Theseus or Paris would have choien to their rape)
 Whom erst he never sawe; of all the please him most;
 Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boiste
 Of perfect shape's renowne and beautie's sounding 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 clouds might quench the fiery
 heate.

When Komeus saw himselfe 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 Lethie's foud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched
 deepe.

Yea he forgets himselfe, 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 houngrny eyes;
 Through them he iwalloweth downe Love's sweete employsonde
 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 damselfe hight,
 From syde so syde on every onc dyd cast about her sight,

At

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At last her floting eyes were anchored 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 Phœbus' 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 listd 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 meets with her lover's eyes.
When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,
Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr beames,
Eche of these lovers gan by other's lookes to knowe,
That frendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it
grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breach;
And eche of them had sought the meane to end the warre by
speech,

Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce
With torche in hand a comely knight did fetch her foote to
daunce ;

She quit herselfe so well and with so trim a grace
That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona's race :
The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng done,
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant choere,
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 coorteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.
Even as a lyon would emong the lamber be bolde,
Such was emong the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliet's snowish hand :
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his swathing band,
That frozen mountayne yfe was never halfe so cold,
As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he did them
hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgin's 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 the lovd him best, unless she list to fayne.

Then

Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest;
 What joy, trow you, was graffed 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 vehement 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 geves 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:
 "Merrayle no whit, my hearte's delight, my only knight and
 feere,

Mercutio's yfy hande had all to-frosen myne;
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne."
 Wbereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replye:
 "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 womne.
 O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
 Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished hart's desire!
 For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpatt,
 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 faitles truth, that nill for ought unto his lady 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 bewtie's pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade;
 Which have so 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-daunce had ende,
 And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.

His

VOL. X. His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,
ROM. AND When layfureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer
JULIET. make :

“ You are no more your owne, deare frenid, then I am yours;
My honour savd, prest tobey your will, while life endurea.”
Lo! here the lucky lot that sikk true lovers finde,
Eche takes away the other's 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 exchange 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 cares cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,
Both how the hight, and whence she camme, that him enchaunt-
ed so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
Her father was a Capiler, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe inchoyse to geve him life or death,
That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with pitious plaint seerce 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 exile out of his youthfull brest:
Twife hath he made him serve, hopeles of his reward;
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choise were
harde.

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,
And now with spurre he forceth him to forme an endless 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 sweare that guerdonles the wretched wight
should sterve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of toode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pync.
As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,
To learne his name that intertaind her in so gentle wise;
Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde:
(This old dame in her youth had nursd her with her mylke,
With slender nedel taught her sew, and how to spyn with sylke.)
What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,
Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
And then, as eche of them had of his household name;
So she him nam'd.—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 beyde the window stand.”

His

His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montegewe,
Whose father's pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your houf-
holds rewe.

The word of Montegew her joyes did overthrow,
And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.
What hap have I, quoth she, to love my father's foe?
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wysh my woe?
But though her grevous paynes distraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward show of joye she cloked inward smart;
And of the courtlike dames her leave so coustly tooke,
That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her looke.
Then at her mother's hest 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 quyete slepe could harbor in her hed;
For loe, an huge heape of divers thoughtes arise,
That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.
And now from syde to syde she toffeth 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 anyd her course begonne,
Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, chattered race to ronne.
Thus danger's dred and love within the mayden fought;
The fight was feerse, continuynge long by their contrary thought.
In tournynge 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 soottill 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 raison's lore, that reve thy wonted rest?
What if his suttel brayne to sayne have taught his tong,
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?
What if with frendly speache she traytor lye in wayte,
As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood served her lust;
And toorn'd 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 Ovid's bookes too plainely written are.
Perhaps; the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,
By suttel sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to woorke at length.

So

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So shall I seeke to find my father's foe, his game;
So (I defylde) Report shall take her trowpe of blacke defamey
Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill
Of my dispraise, 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 hollowe toombe."
Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust
Her troublefom 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 perfet 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 face's rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;
And straight again it flashed forth, and spred in eyther cheek.
His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed to reheare.
What meent his soltring 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 Nature's hand, when all deceyte was banished 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 Atropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For so perchaunce 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 Phoebus 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.
And while with lingring step by Juliet's 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; weryly he doth refrayne.

What

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
 Y-sowred not the sweete; if love were free from jealousy!
 But the 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 warely 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 secret love bewraye,
 Hedoth 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 lover's minde.
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in wayne;
 And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye slaine.
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her heart's 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.
 Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
 Within her windowe, and upon the moone did shine so bright
 That she espyde her loove; her hart revived sprang;
 And now for joy she claps her handes, which erst for woe 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 twise 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 joye?
 His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;
 Ne, for she 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 voyce, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne:

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“ 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 kinsmen, saw you here?
Lyke lyons wyldē, 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 satall sifters three.
They may in spyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they also (who so sayth 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 could defende.
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, 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 loose 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 pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send :”
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pittie boyle in Juliet's ruthfull brest;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest;
Her bosome bath'd 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 peysed 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 en-
dures,

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 thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
You have respect, or pity ought my tear-y-weeping eyen,
In few unfained words your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while:
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desyre hath found,
Obedience

Obedience set asyde, 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 so you goe, my father's house forsake.
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
 Youthinke in rypst yeres to plucke my maydenhood's dainty frute,
 You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseeke
 To cease your sute, and suffer her to live among her likes."
 Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle defyre,
 And to the top of vertue's haight did worthely aspyre,
 Was filld with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearer's hart can gesse*.
 And then with joynd hands, heav'd up into the skies,
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down
 he cries,

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If he have other thought but as his Lady spake;
 And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did answere make:
 " Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
 As to accept me for your spouse, I yeeld myself for such.
 In true witnes whereof, because I must depart,
 Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.
 Tomorrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,
 To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.
 He is my gossly syre, and oft he hath me taught
 What I should doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have
 sought.

And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my fayth,
 I will be here, if you thinke good, to tell you what he sayth."
 She was contented well; els favour found he none
 That night, at lady Juliet's 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 doctour of divinetic proceded he in schoole.
 The secrets eke he knew in Nature's woorks that loorke;
 By magick's arte most men supposed that he could wonders woorke.
 Ne doth it ill besee me devines those skils to know,
 If on no harmefull deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
 But right and reason's lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
 The towne's folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne,
 To thrive themselfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.

* —the hearer's hart can gesse.] From these words it should seem
 that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in
 the streets. See also p. 294. l. 34. "If any man be here &c."

VOL. X. And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
 ROM. AND Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,
 JULIET. 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 skilfull love found out his harme's 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 advaunce ;
 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 syre
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes' desyre.
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold man's hed arose,
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,
 And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,
 Perhaps he shall be bet advisde 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 mountaine's stopthrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
 As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth soorth to ronne.
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last ;
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,
 Of both the households wrath, this marriage might appease ;
 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 enterprife.
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
 Scarce patient tarieth whilst his leech doth make the salve to cure :
 So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
 Yet nedes he must, els must he wan: his onely harte's 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 soorth his hap and his mishap
 Into the frier's brest ;—but where shall Juliet unwrap
 The secrets of her hart? to whom shall she unfold
 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-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
 In her, she faith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.

No

Not easily she made the froward nurse to bowe,
But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne vowe
To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her heft ;
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 bleare the mother's 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 scarce.
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 damself
drempt,

Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,
Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be spent.
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 how it could full pretely have prated with it tong !
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 Juliet's 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' aunswer 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 talke 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 lies.
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 sweares she will be-
stowe

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,
To help him to his hoped blisse ; and, cowering downe agayne,
She

VOL. X. She takes her leave, and home she hies with speedy pace ;
 ROM. AND. The chamber doore she shuts, and then she saith with fmyling
 JULIET. face :

Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydings I thee bring,
 Leave of thy woonted 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 fayrest 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 prayfes 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 answere 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 (saide 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 rype 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.
 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 dissuade,
 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, seeld 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 sitte 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 Saturday, she got.
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
 Her mother's angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
 The

The Saterday betimes, in sober 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 gaseth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth
 downe

Upon an alter's step, where she devoutly prayes,
 And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady staves ;
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certayn truth to know,
 If frier Lawrence laysure 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 receivd 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 fryer's 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.
 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 fight,
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant 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 stondest 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 behest ?
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely hart's request.
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
 When in the prayse of wedlock's state somme skilfull talke was past,
 When

VOL. X. When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
 ROM. AND His duty eke by gottly talke the youthfull husband knew;
 JULIET. How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,
 What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,
 The words pronounced were which holy church of olde
 Appoynted hath for mariage, and the a ring of golde
 Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.
 Towhom the frier then said: Perchance 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.
 T'en 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 laysure had dispose our great affayres."

These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr father's house,
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke go'th the spouse;
 Contented both, and yet both uncontented 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 plowman 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 pleasur with the sound so much, but, when the warres do
 cease,

Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes forth:
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;
 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 pleasent 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 betost;
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
 Art come in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
 Unto thy wedded ladie's bed, thy long-desyred port.
 God graunt, no follie's mist so dymme thy inward sight,
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight!

God

God graunt, no daunger's 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 faithfulnes 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 send the nurce at twylight fayleth not,
 To whom the brydegroome geuen 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 stelth the view of Juliet's 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 ! deerne, 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 desyred 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 nurce is prest,
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might behold her husband's 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 soon 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 faynt his lady is;
 She sets 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 Ro,

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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 safery 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 woorst 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 chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus' eyes,
 When he unto his ladie's woordes gan aunswere in this wise:
 " Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,
 That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, fayre 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 sayne) 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 wrong.
 Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deathes away,
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desyred 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 assinde,
 Where we with pleasure may content our uncontented mynde,
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greese 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;
 Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
 But soorth in hast the old nurse stept, and so her aunswere stayde,
 Who takes not 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 lasses with a whippe.
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of other's wayled woer,
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.
 Whiereto these lovers both gan easely assent,
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went.
 Where

Where they were left alone— (the nurse 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 secret hidden playnt.
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs 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 downe with hed-
 long sway,

Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face;
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortune's grace.
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselve envies thy happy fort.
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they fourth the night, in sport, in joly game;
 The hastines of Phœbus' steeds in great despyte they blame.
 And now the vyrgin's 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 daye's 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 morning's crime,
 With frendly 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 sawfe his sweete with sowre.
 But who is he that can his present state assure?
 And say unto himselve, thy joyes shall yet a day endure?
 So wavering Fortune's whele, her chaunges be so straunge;
 And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
 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

VOL. X. And joyfull Juliet another lease must toorne ;
 As wont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.
 ROM. AND JULIET. The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,
 But winter's blast with speedy 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 pleasure's doubled gayne,
 But now, for pleasure's usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.
 The prince could never cause those households so agree,
 But that some sparckles of theyr wrath as yet remainyng bee ;
 Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,
 Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wastyng flame may spred.
 At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;
 The morrowe after Easter-day the mischiefes new begonne.
 A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
 Within the walles, by Purfer's 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 Juliet's unkle's 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 daye's revenge and us our children's heyres may
 speake.

Now once for all let us their swelling pryde aswage ;
 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 words 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 worst, 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 gaspe 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

Their valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde ;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull
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 townesman's eare,
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.
God's farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele,
And with this new updr̄e confounde all this our common wele.
But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,
That through theyr eares 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,
Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,
Against the force of this my swerd shall serve 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 other's fight,
When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himselfe by fight.
Even as two thunderboltes throwne downe out of the skye,
That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to
flye ;

So

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So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blowe 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 thrysteth after other's death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalt's 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 salt, that hath theyr kinsman slayne.
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of salt ;
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 sterue in prison strong ;
His frends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.
Both houfholds straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to ceate the styrr'd stryfe.
This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
From side to side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
For Tybalt's 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 an
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 Fortune's gylt that is so late befall,
Without his salt, unto the seely Romeus ;
For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,
From heavenly bewtie's light and his well shaped parts,
The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youth-
full harts,

Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne ?
This Romeus was borne so much in heaven's grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
(Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,
And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seer's sight)
A certain charme was graved by Nature's secreet 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 releas'd of exyle might straight retoorne agayne.
But how dorch moorne among the moorners Juliet !
How doth she bathe her brest in reares ! what depe sighes doth she
fet !

How

How doth she tear her heare ! her weede how doth she rent !
 How fares the lover hearing of her lover's banishment !
 How wayles she Tybalt's 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 dyspayre,
 With wretched sorrowe's cruell found she fills the empty ayre ;
 And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,
 And up unto the heaven's haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
 The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs 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 straight 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 restles eye, at length the windowe she espide,
 Through which she had with joy seene Romeus many a time,
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliet's 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 nedeful strength do lacke
 To bear so great unwelody lode upon so weake a backe,
 Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorrowes rise,
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe ;
 That so my wery 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 judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
 I thought you rather would continue our good will,
 And seeke tappease our father's 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 yclipsed is,
 And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.

But

VOL. X. But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
 ROM. AND Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht it
 JULIET. fyrst.

Synce that so many times and in so secret place,
 Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatted's
 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 increase it with that kinsman's 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 wery life with many teares lament,
 That soon my joyceles corps 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 sore,
 Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in store;
 And then as still she was, as if in sownd 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 fault?
 Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?
 What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?
 Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.
 Receive 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 sorow 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

Where she with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any marble coldē.
The nurce 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 same:
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 throate.
At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she
spyes.

But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
“ Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with
mischaunce,

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 nurce 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 sorowe's 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 nurce, and trusty frende, (quoth she)
Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou can't not safely see
The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,
Since those the which I hylde most deere, I have at once forlorne,
Her nurce then answered thus—“ Methinkes it fits you yll
To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles spill.
For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,
Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.
You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce;
But I see not how in like case I could behave me worse.

VOL. X.
ROM. AND
JULIET.

Tybalt your friend is ded; what, weene you by your teares
To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?
You shall perceve, the salt, 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 causeles to be outraged of his foe,
To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve?
Let it suffice to thee, sayre 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 ayded, of all beloved well.
With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortune's cryme,
Without your salt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time,
I dare say, 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 come
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's cell.
But if you gyn est sones, as erst you did, to moorne,
Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retorne.
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 their life;
So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,
With hasty foote, before his time, runne to untimely death.
Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppress,
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 fendes her forth, and makes a grave heft
With reason's rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her
brest.

When hugy 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 speedes do runne;

So

So Juliet's wandering 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 Tybalt's 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 frend is tryde;
The frendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his frend to hyde.
A secret place he hath, well seeled 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
harne.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to bestowe,
There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he go'th to knowe
Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is published by trumpet's sound; then home he hyes agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurce with spedy pace
Was comme the neresst way; she sought no ydel resting place.
The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus' certain helth,
And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by stelte
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise
Of theyr assayres 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 tidinges 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 waltrith he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde;
He riseth est, and strikes his hed against the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hasty death he cals.
"Come spedy death, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of greefe red
move.

VOL. X. Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering staves,
 ROM. AND Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decays.
 JULIET. But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise
 With cunning hand to worcke 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 spedy wrongs' redresse,
 That shall bewaile my cruell death and pity her distresse."
 Therewith a cloude of fighes he breathd into the skies,
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swowlen eyes.
 These thinges 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 repress the rigour of his rage.
 His wife and frendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.
 With colour pale and wan, with armes 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 fal-
 tring tong,

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 sorowes 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 sisters three, he said, had donne him wrong,
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne
 forth too long.

He wished that he had before his time been borne,
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
 His nurce he cursed, 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.
 Love's troubles lasten long, the joyes he gives are short;
 He forceth not a lover's payne, theyr ernest is his sport.
 A thousand thinges 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 desye,
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
 When atter raging fits appeared was his rage,
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to aswage,
 So wiewly 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 woman's 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 floode 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 harme's
 redres.

As when the winter flawes with dredful noyse arise,
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,
 So that the broofed 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 assaile;
 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 perious rocke to shonne;
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,
 The roder smitten of, and over-board the mast,
 Doth win the long-desyred 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 seke not how to helpe the changes that do chauce,
 Thy cause of sorow shall increafe, thou cause of thy mischaunce.
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;
 Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdome's schoole.
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twayne.
 As well we ought to seeke things hurtfull to decreafe,
 As to indevor helping things by study to increafe.
 The prayse of trew fredom in wisdome's bondage lyes,
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords
 be wise.

VOL. X. Sicknes the bodie's gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
ROM. AND If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou
JULIET. 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 aduersitie 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 reason's help to master wittles will.
A sondry medson hath eche sondry saynt discase,
But patience, a common salve, to every wound gives ease.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of change,
Wherefore the chaunge of chance must not seem to a wise man
straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,
And sorow seke to set himsele in banishd pleasure's place,
Yet may thy marred state be mended in a while,
And the effioncs that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall
smyle.

For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede so many words to thee that art so wyse?
Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advise.
Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of nede
A wifeman's wit unpractised doth stand him in no steele.
I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.
Affection's foggy mist thy febled sight doth blynd;
But if that reason's 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
crys.

With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death,
By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with trusty frendes 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 choyse that thou so late dydst choose?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.

For

For thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his fight,
 He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely hart's delight.
 So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in ;
 To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a fin.
 Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment
 Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament
 That from thy native land and frendes thou must depart,
 Enfordd to flye from her that hath the keeping of thy hart :
 And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost seeke,
 Thou dost complaine of Cupid's brand, and Fortune's turning
 wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banishment,
 All countreys are his native soyle 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 abroad a year or twayne,
 Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greivous payne ?
 Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
 They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mayst be.
 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 pillar of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.
 Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,
 And in thy brest inclosed bear'st 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 sweetes, that tasteth not the sowre.
 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 greeces and others like were happily overpast,
 And thou in haight of Fortune's wheele well placed at the last ;
 From whence thou art now falne, that, rayسد 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 whilstt, this little wrong receive 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 desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.

VOL. X.

ROM. AND
JULIET.

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 cares,
His sighes are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares,
As blackest cloudes are chased by winter's 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 affection's 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
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrence' skill,
The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
To whom he doth wisely discoorse of his affayres at large.
He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
(Both mindful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)
How he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne
The friendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away;
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tassage,
Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage:
And last he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladie's bowre;
And there with holesome woordes to salve her sorowe's smart,
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.

The old man's words have fill'd with joy our Romeus' brest,
And eke the old wyve's talke hath set our Juliet's hart at rest.
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to assay;
For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye
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 selfe, and quite behind theyr backe
They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the
wracke;

But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,
And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe;
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
And twice as hie the striving waves begin to roare and swell;

With

With greater daunger's dread the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr lyfe then they had been before.

The golden sonne was gonne 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 meane, in Juliet's chamber met,
And from the window's top downe had he leaped scarce,
When she with armes outstretched wide so 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 stode they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre;
But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Theyr scalding fighes ascend, and by theyr checkes downe fall
Theyr trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far then
gall.

Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
Dyd kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin:

" My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes declare
The diversenes 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 fleetes 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 treades, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,
More sorow doth she shape within an hower's 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 feeses,
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 strife,
Unto the bounds that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
But now, alacke! 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 daunger's 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

VOL. X. Which thing I have thought good to set before your eyes,
 And to exhort you now to proove yoursef a woman wife;
 ROM. AND JULIET. That patiently you beare my absent long abod,
 For what above by fatall doome decreed is, that God ——”
 And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish teares besprent,
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speech he stayde,
 These selfe same woordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she
 sayde:
 “ 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 cruell Death agree,
 To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,
 And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou, the instrumēt of Fortune’s 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 mysef 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,
 Hedlang to throw her selfe downe from the window’s baight,
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodie’s 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 halfe 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

Thy absence is my death, thy fight shall geve me lyfe.
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
 Art thou all counsellesse? 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 friends? thyselfe can aunswer, yea.
 Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can
 By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy byred man?
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?
 Perhaps thou fear'st lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.
 What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
 Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, 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 be-
 hold

The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,
 The woort 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 servent frendship's sake that thou dost owe to mee,
 At once these fantasies wayne 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 Nature's law and wisdom's 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 vainely seeke a loorking place to hyde us from his sight.
 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 found advise) rashe hastines and wrath,
 If thou be bent to obey the love of reason's skill,
 And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebellling will,
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine owne delight,
 (Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of
 fight,)

Forbear

VOL. X. Forbear the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile :
ROM. AND So shall no slander's blot thy spotles life distayne,
JULIET. So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, 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 winter's blast,
 For Fortune chaungeth more then fickel fantasie ;
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restles coorse,
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the
 woorse,

And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne :
 So we shall rise to pleasure's 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 condemnd to wander still in thrall,
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
 From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande ;
 Not in man's weede disguyd, or as one scarcely knowne,
 But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.
 Wherefore repressse 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 may'st 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 with 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 Laurence hand,
 The tydinges of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall
 stand.

And all the very 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 breist,
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the best.

Thus these two lovers passe awaye the very 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 ;

Who's

Whose course appoynted is with speedy race to runne,
 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 clofely 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 saw 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 sorowfull 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 sorow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.
 When golden-crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
 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 sore.
 The wery watch discharged did hye 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 olde afflicted syre;
 And straight, in mynde to sojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre.
 And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt,
 And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
 He praëtiseth 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 desyred rest.
 No time findes he of myrth, he syndes no place of joy,
 But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoy.
 For when in toorning skyes 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

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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 restless starres in rolling skies that raunge,
Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of change.
Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titan's restless 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 very 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 company he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone.
For if his feeres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,
That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they their loves en-
joye ?

But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,
He wayleth most his wretchedness that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abroad the prayse of ladies blowne,
Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne
When pleasant songes he heares, while others do rejoyce,
The melody of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.
But if in secret place he walke some where alone,
The place it selte 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 very of the world agayne he calleth night,
The sunne he curseth, and the howrs 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 trewee betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne
she would ;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowe's 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 health afrayde,
Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde :
Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,
I stand in doute that over-soone your sorowes will make short
Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more
Then our owne propre brath and lyfe. Brydel henceforth there
fore

You

Your greefe and payne, yourfelfe on joy your thought to fet,
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalt's 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 God's appoynted will."
 The feely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
 No longer could she hide her harme, but answered thus agayne,
 With heavy broken fighes, with visage pale and ded :
 " Madame, the last of Tybalt's 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 vex her chyld by woordes, her pace she warely hent.
 But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
 Still more and more she saw increast her daughter's 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 meafure is her hart tormented fore.
 And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,
 She thought it good to tell the fyre how ill his childe did fare.
 And when she saw her time, thus to her seere she sayde :
 " Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the
 mayde,

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 chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,
 That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
 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 chaumber 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,
 Unless 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 secret sorowe's roote.

This

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This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose
Out of her coffin Tybalt's death, late slayne of dedly foes.
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
Somme greater thing, not Tybalt's death, this change in her hart
wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe
She shed the last of Tybalt's 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 daughter's payne
Is grudging envie's faynt disease; perhaps she doth disdayne
To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,
Whilst 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 skillese 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 daughter's brest,
So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."
Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,
And to the mother's skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he.
"Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these thinges ere this,
But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
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 treasure 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 choose,
And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.
The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughter's quiet lyse, and to her happy helth:
Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
And rather wish 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 pleasant aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,
And Capilet, the mayden's syre, within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that sought her;
Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,
As also well brought up, and wise; her father's onely heyre.
Among

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 beit,
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his beheft,
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuaide the mayde.
 The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day ;
 Ne did the seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet ; to her she telles, appart,
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rathar
 Betwene the woing Paris and her careful loving father.
 The person of the man, the featers of his face,
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely
 grace,

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With curious woordes she payntes before her daughter's eyes,
 And then with store of vertue's prayse she heaves him to the skyes.
 She vauntes his race, and gystes that Fortune did him geve,
 Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.
 When Juliet conceived her parente's whole entent,
 Whereto both love and reason's right forbod her to assent,
 Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,
 With horses wilde her tender partes asunder should be torne.
 Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she brake ;
 " Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
 Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
 As thus 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 choofe
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loofe,
 Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part :
 Fyrst, 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 becomeme the murdresse 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 defyre to place me so,
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe."

So deepe this aunswere made the forrowes downe to sinke
 In the mother's brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke

Vol. I.

Y

Of

Vol. X. Of these her daughter's words, but all appal'd she standes,
And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and
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And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she sought;
She telles him all; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,
Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no
leyfure;

Ne on her teares 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 feete,
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 sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The syre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not assuage,
With fiery eyes, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage
(Whilst ruthfully stood by the mayden's mother mylde):
Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe;
Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,
'That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord?
How much the Romayne youth of parentes stode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr seede the parentes had by lawe?
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,
(When so they stood in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
The parentes had the power of lyfe and sodayn death.
What if those good men should agayne receive 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 lewdness of thy lyfe,
Thy great unthankfulness 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 woggles 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 father's welth is such,
Such is the nobleness and honor of the race
From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case
The dainty foole and stubborne gytle; for want of skill
Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.

Even

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 fodayn death,
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee
 breath.

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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 unfaulst, my honor so to save,
 Ere thou goe hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy duetie how to
 knowe ;

And what revenge of olde the angry syres did fynde
 Agaynst theyr children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe un-
 kinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away ;
 Ne for his daughter's aunswere would the testy father stay.
 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 syre,
 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 beryme the woful wight forsakes,
 And so saint Frauncis' church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.
 The fryer forth is calde ; she prayes him heare her shrift ;
 Devotion is in so young yeres a rare and pretious gyft.
 When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
 In mynde to powre forth all the greefe that inwardly she feelles,
 With sighes and salted teares her shriving doth beginne,
 For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.

VOL. X. Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes
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But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe
 The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe ;
 Her parentes' promisse 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 careful 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 astone, and gasfully asfrayde
 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 Marie's sake.
 Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,
 Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes' cease.
 Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
 And for thassaults of Fortune's 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 chased straight out of her hart despayre,
 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
 So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
 And he out of the church in haile is to the chaumber gonne ;
 Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse ;
 The old man's 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 cheifest cause that she unknown to father or mother,
 Not five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another,
 An other while an bugy 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 woman's grace he must him selfe commit,
 That yong is, simple and unware, for waighy affayres unfit.

For

For, if the fayle 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 haft retorne where woful Juliet was;
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in trauince, 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 Wenfday 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! saint 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 know 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
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
 For Romeus' frendship 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 nurse thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,
 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 chesely 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 deserte 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.

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But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn ;
Beside the great contentednes my sprete abyde in,
That by the pleafant thought of passed thinges doth grow,
One private frute more have I plucked, 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 banished frendly
rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyfies 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 syne,
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
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 inarvelous as this ;
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greaved 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 assayre doth rest.

Receve

Receve this vyll 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 drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne
 and lym

A pleasant slumber flyde, and quite dispred 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 ;

Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preperde,
 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 fende 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 mayst thou goe with him from hence ; and, healed of thy
 payne,

In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant 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.

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 unapauled hart your happy best 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 greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,
 To come to him on whom my lyfe doth wholly stay,
 That is my onely hart's delight, and so he shall be aye."
 Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on bye
 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."

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A thousand thanks and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her father's house joyfull she doth retire;
And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,
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 wonted chere,
As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,
Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:
" Madame, at sainte Francis' 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' sure, 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.

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
And promise to be ordered by the fryer's prayfed skill.
Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,
The bed and rites 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 best,
And that I will, God lending lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest
To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and before my father's 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 closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,
Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to
weare.

For

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 penfive husband, and to him with pleasant face
 She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer ;
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded
 fryer.

With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,
 And then he sayth : " This is not, wyfe, the fryer's first de-
 fart ;

Oit hath he shewde to us great frendship heretofore,
 By helping us at nedefull times with wisdome's pretious lore.
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
 But is, for fomme 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 sayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greewe.

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abroad,
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode ;
 Whom he desyres to be on Wenfday next his geast,
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feaft.
 But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
 And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.
 For then he knoweth well the charges will be great ;
 The whilst, his hart desyareth still her sight, and not his meate.
 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 wyse she spare
 Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
 But liberally to geve them forth when Paris comes in place :
 Which she as cunningly could fet forth to the shew,
 As cunning craftsmen to the sale do fet theyr wares on rew ;
 That ere the County dyd out of her sight 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 approached heavy plight.
 Agaynst

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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 deereſt 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 breaſt 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 beare her nurce's eye.
In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,
That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been true.
The flatt'ring 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 father's furious rage,
And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond mariage;
And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,
By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſe be-
fore.

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 retourne—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 ſynde her change of game.
Theſe wordes and like the nurce did ſpeake, in hope to pleaſe,
But greatly did theſe wicked wordes the ladie's mynde diſeaſe;
But ay ſhe hid her wrath, and ſeemed well-content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceved her howre aproched nere,
She fought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and temper'd 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 penſive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the ſtayre.
In Juliet's 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 ſeek her lodgeing ſomewhere els;
And, leſt the craſty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telleth.
“ Dere friend, quoth ſhe, you knowe, tomorow is the day
Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpoſe is to pray
Unto

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 tomorew,
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from forow :
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
But see that you tomorew comme before the dawning light,
For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre ;"—
And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her dcfyre.
For the 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 stooode 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 com-
plaine :

“ 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 depeft drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortune's skorne ?
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde ;
Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines
Hath put me to this sodayne plunge, and brought to such distres,
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 woorke at all ?
And then my craft descryde as open as the day,
The people's tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.
And what know I, quoth she, if serpentis 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 men's 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 consumde, and bones that long before

In-

OL. X. Intomb'd were, where I my sleeping place shall have,
 M. AND Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred's common grave?
 LIET. Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
 Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stiffed in the tombe?"

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,
 The force of her ymagining anon did waxe so strong,
 That she surmis'd 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 seere 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 sweat 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 compast 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 encreas'd ay,
 Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,
 Hinder the execution of the purpos'd enterprise,
 As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
 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 Phæbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
 And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,
 The nurse unsaut 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 thinkes to speak 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 thunder's sound,
 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

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 Juliet's 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.
Wherto stay I, alas ! since Juliet is gonne ?
Wherto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone.
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee shall never cease ;
Even as my dayes of lyfe increafe, so shall my plaint increafe :
Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,
That deadly panges, when they assaile, 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 newes 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 father's 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 for'd 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

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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 universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.
For lo, beside her shape and native bewtie's hewe,
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertue's prayces grew,
She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chyld,
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 powder's strength ;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to worrke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall looke ;
Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till sickell Fortune favour him,) disguysde in man's aray.

This letter closde 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 seeldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye should be accompanide with one,
Of his profession straight a house he syndeth out,
In mynde 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 re-
new ;

Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great ther
grew.

The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed 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

The towne of Juliet's byrth was wholly buſied
 About her obſequies, to ſee theyr darling buried.
 Now is the parentes' myrth quite chaunged into mone,
 And now to ſorow is returnde the joy of every one ;
 And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they change,
 And Hymene into a dyrge ; — alas ! it ſeemeth ſtraunge :
 Inſtead of mariage gloves, now funerall 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 filld full of ſorow and annoy.

Now throughout Italy this common uſe they have,
 That all the beſt of every ſtocke are earthed in one grave ;
 For every houſhold, if it be of any fame,
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the houſholde's
 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,
 In woated weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding ſheet.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, our Romeus' man did meeete
 His maſter's wife ; the fight with ſorow 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 tooch his maſter moſt,
 Alas ! too ſoone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in poſt ;
 And in his houſe he found his maſter Romeus,
 Where he, beſprent with many teares, began to ſpeake him thus :
 " Syr, unto you of late is chaunced 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 thoccaſion of your death.
 Know ſyr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,
 I wot not by what ſodain greeſe, hath made exchange of life ;
 And for becauſe on earth ſhe found nought but ureſt,
 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 ſodayæe meſſage' ſounde, ſent forth with ſighes and teares,
 Our Romeus receaved too ſoone with open liſtning 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

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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 bath washt with water cleane,
Left that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be
feene;

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 servan, at the master's heft, 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, alac too soone ! the thing he sought, he founde.
An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed 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 should be bought ;
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To sell that which the citie's 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 poylon sought, and closely he it bounde,
And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde :

“ Fyre 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 half an howre
To kill the strongest man alive ; such is the povson's 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 toombe,
And lightes to shew him Juliet ; and stay, till he shall come,
Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.

Peter,

Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take;
Betimes he comes 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 master's will.
Would God, he had herein broken his master's heft!
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 frier's 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 hart's delight;
Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende;
And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.
The letters clofd and seald, directed to his fyre,
He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre.
When he approached nere, he waresly lighted downe,
And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should come,
With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliet's toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou come not nere while I abyde beneath
Ne seeke thou not to let thy master's enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
Take there a letter, which, as soone as he shall ryse,
Present it in the morning to my loving father's eyes;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grosse head can deeme.
Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrew he himselfe 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 erit was blyst;
He wated 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 divers parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
Out of his curfed box he drew the poyson that he bought;
Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning
hart—

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Z

“ Oh

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“ Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worlde's unworthines thy worthy gost 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 venom's force;
Which little and little gan to overcomme his hart,
And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,
He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalt's 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 restles 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 revenging 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 poyson's 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 father's bosome, and in the virgin's 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 ladie's wayled corps,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,
Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
And so the long imprisond soule hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus' heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy
corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
 Kæw eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken ;
 But wondering that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
 Out of Sainct 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 straunge and sodaine sight ;
 Till Peter, Romeus' man, his coward hart made bolde,
 When of his master's being there the certain newes he tolde :
 " 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 conceve,
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend seerce death
 dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate beweps,
 An howre too late sayre Juliet awaked out of slepe * ;

And

* 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 *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows :

" A questo ultimo pensiero sì gli fu la fortuna favorevole, che la sera del dì seguente, che la donna era stata seppellita, in Verona, senza esser da persona conosciuto, entrò, e aspettava la notte ; e già sentendo ogni parte di silenzio piena, al luogo de' frati Minori, ove l'arca era, si ridusse. Era questa Chiesa nella Citadella, ove questi frati in quel tempo stavono : e avvegnachè dipoi, non sò come, lasciandola, venissero a stare nel borgo di S. Zeno, nel luogo, che ora santo Bernardino si noma, pure fu ella dal proprio santo Francesco già abitata : presso le mura della quale, dal canto di fuori, erano allora luoghi fuori delle chiese veggiamo : uno de' quali antica sepoltura de tutti e Cappelletti era, e nel quale la bella giovane si stava. A questo accostatosi Romeo, (che forse verso le quattro ore esser poteva) e come uomo di gran nerbo, che egli era, per forza il coperchio levatogli, e con certi legni che seco portati aveva, in modo puntellato avendolo, che contra sua voglia chiuder non si poteva, dentro vi entrò, e lo richiuse. Aveva seco il sventurato giovane recato una lume orba, per la sua donna alquanto vedere ; la quale, rinchiuso nell' arca, di subito tirò fuori e aperse. Et ivi la sua bella Giulietta tra ossa e stracci di molti morti, come morta giacere. Ond'è immantinente forte piagnendo, così cominciò : O occhi, che agli occhi miei foste, mentre al cielo piacque, chiare luci ! O bocca, da me mille volte sì dolcemente basciata, e dalla quale così saggie parole si udivano ! O bel, petto che il mio cuore in tanta letizia albergasti ! ove

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And much amafde to fee in tombe fo great a light,
She wift not if ſhe ſaw a dreame, or ſprite that walkd by night.
But cumming to her ſelfe ſhe knew them, and ſaid thus:
“ What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?”
And then the auncient frier, that greatly ſtood in feare
Left if they lingred over long they ſhould be taken there,

In

io ora ciechi, muti, e freddi vi retrovo? Come ſenza voi veggo, parlo, o vivo? O miſera mia donna, ove ſei d' Amore condotta? il quale vuole che poco ſpazio due trifti amanti e ſpenga e alberghi? Oimè! queſto non mi promiſe la ſperanza, e quel deſio, che del tuo amore primieramente mi acceſero. O ſventurata mia vita, a che ti reggi? E così dicendo, gli occhi, la bocca, e' il petto le baſciava, ogni ora in maggior pianto abbondando; nel qual diceva: O mura, che ſopra mi ſtate, perchè, addoſſo cadendomi, non fate ancor più breve la mia vita? Ma perciocche la morte in libertà di ogn' uno eſſer ſi vede, viliffima coſa per certo è deſiderarla e non prenderla. E così l'ampolla, che con l'acqua velenoſiſſima nella manica aveva, tirata fuori, parlando ſegui: Io non ſò qual deſtino ſopra miei nimici e da me morti, nel lor ſepolchro a morire mi conduca; ma poſciachè, o anima mia, preſſo alla donna noſtra così giova il morire, ora moriamo: e poſtaſi a bocca la cruda acqua nel ſuo petto tutta la ricevette. Dapoi preſa l'amata giovane, nelle braccia forte ſtringendola, diceva: O h'el corpo ultimo termine di ogni mio deſio, ſe alcun ſentimento dopo il partir dell' anima ti è reſtato, o ſe ella il mio crudo morir vede, priego che non le diſpiaccia, che non avendo io teco potuto lieto e paleſe vivere, almen ſecreto e meſto teco mi muoja: e molto ſtretto tenendola, la morte aſpettava.

Già era giunta l'ora, che il calor della giovane la fredda e potente virtù della polvere doveſſe avere eſtinta, e ella ſvegliarſi; perche ſtretta e dimenata da Romeo, nelle ſue braccia ſi deſtò, e riſentitaſi, dopo un gran ſoſpiro, diſſe: Oimè, ove ſono? chi mi ſtringe? miſera me! chi mi baſcia? e credendo che queſti frate Lorenzo fuſſe, gridò: A queſto modo, frate, ſerbate la fede a Romeo? a queſto modo a lui mi condurrete ſicura?—Romeo la donna viva ſentendo, forte ſi maravigliò, e forſe di Pigmatione ricordandoſi, diſſe: Non mi conoſcete, o dolce donna mia? Non vedete che io il triſto voſtro ſpoſo ſono, per morir appo voi, da Mantova qui ſolo e ſecreto venuto? La Giulietta nel monumento vedendoſi; e in braccio ad uno che diceva eſſere Romeo ſentendoſi, quaſi fuori di ſè ſteſſa era, et da ſè alquanto ſoſpintolo, e nel viſo guatato, e ſubito riconoſciutolo, abbracciandolo, mille baſci gli donò, e diſſe: Qual ſchiochezza vi fece quà entro, e con tanto pericolo, entrare? Non vi baſtava per le mie lettere avere inteſo, come io mi dovea, con lo aiuto di frate Lorenzo, ſinger morta, e che di breve farei ſtata con voi? Allora il triſto giovane, accorto del ſuo gran fallo, incomenciò: Oh miſera la mia ſorte, oh ſfortunato Romeo, oh vieppiù di tutti gli altri amanti doloroſiſſimo! io di ciò voſtre lettere non ebbi: e quivi le raccontò, come Pietro la ſua non vera morte per vera gli diſſe; ond' credendola morta, aveva, per farle morendo compagna,

ivi

In few plaine wordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his finger shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and
colde ;

And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde
This fodain 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

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ivi presso lei tolto il veleno : il quale, come acutissimo, sentiva che
per tutte le membra la morte gli cominciava mandare.

La sventurata fanciulla questo udendo, si dal dolore vinta restò,
che altro che le belle sue chiome, e l'innocente petto batterfi e
stracciarfi fare non sapeva : e a Romeo, che già resupino giacea, bas-
ciandolo spesso, un mare delle sue lagrime gli spargea sopra ; e ef-
fendo più pallida che la cenere divenuta, tutta tremante, disse—
Dunque nella mia presenza e per mia cagione dovete, signor
mio, morire ? E il Cielo concederà, che dopo voi (benchè poco)
io viva ? Misera me ! almeno a voi la mia vita potessi io donare, e
sola morire.

Al la quale il giovine con voce languida rispose—Se la mia fede
e' il mio amore mai caro vi fu, viva speme mia, per quello vi priego,
che dopo me non vi spiaccia la vita, se non per altra cagione, almen
per poter pensare di colui, che del vostro amore preso, per voi, di-
nanzi a' bei vostri occhi, si muore. A questo rispose la donna—Se
voi per la mia finta morte morite, che debbo io per le vostra non
finta fare ? Dogliomi solo, che io qui ora dinanzi a voi non abbia il
modo di morire, e a me stessa, perciocchè tanto vivo, odio porto ;
ma io spero bene che non passerà molto, sì come stata sono cagione,
così farò della vostra morte compagna :—e con fatica, queste pa-
role finite, tramortita si cadde : e risentitasi, andava miseramente
con la bella bocca gli estremi spirti del suo caro amante raccogli-
endo ; il qual verso il suo fine a gran passo caminava.

In questo tempo avea frate Lorenzo inteso, come e quando la
giovane la polvere bevuta avesse, et che per morta era stata seppel-
lita : e sapendo il termine esser giunto, nel quale le detta polvere
la sua virtù finiva, preso un suo fidato compagno, forse un' ora in-
nanti al giorno all' arca venne. Alla qual giungendo e ella piagnere
e dolersi udendo, per la fessura del coperchio mirando, e un lume
dentro vedendovi, maravigliatosi forte, pensò che la giovane, a
qualche guisa, la lucerna con essa lei ivi entro portata avesse, e che
scapigliata, per tema di alcun morto, o forse di non star sempre in
quel luogo rinchiusa, si rammaricasse, e piagnesse in tal modo. E
con l'aiuta del compagno prestamente aperta la sepoltura, vide Giu-
lietta, la quale, tutta scapigliata e dolente, s'era in sedere levata, et il
quasi morto amante nel suo grembo recato s'avea ; alla quale egli
disse : Dunque temevi, figliuola mia, che io qui dentro ti lasciassi
morire ? E ella il frate vedendo, e il pianto raddoppiando, rispose—
Anzi temo io, che voi con la vita me ne traggiate. Deh, per la pi-
età di Dio, referrate il sepolchro, e andatevene, in guisa che io qui
mi muoja : ovvero porgetemi un coltello, che io nel mio petto ferendo,
di doglia mi tragga. Oh padre mio, oh padre mio, ben mandate la
lettera !

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She may with wisdom's meane measure her mourning bress,
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,
Straight 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 forow swage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickenes' 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 embrace,

lettera! Ben farò io maritata! Ben me guidarete a Romeo. Vedetelo qui nel mio grembo già morto. E raccontandogli tutto il fatto, glielo mostrò. Frate Lorenzo queste cose udendo, come infensato si stava; e mirando il giovine, il qual per passare di questa all' altra vita era, forte piagnendo, lo chiamò, dicendo: O Romeo, qual sciagura mi t'ha tolto? parlami alquanto: drizza a me un poco gli occhi tuoi? O Romeo, vedi la tua carissima Giuilietta, che ti prega che la miri; perchè non respondi almeno a lei, nel cui bel grembo ti giaci? Romeo al caro nome della sua donna, alzò alquanto gli languidi occhi dalla vicina morte gravati, e vedutala, gli richiuse; e poco dipoi per le sue membra la morte discorrendo, tutto torcendosi, fatto un brieve sospiro, si morì."

Morto nella guisa che divisato vi ho il misero amante, dopo molto pianto, già vicinandosi il giorno, disse il frate alla giovane—E tu Giuilietta, che farai? la qual tostamente rispose—morròmmi qui entro. Come, figliuola, disse egli, non dire questo; esci fuori, che quantunque non sappia che di te farmi, pur non ti mancherà il rinchiuderti in qualche santo monistero, et ivi pregar sempre Dio per te e per lo morto tuo sposo, se bisogno ne ha. Al qual disse la donna: "Padre, altro non vi domando io che questa grazia, la quale per lo amor che voi alla felice memoria de coitui portaste, (e mostrògli Romeo) mi farete volentieri, e questo fie, di non far mai palese la nostra morte: acciocchè gli nostri corpi possano insieme sempre in questo sepolchro stare; et se per caso il morir nostro si risapesse, per lo già detto amore, vi priego che i nostri miseri padri, in nome di ambo noi, vogliate pregare, che quelli, i quali Amore in uno stesso fuoco arse, e ad una istessa morte condusse, non sia loro grave in uno istesso sepolchro lasciare. E voltatasi al giacente corpo di Romeo, il cui capo sopra uno origliere, che con lei nell' arca era stato lasciata, posto aveva, gli occhi meglio rinchiusi avendogli, e di lagrime il freddo volto bagnandogli, disse—Che debbo io senza te in vita più fare, Signor mio? E che altro mi resta verso te, se non con la mia morte seguirti? niente altro certo: acciocchè da te, dal quale la morte solo mi poteva separare, la istessa morte separare non mi possa. E detto questo, la sua gran sciagura nell' animo recatafi, e la perdita del caro amante ricordandosi, deliberando di più non vivere, raccolto a sè il fiato, e per bono spazio tenutolo, e poscia con un gran grido fuori mandando, sopra il morto corpo morta ricadde."

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 delights 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 pleasant ought to bee;
 How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight
 Of furious death; that wents 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 forowes, 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 passion's salve, I myst the thing I sought;
 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, witnes in time to comme
 Of the most perfect leage 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 lest they might be taken there, greatly they stooode in feare.
 When Juliet saw her selfe 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,

VOL. X. Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
ROM. AND Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye ;
JULIET. 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 heere,
 Receive thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
 That cauld 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
 boote

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-fered."

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart :
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladie's 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 grates the candle light within the tombe they
 spye ;

Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,
 That with prepared instruments had open wide the tombe,
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,
 Which, by theyr science' ayde abuse, do stand them oft in fled.
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know ;
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd be-
 low,

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 deatthes assuredly they knew :
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,
 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 mischiefe 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 scene whole housholds 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

And that the murderers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murder's brute abroad through all the towne was
blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corfes that wer founde
Should be fet forth upon a stage hye rayfed from the grounde,
Right in the selfe fame 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 faynd there were some waighty cause
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche fet to the shew upon the open stage,
(A thing that ill beseemde 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 murder hath been donne, and who the murderers
are ;

For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with him those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,
The judge's words 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 emong you, set togyther,
So that, affection set aside, by wisdome he consider
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy fight, the wreke of frantike Fortune's rage,
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this change,
So great, so sodainly besalne, 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 worlde's vaine thinges my selfe 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
My selfe 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 grave's 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 renowne.

The

VOL. X. The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,
 ROM. AND (And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong surmise)
 JULIET. 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 himselve for ruth and pitie wept:
 And more, who so will reade, y-written shall he fynde,
 That teares are as true messengers of man's unglytly mynde:
 Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,
 You say these present yrons are, and tht suspected time:
 As though all howres alike had not been made above!
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelue? wherby 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 vertue's 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 hurtech 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 sure 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 thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devise.
 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

O B S E R V A T I O N S.

Whose mighty hand 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 fource
 Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchance no lesse
 Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in distresse,
 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 their promyst frendshippe's fayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,
 Even from the first, of Romeus' and Juliet's amours;
 How first by sodayn 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 confession's 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 forst by earnest love iu 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 God's 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 nurse of Juliet.
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalt's 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 feet aground,
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound
 Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde
 To dysappoynt the earles attempt; and spotles save her mynde.
 Wherefore, he doth conclude, 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

OL. X. Then that the lady should, wery of livyng breath,
 Murthrer her selfe, and daunger much her feely soule by death ;
 M. AND Wherefore his aunccient artes agayne he puts in ure ;
 LIET. A certaine powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,
 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 kindred's tombe.
 He thinks with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterved,
 Supposing Juliet dead ; and how that Juliet hath carved
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
 Defyrous 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 judge 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 judge 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 father's hand.
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
 That erst the skilfull fryer said ; and eke the wretche's name
 That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,
 The price of it, and why he bought his letters playne have tolde.
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
 That they could with no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr
 eyes :

So orderly all things were tolde, and tryed out,
 That in the prease there was not one that stooode at all in doute.

The wyser fort, to counsell called by Escalus,
 Have geven 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 master's hest,
 In woonted freedome had good leave to leade 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

But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded fyre,
 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
 Because that many times he woorthily did serue
 The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerue,
 He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame
 Did seeme to blot or touch at all the honor of his name.
 But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,
 Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his
 age;
 Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
 Fyve yeres he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
 The straungenes 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 empied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could as-
 swage,
 Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
 At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne,
 And lest 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 hyc.
 On every syde 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 monumentes that in Verona been,
 There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
 Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temple
 barre, at the signe of the hand and starre, by
 Richard Tortill the xix day of November. An.
 do, 1562.

H A M-

H A M L E T.

VOL. X. 178. *Disasters veil'd the sun*—] Shakspeare, I believe,
 HAMLET. wrote :

Disasters dimm'd the sun—

So, in *The Tempest* :

“ ———I have be-*dimm'd*

“ The noon-tide *sun*—”

Again, in *K. Richard II.* :

“ As doth the blushing discontented *sun*—

“ When he perceives the envious clouds are bent,

“ To *dim* his glory.”

Again, in our author's 18th *Sonnet* :

“ Sometime too hot *the eye of heaven* shines,

“ And often is his gold complexion *dimm'd*—.”

The old copy has——*in the sun*. I believe, the transcriber's ear deceived him in this instance, as in many others.

MALONE.

186. *A little more than kin and less than kind.*] After Steevens's note.—Hamlet does not, I think, mean to say, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin &c. The king had called the prince—“ My cousin Hamlet, and my son.”—His reply, therefore, is—“ I am a little more than thy kinsman, [for I am thy step-son ;] and somewhat less than kind to thee, [for I hate thee, as being the person who has entered into an incestuous marriage with my mother.] Or, if we understand *kind* in its ancient sense, then the meaning will be—*I am more than thy kinsman, for I am thy step-son* ; being such, *I am less near to thee than thy natural offspring*, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *son*, which you have now given me. MALONE.

189. After note ².] I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary ; though it might be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as an *usurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right by heirship* to his father's crown ? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain ; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices ; had

“ Popt

had “ Popt in between the election and my hopes——”

“ From a shelf the precious diadem stole,

“ And put it in his pocket :”

but never hints at his being an *usurper*. His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had “ the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark ;” and he at his own death prophesies that “ the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice,” conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understand that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood. ———E.

200. To follow Steevens's note.] So, Sternhold, Psalm i.

“ ——that hath not lent

“ To wicked *rede* his ear.” ———E.

209. *Doth all the noble substance of worth out*

To his own scandal——] If with Mr. Steevens we understand the words *doth out* to mean *effaceth*, the following lines in *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* may perhaps prove the best comment on this passage :

“ ——Oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

“ Defect of manners, want of government,

“ Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain ;

“ The least of which, haunting a nobleman,

“ Loseth mens' hearts, and leaves behind a *stain*

“ *Upon the beauty of all parts besides,*

“ *Beguiling them of commendation.*”

There is no necessity for supposing an error in the copies. *His* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries for *its*. So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon* :

“ Contented life, that gives the heart *his* ease——”

I would, however, wish to read :

By his own scandal. MALONE.

214. To follow Steevens's note.] So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy by Middleton, 1657 :

“ That *lets* her not be your daughter now.”

Ibid. After note 9.] Marcellus answers Horatio's question,
“ To

VOL. X. "To what issue will this come?" and Horatio also answers it himself, with a pious resignation, "Heaven will direct it."

HAMLET.

E.

215. *And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away.]* To follow Farmer's note². p. 216.—Shakspeare might have found this expression in the *Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. F 2. edit. 1608: "He fet fire in the foure corners of the hal, in ſuch ſort, that of all that were as then therein not one eſcaped away, but were forced to *purge their finnes by fire.*" MALONE.

223. *Yea from the table of my memory—]* This expreſſion is uſed by Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poefie*. MALONE.

Ibid. After Farmer's note, add] No ridicule on the practice of the time could with propriety be introduced on this occaſion. Hamlet avails himſelf of the ſame caution obſerved by the doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*: "I will fet down what comes from her, to ſatiſfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly. STEVENS.

See alſo *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.*:

"And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,

"And keep no tell-tale to his memory."

York is here ſpeaking of the king. *Table-books* in the time of our author appear to have been uſed by all ranks of people.

MALONE.

236. To follow Warburton's note⁴.] *The full bent is the utmoſt extremity of exertion.* The alluſion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. So afterwards in this play:

"They fool me to the top of my bent." MALONE.

245. To follow Tyrwhitt's note.] I ſhould not hesitate to admit Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture into the text. The ſame miſtake has, I think, happened in Webſter's *Duſtbeſs of Malſy*, 1623:

"She will muſe four hours together; and her ſilence
"Methinks expreſſeth more than if ſhe ſpeak."

MALONE.

Ibid. Pol. *At ſuch a time I'll loſe my daughter to him:*

Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter: if he love her not,

And be not from his reaſon fallen ſoberon,

Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,

But keep a farm and carters.] The ſcheme of throwing

ing Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his fancy, ^{as} well

well as the address of the king in a former scene to Rosen- VOL. X.
crantz and Guildenstern, HAMLET.

“ I entreat you both——

“ That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

“ Some little time ; so by your companies

“ *To draw him on to pleasures,* and to gather

“ So much as from occasion you may glean,

“ Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,

“ That open'd lies within our remedy——”

seem to have been formed on the following slight hints in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. sig. C 3. : “ They counselled to try and know if possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of the young prince ; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, then to set some faire and beautiful woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meanes she could, should purposely seek to allure his mind to have his pleasure of her.— To this end certain courtiers were appointed to lead Hamlet into a solitary place, within the woods, where they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleasures together. And surely the poore prince at this assault had beene in great danger, if a gentleman that in Horvendille's time had beene nourished with him, had not showne himselfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamlet, than desirous to please the tyrant. — This gentleman bare the courtiers company, making full account that the least shewe of perfect sence and wisdome that Hamlet should make, would be sufficient to cause him to loose his life ; and therefore by certaine signes he gave Hamlet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any meanes he seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent thither by his uncle : which much abashed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady. But by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as one that from her infancy loved and favoured him.— The prince in this sort having deceived the courtiers and the lady's expectation, that affirmed and swore hee never once offered to have his pleasure of the woman, although in subtilty he affirmed the contrary, every man thereupon assured themselves that without doubt he was distraught of his senses ; ——so that as then Fensong's practise took no effect.”

Here we find the rude outlines of the characters of Ophelia and Horatio—the gentleman that in the time of Horvendille (the father of Hamlet) had been nourished with him. But in

VOL. I.

A a

this

VOL. X. HAMLET. this piece there are no traits of the character of *Polonius*. There is indeed a counsellor, and he places himself in the queen's chamber behind the arras;—but this is the whole. The ghost of the old *Hamlet* is likewise the offspring of our author's creative imagination. MALONE.

254. *I think their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.*] To follow Steevens's note — There will still, however, remain some difficulty. The statute 39 Eliz. ch. 4. which seems to be alluded to by the words — *their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *established theatre*, but to prohibit them from *strolling*. “All fencers, (says the act) bearwards, *common players of enterludes* and minstrels, *wandering abroad*, (other than players of enterludes, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage) shall be taken, adjudged and deemed, rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such pain and punishments as by this act is in that behalf appointed.”

This circumstance is equally repugnant to Dr. Johnson's transposition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now stands. MALONE.

256. To follow note 5.] So, in the players' *Dedication*, prefixed to the first edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: “—directed by the example of some who once steered in our *quality*, and so fortunately aspired to chuse your honour joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon, Shakspeare.” Again, in *Westward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: “O, ay, 'tis the curse laid upon our *quality*; what we glean from others we lavish upon some toothless well-faced younger brother, that loves us only for maintenance.” Again, in Goffin's *School of Abuse*, 1579: “I speak not of this as though every one [of the players] that professeth the *qualitie*, so abused himself—” MALONE.

258. To follow Steevens's second note.] *Buz* used to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a story that was generally known before. —E.

Buzzer, in a subsequent scene in this play, is used for a *busy talker* :

“ —And wants not *buzzers* to infect his ear

“ With pestilent speeches.”

It is, therefore, probable from the answer of *Polonius*, that
he

Buz was used, as Dr. Johnson supposes, for an idle rumour without any foundation.

In B. Jonson's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile intelligence is called *Emiffary Buz*. MALONE.

259. *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] I believe the frequency of plays performed at publick schools, suggested to Shakspeare the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramattick authors. T. WARTON.

Ibid. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only ones.] The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is used for writing by authors contemporary with Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Penniless*, by Thomas Nash, 1593: "For the lowlie circumstance of his poverty before his death, and sending that miserable writte to his wife, it cannot be but thou liest, learned Gabriel." Again, in bishop Earle's *Character of a meere dull Physician*, 1638: "Then follows a writ to his druggger, in a strange tongue, which he understands, though he cannot conster." MALONE.

265. *But who, a woe, had seen &c.*] The folio reads, I believe, rightly,

But who, *O who*, had seen &c. MALONE.

276. *For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,*] The word *whips* is used by Marston in his *Satires*, 1599, in the sense required here:

"Ingenuous melancholy——

"Inthron thee in my blood; let me entreat,

"Stay his quick jocund skips and force him run

"A sad-pac'd course, untill my whips be done."

MALONE.

277. ——*the proud man's contumely,*] The folio reads:

——*the poor man's contumely,*

which may be right;—*the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure:*

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

"Quam quod ridiculos homines facit." MALONE.

287. *The censure of which one must in your allowance overweigh a whole theatre of others.*] Ben Jonson seems to have imitated this passage in his *Poetaster*, 1601:

"——I will try

"If tragedy have a more kind aspect;

"Her favours in my next I will pursue;

"Where if I prove the pleasure but of one,

"If he judicious be, he shall be alone

"A theatre unto me." MALONE.

A a 2

292. —your

VOL. X. 292. ————your only jig-maker.] To follow Steevens's
 HAMLET. note ¹.—The following lines in the prologue to Fletcher's
 ———— *Love's Pilgrimage* confirm Mr. Steevens's remark:

“ ————for approbation,

“ A jig shall be clap'd at, and ev'ry rhyme

“ Prais'd and applauded by a clamourous chime.”

A jig was not always in the form of a dialogue. Many historical ballads were formerly called *jigs*. MALONE.

302. *Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers &c.*] It appears from Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, that feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

303. At the end of note ¹.] There is surely *here* no allusion to hounds (as Dr. Warburton supposes), whatever the origin of the term might have been. *Cry* means a troop or company in general, and is so used in *Coriolanus* :

“ ————You have made good work,

“ You and your cry.”

Again, in *A Strange Horse-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613: “The last race they ran (for you must know they had many) was from a *cry* of serjeants.” MALONE.

304. Hor. *Half a share.*

Hamlet. *A whole one, I.*] It should be, I think,

A whole one ; — *ay* —

For &c.

The actors in our author's time had not annual salaries as at present. The whole receipts of the theatres were divided into shares, and each actor had one or more shares, or part of a share, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres*, ante, p. 47. MALONE.

311. SCENE III. *Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstjerne.*

King. *I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you ;
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,*

And he to England shall along with you.] In *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. the king does not adopt this scheme of sending Hamlet to England till after the death of Polonius; and though he is described as doubtful whether Polonius was slain by Hamlet, his apprehension lest he might himself meet the same fate as the old courtier, is assigned as the motive for his wishing the prince out of the kingdom. This at first inclined me to think that this short scene, either from the negligence of the copyist or the printer, might have been misplaced ; but it is certainly printed as the author

hor intended, for in the next scene Hamlet says to his mother, "I must to England; you know that?—" before the king could have heard of the death of Polonius.

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MALONE.

Ibid. *The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow*

Out of his lunes.] The present reading is fully established by a passage in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. which the author had, probably, here in his thoughts: "*Fengon could not content himselfe, but still his mind gave him that the foole [Hamlet] would play him some tricke of legerdemaine. And in that conceit seeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it, by the aid of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacrous resolution, to whom he purposed to send him.*" MALONE.

313. *Though inclination be as sharp as will;*] *To will* is used by Marlowe in the sense of *to command*, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, 1594:

"And will my guards with Mauritanian darts

"To waite upon him as their sovereign lord."

MALONE.

317. Pol. *He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.*] The

concealment of Polonius in the queen's chamber, during the conversation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were suggested by the following passage in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. fig. D.: "The counsellor entered secretly into the queene's chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the arras, and long before the queene and Hamlet came thither; who being craftie and pollitique, as soone as hee was within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother, touching his secret practises, hee should be understood, and by that meanes intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come [r. crow] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in such manner as cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby feeling something stirring under them, he cried *a rat, a rat*, and presently drawing his worde, thrust it into the hangings; which done, pulled the counsellour (half-deade) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him, and being slaine, cut his body in pieces,

A 2 3

which

VOL. X. which he caused to be boyled, and then cast it into an open vault or privie." MALONE.

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318. Queen. *As kill a king!*] It has been doubted whether Shakspeare intended to represent the queen as accessory to the murder of her husband. The surprize she here expresses at the charge seems to tend to her exculpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked out, we may presume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his story as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The History of Hamblet*, bl. let. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the present play] boldened and encouraged by such impunitie, durst venture to couple himself in marriage with her, whom he used as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incestuous adulterie, and paracide murther.—This adulterer and infamous murtherer slandered his dead brother, that he would have slaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had slaine him.—The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes in the North, imbased herselfe in such vile sort as to falsifie her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marrie him that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful husband; which made diverse men think that she had beene the causer of the murther, thereby to live in her adulterie without controle." *Hyst. of Hamb.* sig. C. 1. 2.

In the conference however with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to this fact:

"I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyal spouse; but when thou shalt consider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will; as also the power he made ready if I should have refused to like him; thou wouldst rather excuse, than accuse mee of lasciviousness or inconstancy, much less offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother *Geruth* once consented to the death and murther of her husband: swearing unto thee by the majestie of the gods, that if it had layne to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the losse of my blood,

blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved the life of my lord and husband." Ibid. fig. D 4.

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It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspeare wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct. MALONE.

323. Add to note ⁴.] Again, in *Two lamentable Tragedies in One, the One a murder of Master Beech &c.* 1601:

"Pick out mens' eyes, and tell them that's the sport

"Of hood-man blind." STEEVENS.

329. ——— *bloat* king.] This again hints at his intemperance. He had drank himself into a dropfy. ——— E.

331. *I must to England;*] Shakspeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildensterne were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince since that time. Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the king, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprize, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This last, however, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman.

MALONE.

339. *By letters conjuring to that effect.*] Note ⁷.—The reading of the folio is supported by the following passage in *The History of Hamlet*, bl. let. "——making the king of England minister of his massacring resolution; to whom he purposed to send him [Hamlet], and by letters *desire* him to put him to death." So also, by a subsequent line:

"Ham. Wilt thou know

"The effect of what I wrote?

"Hor. Ay, good my lord.

"Ham. An earnest *conjurati*on from the king &c."

The circumstances mentioned as inducing the king to send the prince to England, rather than elsewhere, are likewise found in *The History of Hamlet*. MALONE.

344. To follow Johnson's note.] I think the two first lines of Horatio's speech belong to him, the rest to the queen.

————— E.

347. After Steevens's note ².] In the scene between the bastard Faulconbridge and the friars and nunne in the first part of *The troublesome Raigne of King John*, (edit. 1779, p. 256 &c.) the nunne swears *by Gis*, and the friars pray to

A 2 4

Saint

VOL. X. *Saint Withold* (another obsolete saint mentioned in *K. Lear*, Act III. Vol. IX. p. 470.) and adjure him by *Saint Charity* to hear them. ———E.

350. *The ocean over-peering of his list,*] *List*, in this place, only signifies *boundary*, i. e. the shore. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

“ ——— For therein should we read
 “ The very bottom and the soul of hope,
 “ The very *list*, the very utmost bound
 “ Of all our fortunes.”

The *selvage* of cloth was in both places, I believe, in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

356. Add to my note ³.] Again, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phoenix*, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ There's *rosmarie*, the Arabians justifie
 “ (Physitions of exceeding perfect skill)
 “ It comforteth the braine and *memorie* &c.”

STEEVENS.

369. *If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,*] For *stuck* read *tuck*, a common name for a rapier. ———E.

370. *That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,*] *Liberal* is *free-spoken*; *licentious* in their language. So, in *Othello*: “Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?”

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

“ ——— Next that, the same
 “ Of your neglect, and *liberal*-talking tongue,
 “ Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong.”

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

“ ——— I never practis'd
 “ Upon man's wife, nor would the *libels* read
 “ Of *liberal* wits.” MALONE.

Ibid. *The woman will be out.*] i. e. tears will flow. So, in another of our author's plays:

“ And all *the woman* came into my eyes.” MALONE.

372. To follow note ¹.] If Shakspeare meant to allude to the case of Dame Hales, (which indeed seems not improbable,) he must have heard of that case in conversation; for it was determined before he was born, and Plowden's Commentaries, in which it is reported, were not translated into English till a few years ago. Our author's study was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports. MALONE.

380. ——— *that young Hamlet was born.*] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick

Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young* man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first. —E.

386. Queen. *This is mere madness &c.*] This speech in the first and second folio is given to the king. MALONE.

387. SCENE II. *Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. *So much for this Sir; now you shall see the other;— You do remember all the circumstance?*

Hor. *Remember it, my lord!*

Ham, Sir, *in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep;—methought I lay*

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. &c.] *The Hystorie of Hamlet*, bl. let. furnished our author with the scheme of sending the prince to England, and with most of the circumstances described in this scene:

[After the death of Polonius] “Fengon [the king in the present play] could not content himselfe, but still his mind gave him that the foole [Hamlet] would play him some trick of legerdemaine. And in that conceit, seeking to bee rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it by the aid of a stranger, making the king of England minister of his massacrous resolution; to whom he purposed to send him, and by letters desire him to put him to death.

“Now, to beare him company, were assigned two of Fengon’s faithful ministers, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlet’s death, in such sort as he had advertised the king of England. But the subtil Danish prince (being at sea), whilst his companions slept, having read the letters, and knowing his uncle’s great treason, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the slaughter, rased out the letters that concerned his death, and instead thereof graved others, with commision to the king of England to hang his two companions; and not content to turn the death they had devised against him, upon their own neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamlet in marriage.” *Hyst. of Hamb.* sig. G 2.

From this narrative it appears that the faithful ministers of Fengon were not unacquainted with the import of the letters they bore. Shakspeare, who has followed the story pretty closely, probably meant to describe their representatives, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as equally guilty; as confederating

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federating with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life. So that his procuring their execution, though certainly not absolutely necessary to his own safety, does not appear to have been a wanton and unprovoked cruelty, as Mr. Steevens has supposed in his very ingenious observations on the general character and conduct of the prince throughout this piece. See Vol. X. p. 412.

In the conclusion of his drama the poet has entirely deviated from the fabulous history, which in other places he has frequently followed.

After Hamlet's arrival in England (for no sea-fight is mentioned), "the king (says *The History of Hamlet*) admiring the young prince—gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfeit letters by him devised; and the next day caused the two servants of Fensong to be executed, to satisfy as he thought the king's desire." *Hyst. of Hamb. Ibid.*

Hamlet, however, returned to Denmark, without marrying the king of England's daughter, who, it should seem, had only been betrothed to him. When he arrived in his native country, he made the courtiers drunk, and having burnt them to death, by setting fire to the banqueting-room wherein they sat, he went into Fensong's chamber, and killed him, "giving him (says the relater) such a violent blow upon the chine of the necke, that he cut his head clean from the shoulders." *Ibid. fig. F 3.*

He is afterwards said to have been crowned king of Denmark.

I shall only add that this tremendous stroke might have been alledged by the advocates for Dr. Warburton's alteration of *nave* into *nape*, in a contested passage in the first act of *Macbeth*, if the original reading had not been established beyond a doubt by Mr. Steevens, in his supplemental note to Vol. X. late edition. MALONE.

389. *There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*

Rough-hew them how we will.] Dr. Farmer informs me, that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them; "—he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*." Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wooll pinn'd up with *skewers*. STEEVENS.

391. To

391. To follow Steevens's first note.] Most of the great men of Shakspeare's times, whose autographs have been preserved, wrote very bad hands; their secretaries very neat ones. — E. VOL. HAML

392. *And many such like as's of great charge,*] To follow Steevens's note *. — Dr. Johnson's idea is supported by two other passages of Shakspeare, from which it appears that *asses* were usually employed in the carriage of gold, a *charge* of no small weight:

“ We shall but bear them as the *ass* bears gold,
“ To groan and sweat under the business.”

Julius Cæsar.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — Like an *ass* whose back with ingots bows,
“ Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
“ Till death unloads thee.”

In further support of his observation, it should be remembered, that the letter *s* in the particle *as* is in the midland counties usually pronounced hard, as in the pronoun *us*.

The first and second folio have:

“ And many such like *assis* of great charge.”

MALONE.

398. Add to my note.] *Passes* are, I think, here used for *bouts*. So Hamlet afterwards:

“ I'll play this *bout* first.” MALONE.

407. After note ⁵, add] To swallow a *pearl* in a draught seems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the second part of *If you know not Me you know No Body*, 1606, Sir Thomas Gresham says:

“ Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.
“ Instead of sugar, Gresham *drinks this pearle*
“ Unto his queen and mistress.” STEEVENS.

410. — *as this fell serjeant, death,*

Is strik'd in his arrest —] So, in our author's 74th

Sonnet:

“ — when that fell *arrest*
“ *Without all bail*, shall carry me away —” MALONE.

414. *Of deaths put on* —] i. e. instigated, produced. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

“ — as *putter on*
“ Of these exactions.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ The powers above
“ *Put on* their instruments.” MALONE.

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427. *Of capp'd to him;—*] To follow note 4.—*Off-capp'd* is, I believe, the true reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes.”

MALONE.

431. *Wherein the toged consuls—*] To follow Warburton's note.—Rather, *the rulers of the state* or civil governours.

The word is used by Marlowe, in the same sense, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1591:

“ Both we will raigne as *consuls* of the earth.”

MALONE.

439. *That from the sense of all civility—*] That is, in *opposition to*, or *departing from* the sense of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ But this is *from* my commission—”

Again, in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, by Middleton, 1661:

“ But this is *from* my business.” MALONE.

442. To follow Follet's note.] The chief justice has no double voice. If the court is equally divided, nothing is done. —E.

446. After Steevens's note 1.] Cassio's seeming ignorance of Othello's courtship or marriage might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's secret, till it became publicly known. —E.

451. —*where they aim reports,*] To follow Steevens's note.—I see no reason for departing from the reading of the old copy—*where the aim reports.*

Reports is, I apprehend, a verb.—*In these cases where conjecture or suspicion* tells the tale.

Aim is again used in this sense, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ What you would work me to, I have some *aim.*”

MALONE.

453. —*wish him, post, post-haste*: dispatch.] I would point thus:

—*wish him, post, post-haste* dispatch.

Tell him that we wish him to make all possible haste.

Post-haste is before in this play used adjectively:

“ And he requires your haste, *post-haste* appearance.”

MALONE.

455. *The*

455. *The very head and front of my offending*] A similar expression is found in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591: VOL. X. OTHELL

"The man that in the *forhead* of his fortunes

"Beares figures of renowne and myracle." MALONE.

Ibid. —with the set phrase of *peace*;] After Johnson's note.—To the set phrase of *peace*, no reasonable objection can be made; yet *soft*, which is found in the folio, was, I believe, the author's correction. He uses it for *still* and *calm*, as opposed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—Say to them,

"Thou art their *soldier*, and being bred in *broils*,

"Hast not the *soft* way, which thou dost confesse

"Were fit for thee to use."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—'Tis a worthy deed

"And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

"To *soft* and gentle speech." MALONE.

464. *That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear.*] To follow Steevens's note⁹. p. 465.—*Pierced*, I believe, only means, as Sir Joshua Reynolds supposes, *penetrated*, *thoroughly affected*. The heart being enclosed by the body, the former could not, in a literal sense, be touched but by *piercing* through the latter. Hence our author's figurative use of the word in this place.

The reading of the old copy may derive some support from Shakspeare's 46th *Sonnet*, where the contested word again occurs:

"My *heart* doth plead that thou in him doth lie,

"(A closet never *pierc'd* by chrystal eyes)."

The *wounded heart* being reached by counsel, and so healed, through the medium of the *ear*, is just the same kind of conceit, as the *sound heart's* being transfixed by the shaft of love through the medium of the *eye*;—a conceit which is found in *The Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 (a poem that Shakspeare had certainly read):

"His whetted arrow loosde, so touch'd her to the quicke,

"That through the *eye* it strake the *hart*, and there the hedde did sticke."

In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591, *pierced* is used nearly in the same figurative sense:

"Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,

"Shall want my heart to be with gladness *pierced*."

MALONE.

467. *My*

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Even to the very quality of my lord:] The meaning, which is somewhat obscured by the expression, is—*My affections are so strongly engaged by Othello, as even to overlook the difference of our years and complexion:—notwithstanding the disadvantages he labours under in these respects, I am in love with him, captivated by his generous and virtuous qualities.* MALONE.

472. *I have looked upon the world for four times seven years:]* From this passage Iago's age seems to be ascertained; and it corresponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is described as a *young*, handsome man. The French translator of Shakspeare is however of opinion, that Iago here only speaks of those years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of observation. Yet it would be difficult to assign a reason why he should mention the precise term of *twenty-eight years*; or to account for his knowing so accurately when his understanding arrived to maturity, and the operation of his sagacity, and his observations on mankind, commenced. MALONE.

483. To follow Steevens's note ⁶,] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Does tire the engine ever.

This is very near the word exhibited by the folio.

MALONE.

489. — *come such calmness.]* The folio reads—*calmes.*

MALONE.

490. — *If I were now to die,*

'Twere now to be most happy.] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch of Terence*, A& III. sc. v.:

“ Proh Jupiter!

“ Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfeci,

“ Ne vita aliquâ hec gaudium contaminet ægritudine.”

MALONE.

507. — *and on the court and guard of safety!]* This, it must be confessed, is the reading of all the old copies. Yet I have no doubt that the words were transposed by mistake at the press, when the first quarto was printed, which the other editions have followed. I would read:

— *on the court of guard and safety.*

The *court of guard* was formerly a military phrase, meaning the *guard-room*. So, in *Sir J. Oldcastle*, 1600:

“ We'll keep this *court of guard*

“ For all good fellows' companies that come.”

The

The phrase is also used in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ If we be not relieved within this hour,

“ We must return to *the court of guard*.” MALONE.

512. *When devils will their blackest sins put on*,] i. e.

When devils mean to *instigate* men to commit the most atrocious crimes. So in *Hamlet* :

“ Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cause.”

To *put on*, has already occurred twice in the present play, in this sense. MALONE.

527. To follow Steevens's note ⁷, p. 528.] *Yellow* is not always the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy ; for we meet in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ —shudd'ring fear, and *green-ey'd* jealousy.”

By “ *the green-eyd monster*,” I believe, Shakspeare only means—*that green-eyed monster, which doth mock, &c.* If we understand it in this way, it is the same, as if he had said—a *green-ey'd monster*. MALONE.

535. *Even then this forked plague*——] Add to the instances in favour of Dr. Percy's interpretation.—Again, in our author's *Winter's Tale* :

“ O'er head and ears, a *fork'd* one.”

Again, in *Pasquil's Nightcap*, a poem, 1623 :

“ Whose wife——

“ Bestows on others what is his by right,

“ And of the *forked* order dubs him knight.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657 :

“ I would not wear a *forked* crest.” MALONE.

536. —*I'll have the work ta'en out*.] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, p. 561.

—————E.

537. Note ⁸. *Be not you known on't*.] The reading of the old copy is fully confirmed by the following passage in *Cornelia*, a tragedy, by Thomas Kyd, 1594 :

“ Our friend's misfortunes doth encrease our own.

“ *Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknow'n*”

MALONE.

Again, in *The Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando*, p. 418. edit. 1607 : “ Some say, he was married to her priville, but durst not be *acknowne* of it.” FORSON.

538. After

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538. After note 9.] Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

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" — Come violent death !

" Serve for *Mandragora* to make me sleep."

MALONE.

Ibid. *I did say so.*] This is a most unmeaning sentence, in the mouth of such a speaker, and at such a time. If we can suppose this part of this play to have been taken down by the ear, and so handed to the first editors, a familiarity of sounds might perhaps lead to a discovery of the true text. Iago has just got the fatal handkerchief, and is commenting upon it in his hand :

" In Cassio's lodging will I lose *this* napkin." — *This* may do something."

But seeing Othello coming, he stops short, and hastily proceeds to conceal it. Possibly then this may be the reading :

" — *Hide it ! — so — so —*

" Look where he comes ! — "

So, so, is no uncommon interjection with Shakspeare, when a man is surprized in an action which he wishes to conceal. Othello uses it in this play, when interrupted by Emilia in the horrid act of killing Desdemona." — E.

— *I did say so* : —] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite ; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur &c.*

— I did say so ;

Look where he comes ! —

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose : — I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind ; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. STEEVENS.

As Mr. Steevens has by his interpretation elicited some meaning (though, I still think, an obscure one) out of this difficult hemistic, I readily retract my amendment : being of opinion that such bold and licentious conjectures can never be warranted, unless where the sense is quite desperate.

— E.

544. *Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.*] The reading of the folio is smoother :

Give me a living reason she's disloyal. MALONE.

546. All

546. *All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:] So, in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion, 1657:*

"Are these your fears? thus blow them into air."

MALONE.

554. *To follow Johnson's note.] I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See Merry Wives of Windsor, p. 259, and Spelman's Epigram there cited.*

"——— florentis nomen honoris

"Indicât in clypei fronte cruenta manus.

"Non quod sævi aliquid, aut stricto fortiter ense

"Hostibus occisis gesserit iste cohors." —— E.

See this notion of Dr. Warburton contested, Vol. I. (*Prolegomena*) p. 339. MALONE.

578. *To follow Johnson's note.] I do not see the least ground for supposing any corruption in this passage. As pierce relates to the dart of chance, so graze is referred to the spot of accident. The expression is still used; we still say—he was grazed by a bullet.* MALONE.

582. *Add to my note] And moving is, I have lately observed, the reading of the folio.* MALONE.

584. *If to preserve this vessel for my lord,] This expression, as well as many others, our author has borrowed from the sacred writings:—"to possess his vessel in sanctification."—I Theff. iv. 4.* MALONE.

585. —— *such terms upon his callet.] I meet this word in The Translation of Ariosto, 1591:*

"And thus this old ill-favour'd spiteful callet—"

Harrington, in a note on that line, says that "*callet* is a nickname used to a woman," and that "in Irish it signifies a *witch*." MALONE.

593. —— *you'll couch with more men.] This verb is found also in The Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634:*

"—— O, if thou couch

"But one night with her——" MALONE.

602. *Put out the light and then——Put out the light!] After Farmer's note.—A passage in our author's Rape of Lucrece appears to me strongly to confirm Dr. Farmer's remark:*

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not

"To darken her, whose light excelleth thine."

Let the words—*put out her light*, stand for a moment in the place of—*darken her*, and then the sentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light,*

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B b

whose

VOL. X. *whose light is more excellent than thine.*—In the very same strain, says Othello, *let me first extinguish the light I now hold, and then put out the light of life; that light which never can be relumed.*

The question is not, which regulation renders the passage most elegant and spirited, but what was the author's idea.

MALONE.

606. — *bath ta'en order for it.*] Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

“ I will take order for that presently.” MALONE.

613. *Yea, curse his better angel from his side,*

And fall to reprobation.] So, in our author's 114th Sonnet:

“ — My female evil

“ Tempteth my better angel from my side.” MALONE.

618. *A better never did itself sustain*

Upon a soldier's thigh.] So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher. 1634:

“ — On his thigh a sword

“ Hung by a curious baldricke, when he frowns

“ To seal his will by; better, on my conscience,

“ Never was soldier's friend.” MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Steevens's note.] I incline to read:

It is a sword of Spain, 'tis *ebroes* temper.

If we suppose that the words [*'tis ebroes*] were huddled together either in transcribing or composing, thus, [*'tisebroes*] the compositor in running it over with his eye, might (to make it sense as he thought) add a couple of letters and divide the words thus (*th'isebrokes*) which is nearly as it stands in the old quarto.

I doubt whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain.

———— E.

All the notes subscribed ——— B. were communicated to Mr. Steevens by a gentleman so eminent in literature, that his name (were the use of it permitted) could not fail to confer the highest honour this undertaking can receive.

637. *After Steevens's supplemental note.*] All the biographers have asserted that the tragedy of *Dido*, written by Marlowe and Nashe, was acted before queen Elizabeth when she visited the University of Cambridge in 1566. Had this been the case, this piece would be a still greater curiosity than it is at present, as it would stand second in the list of English tragedies, that of *Ferrex and Porrex*, which was acted in 1561, being generally esteemed the first. B. MALONE

Marlowe's *Dido* probably was not composed till at least twenty years afterwards; for Nashe, who assisted him in writing that play, tells us in one of his pamphlets, that he read Lilly's *Euphues* (which did not appear till 1579) "*when he was a little ape at Cambridge.*" he did not therefore, we may presume, commence a dramattick author till after 1580.

The biographers have been led into an error by the English narrative of queen Elizabeth's reception and entertainment at Cambridge in 1564 (Mss. Baker 7037. p. 122. Brit. Museum). Had they consulted a Latin account of the same transaction written by Nicholas Robinson, afterwards bishop of Bangor, under the title of *Commentarii rerum Cantabrigiæ gestarum cum sereniss. Regina Elizabetha in illam Academiam venerat*, (Mss. Baker 7037. p. 203) they would have seen that the *Dido* then acted, was not Marlowe's play, but a Latin performance, composed by one of the fellows of King's college. Having given a detail of the scholastick exercises which were performed on the third day after the queen's arrival, (Monday the 7th of August.) the author proceeds thus:

"Hujus noctis silentio *Didonis* et *Æneæ* tragicum poema in scenam deducitur, Virgilianis versibus maxima ex parte compositum. Consciendi labores exantlavit *Regalis Collegii* olim socius, qui discendi studio Maronis carmen, sed tenuiori avenâ est imitatus; non infeliciter tamen ad tragediæ formam historiæ seriem elaboravit. Novum opus, sed venustum et elegans, et doctorum calculis comprobatum, nisi forte sua longitudine delicatos et morosos non nihil offendat. Actores omnes collegium regale dedit; scæna ipsa in eo loco proponitur quem in sacello extractum superiori die indicavimus. Per horas aliquot flebili hac *Didonis* calamitate occupata, ad gratam mortalibus requiem sese contulit. Hic exitus tertii diei fuit."

The author of this dramattick poem was, I believe, John Rit-
 wise, who was elected a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1507, and, according to Antony Wood, "*made the tragedy of DIDO out of Virgil, and acted the same with the scholars of his school*, [St. Paul's, of which he was appointed master in 1522,] *before cardinal Wolfey, with great applause.*"

Dr. Farmer thinks that *Lochrine*, *Titus Andronicus*, and the lines spoken by the player in the interlude in *Hamlet*, were the production of the same hand. I believe they were all written by Marlowe. MALONE.

B b 2

A P.



A P P E N D I X.

Vol. I. PREFACE, p. 10. l. 9.

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For alterations of exhibition—read—alterations of exhibition. JOHNSON.

Ibid. p. 41. l. 12.

For their negligence—read—the negligence. JOHNSON.

Vol. I. p. 158.

*Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love*

Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author seems here to have remembered *The Tragicall History of Romens and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,

“ So novel love out of the minds the auncient love doth rive.”

So also in *Coriolanus* :

“ One fire drives out one fire ; one nail one nail.”

MALONE.

Vol. II. p. 527.

After Dr. Warburton's note.] It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to *any story in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety therefore a dissertation upon the origin and nature of these romances is here introduced, I cannot see ; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to shew, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter ; and particularly—“ *that Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who*

B b 3

wrote

APPEND. wrote a formal Treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these [books of chivalry] in that superficial work."—The fact is true, that *Monsieur Huet* has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—"putting the charge upon his reader," and "dropping his proper subject" for another, "that had no relation to it more than in the name," is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory address to *De Segrakis*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the *Astrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi* &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be "*fiictions des aventures amoureuses*;" and he excludes epic poems from the number, because—"Enfin les poèmes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plupart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires." After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this superficial work, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W.'s own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. That Romances of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country; 2. That the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa. The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following; 1. That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original; 2. That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.

Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal
of

of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have APPEND.
been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves, in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious; and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr W.'s *first* position, that romances of chivalry were of Spanish original, cannot be maintained. Monsieur Huet would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux,*" of the Spanish romances, "*sont postérieurs à nos Tristans et à nos Lancelots, de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indisputable. Cervantes, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *second* position, that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of *Du Fresnoy's Bibliothèque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expressly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

APPEND. His last position, that the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and Africa, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus; the subject of some, or a few, of these romances were the crusades, &c. the position would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W.'s hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the two first positions he says not one word: I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustration of his third position, by repeating it (with a little change of terms, for a reason which will appear). "Indeed the wars of the Christians against the Pagans were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians, the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, wrote the History and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth." Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*the History of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unscholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices; but instead of that we have a digression upon *Oliver and Roland*, in which an attempt is made to say something of those two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and *Don Quixote*, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude,

tude, in the assertion, that, "in the Spanish romance of Bernardo del Carpio; and in that of Roncesvalles, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of Roldan el Encantador." Dr. W.'s authority for this assertion was, I apprehend, the following passage of Cervantes, in the first chapter of Don Quixote. "Mejor estava con Bernardo del Carpio porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à Roldan el Encantado, valiendose de la industria de Hercules, quando abogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços." Where it is observable, that Cervantes does not appear to speak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be understood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expressing that he was enchanted, or made invulnerable by enchantment.

But this is a small matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the press for *encantado*. From this digression Dr. W. returns to the subject of the old romances in the following manner. "This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we say, the subject of the elder romances. And the first that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*." According to all common rules of construction, I think the latter sentence must be understood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was one of the elder romances, and that the subject of it was the driving of the Saracens out of France or Spain; whereas, for the reasons already given, *Amadis*, in comparison with many other romances, must be considered as a very modern one; and the subject of it has not the least connexion with any driving of the Saracens whatsoever.—But what follows is still more extraordinary. "When this subject was well exhausted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the same nature. For after that the western parts had pretty well cleared themselves of these inhospitable guests: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms against them into Greece and Asia, to support the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy sepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the second race or class. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the first, so, correspondently to the subject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter."—It is impossible, I apprehend, to refer this subject to any antecedent but that in the paragraph last quoted, viz. the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain. So that, according to one part of the hypothesis here laid down, the subject of the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain, was well

APPEND. well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) before the *Crusades*; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the *Crusades* happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Fresnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his second race or class of romances, I cannot guess. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in supporting the *Byzantine empire*, and recovering the holy sepulchre, than *Amadis de Gaula* in driving the *Saracens* out of *France* and *Spain*. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground work in our *Geoffry*, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling question concerning the origin of lying in romances.—“Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their *crusades* and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the *Travels of Sir J. Maundevile*.”—He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of *Cos*, from *Sir J. Maundevile*, who wrote his *Travels* in 1356; by way of proof, that the tales of enchantments &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to shew, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of monstrous embellishment. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades* or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances,

mances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, APPEND. as, whatever they have of "*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of so late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons into Saracens*," I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his *third* position. In support of his *two first* positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and indeed nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning the *strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances*, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out. — "*In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The first romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the History of Saint Graal.—So another is called Kyrie eleison of Montauban. For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men.*"—I believe no one, who has ever looked even into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the *first* romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other supposed to be called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber saved from the flames.—"*Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d' estre gardez sont les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d' Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie eleison de Montauban (car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie eleison et Paralipomenon estoient les noms de quelques saints) où les subtilitez de la Damaïsselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie, et les tromperies de la Veuve reposée, sont fort louées.*"—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what
he

APPEND.

he says of *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, as well as the witticism in his last sentence, from this passage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *saint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is still more evident (from the passage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below *) that Huet was mistaken in supposing *Kyrie eleison de Montauban* to be the name of a separate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée* the names of separate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.—And so much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry.

TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakspeare will, I believe, readily consent to omit the dissertation here referred to. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious observations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and I think I may venture to foretel, that this futile performance, like the pismire which Martial tells us was accidentally incrufted with amber, will be ever preserved, for the sake of the admirable comment in which it is now inlaid:

“ —quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,

“ Funeribus facta est nunc pretiosa suis.”

MALONE.

Vol. IV. p. 519.

After Johnson's note.] *Their* is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read:

“ There were two ancient stocks, which Fortune high did place

“ Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the nobler of their race.” MALONE.

* Don Quix. lib. i. c. 6. “ Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui està *Tirante el Blanco!* Dadmele acá, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en èl un tesoro de contento, y una mina de passatiempos. *Aqui està Don Quirieleyson de Montalvan*, valeroso Cavallero, y su hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonseca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, y las agudezas de la *Donzella Plazer de mi vida*, con los amores y embustes de la viuda *Reposada*, y la Señora Emperatriz, enamorada de Hipolito su escudero.”

Aqui està Don Quirieleyson &c. HERE, i. e. in this romance of *Tirante el Blanco*, is *Don Quirieleyson &c.*

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Vol. V. p. 182.

APPEND.

After Farmer's note.] It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it — “*exoletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Richardi secundi;*” and lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of that which passed at the arraignment of Merick and others*) says, “That, the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play of *deposing King Richard the Second.*” But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, vol. VII. p. 60. the matter is stated thus: that “the story of HENRY IV being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merrick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *the play of HENRY IV.* The players told them, that was stale; they should get nothing by playing that; but no play else would serve: and Sir *Gilly Merrick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get.”

Augustine Philipps was one of the patentees of the Globe play-house with *Shakspeare* in 1603; but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's* HENRY IV, as that commences above a year after the death of *Richard*.

TYRWHITT.

Ibid. p. 454.

At the end of note ⁷.] I have lately observed that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Gloucestershire. The reading of the folio is therefore probably the true one.

STEEVENS.

Vol. VII. p. 73.

*My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.*] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593:

“As for my love, say, Antony hath all;

“Say that my heart is gone into the grave

“With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall.”

MALONE.

Ibid. p. 324. l. 28.

For *revival* of the play—read—*revival* of the play.

JOHNSON.

Ibid.

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Ibid. p. 491.

He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander.] His state means his chair of state. MALONE.

Vol. X. p. 348.

Come, my coach—*good night, ladies; good night.] In Marlowe's Tamburlaine, 1591, Zabina in her frenzy uses the same expression :*

“*Heil make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels. I come, I come.*” MALONE.

Ibid. p. 438.

At this odd-even and dull watch of night.] Perhaps midnight is styled the odd-even time of night, because it is usually the hour of sleep, which, like death, levels all distinctions, and reduces all mankind, however discriminated, to equality. So, in Measure for Measure :

“*—yet death we fear,*

“*That makes these odds all even.*” MALONE.

Ibid. p. 523.

They are close delations, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.] This reading is so much more elegant than the former, that one cannot help wishing it to be right.—But delations sounds to me too classical to have been used by Shakspeare.

The old reading—*close dilations* (in the sense of *secret expositions of the mind*) is authorized by a book of that age, which our author is known to have read:—“*After all this foul weather follows a calm dilatation of others' too forward harmfulness.*”—*Rosalynde or Euphues golden Legacie*, by Thomas Lodge, 1592. MALONE.

Ibid. p. 546.

Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne—] A passage in Twelfth Night fully supports the reading of the text, and Dr. Johnson's explanation of it :

“*It gives a very echo to the feat*

“*Where Love is thron'd.*” MALONE.



Add at the beginning of note 2. p. 17. of the present volume.] That scenes had not been used in the publick theatres in Shakspeare's time, may be fairly inferred from Heywood's preface to his Love's Mistress, a comedy, printed in 1636. “For the rare decorements (says he) which new apparell'd it

it [*Love's Mistress*] when it came the second time to the royal view, (her gracious majesty then entertaining his highness at *Denmark House* upon his birth-day,) I cannot pretermit to give a due character to that admirable artist Mr. Inigo Jones, master surveyor of the king's worke &c. who to every act, nay almost to every scene by his excellent inventions gave such an extraordinary lustre; upon every occasion changing the stage to the admiration of all the spectators."

If in our author's time the publick stage had been changed, or, in other words, had the Globe and Blackfryars play-houses been furnished with scenes, would they have created so much admiration at a royal entertainment in 1636, twenty years after his death? MALONE.

Add to note x, p. 29. of this volume.] It is however one of Prynne's arguments against the stage, in the invective which he published about eight years after the date of this piece, that "the ordinary theatrical interludes were usually acted in over-costly effeminate, fantastick and gawdy apparel. *Histrionmast.* p. 216. But little credit is to be given to that voluminous zealot, on a question of this kind. As the frequenters of the theatre were little better than incarnate devils, and the musick in churches the bleating of brute beasts, so a piece of coarse stuff trimmed with tinsel was probably in his opinion a most splendid and ungodly dress. MALONE.

Add at the beginning of note a, p. 30. of this volume.] Though there is reason to believe that in our author's time no second piece was exhibited after the principal performance, similar to the modern farce, it appears that a jig (a kind of ludicrous metrical composition) was a customary entertainment, after tragedies at least.—"Now as after the cleare streame hath glided away in his owne current, the bottom is muddy and troubled; and as I have often seen after the finishing of some worthy tragedy or catastrophe in the open theatres, that the scene, after the epilogue, hath been more black, about a nesty bawdy jigge, then the most horrid scene in the play was; the slyncards speaking all things, yet no man understanding any thing; a mutiny being amongst them, yet none in danger; no tumult, and yet no quietness; no mischief begotten, and yet mischief borne; the swiftness of such a torrent, the more it over-whelms, breeding the more pleasure; so after these worthies and conquerors had left the field, another race was ready to begin, at which though the persons in it were nothing equal to the former, yet the shoutes

APPEND. shoutes and noyse at these was as great, if not greater." *A strange Horse-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613.

[In the text therefore, instead of—*Had any shorter pieces been exhibited after the principal performance*, I should have said—*Had any shorter pieces*, of the same kind as our modern farces, *been exhibited &c.*]

MALONE.

Add to note ^b, p. 31. of this volume.] At a subsequent period we hear only of *dancing* between the acts. See Beaumont's Verses to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherdes*:

“ Nor want there those who, as the boy does *dance*
“ Between the acts, will censure the whole play.”

MALONE.

Add to note ^a, p. 34. of this volume.] See also *A Sermon preached at Paule's Crosse on St. Bartholomew day, being the 24. of August, 1578.* By John Stockwood:—“ Will not a fylthie playe with the blast of a trumpette sooner call thyther [to the country] a thousande, than an houre's tolling of a bell bring to the sermon a hundred? Nay even heere in the citie, without it be at this place, and some other certaine ordinarie audience, where shall you find a reasonable company? Whereas if you resorts to *the Theatre, the Curtaine*, and other places of playes in the citie, you shall on the *Lord's day* have these places, with many other that I can reckon, so full as possible they can throng.”

From the same discourse it appears that there were then eight theatres open.—“ For reckoning (says the preacher) with the leaste the gaine that is reaped of *eight* ordinarie places in the citie (which I knowe), by playing but once a weeke, (whereas many times they play twice, and sometimes thrice,) it amounteth to two thousand pounds by the yeare; the suffering of which waste must one day be answered before God.”

According to this account each of the eight theatres, by playing once a week, gained at the end of the year two hundred and fifty pounds; that is, near five pounds by every performance.—But the account was probably exaggerated.

MALONE.

Add to note ^c, p. 34. of this volume.] However, in the *Refutation of the Apologie for Actors*, by J. G. quarto, 1615, it is asked, “ if plays do so much good, why are they not suffered on the *Sabbath*, a day select whereon to do good.” From hence it appears that plays were not permitted to be publicly

publicly acted on Sundays in the time of *James I.*—Perhaps **APPEND.**
Withers only alluded to private representations. **MALONE.**

Add to note, p. 35. *of this volume.*] So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: “By this time the parings of fruit and cheefe are in the voyder; cards and dice lie stinking in the fire; the guests are all up; the guilt rapiers ready to be hang'd; the French lacquey and Irish foote-boy shugging at the doores with their masters' hobby-horses *to ride to the new play*;—that's the randevous—thither they are gallopt in post: let us take a pair of oars and row lustily after them.”

MALONE.

P. 58. *of this vol. After l. 17.*] To this last of actors is likewise to be added the infamous Hugh Peters, who, after he had been expelled the University of Cambridge, went to London, and enrolled himself as a player in Shakspeare's company, in which he usually perfortmed the part of a Clown †. **MALONE.**

P. 76. *of this vol. After the quotation from Shirley's prologus to the Sisters, add*] See also *Sheppard's Epigrams*, 1651:

“Two happy wits lately bright shone,
“The true sohs of Hyperion,
“Fletcher and Beaumont; who so wrot,
“Jonson's fame was soon forgot;
“Shakspeare no glory was allow'd,
“His sun quite shrunke beneath a cloud.”

MALONE.

○●●●○●●●○●●●○

I*.

The Licēce for acting granted by king Charles I. to John Hemminge and his associates, extracted from Rymer's *Fœdera*.

Ann. D. 1625. Pat. 1. Car. I. p. 1. n. 5. De Concessione Specialis Licentie JOHANNI HEMINGS et aliis.

Charles by the grace of God, &c. To all justices,

† *Arbitrary Government displayed to the Life, in the illegal Transactions of the late Times under the tyrannick Usurpation of Oliver Cromwell*, p. 98. edit. 1690. **MALONE.**

* The following papers are added as tending to throw some light on the *Account of the ancient English Theatre and Actors*, ante p. 1. &c. The greater part of them are now first printed.

MALONE.

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C. c

MAJORS,

APPEND.

maiors, sherriffes, constables, head borowghes and other our officers and loving subjects, greeting. Knowe yee that wee, of our speciall grace, certayne knowledge and meece motion, have licenced and authorized, and by these presents do licence and authorize, these our welbeloved servants, *John Hemings, Henry Condall, John Lewen, Joseph Taylor, Richard Robinson, Robert Benefield, John Shank, William Rowley, John Rice, Eliart Swanston, George Birch, Richard Sharp, and Thomas Pollard,* and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise the art and facultye of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, murralls, pastoralls, stage-playes, and such other like as they have already studied or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our sollace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them, during our pleasure; and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, murralls, pastoralls, stage-playes, and such like to shoue and exercise publicly or otherwise to their best comoditie, when the infection of the plague shall not weekly exceede the number of forty by the certificate of the lord mayor of London for the time being, as well within these two their most usual houses called the Globe within our county of Surrey, and their private houses situate within the precinct of the Black Fryers within our city of London, as alsoe within any townshalls or moute-halls or other convenient places within the liberties and freedome of any other city, university, towne, or borrough whatsoever, within our said realmes and dominions; willing and commanding you and every of you and all other our loving subjects, as you tender our pleasure, not onely to permit and suffer them herein without any your lets, hinderances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but alsoe to be aydeing and assisting to them, if any wrong be to them offered, and to allowe them such former curesies as hath been given to men of their place and quality. And alsoe what further favour you shall shew to these our servants, and the rest of their associats for our sakes, we shall take kindly at your hands.

In witness &c.

Witness our selfe at Westmynster the foure and twentieth day of June.

Per breves de privato sigillo &c.

II.

Whereas by virtue of his majestie's patents bearing date the 16th of June 1625, made and graunted in confirmation of diverse warrants and privy scales unto you formerly directed in the time of our late soveraign king James, you are authorized (amongst other things) to make payment for playes acted before his majesty. Theis are to pray and require you out of his Majestie's Treasure remaining in your charge, to pay or cause to be payed unto *John Hemings* †, *John Lowen* and *Joseph Taylor*, or to any one of them, in behalfe of themselves and the rest of his majestie's servants the players of their company, the sum of 100 £. being after the rate of ten pounds a play, (viz. twenty nobles for their charges, and five marks by way of reward) for tenne playes by them acted before his majestie at several times betweene Michaelmas last 1627, and the last of Jan. next following, the names whereof, as also the times when they were acted, more particularly appeare by the annexed schedule. For the payment of which said summe unto the partyes abovenamed or to any one of them, theis together with the acquittance of them or any one of them shall be your warrant. Whitehall. 10th of April, 1628.

III.

A warrant for payment of 160 £. unto *John Hemings* &c. for 16 playes acted before his majesty betweene Christmas and Candlemas 1628. Signed, the 29th of Feb. 1628-9.

IV.

A warrant for payment of ten pounds unto *John Hemings*, for a play called *The Lovesick Maid*, acted before his majesty on Easter Monday.—Signed, May 6. 1629.

V.

These are to signifye unto your lordship his majestie's pleasure, that you cause to be delivered unto his majestie's players whose names follow, viz. *John Hemmings*, *John Lowen*, *Joseph Taylor*, *Richard Robinson*, *John Shank*, *Robert*

* Numb. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. VIII. IX. X. XI. XII. XIII. are transcribed from the Warrant-book of the earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, lord chamberlain of the household to king Charles I.

† *Henry Condell*, not being here mentioned, was probably at this time dead.

APPEND. Benfield, Richard Sharp, Eliard Swanson, Thomas Pollard, Anthony Smith, Thomas Hobbes, William Pen, George Vernon and James Horne, to each of them the severall allowance of foure yardes of bastarde skarlet for a cloake, and a quarter of a yard of crimson velvet for the capes, it being the usual allowance graunted unto them by his majesty every second yeare, and due at Easter last past. For the doing whereof theis shall bee your warrant. May 6th 1629.

VI.

Whereas by virtue of his majestie's letters patent bearing date the 16th of June, 1625, made and graunted in confirmation of diverse warrants and privy seales unto you formerly directed in the time of our late soveraigne king James, you are authorized (amongst other things) to make payment for playes acted before his majesty and the queene. Theis are to pray and require you out of his majesty's treasure in your charge, to pay or cause to be payed unto *John Lowing* in the behalfe of himselfe and the rest of the company his majesty's players, the sum of two hundred and sixty pounds; that is to say twenty pounds apiece for foure playes acted at Hampton Court, in respect and consideration of the travaile and expence of the whole company in dyet and lodging during the time of their attendance there; and the like somme of *twenty pounds* for one other play which was acted in *the day time* at Whitehall, by meanes whereof the players lost the benefit of their house for *that day*; and *ten pounds* apiece for fifteen other playes acted before his majesty at Whitehall:—amounting in all unto the sum of two hundred and sixty pounds for one and twenty playes his majestie's servaunts acted before his majestie and the queene at severall times, between the 30th of Sep. and the 21st of Feb. last past. As it may appeare by the annexed schedule*.

And theis &c. March 17. 1630-1.

VII.

* From hence it appears that the king's players even at this time usually acted at Blackfryars in the day-time;—that at Court they usually represented plays in the evening; and in that case, as the performance did not interfere with their ordinary publick exhibition, they were only paid ten pounds (which it appears from the council-books was the stated payment so far back as in the time of queen Elizabeth); but when they acted at Whitehall by day-light, or went to Hampton-Court &c. so that they could not have any play publickly represented the same day, they received twenty pounds. We may therefore infer that the former sum was the

VII.

APPEND.

A warrant for payment of 120 £. unto *John Lowing*, *Joseph Taylor*, and *Eliard Swanson*, for themselves and the rest of their fellows his majestie's comedians, for eleven playes (one whereof at Hampton Court) by them acted before his majesty at Christmas, 1631.—Feb. 22. 1631-2.

VIII.

Whereas the late *decease*, infirmity, and sickness of diverse principal actors of his majestie's company of players hath much decayed and weakened them; so that they are disabled to doe his majesty service in their quality, unless there be some speedy order taken to supply and furnish them with a convenient number of new actors. His majesty having taken notice thereof, and signified his royal pleasure unto mee therein, This is to will and require you, and in his majestie's name straitly to charge, command and authorize you and either of you, to choose, receive, and take into your company any such actor or actors belonging to any of the licensed companies within and about the city of London, as you shall think fit and able to doe his majestie service in that kind. Herein you may not fayle. And this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf. Court at Whitehall, the 6th of May, 1633.

To *John Lowen* and *Joseph Taylor*, two of the company of his majestie's players.

IX*.

Whereas William Pen, Thomas Hobbes, William Trigg, William Patrick, Richard Baxter, Alexander Gough, *William Hart* †, and Richard Hawley, together with ten more or thereabouts of their fellows, his majestie's comedians and of the regular company of players in the Blackfryers London, are commaunded to attend his majesty, and be nigh about the court this summer progress, in readines, when

the utmost produce of any one representation at the Blackfryars theatre.

This and all the subseqent warrants being in favour of Lowen, Taylor, and others, it is probable that John Heminge was at this time dead, or had retired from the stage.

* This is entitled in the margin—*A Player's Pass*.

† In another warrant, he is mentioned, with ten others, as a *dependant* on the players—“employed by his Majesty's servants at Blackfryers, and of special use unto them, both on the stage and otherwise.”

APPEND. they shall be called upon to act before his majestie: for the better enabling and encouraging them whereunto, his majesty is graciously pleased that they shall, as well before his majestie's setting forth on his maine progresse, as in all that time, and after, till they shall have occasion to returne homewards, have all freedome and liberty to repayre unto all towns corporate, mercate townes, and other where they shall thinke fitt, and there in their common halls, mootchalls, school-houses or other convenient roomes, act playes, comedyes, and interludes, without any lett, hinderance, or molestation whatsoever (behaving themselves civilly). And herein it is his majestie's pleasure, and he does expect, that in all places where they come, they be treated and entertained with such due respect and courtesie as may become his majestie's loyal and loving subjects towards his servants. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seale at arms. Dated at Whitehall the 17th of May, 1636.

To all Mayors, &c.

P. and M.

X.

After my hearty commendations.—Whereas complaint was heretofore presented to my dear brother and predecessor, by his majestie's servants the players, that some of the company of printers and stationers had procured, published, and printed diverse of their books of comedyes and tragedyes, chronicle historyes, and the like, which they had (for the special service of his majesty and for their own use) bought and provided at very dear and high rates. By meanes whereof, not only they themselves had much prejudice, but the books much corruption, to the injury and disgrace of the authors. And thereupon the master and wardens of the company of printers and stationers were advised by my brother to take notice thereof, and to take order for the stay of any further impression of any of the playes or interludes of his majestie's servants without their consents; which being a caution given with such respect, and grounded on such weighty reasons, both for his majestie's service and the particular interest of the players, and soe agreeable to common justice and that indifferent measure which every man would look for in his own particular, it might have been presumed that they would have needed no further order or direction in the business: notwithstanding which, I am informed that some copies of playes belonging to the king and queene's servants, the players, and purchased by them at dear rates, having beene lately stolen or gotten from them by indiscreet mean

means, are now attempted to be printed, and that some of **APPEND.**
 them are at the press, and ready to be printed, which if it
 should be suffered, would directly tend to their apparent
 detriment and great prejudice, and to the disenabling them
 to do their majesties' service: for prevention and redresse
 whereof, it is desired that order be given and entered by the
 master and wardens of the company of printers and stationers,
 that if any playes be already entered, or shall hereafter be
 brought unto the hall to be entered for printing, that notice
 thereof be given to the king and queene's servants, the players,
 and an enquiry made of them to whom they do belong; and
 that none bee suffered to be printed untill the assent of their
 majesties' said servants be made appear to the Master and War-
 dens of the company of printers and stationers, by some
 certificate in writing under the hands of John Lowen, and
 Joseph Taylor, for the king's servants, and of Christopher
 Beeston for the king and queene's young company, or of such
 other persons as shall from time to time have *the direction* of
 these companies, which is a course that can be hurtfull unto
 none but such as are about unjustly to peravayle themselves
 of others' goods, without respect of order or good government,
 which I am confident you will be careful to avoyd; and
 therefore I recommend it to your special care. And if you
 shall have need of any further authority or power either
 from his majesty or the counsell-table, the better to enable
 you in the execution thereof, upon notice given to mee ei-
 ther by yourselves or the players, I will endeavour to apply
 that further remedy thereto which shall be requisite. And
 soe I bidd you very heartily farewell, and rest

Your very loving friend,

June 30. 1637.

P. and M.

To the Master and Wardens of the Company of Printers
 and Stationers.

XI.

Whereas by virtue of his majestie's letters patents, bear-
 ing date the 16th of June 1625, made and graunted &c.
 Forasmuch as his majestie's servants, the company at the
 Blackfryers, have by special command at diverse times
 within the space of this present yeare 1638, acted twenty
 lower playes before his majesty, &c. six whereof have beene
 performed at Hampton Court and Richmond, by meanes
 whereof, they were not only at the losse of their daye at
 home, but at extraordinary charges by travayling and car-
 riage of their goods; in consideration whereof they are to

C C 4

have

APPEND. have 20 £. a piece for those playes, and ten pounds a piece for the other eighteen acted at Whitehall, which in the whole amounts to the summe of three hundred pounds. Theis are therefore to pray and require you to pay or cause to be payd unto John Lowen, Joseph Taylor, and Eillarde Swanston, or any of them, for themselves and the rest of the aforesayd company of his majestie's players, the sayd summe of three hundred pounds for acting the aforementioned twenty-four playes. And theis &c. March 12. 1638.

XII.

Whereas William Biefton gent. governor of the king's and queene's young company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, has repreinted unto his majesty, that the severall playes hereafter mentioned (viz.) *Wit without Money: The Night-Walkers: The Knight of the Burning Pestle: Father's owne Sonne: Cupid's Revenge: The Bondman: The Renegado: A new Waye to pay Debts: The great Duke of Florence: The Maid of Honour: The Traytor: The Example: The Young Admiral: The Opportunity: A witty fayre One: Love's Cruelty: The Wedding: The Maid's Revenge: The Lady of Pleasure: The Schoole of Complement: The grateful Servant: The Coronation: Hide Parke: Philip Chabot, Admiral of France: A Mad Couple well met: All's lost by Lust: The Changeling: A fayre Quarrel: The Spanish Gypsie: The Worlds The Sunne's Darling: Love's Sacrifice: 'Tis pity shee's a Whore: George a Greene: Love's Mistres: The Cunning Lovers: The Rape of Lucrece: A Trick to cheat the Divell: A Foole and her Maidenhead soone parted: King John and Matilda: A City Nightcap: The Bloody Banquet: Cupid's Revenge: The conceited Duke:* and, *Appius and Virginia,* doe all and every of them properly and of right belong to the sayd house, and consequently that they are all in his propriety. And to the end that any other companies of actors in or about London shall not presume to act any of them to the prejudice of him the sayd William Biefton and his company, his majesty hath signified his royal pleasure unto mee, thereby requiring mee to declare soe much to all other companies of actors hereby concernable; that they are not any wayes to intermeddle with or act any of the above-mentioned playes. Whereof I require all masters and governours of playhouses, and all others whom it may concerne, to take notice, and to forbear to impeach the sayd William Biefton in the premises.

wifes, as they tender his majestie's displeasure, and will answer the contempt. Given &c. Aug. 10. 1639*.

APPEND.

XIII.

A warrant for payment of 230 £. unto John Lowen, Joseph Taylor, and Eillard Swanston, for himself and the rest of the company of the players &c. for one and twenty plays acted before their majesties, (whereof two at Richmond) for which they are allowed 20 £. a-peece; and for the rest 10 £. a-peece, all these being acted between the 6th of August 1639, and the 11th of Feb. following.

Signed April 4. 1640.

XIV.

The Licence for erecting a Theatre, granted by King Charles I. to William Davenant; extracted from Rymer's *Fœdera*. An. D. 1639. Pat. 15 Car. I. p. 22. n. 18.

De licentia erigendi theatrum concessa Willielmo Davenant.

Charles by the grace of God, &c. to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting.

Know ye, that we of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and meer motion, and upon the humble petition of our servant William Davenant, gentleman, have given and granted, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do give and grant unto the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, that he, they, and every of them, by him and themselves, and by all and every such person and persons as he or they shall depute or appoint, and his and their labourers, servants and workmen, shall and may, lawfully, quietly and peaceably, frame, erect, new-build, and set up, upon a parcel of ground lying near unto or behind the *Three Kings Ordinary in Fleet Street*, in the parishes of *Saint Dunstan's in the West London*, or in *Saint Bride's London*, or in either of them; or in any other ground in or about that place, or in the whole street aforesaid, already allotted to him for that use, or in any other place, that is or hereafter shall be assigned and allotted out to the said William Davenant, by our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Thomas Earl of Arundel and

* The foregoing is entitled in the margin, *Cockpitt Playes appropriated,*

Surrey,

APPEND. Surrey, Earl Marshall of England, or any other our commissioners for building: for the time being in that behalf, a theatre or play-house, with necessary tiring and retiring rooms and other places convenient, containing in the whole forty yards square at the most, wherein plays, musical entertainments, scenes, or other the like presentments, may be presented.

And we do hereby for us, our heirs and successors, grant to the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors administrators and assigns, that it shall and may be lawful to and for him the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, from time to time to gather together, entertain, govern, privilege and keep such and so many players; to exercise action, musical presentments, scenes, dancing, and the like, as he the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, shall think fit and approve for the said house, and such persons to permit and continue, at and during the pleasure of the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, from time to time to act plays in such house so to be by him or them erected, and exercise musick, musical presentments, scenes, dancing, or other the like, at the same or other hours or times, or after plays are ended, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see the same; And that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to take and receive of such our subjects as shall resort to see or hear any such plays, scenes, and entertainments whatsoever, such sum or sums of money, as is, or hereafter from time to time shall be accustomed to be given or taken, in other play-houses and places for the like plays, scenes, presentments, and entertainments.

And further for us, our heirs and successors, we do hereby give and grant to the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, full power, licence and authority, to continue, uphold and maintain the said theatre or play-house, and tiring and retiring rooms, and other places of convenience there, so to be erected and built as aforesaid, and the same to repair and amend, when and as often as need shall require, at the will and pleasure of the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns, so as the outwalls of the said theatre or play-

play-house, tiring or retiring rooms, be made or built of brick or stone, according to the tenor of our proclamations in that behalf; and so, as under pretence or colour hereof, the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, do not erect or set up any dwelling houses or other buildings, than as aforesaid.

APPEND.

Although express mention &c.

In witness &c.

Witness ourself at Westminster the six and twentieth day of March.

Per breve de privato sigillo.

XV *

Whereas upon Mr. Dryden's binding himself to write three plays a yeere, hee the said Mr. Dryden was admitted and continued as a sharer in the king's playhouse for diverse years, and received for his *share and a quarter* three or four hundred pounds, *communibus annis* †; but though he received the moneys, we received not the plays, not one in a yeare. After which, the house being burnt, the company in building another contracted great debts, so that the

* From the original. Of this paper (which remained for a considerable time in the hands of the Killigrew family, and is now in the possession of Mr. Reed of Staple Inn, by whom it was obligingly communicated to the editor,) the superscription is lost; but it was probably addressed to the lord Chamberlain or the king, about the year 1678.

† In an indenture tripartite dated 31. Dec. 1666, between Thomas Killigrew and Henry Killigrew his son and heir, of the first part, Thomas Porter Esq. of the second part, and Sir John Sayer and Dame Katharine his wife, of the third part, it is recited (*inter alia*) "that the profits arising by acting of plays, masques, &c. then performed by the company of actors called the king and queen's players, were, by agreement amongst themselves and Thomas Killigrew, divided into *twelve shares and three quarters of a share*—and that Thomas Killigrew was to have two full shares and three quarters. And by agreement between Henry and Thomas—Henry was to have 4 £. per week out of the two shares of Thomas, except such weeks when the players did not act."

From the emoluments which Dryden is here said to have received by his *share and a quarter*, the total profits of the theatre at this time should seem to have been about 4000 £. per annum. So that the writer who asserts that every whole sharer in Mr. Killigrew's company received 1000 £. a year [ante, p. 48.] must have been misinformed.

shares

APPEND. shares fell much short of what they were formerly. Thereupon Mr. Dryden complaining to the company of his want of profit, the company was so kind to him that they not only did not presse him for the playes which he so engaged to write for them, and for which he was paid beforchand, but they did also at his earnest request give him a third day for his last new play called *All for Love*; and at the receipt of the money of the said third day, he acknowledged it as a gift, and a particular kindnesse of the company. Yet notwithstanding this kind proceeding, Mr. Dryden has now jointly with Mr. Lee (who was in pension with us to the last day of our playing, and shall continue,) written a play called *Oedipus*, and given it to the Duke's company, contrary to his said agreement, his promise, and all gratitude, to the great prejudice and almost undoing of the company, they being the only poets remaining to us. Mr. Crowne, being under the like agreement with the duke's house, writt a play called *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, and being forced by their refusall of it, to bring it to us, the said company compelled us after the studying of it, and a vast expence in scenes and cloathes, to buy off their clayme, by paying all the pension he had received from them, amounting to one hundred and twelve pounds paid by the king's company, besides neere forty pounds he the said Mr. Crowne paid out of his owne pocket.

These things considered, if, notwithstanding Mr. Dryden's said agreement, promise, and moneys freely given him for his said last new play, and the many titles we have to his writings, this play be judged away from us, we must submit.

(Signed)

Charles Killigrew.
Charles Hart.
Rich. Burt.
Cardett Goodman.
Mic. Mohun.

T H E

THE
P O E M S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

V I Z.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

SONNETS.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pecula Castalia plena ministrat aqua. Ovid.*



HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
Earl of Southampton.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
 Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield*.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly

* Of this nobleman few particulars are known. However, the circumstances of his having been the most intimate friend of the Earl of Essex, and, according to tradition, the liberal benefactor of Shakspeare, have endeared his memory to posterity. His grandfather, the first Earl, was Lord Chancellor in the time of king Henry VIII. His father, who died in 1583, was a Roman Catholic, and a strenuous partizan of Mary queen of Scots. In what year our great poet's patron was born, is uncertain. He accompanied Lord Essex as a volunteer, on the expedition to Cadiz in 1597, and afterwards attended him to Ireland as General of the horse; from which employment he was dismissed by the peremptory orders of queen Elizabeth, who was offended with him for having presumed to marry Miss Elizabeth Vernon [in 1596] without her majesty's consent; which, in those days, was esteemed a heinous offence.

When lord Essex, for having returned from Ireland without the permission of the queen, was confined at the lord Keeper's house, lord Southampton withdrew from court. At this period, a circumstance is mentioned by a writer of that time, which corresponds with the received account of his admiration of Shakspeare. "My lord Southampton and lord Rutland (says Rowland Whyte, in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, *Sydney Papers*, vol. II. p. 132.) come not to the court [at Nonsuch]. The one doth but very seldome. They pass away the tyme in London, *merely in going to plaies every day.*" This letter is dated in the latter end of the year 1599.

Being condemned for having joined the earl of Essex in his wild project, that amiable nobleman generously supplicated the lords for his unfortunate friend, declaring at the same time that he was himself not at all solicitous for life; and we are told by Camden, who was present at the trial, that lord Southampton requested the peers to intercede for her majesty's mercy (against whom he protested that he had not any ill intention) with such ingenuous modesty, and such sweet and persuasive elocution, as greatly affected all who heard him. He for some time remained doubtful of his life,

D E D I C A T I O N.

highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

but at length was pardoned: yet he was confined in the Tower during the remainder of queen Elizabeth's reign. Bacon mentions, in one of his letters, that upon her death he was much visited there. On the 10th of April 1603, he was released; king James, at the same time that he sent the order for his enlargement, honouring him so far as to desire him to meet him on his way to England. Soon afterwards his attainder was reversed, and he was installed a Knight of the Garter.

By the machinations of the earl of Salisbury, the great adversary of Essex, it is supposed king James was persuaded to believe that too great an intimacy subsisted between lord Southampton and his queen; on which account (though the charge was not avowed, disaffection to the king being the crime alleged,) he was apprehended in the latter end of June, 1604; but there being no proof whatever of his disloyalty, he was immediately released. In 1614, we find him with lord Herbert of Cherbury at the siege of Rees, in the dutchy of Cleve. He had before been constituted captain of the Isle of Wight and of Carisbroke castle, and in 1619 was appointed a privy counsellor. Two years afterwards, having joined the popular party, who were justly inflamed at the king's supineness and pusillanimity in suffering the Palatinate to be wrested from his son-in-law, he was committed to the custody of the dean of Westminster, at the same time that the earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were sent to the Tower.

After his enlargement, he went to the Low Countries, where he died on the 10th of Nov. 1624.

There is a portrait of this nobleman at Bulstrode, (a seat of the duke of Portland's,) with a cat that was with him in the Tower; and another at Woburn Abbey, painted by Mierevelde. The print in the opposite page, was engraved after one done by Simon Piss in the year 1617, probably from a picture of Mierevelde's also, painted perhaps when Lord Southampton was in the Netherlands. There is a strong resemblance between this print and the picture at Woburn; with which it corresponds in many particulars. MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS¹.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,

¹ Our author himself has told us that this poem was his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April 1593; and again by ——— Harrison, sen. on the 23d of June, 1594; in which year I suppose it to have been published, though I have not met with an edition of so old a date. The earliest copy that I have seen, was printed by John Harrison in 12mo, 1600, with which I have been furnished by the kindness of the rev. Dr. Farmer. There were however, I believe, two editions before this; for it is likewise entered on the Stationers' books by W. Leake, June 23, 1596; and is frequently alluded to by writers between the year 1594, and 1600.—As the soul of Euphorbus (says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598,) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece &c.*—In the early part of our author's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at least they are oftner mentioned, or alluded to. Thus the author of an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about the year 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramatick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced. When the name of William Shakspeare is read, one of the characters pronounces this eulogium:

“ Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape?

“ His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;

“ Could but a graver subject him content,

“ Without love's foolish lazy languishment.”

In *England's Helicon*, 1600, is a short piece, entitled *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, subscribed with the letters H. C. (probably Henry Constable), which, I believe, was written before Shakspeare's poem. MALONE.

D d 2

Rose-

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Rose-cheek'd Adonis² hied him to the chase;
 Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began)
 The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
 Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
 More white and red than doves or roses are³;
 Nature that made thee, with herself at strife⁴,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life⁵.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
 A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
 Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses⁶,
 And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

² Rose-cheek'd Adonis—] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—bring down the rose-cheek'd youth

“To the tub-fast and the diet.” STEEVENS.

³ More white and red than doves or roses are;] Thus all the copies. We might better read (as Dr. Farmer observes to me):
 — than doves and roses are.

I think it probable, however, that for this slight inaccuracy the author and not the printer is answerable. MALONE.

⁴ Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,] With this contest between *art* and *nature* &c. I believe every reader will be surfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the same thought:

“Faithorne, with nature at a noble strife &c.

It occurs likewise in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

⁵ Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“And when she dies, with beauty dies her store.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,] Thus, ROWE in his *Jane Shore*:

“Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,

“No serpents climb” &c. STEEVENS.

And

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty⁷,
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood⁸,
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under the other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
 She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimble she fastens (O how quick is love!);
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove:
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:

⁷ *And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,*] So, in *Antony
 and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— other women cloy
 “ The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
 “ Where most she satisfies.” MALONE.

⁸ *—she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The precedent of pith and livelihood,*] So, in *Antony and
 Cleopatra*, Charmian says: “ — if an *oily palm* be not a fruit-
 ful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.” STEVENS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
 "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
 Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
 He says, she is immodest, blames her 'miss';
 What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone;
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content², but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;

She

¹ — her 'miss;] That is, her *misbehaviour*. FARMER.
 The same substantive is used in the 35th *Sonnet*:

"My self corrupting, salving thy *amiss*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*."

Again, in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, a comedy, 1597:

"Pale be my looks, to witness my *amiss*." MALONE.

² Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,] To tire is to peck. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, a comedy, 1631:

"—— the vultur tires

"Upon the eagle's heart." MALONE.

² Forc'd to content —] That is, to content or satisfy *Venus*; to endure her kisses. So, in *Hamlet*:

"—— It doth much content me

"To hear him so inclin'd."

Perhaps, however, the author wrote:

Forc'd to content, — MALONE.

It is plain that *Venus* was not so easily contented. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that *Adonis* was forced to content himself in a situation from which he had no means of escaping. Thus *Cassio* in *Othello*:

"So

She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers³.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
 Rain added to a river that is rank^{*},
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale⁴;

Still

“ So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content.”

STEEVENS.

³ ———— flowers,
 [So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.] So, in
Macbeth:

“ To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.”

STEEVENS.

^{*} ———— to a river that is rank.] Full; abounding in the quantity of its waters, So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Who else must be let blood, who else is rank.” MALONE.

⁴ For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;] Thus the old copies. I think the poet wrote *air*. The two words were, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike; and hence perhaps arose the mistake. See a subsequent passage, in which the former word occurs; p. 411. stanza 1. MALONE.

This is turning Venus into a mere recitative-singer. The poet very plainly tells us that she entreats and laments *prettily*, because she is conscious that her entreaties and lamentations are addressed to a *pretty ear*. She strives to make her discourse correspond with the *beauty* of its object. So, the Queen in *Hamlet*, addressing herself to the corpse of Ophelia:

“ Sweets to the sweet!”

Besides, is it usual to talk of *tuning* any thing to an *air*?

STEEVENS.

If my conjecture be right, Shakspeare, in making Venus *tune her tale* to a pleasing *air*, or, in other words, woo Adonis with that melody of voice which renders even beauty itself more attractive, only used the same language that he has employed in other places. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

D d 4

“ Feast-

Still is he fullen, still he low'rs and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale ;
 Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
 Her best^s is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;
 And one sweet kifs shall pay this countles debt⁶,

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
 Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
 More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
 She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn :

" Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my desame."

Again, more appositely, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" ——— to their instruments

" Tune a deploring dump."

Tuning a tale to a pretty air, is reciting a story with harmonious cadence—as the words of a song are recited with the accompaniment of musick. MALONE.

⁵ *Her best is better'd*—] This is the reading of the edition in 1600. That of 1636 and the modern editions read—*breast*.

MALONE.

⁶ *And one sweet kifs shall pay this countles debt.*] So in *Titus Andronicus* :

" ——— kifs for kifs

" Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :

" Oh were the *sum* of these that I should pay

" *Countles* and infinite, yet would I *pay* them."

STEEVENS.

" Oh

“ Oh pity, ’gan she cry, flint-hearted boy;
’Tis but a kifs I beg; why art thou coy ?

I have been woo’d, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose finewy neck in battle ne’er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg’d for that which thou unask’d shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter’d shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,
To coy⁷, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him that over-rul’d, I oversway’d,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :
Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength obey’d,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain⁸.

O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast’ring her that foil’d the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kifs shall be thine own as well as mine :—
What see’st thou in the ground ? hold up thy head ;
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies :
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes ?

⁷ To coy, to wanton, &c.] So, in *The Midsummer Night’s Dream* :

“ While I thy amiable cheeks do coy.”

See note on that passage, last edit. Vol. III. p. 89, 90.

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— servile to my coy disdain.] So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Servile to all the skiey influences.” STEEVENS.

Art

VENUS AND ADONIS;

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs ? then wink again,
 And I will wink, ſo ſhall the day ſeem night;
 Love keeps his revels where there be but twain,
 Be bold to play, our ſport is not in fight:
 Theſe blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
 Never can blaſt, nor know they what we mean.

The tender ſpring upon thy tempting lip
 Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted;
 Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip;
 Beauty within itſelf ſhould not be waſted:
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
 Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-natur'd, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
 O'er-worn, deſpised, rheumatick and cold,
 Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for
 thee;
 But having no defects, why doſt abhor me ?

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow;
 Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turn-
 ing;
 My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly grow,
 My fleſh is ſoft and plump, my marrow burning;
 My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand
 felt,
 Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt,

* ——— and lacking juice,] The edition of 1600 has—*juice*.
 So, in *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 (ante,
 p. 304):

“ That ſoon my *joyceleſs* corps ſhall yield up baniſht
 breath ——— ”

The word *juice*, as Dr. Farmer informs me, is ſo pronounced in
 the midland counties. MALONE.

Bid

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear ¹,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen ² :
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me :
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee ?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected ?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft,
 Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
 And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse ³ :
 Seeds

¹ — *I will enchant thine ear,*] It appears from the corresponding rhyme, that this word was formerly pronounced as if it were written *air*. In our author's native county it is still so pronounced by the vulgar. MALONE.

² *Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair, Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :*] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ And ye that on the sands with printless feet

“ Do chase the ebbing Neptune——”

Milton seems to have borrowed this image :

“ Whilst from off the waters fleet

“ Thus I set my printless feet——”

Masque at Ladlow Castle. MALONE.

³ *Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse :*] Alluding to twin'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty,

Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou do'st survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsok them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair fight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love;
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

into each other. Thus our author says, king Henry VIII, and Francis I. embraced "as they grew together." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, I think, meant to say no more than this; that those things which grow only to [or for] themselves, without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not answer the purpose for which they were intended. Thus, in a subsequent passage:

"So in thyself thyself art made away——"

Again, in our author's 95th Sonnet:

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

"Though to itself it only lives and die."

Again, more appositely, in the present poem:

"Poor flower! quoth she, this was thy father's guise,

"(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire)

"For every little grief to wet his eyes;

"To grow unto himself was his desire,

"And so 'tis thine——" MALONE,

Ah!

Ah me, (quoth Venus) young, and so unkind⁴!
 What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
 I'll sigh celestial breath⁵, whose gentle wind
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but
 warm⁶,
 And lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
 The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
 And were I not immortal, life were done,
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
 O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind⁷.

⁴ — young and so unkind?] So, in *King Lear*, act I. sc. i.:
 "So young and so untender?" STEEVENS.

⁵ I'll sigh celestial breath, —] The same expression is found
 in *Coriolanus*:

" — Never man

" Sigh'd truer breath." MALONE.

⁶ The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,] The sun
 affords only a natural and genial heat: it warms, but it does not
 burn. MALONE.

⁷ — but died unkind.] That is, unnatural. *Kind* and *na-*
ture were formerly synonymous. So, in *The Tragicall History of*
Romeus and Juliet, 1562:

" And what revenge of old the angry syres did fynde,

" Against their children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe
 unkind." MALONE.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" — kindles villain."

i. e. unnatural. STEEVENS.

What

VENUS AND ADONIS.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this?²
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
 What were thy lips the worse for one kiss?
 Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
 Give me one kiss; I'll give it thee again,
 And one for interest; if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
 Statue, contenting but the eye alone;
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
 Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion;
 For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sob's do her intendments³ break:

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lilly fingers, one in one⁴.

“ Fond-

² *What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this?*] I suppose, without regard to the exactness of the rhyme, we should read—*thus*. *Thus* and *kiss* correspond in sound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *snadder*, which we meet with afterwards.

STEEVENS.

That thou should'st contemn me this, means, *that thou should'st contemptuously refuse this favour that I ask*. MALONE.

³ — *her intendments*—] i. e. intentions. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*: “—but I, spying his *intendment*, discharged my petronel into his bosom.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *She locks her lilly fingers one in one.*] Should we not read *and*? *She locks their lilly fingers, one in one*. FARMER.

I do

“Fondling, the faith, since I have hemm’d thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I’ll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer²;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale³:
 Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie⁴.”

Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
 Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.”

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
 Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there love liv’d, and there he could not die.

I do not see any need of change.—Venus’s arms at present in-
 fold Adonis. To prevent him from escaping, she renders her hold
 more secure, by *locking* her hands together. MALONE.

² *I’ll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer;*] I suspect the poet
 wrote:

I’ll be *thy* park, _____

The copies, however, all agree in the reading of the text.

The same image is found in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“My decayed fair

“A funny look of his would soon repair;

“But, too unruly *deer*, he breaks the *pale*,

“And feeds from home.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “——I will never
 take you for my love again, but *I will always count you my deer.*”

STERVENS.

³ *Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;*

Graze on my lips;] So, in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*:

“——unless we *feed* on your *lips.*” MALONE.

⁴ *——where the pleasant fountains lie.*] So, Strumbo, in the
 tragedy of *Lochrine*: “——the *pleasant water* of your *secret*
fountain.” AMNER.

These

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
 "Pity—(she cries) some favour—some remorse—"
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder,
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
 Controlling what he was controlled with^s.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest^b now stands on end;

^s Controlling *what he was controlled with.*] So, in *K. Jobn*:
 "Controulment for controulment. So answer France."

STEEVENS.

^b Upon his compass'd crest—] *Compass'd* is arched. *A compass'd ceiling* is a phrase yet in use. MALONE.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "— she came to him the other day into the compass'd window," i. e. the bow window.

STEEVENS.

His

His

His nostrils drink the air⁷, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send⁸ :

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shews his hot courage and his high desire:

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla⁹, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud fight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife¹,
As if the dead the living should exceed;

So

⁷ *His nostrils drink the air,*—] So, Ariel in the *Tempest* :
“ I drink the air before me.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Timon* :

“ ——— and through him

“ *Drink the free air.*” MALONE.

⁸ *His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,*
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;] In this descrip-
tion Shakspeare seems to have had the book of *Job* in his thoughts.
MALONE.

As from a furnace vapours doth he send;] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ He furnaceth the thick fogs from him.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *His flatt'ring holla,*—] This seems to have been formerly
a term of the manège. So, in *As you like it* : “ Cry holla to thy
tongue, I pr'ythee ; it curvets unseasonably.” MALONE.

¹ *His art with nature's workmanship at strife,*] So, in *Timon of
Athens* :

So did this horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing
strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares²,
And whêr he run, or fly, they knew not whether³;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:

“ It tutors nature: artificial strife

“ Lives in these touches livelier than life.”

STEVENS.

² To bid the wind a base he now prepares,] *Base* is a rustick game, sometimes termed *prison-base*; properly *prison-bars*. It is mentioned by our author in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— lads more like to run

“ The country *base*, than to commit such slaughter.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Indeed I *bid the base* for Protheus.” MALONE.

³ And whêr he run or fly, they know not whether;] *Whêr* for *whether*. So, in *King John*:

“ Now shame upon thee, *whêr* he does or no”

Again, in a poem in praise of *Ladie P* ——— *Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* by G. Turberville. 1567:

“ If she in *Ida* had been scene

“ With *Pallas* and the rest,

“ I doubt *where* *Paris* would have chose

“ *Dame Venus* for the best.” MALONE.

Being

Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
 She puts on outward strangeness⁴, seems unkind;
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
 He vails his tail⁵, that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent;
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
 His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
 When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
 With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
 As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
 Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swollen with chafing, down Adonis fits,
 Banning⁶ his boisterous and unruly beast;
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue⁷.

⁴ ——— outward strangeness, ———] i. e. seeming coyness, shyness, backwardness. Thus Jachimo, speaking of his servant to Imogen: "He's *strange* and peevish." STEEVENS.

⁵ *He vails his tail,* —] To *vail*, in old language, is to *lower*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Do not for ever with thy *vailed* lids
 "Seek for thy noble father in the dust." MALONE.

⁶ *Banning* ———] i. e. cursing. So, in *K. Richard III*:
 "Fell *banning* hag &c." STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *the heart hath treble wrong,*
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.] So, in *Mac-*

beth:

" ——— the grief that does not speak,
 "Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."
 STEEVENS.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute * ;
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
 (Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind † ;
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
 For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a fight it was, wistly to view
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue !
 How white and red each other did destroy !
 But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
 It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
 Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels :
 His tender cheeks receive her soft hands' print,
 As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them !
 Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :

* *But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, &c.]* So in *K. Rich. III.*

“ Why should calamity be full of words ?

“ Windy attorneys to their client woes—” STEEVENS.

† *Looks on the dull earth &c.]* So, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*:

“ She excells each mortal thing

“ Upon the dull earth dwelling.” STEEVENS.

And

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain¹.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lilly prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaſter band ;
So white a friend engirts ſo white a foe :
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like to ſilver doves that fit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
“ O faireſt mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;
For one ſweet look thy help I would aſſure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure
thee.”

Give me my hand, ſaith he, why doſt thou feel it ?
Give me my heart, ſaith ſhe, and thou ſhalt have it ;
O give it me, leſt thy hard heart do ſteel it² ;
And being ſteel'd, ſoft fighs can never grave it³ :
Then love's deep groans I never ſhall regard,
Because Adoniſ' heart hath made mine hard.

For ſhame, he cries, let go, and let me go ;
My day's delight is paſt, my horſe is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him ſo ;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;

¹ *And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.*] From
the preſent paſſage, I think it probable, that this firſt production
of our author's muſe was not compoſed till after he had left Strat-
ford, and became acquainted with the theatre. MALONE.

² —leſt thy hard heart do ſteel it,] So, in *Othello* :

“ —thou doſt ſtone my heart.” STEEVENS.

³ —ſoft fighs can never grave it ;] Engrave it, i. e. make
an impreſſion on it. STEEVENS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white⁴,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight⁵?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
thee.

⁴ *Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,*] So, in *Cy-
beline*:

" ——— Cytherea,

" How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! *fresh lilly!*

" And *whiter than the sheets.*" MALONE.

⁵ *His other agents aim at like delight?*] So also Macbeth ex-
presseth himself to his wife:

" ——— i am settled, and *bend up*

" *Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.*" AMNER.

O learn

O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it⁶;
For I have heard it is a life in death*,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?⁷
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being
young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

⁶ *My love to love is love but to disgrace it;*] My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible. — The sense is almost lost in the jingle of words, MALONE.

* *For I have heard it is a life in death,*
That laughs and weeps, *and all but with a breath.*] So, in *K. Rich. III.*

“For now they kill me with a *living death.*”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“These *lovers* cry—Oh! oh! they die!

“Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

“Doth turn *oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!*

“So *dying love lives still:*

“Oh! oh! a while; but *ha! ha! ha!*

“Oh! oh! groans out for *ha! ha! ha!*”

MALONE.

⁷ *Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?*] So, in *The Sheep-herd's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. (probably Henry Constable) printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

“I am now too young

“To be wonne by beauty;

“Tender are my years,

“I am yet a *bud.*” MALONE.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part⁸,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate*.

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
 flattery;

For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk, (quoth she) hast thou a
 tongue?

O would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
 Thy mermaid's voice⁹ hath done me double wrong;
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
 Earth's deep-sweet musick, and heart's deep-sore
 wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty and invisible¹;

Or

⁸ *You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,*] So, in the
 song above quoted:

“ Wind thee from mee, Venus,

“ I am not disposed;

“ Thou wringest me too hard,

“ Pr'ithee let me goe:

“ Fie, what a pain it is

“ Thus to be enclosed!”

This poem, I believe, preceded that of Shakspeare. MALONE.

* *Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;*

To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.] So, in *Romeo and*

Juliet:

“ You—to remove that *siege* of grief from her——”

Again, *ibid*:

“ She will not stay the *siege* of loving terms.” MALONE.

⁹ —mermaid's voice——] Our ancient writers commonly
 use *mermaid* for *Syren*. See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, last
 edit. Vol. II. p. 203. STEEVENS.

¹ —and invisible;] I suspect that both for the sake of better
 rhyme, and better sense, we should read *invincible*. These words
 are mis-printed, alternately one for the other, in *K. Henry II*,
P. II. and *K. John*. STEEVENS.

AQ

Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible :

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling * were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by
smelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four !
Would they not with the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double-lock the door ?
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws † to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth ‡,

Or

An opposition was, I think, clearly intended between external beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice, (which the poet calls *inward beauty*,) striking not the sight but the ear. I therefore believe *invisible* to be the true reading. MALONE.

* Say, that the sense of feeling——] Thus the Duodecimo, 1800. All the modern editions read—*reason*. MALONE.

† —*foul flaws*—] i. e. violent blasts of wind. So, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II :

“ ——as sudden

“ As flaws congealed in the spring of day.” STEEVENS.

‡ Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ But

Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun †,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
 For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
 A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
 But blessed bankrupt *, that by love so thrive! †
 The silly boy believing she is dead,
 Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
 Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
 Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her † !
 For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
 Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
 He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
 To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
 He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
 Her two blue windows † faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like

“ But, as we often see *against some form*—

“ The bold *winds* speechless, and the orb below

“ As *bush* as death, &c.” STEEVENS.

† Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 “ ——— that name

“ Shot from the deadly level of a gun—” STEEVENS.

* But *blessed bankrupt*——] I suspect there is here some corruption. We might better read—*And blessed* &c. MALONE.

† Fair fall the wit &c.] So, in *K. John*:

“ *Fair fall* the bones that took the pains for me!”

STEEVENS.

† Her two blue windows;—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ — Downy

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky⁷,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face⁸ are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave
 light,
 Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O, where am I, quoth she? in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
 What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :
 Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such dis-
 dain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine⁹ ;

“ ——— Downy windows close ;
 “ And golden Phæbus never be beheld
 “ Of eyes again so royal.” MALONE.

This thought is more dilated in *Cymbeline*:

“ ———the enclosed lights now canopied
 “ Under these windows :—white and azure! laced
 “ With blue of heaven's own tinct.” STEEVENS.

⁷ —glorifies the sky,] So, in *King John* :
 “ Do glorify the banks that bound them in.” STEEVENS,

⁸ —his hairless face—] So, in *K. John* :
 “ This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops.”
 STEEVENS.

⁹ —murder'd this poor heart —] So, in *K. Henry V* :
 “ The king hath kill'd his heart.” STEEVENS.

And

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kifs each other, for this cure!
Oh never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips*,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me³;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

— *their verdure still endure,*
[To drive infection from the dangerous year!] I have some-
where read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing
state, the air is never unwholesome. STEVENS.

² *Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,*] We meet
the same image in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Take, O take those lips away,

“ That so sweetly were forsworn;

“ — But my kisses bring again

“ *Smells of love; but seal'd in vain.*” MALONE.

* — *for fear of slips,*] i. e. of counterfeit money. See note
on *Romeo and Juliet*, edit. 1778. Vol. X. p. 69.

“ — what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. “ The slip, Sir, the slip &c ” STEVENS.

³ *A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;*

And pay them &c.] I suspect the author wrote:

A thousand kisses buy, my heart, from me,

And pay them at thy leisure, one by one. MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

429

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
 The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the West:
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks ⁴, 'tis very late;
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
 The coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you;
 If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night, quoth she; and, ere he says *adieu*,
 The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
 Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
 Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face ⁵.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 (Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

⁴ *The owl, night's herald, shrieks, &c.*] So, in *Nacbeth*:

“It was the owl that shriek'd, that fatal bellman

“That gives the stern'st good-night.”

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the lark is called the *herald of the morn*.

STEVENS.

⁵ ——— a sweet embrace;

Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“———how they clung

“In their embracements, as they grew together.”

STEVENS.

Now

Now quick Desire hath caught her yielding prey,
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so
 high,
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
 boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
 wrack ⁶.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chafing,
 Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
 He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
 While she takes all she can, not all she listeth ⁷.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
 And yields at last to every light impression ⁸?

⁶ *Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.*] Here the poet charges his heroine with having forgotten what she can never be supposed to have known. Shakspeare's *Venus* may surely say with *Quartilla* in *Petronius*: "*Junonem meam iratam habeam, f unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse.*" STEEVENS.

⁷ *While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.*] Thus Pope's *Eloisa*:

"Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest."

AMNER.

————— *dissolves with temp'ring,*

And yields at last to every light impression?] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I *seal* with him."

STEEVENS.

Things

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission ⁹ :
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is forward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
 What though the rose have pricks ? yet is it pluck'd :
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
 The poor fool ¹ prays her that he may depart :
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest ²,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast ³.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?
 He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

⁹ — *whose leave exceeds commission* :] i. e. whose licentiousness.
 STEEVENS.

¹ *The poor fool* —] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. So, King Lear, speaking of Cordelia :

“ And my *poor fool* is hang'd.” MALONE.

² — by Cupid's bow *she doth protest*,] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ I swear to thee by *Cupid's strongest bow*.” MALONE.

³ *He carries thence incaged in his breast*.] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. So, in *K. Richard II* :

“ And yet *incaged* in so small a verge—”

The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies have *engaged*.

MALONE.

The

The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose †,
 Usurps her cheeks ; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
 She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back,

Now is she in the very lists of love ‡,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy §.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes †,
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,

† *The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,*] So, in *The
 Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. printed in *Eng-
 land's Helicon*, 1600:

“ Now he sayd, let's goe,
 “ Harke the hounds are crying ;
 “ Grissie boare is up,
 “ Huntsmen follow fast,
 “ At the name of boare
 “ Venus seemed dying :
 “ Deadly-colour'd pale
 “ *Roses overcast.*” MALONE.

Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,] So again, in *The
 Rape of Lucrece*:

“ — red as roses that on lawn we lay.”

STEEVENS.

‡ — *in the very lists of love,*] So also, one Dryden, in his
 play called *Don Sebastian*:

“ The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
 “ More gladly enters not the lists of love.”

AMNER.

§ *To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.*] *To clip* in old language
 is to embrace MALONE.

† — *birds deceiv'd with painted grapes,*] Alluding to a cele-
 brated work of one of the ancient painters. STEEVENS.

Even

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw² ;
 The warm effects³ which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing¹.

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
 Fie, fie, he says, you crush me ; let me go ;
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere
 this,
 But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
 O be advis'd ; thou know'st not what it is
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose rushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal butcher*, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
 His eyes, like glow-worms shine when he doth fret ;
 His snout digs sepulchres where-e'er he goes ;

¹ *As those poor birds that helpless berries saw :*] Berries incapable of being eaten ; with which they could not help themselves.

MALONE.

Helpless berries are berries that afford no help, i. e. nourishment.

STEEVENS.

² *The warm effects*——] I think we should read *affects*. So, in *Otello* :

“ —— the young *affects*

“ In me defunct.” STEEVENS.

³ *She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ *Quicken with kissing* :—had my lips that power

“ Thus would I wear them out.” STEEVENS.

* *Like to a mortal butcher,*——] *Mortal for deadly.*

MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tusshes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes*.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wond'rous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead:

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

* *The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.] Thus*
Virgil describing the rapid passage of two centaurs through the
woods:

“ ——— dat euntibus ingens
“ Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.”
STEEVENS.

For

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
 Doth call himself affection's centinel;
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*;
 Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
 As air and water doth abate the fire.

This four informer, this bate-breeding spy⁴,
 This canker that eats up love's tender spring⁵,
 This carry-tale⁶, diffenſious jealousy,
 That sometimes true news, sometime false doth
 bring⁷,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
 The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;

³ — *doth cry, kill, kill* ;] So, in *King Lear* :
 “ And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 “ Then *kill, kill, kill.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ — *bate-breeding* —] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,
 Mrs. Quickly observes that John Rugby is “ no tell-tale, no
breed-bate.” *Bate* is an obsolete word signifying *strife, contention.*
 STEEVENS.

⁵ — *love's tender spring,*] The tender blossoms of growing
 love. *Printems d'amour.* *Spring* is sometimes used by Shakspeare
 for a young shoot or plant ; but here it clearly has its usual sig-
 nification. So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Unruly blasts wait on the *tender spring.*”
 MALONE.

This canker that eats up love's tender spring,] So, in *Romeo and
 Juliet* :

“ Full soon the *canker death eats up that plant.*”
 STEEVENS.

⁶ *This carry-tale,* —] So, in *Love's Labour's lost* :
 “ Some *carry-tale,* some *please-man &c.*” STEEVENS.

⁷ *That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring,*]
 “ *Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri.*” *Virgil.*
 STEEVENS.

Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief⁸, and hang the
head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination⁹ :
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare¹,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch to overshut his troubles²,

⁸ *Doth make them droop with grief, —*] So the edition of 1600. The subsequent copies have *drop*. MALONE.

⁹ *And fear doth teach it divination :*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ Tell thou thy earl his *divination* lyes.” STEEVENS.

And fear doth teach it divination :

I prophesy thy death, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ O God! I have an ill-*divining* soul ;

“ Methinks I *see thee*, now thou art so low,

“ *As one dead* in the bottom of a tomb.” MALONE.

² *But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me ;*

Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,] So, in *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600 :

“ *Speake, sayd she, no more*

“ *Of following the boare,*

“ *Thou unfit for such a chase ;*

“ *Course the fearful hare,*

“ *Venison do not spare,*

“ *If thou wilt yield Venus grace.*” MALONE.

² *— to over-shut his troubles,*] I would read *over-shoot*, i. e. fly beyond. STEEVENS.

How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
 He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles :
 The many musits through the which he goes ³,
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell ;
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
 And sometime forteth with a herd of deer ⁴ ;
 Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies ⁵.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still ;
 Anon their loud alarms he doth hear ;

³ *The many musits through the which he goes,]* Musits are said by the lexicographers to be *the place where the hare goes for relief*. They should, perhaps, rather be described as the windings or mazes by which she endeavours to escape her pursuers. It seems to have been a made word from the verb *to muse*, which formerly signified to be amazed; to wonder. The modern editions read *musits*. MALONE.

A *musit* is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave's explanation of the French word *Trouée*. STEEVENS.

⁴ *And sometime forteth with a herd of deer ;]* *Sorteth* means *accompanies, consorts with*. *Sort* anciently signified a *troop, or company*. MALONE.

⁵ *————— Echo replies,*

As if another chase were in the skies.] So Dryden :
 " With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
 " And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."

STEEVENS.

And now his grief may be compared well
To one fore-sick, that hears the passing bell ⁶.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch ⁷,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyself, thou hear'st me moralize ⁸,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe,

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why, what of that, quoth she.
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.—
In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all ⁹.

But

⁶ *To one fore sick that hears his passing bell.*] This thought is borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaster*:

“ ——— like one who languishing

“ *Hears his sad bell* ——— STEEVENS.

⁷ *Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,*] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ ——— roaming through a thorny wood

“ *Scratching her legs.* STEEVENS.

⁸ *Unlike thyself, thou hear'st me moralize,*] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies read:

Unlike myself ———

But there is no need of change. *Unlike thyself* refers to the hunting of the boar, which Venus considers as a rude sport, ill suited to the delicate frame of Adonis. MALONE.

⁹ *In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.*] I verily believe that a sentiment similar, in some sort, to another uttered by that forward wanton Juliet, occurreth here:

“ *Lovers*

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
 The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kifs.¹
 Rich preys make rich men thieves; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kifs, and die forsworn.²

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine³,
 Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
 Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature⁴;
 Making it subject to the tyranny
 Of sad mischances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood⁵,

¹ "Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

"By their own beauties." AMNER.

¹ *The earth in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kifs.*] So, in *The Two Gen-
 tlemen of Verona*:

"——— lest the base earth

"Should from her vesture chance to steal a kifs."

STEVENS.

² —— die forsworn.] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity.

STEVENS.

³ *Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,*] *Shine* was formerly
 used as a substantive. So, in *Pericles*:

"Thou shew'd'st a subject's shine———" MALONE.

⁴ —defeature;] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. *to undo*.
 So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"——— strange defeatures in my face." STEVENS.

⁵ —— and frenzies wood,] *Wood* in old language is *frantick*.

MALONE.

The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under ⁶ :
 Both favour, favour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done ⁷,
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night ⁸,
 Dries up his oil, to lend the world his fun.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave ⁹,
 Seeming to bury that posterity *

Which

⁶ *But in one minute's fight brings beauty under :*] Thus the edition of 1600, and those subsequent. Perhaps the author wrote *fight*. The least of these maladies after a *momentary engagement* subdues beauty. MALONE.

In one minute's fight is a phrase equivalent to the more modern one—*at a minute's warning*. King Lear says : " I have seen the time ;" Hamlet : " Or ever I have seen that day." A *minute's fight*, means while we can take note of a minute, while a minute's space can be perceived or ascertained. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,*] *Done* was formerly used in the sense of wasted, consumed, destroyed. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

" *Done to death by slanderous tongues.*"

It still among the vulgar retains the same meaning.

MALONE.

⁸ — *the lamp that burns by night,*] i. e.

" — *λίχρον ἰσώρων,*

" *Καὶ γάμος ἀχρῶντα* —" *Museus*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *What is thy body but a swallowing grave,*] So, in *King Richard II.*

" — in

Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
 If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 Or their's, whose desperate hands themselves do flay,
 Or butcher-fire, that reaves his son of life.
 Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to use, more gold begets'.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme;
 The kifs I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all-in vain you strive against the stream;
 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
 For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
 And will not let a false found enter there;

“ ——— in the *swallowing* gulph

“ Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.”

Again, in our author's 77th *Sonnet*:

“ The wrinkles which thy glafs will truly shew,

“ Of *mouthe'd graves* will give thee memory.”

MALONE.

• ——— a *swallowing* grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity &c.] So, in our author's
 third *Sonnet*:

“ ——— who is he so fond will be the *tomb*

“ Of his self-love, to *stop posterity*?” MALONE.

• *But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Or is your *gold* and silver ewes and rams?”

Sby. “ I cannot tell; I make it *breed as fast.*” STEEVENS.

Left

Left the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet clofure of my breast;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
 But foundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
 The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.

You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse².

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name³;
 Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done⁴.

² *When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"And reason panders will." STEEVENS.

³ ———— love to heaven is fled,

Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name.] This information is of as much consequence as that given us by Homer about one of his celebrated rivers, which, he says, was

"Xanthus by name to those of heavenly birth,

But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,*

Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;] So again, in

The Rape of Lucrece:

"O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold!

"Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old."

MALONE.

Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :
Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen⁵ ;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended⁶,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawns runs a-
pace⁷ ;

Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky⁸,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend⁹,

Till

⁵ *My face is full of shame, my heart of teen ;*] *Teen* is sorrow. The word is often used by Spenser, MALONE.

⁶ *Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,*] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. That of 1636, and the modern editions, read, *wanton calls.* MALONE.

Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended, Do burn &c.] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — I do condemn mine ears, that have
“ So long attended thee.” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *through the dark lawns runs apace,*] The modern editors read—*lanes.* MALONE.

⁸ *Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,*] So, in *King Richard II* :

“ I see thy glory like a shooting star.”

Again, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ — the rude sea grew civil at her song,
“ And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
“ To hear the sea-maid's musick.” MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ And fly like chidden Mercury,
“ Or like a star dis-orb'd.” STEEVENS.

————— *as one on shore,*

Gazing

Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
 Whose ridges¹ with the meeting clouds contend;
 So did the mercilefs and pitchy night
 Fold in the object that did feed her fight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are²,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way³.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans;
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
Ab me! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;

Gazing upon a late embarked friend,] Perhaps Otway had
 this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:

"Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
 "Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
 "While afar off the vessel sails away,
 "Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd.

MALONE.

See the scene in *Cymbeline* where Imogen tells Pisanio how he
 ought to have gazed after the vessel in which Posthumus was em-
 bark'd. STEEVENS.

Till the wild waves ———

Whose ridges ———] So, in *King Lear*:

"Horns welk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea."

STEEVENS.

² Or 'stonish'd as night wanderers often are,] So, in *K. Lear*:

"——— the wrathful skies

"Gallow the very wanderers of the dark." STEEVENS.

³ —the fair discovery of her way.] I would read —discovery,
 i. e. *Adonis*. STEEVENS.

The old reading appears to me to afford the same meaning.

MALONE.

How

How love makes young men thrall, and old men
dote ;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits * ?
She said, 'tis so : they answer all, 'tis so ;
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

* *Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits ?*] But the exercise
of this fantastick humour is not so properly the character of wits,
as of persons of a wild and jocular extravagance of temper. To
suit this idea, as well as to close the rhyme more fully, I am per-
suaded the poet wrote :

Soothing the humour of fantastick wights.

THEOBALD.

*Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits ?*] See the scene of
" *Anon, anon, Sir,*" in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.—Had Mr. Theo-
bald been as familiar with ancient pamphlets as he pretended to
have been, he would have known that the epithet *fantastick* is
applied with singular propriety to the wits of Shakpeare's age.
The rhyme, like many others in the same piece, may be weak,
but the old reading is certainly the true one. STEEVENS.

Who

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow :
O thou clear god⁵; and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth bor-
row

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light⁶, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn⁷;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth⁸ to the cry.

⁵ *O thou clear god, &c*] Perhaps Mr. Rowe had read the lines that compose this stanza, before he wrote the following, with which the first act of his *Ambitious Stepmother* concludes :

“ Our glorious sun, the source of light and heat,
“ Whose influence cheers the world he did create,
“ Shall smile on thee from his meridian skies,
“ And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes ;
“ Thine eyes, which, could his own fair beams decay,
“ Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, —*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ————— Her eye in heaven,
“ Would through the airy region stream so bright,
“ That birds would sing and think it were not night.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn,*] *Musing* in ancient language is *wondering*. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Do not *muse* at me my most worthy friends.” MALONE.

⁸ *—she coasteth—*] So, in *K. Hen. VI. P. III.*

“ Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
“ Will *coast* my crown.”

See note on that passage, last edit. Vol. VI. p. 441.

STEEVENS.

And

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hastening to feed her fawn hid in some brake⁹.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
 Through which it enters to surprize her heart,
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
 Till, chearing up her senses fore-dismay'd,

She

⁹ Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hastening to feed her fawn——] So, in *As you like it*:
 “While like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
 “And give it food.” STEVENS.

¹ Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,] *Ecstasy* anciently
 signified any violent perturbation of mind. So, in *Macbeth*:
 “Better be with the dead——
 “Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
 “In restless *ecstasy*.” MALONE.

Again,

She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid ;
 Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no
 more ;—
 And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
 She treads the paths that she untreads again ;
 Her more than haste is mated with delays * ,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
 Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
 And here she meets another saddy scowling,
 To whom she speaks ; and he replies with howling :

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
 Another and another answer him,

Again, more appositely in *The Comedy of Errors* :
 " Mark, how he trembleth in his ecstasy !"

STEVENS.

* Her more than haste is mated with delays,] Is checked, or con-
 founded. So, in *Macbeth* :

" My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my fight."
 The modern editions read: *marred*. MALONE.

Clapping

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed;
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, fighting it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou
mean

To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath;
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears³, that thou provok'st such
weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?

³ —drink tears,—] So, in Pope's *Eloisa*:
"And drink the falling tears each other sheds."

STEVENS.

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She vail'd her eye-lids⁴, who, like sluices, stopp'd
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain⁵,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
 Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs fought still to dry;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain⁶,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throug her constant woe,
 As striving which should best become her grief;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best; then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:

⁴ *She vail'd her eye-lids, —] She lowered or closed her eye-lids.*
 So, in *Hamlet*:

“Do not for ever with thy *vail'd lids*

“Seek for thy noble father in the dust.” MALONE.

⁵ *But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,]* So, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. 1:

“For tears do stop the *flood-gates* of her eyes.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *—like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,]* In this stanza
 we meet with some traces of Cordelia's sorrow:

“——— you have seen

“Sunshine and rain at once &c.” STEEVENS.

The

The dire imagination she did follow⁷
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell ;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glafs⁸ ;
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
 To wash the foul face of the fluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought ;
 Adonis lives, and death is not to blame ;
 It was not she that call'd him all to naught ;
 Now she adds honour to his hateful name ;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for
 kings,
 Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death, I did but jest ;
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,

⁷ *The dire imagination she did follow*] The edition of 1600 reads :

The *dry* imagination——
 which was evidently a misprint. The reading of the text was furnished by the copy printed in 1636. MALONE.

⁸ ——*like pearls in glafs ;*] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ Like pearls from diamonds dropt.” STEEVENS.

When as I met the boar², that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate¹;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs²; and
stories³
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

¹ When as I met the boar, —] *When as* and *when* were used indiscriminately by our ancient writers. MALONE.

¹ Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:] *Suspect* is *suspicion*. So, in our author's 70th Sonnet:

“The ornament of beauty is *suspect*.” MALONE.

² Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; —] As Venus is here bribing Death with flatteries to spare Adonis, the editors could not help thinking of pompous tombs. But tombs are no honour to Death, considered as a being, but to the parties buried. I much suspect our author intended:

Tells him of trophies, statues, *domes* — THEOBALD.

This alteration is plausible, but not necessary. *Tombs* are in one sense *honours to Death*, inasmuch as they are so many memorials of his triumphs over mortals. Besides, the idea of a number of tombs naturally presents to our mind the dome or building that contains them; so that nothing is obtained by the change.

MALONE.

³ ——— and stories

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.] This verb is also used in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“He *stories* to her ears her husband's fame —” MALONE.

O Jove,

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again ⁴.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ⁵;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars agham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain ⁶,

⁴ *And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.*] The same expression occurs in *Othello*:

“Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
“But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
“*Chaos is come again.*” MALONE.

⁵ *The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;*

“*Illa per intactas segetes, vel fumma volaret*
“*Gramina, nec teneras curfu læsisset aristas.* *Virgil.*
STEEVENS.

⁶ *Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,*
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“Thrusts forth his *horns* again into the world
“That were *in-shell'd* when Marcus stood for Rome.”

The former of these passages supports Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading of another. See the Plays of Shakspeare, last edit. Vol. VII. p. 460, and Vol. II. p. 64. STEEVENS.

And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
 Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign'd their office and their light
 To the disposing of her troubled brain ;
 Who bids them still consort with ugly night ?
 And never wound the heart with looks again ;
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes * ;
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground †,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound:
 This mutiny each part doth so surprize,
 That from their dark beds, once more, leap her
 eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling fight
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd †
 In

* — consort with ugly night,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 " To be comforted with the humorous night."

MALONE.

† Who like a king —
 Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;] So, in *King Lear*:
 " Ay, every inch a king :

" When I do stare, see how the subject quakes."

STEEVENS.

‡ As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,] So, in *K.*
Henry IV. P. 1:

" — off the teeming earth

" Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd

" By the imprisoning of unruly wind

" Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,

" Shakes the old beldame earth &c." STEEVENS.

§ — that the boar had trench'd] Trench'd is cut. *Trancho*,
 Fr. So, in *Macbeth* :

" Safe

In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd :

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth ² ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three ;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be :
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire !
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?

" Safe in a ditch he bides
" With twenty *trenched* gashes on his head."

MALONE.

² *Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth,*] This verb is again
used by our author in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" Madam, 'twas Ariadne, *passioning*
" For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight."

MALONE.

Whose tongue is musick now³? what canst thou
boast

Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
trim;

But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!

Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you⁴:

Having no fair to lose⁵, you need not fear;

The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
you⁶;

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air

Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,

Under whose brim the gawdy sun would peep;

³ *Whose tongue is musick now?* —] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“That never words were musick to thine ear.”

MALONE.

⁴ —nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:] So, in *Othello*:

“The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets.”

STEVENS.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind.”

MALONE.

⁵ *Having no fair to lose* —] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive, in the sense of *beauty*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“My decayed fair

“A funny look of his would soon repair.”

See many other instances of this expression in the last edition of our author's plays, Vol. II. p. 180.

It appears from the corresponding rhyme, and the jingle in the present line, that the word *feare* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare as if it were written *fare*. It is still so pronounced in Warwickshire. MALONE.

⁶ —the wind doth hiss you.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“———— the winds,

“Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.”

STEVENS.

The

The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
 Play with his locks⁷; then would Adonis weep:
 And straight, in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his
 tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him⁸;
 To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
 The tyger would be tame, and gently hear him⁹:
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
 The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
 When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
 That some would sing, some other in their bills
 Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cher-
 ries;
 He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar¹,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
 Witness the entertainment that he gave:
 If he did see his face, why then I know,
 He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

⁷ *Play with his locks*; —] The earliest copy that I have seen, reads *lokes*. But it was, I think, a misprint. The reading of the text is that of the edition in 1636. MALONE.

⁸ — *because he would not fear him*;] Because he would not terrify him. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. 1:

“ For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.” MALONE.

⁹ — *when he hath sung*,

The tyger would be tame —] So, in *Othello*:

“ She would *sing the savageness out of a bear*.” STEEVENS,

urchin-snouted boar,] The urchin is the sea-hedgehog.

MALONE.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
 He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
 But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
 And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine²
 Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
 But he is dead, and never did he bless
 My youth with his³; the more I am accurst.
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
 As if he heard the woeful words she told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
 lies⁴:

Two

————— *the loving swine*

Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.] So, in *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, 1600:

“ On the ground he lay,

“ Blood had left his cheek,

“ For an orped [*f. o'er-fad*] swine

“ Smit him in the groyne;

“ Deadly wound his death did bring:

“ Which when Venus found,

“ She fell into a swoond,

“ And awak'd her hands did wring.” MALONE.

³ *My youth with his*;] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read — *my mouth*; which cannot be right, unless our author forgot what he had before written. Adonis had granted her a kiss.

“ He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,

“ (*Their lips together glew'd*) fell to the earth.”

MALONE.

⁴ ——— two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.] The same want of grammar is discoverable in *Cymbeline*:

“ His

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
 Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite⁵,
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophecy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unfavoury end;
 Ne'er settled equally, too high or low⁶;
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 And shall be blasted in a breathing-while;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
 With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
 speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures⁷;

⁴ His feeds to water at those *springs*
 " On chalic'd flow'rs that *lies*."

See note on this passage, last edit. Vol. IX. p. 220.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *this is my spite*,] This is done, purposely to vex and distress me. MALONE.

⁶ *Ne'er settled equally, too high, or low*;] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" The course of true love never did run smooth &c.

" O cross! too *high* to be enthral'd to *low* &c."

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *to tread the measures*;] To dance. So, in *K. Rich. III*;

" Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,

" Our dreadful marches to delightful *measures*."

MALONE.

The

VENUS AND ADONIS:

The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:

It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war^a, and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and fire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight^b,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, checquer'd with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;

^a *It shall be cause of war, &c.*] Several of the effects here predicted of love, in *Timon of Athens* are ascribed to gold.

STEEVENS.

^b *Was melted like a vapour*—] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— and what seem'd corporal, melted

“ Like *breath* into the wind.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“ These our actors,

“ As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

“ Are melted into air, into thin air.” MALONE.

And

And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is rest from her by death :
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to
 tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling fire)
 For every little grief to wet his eyes :
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
 Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
 There shall not be one minute of an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
 Their mistrefs mounted, through the empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,

' — *here is my breast,*] As Venus sticks the flower to which Adonis is turned, in her bosom, I think we must read against all the copies, and with much more elegance :

Here was thy father's bed, here *in* my breast—

For it was her breast which she would insinuate to have been Adonis' bed. The close of the preceding stanza partly warrants this change :

“ ——— but know it is as good

“ To wither *in* my breast, as in his blood.”

As the succeeding lines in this stanza likewise do :

“ Low *in* this hollow cradle take thy rest.”

THEOBALD.

I have received this emendation, as the reading is, I think, more elegant, and the change very small.

MALONE.

Holdings

Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen ².

² This poem is received as one of Shakspeare's undisputed performances,—a circumstance which recommends it to the notice it might otherwise have escaped.

There are some excellencies which are less graceful than even their opposite defects; there are some virtues, which being merely constitutional, are entitled to very small degrees of praise. Our poet might design his Adonis to engage our esteem, and yet the sluggish coldness of his disposition is as offensive as the impetuous forwardness of his wanton mistress. To exhibit a young man insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty, is to describe a being too rarely seen to be acknowledged as a natural character, and when seen, of too little value to deserve such toil of representation. No elogiums are due to Shakspeare's hero on the score of mental chastity, for he does not pretend to have subdued his desires to his moral obligations. He strives indeed, with Platonick absurdity, to draw that line which was never drawn, to make that distinction which never can be made, to separate the purer from the grosser part of love, assigning limits, and ascribing bounds to each, and calling them by different names; but if we take his own word, he will be found at last only to prefer one gratification to another, the sports of the field to the enjoyment of immortal charms. The reader will easily confess that no great respect is due to the judgment of such a would-be Hercules, with such a choice before him.—In short, the story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar is the more interesting of the two; for the passions of the former are repressed by conscious rectitude of mind, and obedience to the highest law. The present narrative only includes the disappointment of an eager female, and the death of an unscrupulous boy. The deity, from her language, should seem to have been educated in the school of Messalina; the youth, from his backwardness, might be suspected of having felt the discipline of a Turkish seraglio.

It is not indeed very clear whether Shakspeare meant on this occasion, with Le Brun, to recommend continence as a virtue, or to try his hand with Aretine on a licentious canvas. If our poet had any moral design in view, he has been unfortunate in his conduct of it. The shield which he lifts in defence of chastity, is wrought with such meretricious imagery as cannot fail to counteract a moral purpose.—Shakspeare, however, was no unskilful mythologist, and must have known that Adonis was the offspring of Cynara and Myrrha. His judgment therefore would have prevented him from raising an example of continence out of the produce of an incestuous bed.—Considering this piece only in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, written without peculiar tendency, we shall even then be sorry that our author was unwilling to leave the

the character of his hero as he found it; for the common and more pleasing fable assures us, that

“ ——— when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
“ The blest Adonis languish’d in her arms.”

We should therefore have been better pleased to have seen him in the situation of Ascanius,

“ — cum gremio fotum dea tollit in altos
“ Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
“ Floribus et multa aspirans complectitur umbra;”

than in the very act of repugnance to female temptation, self-denial being rarely found in the catalogue of Pagan virtues.

If we enquire into the poetical merit of this performance, it will do no honour to the reputation of its author. The great excellence of Shakspeare is to be sought in dramatick dialogue, expressing his intimate acquaintance with every passion that soothes or ravages, exalts or debases the human mind. Dialogue is a form of composition which has been known to quicken even the genius of those who in mere uninterrupted narrative have sunk to a level with the multitude of common writers. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe have added nothing to their fame.

Let it be remembered too, that a contemporary author, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, points out the *Venus and Adonis* as a favourite only with *the young*, while *graver* readers bestowed their attention on the *Rape of Lucrece*. Here I cannot help observing that the poetry of the Roman legend is no jot superior to that of the mythological story. A tale which Ovid has completely and affectingly told in about one hundred and forty verses, our author has coldly and imperfectly spun out into near two thousand. The attention therefore of these *graver* personages must have been engaged by the moral tendency of the piece, rather than by the force of style in which it is related. STEEVENS.

This first essay of Shakspeare’s Muse does not appear to me so entirely void of poetical merit as it has been represented. In what high estimation it was held in our author’s life-time, may be collected from what has been already observed in the preliminary remark, and from the circumstances mentioned in a note which the reader will find at the end of *The Rape of Lucrece*.

To the other elogiums on this piece may be added the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Mirra the Mother of Adonis; or Lustes Prodigies*, by William Barksled, 1607;

“ But stay, my Muse, in thine own confines keep,
“ And wage not warre with so deere lov’d a neighbor;
“ But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleep;
“ Preserve thy small fame, and his greater favor.
“ His song was worthie merit; Shakspeare, hee
“ Sung the faire blossome, thou the wither’d tree;
“ Laurel is due to him; his art and wit
“ Hath purchas’d it; cyprus thy brows will fit.”

MALONE.

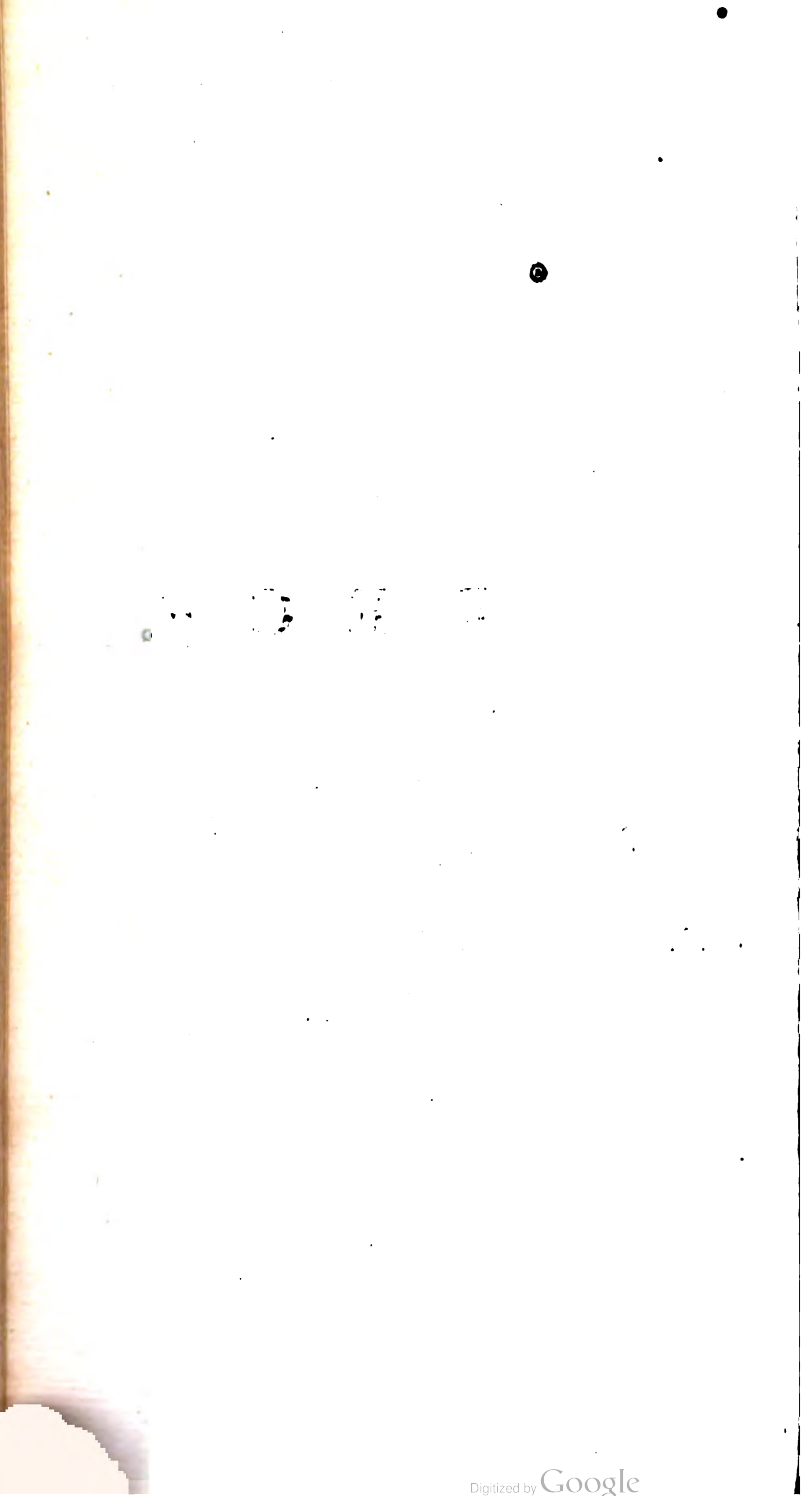


The right side of the image shows the pages of the book, which are mostly blank and appear aged and slightly yellowed. There is some very faint, illegible text visible on the pages, likely due to the low resolution of the scan. The text is arranged in columns, typical of a printed document. The overall appearance is that of an old, well-used book.

L U C R E C E.

VOL. I.

H h



T O T H E
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON OF
TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater: mean time, as

H h 2

it

*it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom
I wish long life, still lengthened with all
happines.*

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

T H E A R G U M E N T †.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after pri-

† This argument appears to have been written by Shakspeare, being prefixed to the original edition in 1594; and is a curiosity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatick form) now remaining.

To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a shorter argument is likewise prefixed, under the name of *Contents*; which not being the production of our author, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted. MALONE.

vily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE

T H E R A P E
O F
L U C R E C E².

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And

¹ This poem was first printed in quarto, in the year 1594. It was again published in 1598, 1600, and 1607. All these copies have been collated for the present edition, and they all correspond, excepting such slight variations as repeated impressions necessarily produce. I have heard of editions of this piece likewise in 1596 and 1602, but I have not seen either of them. In 1616 another edition appeared, which in the title-page is said to be *newly revised and corrected*. When this copy first came to my hands, it occurred to me, that our author had perhaps an intention of revising and publishing all his works, (which his fellow-comedians in their preface to his plays seem to hint he would have done, if he had lived,) and that he began with this early production of his muse, but was prevented by death from completing his scheme; for he died in the same year in which this *corrected* copy of *Lucrece* (as it is called) was printed. But on an attentive examination of this edition, I have not the least doubt that the piece was revised by some other hand. It is so far from being correct, that it is certainly the most inaccurate and corrupt of all the ancient copies. In some passages emendations are attempted merely for the sake of harmony; in others, a word of an ancient cast is changed for one somewhat more modern; but most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning, and imagined he saw errors of the press, where in fact there were none. Of this the reader will find instances in

And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
When Collatine unwisely did not let ³
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars ⁴, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent

the course of the following notes ; for the variations of the editions are constantly set down. I may likewise add, that this copy (which all the modern editions have followed) appears manifestly to have been printed from the edition in 1607, the most incorrect of all those that preceded, as being the most distant from the original, which there is reason to suppose was published under the author's immediate inspection. Had he undertaken the task of revising and correcting any part of his works, he would surely have made his own edition, and not a very incorrect re-impression of it, the basis of his improvements.

The story on which this poem is founded, is related by Dion. Halicarnassensis, lib. iv. c. 72 ; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58 ; and by Ovid, *Fast.* lib. ii. Diodorus Siculus and Dion Cassius have also related it. The historians differ in some minute particulars. MALONE.

³ —did not let] Did not forbear. MALONE.

⁴ Where mortal stars, —] i. e. eyes. Our author has the same allusion in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ — who more engilds the night,

“ Than all yon fiery o's and eyes of light.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ At my poor house look to behold this night

“ *Earth-treading stars*, that make dark heaven light.”

MALONE.

In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame ⁵.

• O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
 And, if possess'd, as soon decayed and done ⁶
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew ⁷
 Against the golden splendour of the sun !
 An expir'd date ⁸, cancel'd ere well begun ⁹ :
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortrefs'd from a world of harms.

⁵ *Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.*] Thus the quarto,
 1594, and three subsequent editions. The duodecimo, 1616,
 reads :

———— at *so high a rate*,
 and in the next line but one,
 But king nor *prince* to such a peerless dame.

The alteration in the first line was probably made in consequence
 of the editor's not being sufficiently conversant with Shakspeare's
 compounded words ; (thus, in *All's Well that ends Well*, we find
high-repented blames ; and in *Twelfth Night*, *high-fantastical* ;)
 in the last, to avoid that jingle which the author seems to have
 considered as a beauty or received as a fashion. MALONE.

⁶ ——— as *soon decay'd and done*,] *Done* is frequently used by
 our ancient writers in the sense of *consumed*. So, in *Venus and
 Adonis* :

“ ——— wasted, thaw'd, and *done*,
 “ As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.”

MALONE.

⁷ *As is the morning's silver-melting dew*,] The duodecimo,
 1616, and the modern editions, read corruptedly :

As *if* the morning's silver-melting dew. MALONE.

⁸ *An expir'd date*, —] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ——— and *expire* the term
 “ Of a despised life.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun* :] Thus the quarto,
 1594, the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. That of 1616
 reads, apparently for the sake of smoother versification :

A date *expir'd*, and *cancel'd* ere begun. MALONE.

Beauty

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator¹ ;
 What needeth then apology be made
 To set forth that which is so singular ?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own² ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king³ ;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
 should vaunt
 The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :

¹ *Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator ;*] So Daniel, in his *Resamond*, 1599 :

“ ——— whose power doth move the blood
 More than the words or wisdom of the wise.”

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher :

“ — silent orators, to move beyond
 The honey-tongued rhetorician.” STEVENS.

² — why is Collatine the publisher

Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown

From thievish ears, because it is his own ?] Thus the old

copies. The modern editions read: From thievish *cares*— MALONE.

The conduct of Lucretia's husband is here made to resemble that of Posthumus in *Cymbeline*. The present sentiment occurs likewise in *Muchado about Nothing*: “ — The flat transgression of a school-boy ; who being over-joyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.” STEVENS.

³ Suggested *this proud issue of a king ;*] Suggested, I think, here means *tempted*, prompted, instigated. So, in *K. Richard II* :

“ What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ These heavenly eyes that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make.” MALONE.

His

His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows⁴.
 O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold⁵,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows
 old⁶!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
 Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived

⁴ — *which in his liver glows.*] Thus the quarto, 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*.—The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE.

⁵ — *wrapt in repentant cold,*] The duodecimo, 1600, reads: — *wrapt in repentance cold,* but it was evidently an error of the press. The first copy has *repentant*. MALONE.

To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

— *wrapt in repentant cold,*] So, in *King John*:

“ There is no malice in this burning coal;

“ The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

“ And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!*] Like a too early spring, which is frequently checked by blights, and never produces any ripened or wholesome fruit, the irregular forwardness of an unlawful passion never gives any solid or permanent satisfaction. So, in a subsequent stanza:

“ Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,

“ Hold it a fashion and a toy of blood;

“ A violet in the youth of primy nature,

“ Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;

“ The perfume and suppliance of a minute:

“ No more.”

Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ Short summers lightly have a forward spring.”

Blasts is here a neutral verb.

In *Venus and Adonis* we meet nearly the same sentiment:

“ Love's gentle spring doth alway fresh remain;

“ Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.”

MALONE.

Which

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
shame;

When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that or with silver white⁷;

But beauty, in that white intituled⁸,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;

⁷ *Virtue would stain that or with silver white.*] The original edition exhibits this line thus:

Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white.

Ore might certainly have been intended for *o'er*, (as it is given in the modern copies,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the passage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would stain *that*, i. e. *blushes*, *o'er* with silver white.—The word intended was, I believe, *or*, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*.

The terms of heraldry in the next stanza seem to favour this supposition; and the opposition between *or* and the *silver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. So, afterwards:

“Which virtue gave the *golden* age to gild

“Their *silver* cheeks——” MALONE.

Shakspeare delights in opposing the colours of *gold* and *silver* to each other. So, in *Macbeth*:

“His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood.”

We meet with a description, allied to the present one, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

“——I have mark'd

“A thousand *blushing* apparitions

“To start into her face; a thousand *innocent* shames

“In angel *whiteness* bear away those *blushes*.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ ——*in that white* intituled,] I suppose he means, *that consists in that whiteness*, or takes its title from it. STEEVENS.

Our author has the same phrase in his 37th *Sonnet*:

“For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,

“Or any of these all, or all, or more,

“Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit——”

MALONE.

Teaching

Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When flame assail'd, the red should fence the
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right :
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field⁹,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses¹ ;

Where

⁹ ——— in her fair face's field,] *Field* is here equivocally used. The *war* of lilies and roses requires a *field* of battle ; the *heraldry* in the preceding stanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or surface of a shield or escutcheon armorial.

STEEVENS.

¹ This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;] There is here much confusion of metaphor. *War* is, in the first line, used merely to signify the contest of lilies and roses for superiority ; and in the third, as an army which takes Tarquin prisoner, and encloses his eye in the pure ranks of white and red.

Our author has the same expression in *Coriolanus* :

“ Our veil'd dames

“ Commit the war of white and damask in

“ Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

“ Of Phœbus' burning kisses.”

Were not the present phraseology so much in Shakspeare's manner, we might read :

The silent band of lilies &c.

So, a little lower :

“ The coward captive vanquished doth yield

“ To those two armies——

Again, in a subsequent stanza :

“ Fearing some bad news from the warlike band

“ Where her beloved Collatinus lies.”

The

Where, left between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquish'd doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe,

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe²,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear³ :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

The copies however all agree in reading *war*, and I believe they are not corrupt. MALONE.

If the copies agree in reading *war*, for once they agree in a true reading. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew* :

" Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

" Such *war* of white and red within her cheeks !"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

" Oh, what a *war* of looks was then between them !"

STEVENS.

² Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,] *Praise* here signifies the object of praise, i. e. Lucretia. To *owe* in old language means to possess. So, in *Othello* :

" Not poppy, nor mandragora

" Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep

" Which thou *ow'st* yesterday." MALONE.

³ Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :] So, in *K. Henry V*
P. III :

" The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

" With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush."

STEVENS.

For

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ⁴ ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more,

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks ⁵ ,
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books ⁶ ;
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton fight ⁷ ,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ⁸ :

Her

⁴ Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty :] So, in *King Lear* :

“ Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,] So, Daniel, in his *Rosamond* :

“ Ah beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good !

“ Sweet silent *rhetorick* of persuading eyes !”

MALONE.

⁶ Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,

“ Find written in the *margin* of his eyes.”

In all our ancient English books, the comment is printed in the margin. MALONE.

⁷ Nor could she moralize his wanton fight,] To moralize here signifies to interpret, to investigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much ado about Nothing* : “ You have some *moral* in this Benedictus.” MALONE.

⁸ With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :] So, in *King Richard III* :

“ Now

Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day ?

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright ¹ ;
For, after supper, long he questioned ²

" Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments."

MALONE.

¹ *Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.*] Thus the quarto,
1594, and the three subsequent editions. The duodecimo,
1616, without any authority reads thus :

Till sable night, *sad source* of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison *shuts* the day. MALONE.

And in her vaulty prison stows the day.] *Stows* I believe to be the true, though the least elegant, reading : So, in *Hamlet*, act IV. sc i : " *Safely stow'd.*" STEEVENS.

² Intending *weariness with heavy spright* ;] *Intending is pretending.* So, in *King Richard III* :

" Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion." MALONE.

² *For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece,* —] Held a long conversation.
So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

" I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew."

Again, in another of our author's plays :

" Thy *question's* with thy equal."

Again, in *As you like it* : " I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." MALONE.

With

With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
 Now leaden slumber³ with life's strength doth fight ;
 And every one to rest himself betakes,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that
 wakes⁴.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-
 ing :
 Despair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining ;
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
 Though death be adjunct⁵, there's no death sup-
 posed.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
 That what they have not (that which they possess⁶)
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And

³ — *leaden slumber* —] So, in *K. Richard III* :
 " Lest *leaden slumber* peise me down to-morrow."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *And every one to rest himself betakes,*
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wakes.]

Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1600, reads :

———— *themselves betake,*

and in the next line :

Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

But the first copy was right. This disregard of concord is not uncommon in our ancient poets. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

" ———— *two lamps burnt out in darkness lies.*"

MALONE.

⁵ *Though death be adjunct,*] So, in *King Jobn* :

" Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to the act."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *That what they have not (that which they possess)*] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads :

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
 That oft they have not that which they possess ;
 They scatter and unloose it &c.

And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
 As life for honour, in fell battles' rage ;
 Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill⁷, we leave to be
 The things we are, for that which we expect ;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it⁸.

The alteration is plausible, but not necessary. If it be objected to the reading of the first copy, that these misers cannot scatter *what they have not*, (which they are made to do, as the text now stands,) it should be observed, that the same objection lies to the passage as regulated in the latter edition ; for here also they are said "to scatter and unloose it &c." although in the preceding line they were said "oft not to have it." Poetically speaking they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, i. e. what they cannot be truly said to have ; what they do not enjoy, though possessed of it. Understanding the words in this sense, the old reading may remain.

MALONE.

⁷ So that in vent'ring ill, —] Thus all the ancient copies that I have seen. The modern editions read :

So that in vent'ring all, —

But there is no need of change. *In venturing ill*, means from an evil spirit of adventure, which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of. MALONE.

⁸ Make something nothing, by augmenting it.] Thus, in *Macbeth* ;

" — so I lose no honour

" By seeking to augment it &c." STEVENS.

Such

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
 Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
 And for himself, himself he must forsake :
 Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
 When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful
 days ? ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night ¹,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries :
 Now serves the season that they may surprisè

¹ ——— *and wretched hateful days ?*] The modern editions read, unintelligibly :

To slanderous tongues, *the wretched hateful day.*

MALONE.

¹ *Now stole upon the time the dead of night, &c.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ Now o'er the one half world

“ Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

“ The curtain'd sleep : now witchcraft celebrates

“ Pale Hecat's offerings ; and wither'd murder,

“ Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf,

“ Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

“ With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

“ Moves like a ghost.” MALONE.

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,

When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;

No comfortable star did lend his light ———

————— pure thoughts are dead and still,

While lust and murder wake ———] From this and two following passages in the poem before us, it is hardly possible to suppose but that Mr. Rowe had been perusing it before he sat down to write *The Fair Penitent* :

“ Once in a lone and secret hour of night,

“ When every eye was clos'd, and the pale moon,

“ And silent stars ———

“ Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,

“ Were hush'd to rest, and love alone was waking.”

STEVENS.

The filly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm ;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire ²,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ³ ;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire ⁴.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise :
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust ⁵,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

² *Doth too too oft betake him to retire,*] That is, *Fear* betakes himself to flight. MALONE.

³ —lode-star to his lustful eye ;] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Your eyes are lode-stars——” STEEVENS.

⁴ *As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.*]

“ Limus ut hic durefcit, et hæc ut cera liquefcit,
“ Uno eodemque igni ; sic nostro Daphnis amore.

Virg. Ec. 8. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *armour of still-slaughter'd lust,*] i. e. still-slaughtering ; unless the poet means to describe it as a passion that is always killing, but never dies. STEEVENS.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine ⁶ !
 And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness that which is divine !
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
 weed ⁷ .

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
 O impious act, including all foul harms !
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave * !
 True valour still a true respect should have ;
 Then my digression ⁸ is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face .

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eye-fore in my golden coat ;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive ⁹ ;

To

⁶ Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine !] In *Othello*, we
 meet the same play of terms :

" Put out the light, and then put out the light : —

" If I quench thee &c." MALONE.

⁷ —love's modest snow-white weed.] Weed, in old language,
 is garment. MALONE.

⁸ —soft fancy's slave !] Fancy for love or affection. So, in
A Midsummer Night's Dream :

" Sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers." MALONE.

⁹ Then my digression—] My deviation from virtue. So, in *Love's
 Labour's Lost* : " I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I
 may example my digression by some mighty precedent." MALONE.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Thy noble shape is but a form in wax,

" Digressing from the valour of a man." STEVENS.

⁹ —the scandal will survive,

And be an eye-fore in my golden coat ;

Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,] In the books
 of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which
 the effluents of those persons were anciently distinguished, who
 "discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will."

To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
 That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
 To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
 Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?¹
 Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the scepter straight be stricken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?

There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that revoked a challenge, or went from his word; for him who fled from his colours &c. In the present instance our author seems to allude to the mark first mentioned. MALONE.

Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,] So, in King Job:
 "To look into the blots and stains of right."

Again, in Drayton's *Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II:*
 "No bastard's mark doth blot my conquering shield."

This distinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a blot or difference. STANFORD.

¹ *Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?] So, in King Rich. III:*

"Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
 "And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of sin."

STANFORD.

Mine

Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or fire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend ³,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known ³ :
Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own :
 The worst is but denial, and reproving :
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
 Who fears a sentence or an old man's law,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe ⁴.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill

³ *But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,*] So, in *Macbeth* :
 " First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 " Strong both against the deed——" STEEVENS.

³ *Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :*] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which reads :
 Shamefull it is ; if once the fact be known.

The words in Italicks in the first three lines of this stanza, are supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor. MALONE.

⁴ *Who fears a sentence or an old man's law,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.*] In the old tapestries or painted cloths many moral sentences were wrought. So, in *his play about a good Play the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612 :
 " What says the prodigal child in the painted cloth ?"
 MALONE.

All pure effects ⁵, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news * from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away ⁶.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gawdy banner is display'd ⁸,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

⁵ *All pure effects, ———] Perhaps we should read affecti.*
So, in *Orbello*:

“ ——— the young affects

“ In me defunct ——— ” STEEVENS.

* *Fearing some hard news ———] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:*

“ ——— this is stiff news.” The modern editors read — *bad news*.
STEEVENS.

⁶ — *the roses took away.*] The roses being taken away. MALONE.

⁷ *And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,*] Thus all the editions before 1616, which has:

And now her hand, &c. MALONE.

⁸ *And when his gawdy banner is display'd,*] Thus the quarto, 1591. The edition of 1616 reads — *this gawdy banner*; and in the former part of the stanza, *pleads* and *dreads*, instead of *pleadeth* and *dreadeth*. MALONE.

Then

Then child's fear avaunt! debating die!
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
 Sad pause and deep regard beset the sage;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
 Away he steals with open listening ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image fits,
 And in the self same seat fits Collatine:
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline;

¹ *Sad pause and deep regard beset the sage;*] *Sad*, in ancient language, is *grave*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"The conference was *sadly* borne —" MALONE.

² *My part is youth, and beats these from the stage;*] The poet seems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the *Vice* of the old moralities, in his thoughts. In these, the *Vice* was always victorious, and drove the Devil roaring off the stage.

MALONE.

My part is youth, —] Probably the poet was thinking on that particular interlude intitled *Lusty Juventus*. STEVENS.

— *heedful fear*

Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.] Thus the old copy. So, in *K. Henry IV.*:

"And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd

"*Chok'd* the respect of likely peril *fear'd*."

So also, Dryden:

"No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,

"But docks and darnel *choke* the rising corn."

The modern editions erroneously read:

— *chok'd* by unresisted lust. STEVENS.

But

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worst part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours³ ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece's bed⁴ .

The locks between her chamber and his wall,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward⁵ ;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard⁶ :
The threshold grates the door to have him heard⁷ ;
Night-wandering weefels⁸ strick to see him
there ;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As

³ *Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;*] So, in *Key Henry V. l. P. III* :

“ ——— to see the minutes how they run,
“ How many make the hour full-complete.”

MALONE.

⁴ *The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece's bed ;*] The edition of 1616 reads—*dash march*. MALONE.

⁵ ——— *retires his ward ;*] Thus the quarto, and the editions 1598 and 1600. That of 1616, and the modern copies, read, unintelligibly :

Each one by one enforc'd, *retires his ward*.

Retires is draws back. Retirer, Fr. MALONE.

⁶ *Which drives the creeping thief to some regard ;*] Which makes him pause and consider what he is about to do. So before :

“ ——— deep regard becoms the sage.” MALONE.

⁷ ——— *to have him heard ;*] That is, to discover him ; to proclaim his approach.” MALONE.

⁸ *Night-wandering weefels strick see ;*] The property of the weefel is to suck eggs. To this circumstance our author alludes in *As you like it* : “ I suck melancholy out of a song, as a weefel sucks eggs.” Again, in *K. Henry V* :

“ For

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case⁹;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies¹;
 And griping it, the needl his finger pricks² :
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste ;
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial :
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,

“ For once the eagle England being in prey,

“ To her unguarded nest the weevil Scot

“ Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs.”

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at sight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture.

STEVENS.

⁹ *Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;] Conduct for conductor.*
 So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V. sc. i :

“ Come better conduct, come unfavoury guide——”

See the note there. MALONE.

¹ *He takes it from the rushes where it lies,] The apartments in England being strowed with rushes in our author's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the same covering.* MALONE.

² *And griping it, the needl his finger pricks:] Needl for needle.*
 Our author has the same abbreviation in his *Pericles* :

“ Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needl composes

“ Nature's own shape——”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ ——Have with our needls created both one flower.”

MALONE.

He

He takes for accidental things of trial ;
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let ³,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime ⁴,
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing ⁵.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing ;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
 and sands,
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber door
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought ⁶,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin ⁷,
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

³ *Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,*] To let, in ancient language, is to obstruct, to retard. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ — I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.”

MALONE.

⁴ *To add a more rejoicing —*] That is, a greater rejoicing. So, in *K. Richard II*:

“ To make a more requital of your loves.”

The prime is the spring. MALONE.

⁵ *And give the sneaped birds —*] Sneaped is checked. So, Falstaff, in *K. Henry IV. P. II*: “ My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply.” MALONE.

⁶ *That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,*] Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
 “ My sole earth's heaven —” MALONE.

⁷ *That for his prey to pray he doth begin,*] A jingle not less disgusting occurs in Ovid's narration of the same event.

“ *Hoffis ut bospes init penetrabilia Collatina.*” STEEVENS.

But

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair³,
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour²,
 Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower;
 The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
 My will is back'd with resolution:
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution¹;
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of heaven is out⁴, and misty night
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide:
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;

³ — *might compass his fair fair,*] His fair beauty. *Fair*, it has been already observed, was anciently used as a substantive.

MALONE.

² *And they would stand auspicious to the hour,*] This false concord perhaps owes its introduction to the rhyme. In the second line of the stanza *one* deity only is invoked; in the fourth line he talks of more. We must therefore either acknowledge the want of grammar, or read:

And *he* would stand auspicious to the hour, &c.

STEEVENS.

¹ *The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;*] The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

Black sin is clear'd with absolution.

Our author has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a disciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

⁴ *The eye of heaven —*] So, in *K. Richard II*:

“All places that the *eye of heaven* visits.” STEEVENS.
 Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Now ere the *sun* advance his burning *eye* —”

MALONE.

But

But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,³
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full
soon⁴,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair and fire-pointed sun⁵,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,

³ *Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,*] This line strongly confirms the correction that has been made in a passage in *Machab*:

“ With Tarquin’s ravishing *brides*, towards his design
“ Moves like a ghost.”

where the old copy reads—*fides*. So, in a subsequent passage, when Lucretia is describing Tarquin’s entrance into her chamber, she says:

“ For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight,
“ With shining falchion in my chamber came
“ A *creeping* creature, with a flaming light,
“ And softly cry’d——”

Thus also, in a preceding stanza:

“ Which drives the *creeping* thief to some regard.”

MALONE.

⁴ *Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,*] The *duodecimo*, 1616, reads—*too* soon. MALONE.

⁵ — fire-pointed *sun*,] I would read:—*fire-pointed*. So, Milton:

“ Under a *star-pointing* pyramid.” STEVENS.

I have not observed that our author has any where, except in the antiquated choruses of *Pericles*, (if they were his composition) imitated the elder poets in prefixing *y* to any word, and therefore suppose the old reading to be right. In Shakespeare’s edition the word is spelt *ferie*-pointed. MALONE.

That

That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
posed ;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill !
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed ⁶ might have reposed still :
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their fight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under ⁷,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ⁸ ;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling

⁶ *In his clear bed* —] *Clear* is pure, spotless. So, in *Macbeth* :
“ ———— This Duncan

“ Hath been so *clear* in his great office —” MALONE.

⁷ — *her rosy cheek lies under*,] Thus the first copy. The
edition of 1600, and the subsequent impressions have *cheeks*.

MALONE.

⁸ *Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,*
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;] Among the poems
of Sir John Suckling, (who is said to have been a great admirer
of our author) is one entitled *A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of*
Verses of Mr. William Shakspeare's ; which begins with these lines,
somewhat varied. We can hardly suppose that Suckling would
have called a passage extracted from a regular poem an imperfect
copy of verses. Perhaps Shakspeare had written the lines quoted
below (of which Sir John might have had a manuscript copy)
on some occasion previous to the publication of his *Lucrece*, and
afterwards used them in this poem, with some variation. In a
subsequent page the reader will find some verses that appear to
have been written before *Venus and Adonis* was composed, of
which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards em-
ployed in that poem. This supposed fragment is thus supplied by
Suckling.—The variations are distinguished by *Italick* characters.

I.

“ *One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,*

“ *Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;*

“ *Which therefore swell'd and seem'd to part asunder,*

“ *As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss :*

“ *The*

Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;
 Between whose hills her head intomb'd is :
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies * ,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,

“ *The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
 While t'other blush'd 'cause it had done the wrong.* ”

ii.

“ *Out of the bed the other fair hand was,
 On a green sattin quile ; whose perfect white
 Look'd like a daisy in a field of grass * ,
 And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight :
 There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
 The rest o' the body that lay fast asleep.* ”

III.

“ *Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
 Strove to imprison beauty till the morn ;
 But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
 That it broke through and shew'd itself in scorn ;
 Throwing a kind of light about the place,
 Which turn'd to smiles, still as't came near her face.* ”

IV.

“ *Her beams, which some dull men call'd hair, divided
 Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport ;
 But these, as rude, her breath put by still : some †
 Wiselier downward sought ; but falling short,
 Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again
 To bite the part so unkindly held them in.* ”

MALONE.

* *Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,*] On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly reposed on pillows. Our author has nearly the same image in *Cymbeline* :

“ *And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying.* ” STEVENS.

* *Thus far* (says Suckling) *Shakspeare.*

† From the want of rhyme here, I suspect this line to be corrupt.

With

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

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With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night ¹,
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light ²,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph ³ in the map of death ⁴,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife ⁵,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered ⁶,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew ⁷,

¹ *With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.*] So, Dryden:
"And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dew sweat."

STEEVENS.

² *Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness, sweetly lay, &c.*] So, in *Cym-
beline*:

"——— The flame o' the taper

"Bends towards her, and would underpeep her lids,

"To see the enclosed lights, now canopied

"Under these windows." MALONE.

³ *Shewing life's triumph——*] The duodecimo, 1616, reads
Shewing. MALONE.

⁴ *——— in the map of death,*] So, in *King Richard II*:

"Thou map of honour." STEEVENS.

⁵ *As if between them twain there was no strife,*

But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.] So, in
Macbeth:

"That death and nature do contend about them,

"Whether they live or die." STEEVENS.

⁶ *A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,*] *Maiden worlds!* How
happeneth this, friend Collatine, when Lucretia hath so long lain
by thy side? Verily, it insinuateth thee of coldness. AMNER.

⁷ *Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,*] So, Ovid, de-
scribing Lucretia in the same situation:

"Effugiet? positis urgetur pectora palmis,

"Nunc primum externâ pectora tacta manu." MALONE.

VOL. I.

K k

And

And him by oath they truly honoured⁸.
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out⁹.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
 What did he note, but strongly he desired?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tired*.
 With more than admiration he admired
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified¹;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,

⁸ *And him by oath they truly honoured.*] Alluding to the ancient practice of swearing domesticks into service. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ Her servants are all sworn and honourable.” STEEVENS.

The matrimonial oath was, I believe, alone in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

⁹ ——— to heave the owner out.] So, in a subsequent stanza:

“ My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to beave thee.”
 The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

———— to have the owner out. MALONE.

* *And in his will his wilful eye be tired.*] This may mean—*He glutted his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had resolved to do.* To *tire* is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: “ Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh.” Perhaps we should read—*And on his will &c.* STEEVENS.

¹ ——— by gazing qualified,] i. e. softened, abated, diminished. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ ——— I have heard

“ Your grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify*

“ His rigorous courses.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*: “ I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too.” MALONE.

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting;
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting ²,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge ³, and bids them do their
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand ⁴ ;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ⁵ ;

² — *fell exploits effecting,*] Perhaps we should read— *affecting*.
STEEVENS.

The preceding line and the two that follow, support, I think, the old reading. Tarquin only *expects* the onset ; but the slaves here mentioned do not *affect* or meditate fell exploits, they are supposed to be actually *employed* in carnage :

“ — for pillage *fighting*,
“ Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans *respecting*.”

The subsequent line,
“ Swell in their pride, the onset still *expecting*—”
refers, not to the *slaves*, but to Tarquin's *veins*. MALONE.

³ Gives the *hot charge*, —] So, in *Hamlet* :
“ — proclaim no shame

“ When the compulsive ardour *gives the charge*.” STEEV.

⁴ *His eye commends the leading to his hand ;*] i. e. recommends.
So, in *Macbeth* :

“ I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
“ And so I do commend you to their backs.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;*] So in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — the very heart of *lofs*.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ — I will wear him

“ In my heart's core ; ay, in my *heart of heart*.” MALONE.

Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some gasty sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terrour 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terrour true⁶.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies⁷;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting anticks, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries⁸;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights⁹,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful fights.

⁶ *The sight which makes supposed terrour true.*] The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

—— which make supposed terror true. MALONE.

⁷ *Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears, Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;*] So, Ovid, describing Lucretia in the same situation:

“ Illa nihil; neque enim vocem viresque loquendi

“ Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.

“ Sed tremit——” MALONE.

⁸ *Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ These are the forgeries of jealousy.” STEEVENS.

* —— *the eyes fly from their lights,*] We meet with this conceit again in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ His coward lips did from their colour fly.” STEEVENS.
His

His hand that yet remains upon her breast,
 (Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !)
 May feel her heart (poor citizen !) distress'd,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal⁹.

This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin¹,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : The colour in thy face²
 (That even for anger makes the lily pale,

⁹ *Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.*] *Bulk* is frequently used by our author and other ancient writers for *body*. So, in *K. Richard III* :

“ ——— still the envious flood
 “ Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 “ To seek the empty vast, and wandering air,
 “ But smother'd it within my panting *bulk*.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 “ As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*,
 “ And end his being.” MALONE.

¹ — *o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,*] So, Orway, in *Venice Preserved* :

“ ——— in virgin sheets,
 “ White as her bosom.” STEEVENS.

² *Under what colour he commits this ill.*

Thus he replies : The colour in thy face,] The same play on the same words occurs in *K. Henry IV. P. II* :

“ ——— this that you heard, was but a *colour*.

Sbal. “ A *colour*, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.”

STEEVENS.

And the red rose blush at her own disgrace³;
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,
 My will that marks thee for my earth's delight⁴;
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred⁵.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting⁶ ;
 All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated⁷, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
 breed ;

But

³ *And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,]* A thought somewhat similar occurs in May's *Supplement to Lucan* :

“ ——— labra rubenus

“ Non rosea æquaret, nisi primo victa fuisset,
 “ Et pudor augetur quem dat natura ruborem.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *my earth's delight,]* So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ My sole earth's heaven.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.]* The duodecimo, 1616, reads :

——— it was newly bred. MALONE.

⁶ *I think the honey guarded with a sting ;]* I am aware that the honey is guarded with a sting. MALONE.

⁷ *I see what crosses* ———

I have debated &c.] On these stanzas Dr. Young might have

But nothing can affection's course control,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade⁸,
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies :
 So under the insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells⁹.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;

have founded the lines with which he dismisses the prince of Egypt, who is preparing to commit a similar act of violence, at the end of the third act of *Bufris* :

“ Destruction full of transport ! Lo I come
 “ Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom :
 “ I know the danger, and I know the shame ;
 “ But, like our phoenix, in so rich a flame,
 “ I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
 “ And dote on death in that luxurious bed.”

STEEVENS.

—like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below—] So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew
 “ As falcon doth the fowl.”

I am not certain but that we should read—*Cov'reth*. To couch the fowl may, however, mean, to make it couch ; as to brave a man, in our author's language, signifies either to insult him, or to make him brave, i. e. fine. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :
 “ —thou hast brav'd many men ; brave not me.” Petruchio is speaking to the Taylor, STEEVENS.

’ —as fowl hear falcons' bells.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III :

“ —not he that loves him best
 “ Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.”

STEEVENS.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye ¹ ;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy ² :
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shall have thy trespasss cited up in rhimes ³,
 And sung by children in succeeding times ⁴.

¹ The scornful mark of every open eye ;] So, in *Othello* :
 " A fixed figure for the time of scorn."

STEEVENS.

² Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :] The poet calls bastardy *nameless*, because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*.

MALONE.

³ Shall have thy trespasss cited up in rhimes,] So, in *K. Henry VI. P. I.*

" He made a blushing cital of his faults."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" ——— for we cite our faults." STEEVENS.

⁴ Shall have thy trespasss cited up in rhimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.] So, in *King Richard III.*

" ——— Thence we looked towards England,

" And cited up a thousand heavy times."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" ——— Saucy listers

" Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald rhimers

" Ballad us out o' tune."

Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe." HOR.

Thus elegantly imitated by Pope :

" Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time

" Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;

" Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,

" And the sad burthen of some merry song."

MALONE.

But

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
 A little harm, done to a great good end,
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound⁵ ; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit⁶ : bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot ;
 Worse than a slavish wipe⁷, or birth-hour's blot⁸ :
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy⁹.

Here

⁵ *In a pure compound* —] Thus the early quarto, and the edition of 1600. That of 1616 reads :

In purest compounds — MALONE.

A thought somewhat similar occurs in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Within the infant rind of this small flower

“ *Poison* hath residence, and *medicine* power.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Tender my suit* : —] Cherish, regard my suit. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ *Tender* yourself more dearly.” MALONE.

⁷ *Worse than a slavish wipe*,] More disgraceful than the brand with which slaves were marked. MALONE.

⁸ — *or birth-hour's blot* :] So, in *King John* :

“ If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,

“ Ugly and slanderous to thy *mother's womb*,

“ Full of unpleasing *blots*, and fightless stains —

“ Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,

“ I would not care.”

It appears that in Shakspeare's time the arms of bastards were distinguished by some kind of *blot*. Thus, in the play above quoted :

“ To look into the *blots* and stains of *right*.”

But in the passage now before us, those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born, seem alone to have been in our author's contemplation. MALONE.

⁹ *For marks descried in men's nativity*

Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ That

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye',
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws',
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
 threat',
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which

"That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 "As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty)—"

STEEVENS.

' — with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,] So, in *Roméo and Juliet*:

"From the death-darting eye of cockatrice." STEEVENS.

' — under the grype's sharp claws,] All the modern editions read:
 ————— beneath the grype's sharp claws.

The quarto, 1594, has:

Like a white hinde under the grype's sharp claws—

The gryphon was meant, which in our author's time was usually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE.

The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of *Doddsley's Old Plays*, vol. I. p. 124. where *gripe* seems to be used for *vultur*:

"Ixion's wheele

"Or cruell *gripe* to gnaw my growing harte."

Ferrex and Porrex.

It was also a term in the hermetick art. Thus, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

"— let the water in glasse be filter'd

"And put into the *gripe's* egg."

As *griffe* is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently those birds which are remarkable for *gripping* their prey in their talons, were occasionally called *gripes*. STEEVENS.

' Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,] The quarto, 1594, and all the other ancient copies (that I have seen) read:

But when &c.

But was evidently a misprint; there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage. We had before:

"Look,

Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing ;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :
Her sad behaviour feeds his vultur folly *,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face † ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks ‡.

“ Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun &c.

“ Even so ——— ”

Again, in a subsequent stanza, we meet :

“ Look, as the full-fed hound &c.

“ So surfeit-taking Tarquin ——— ”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Look how the world's poor people are amazed ———

“ So she with fearful eyes ——— ” MALONE.

* — his vultur folly,] *Folly* is used here, as it is in the sacred writings, for *depravity of mind*. So also, in *Othello* :

“ She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.” MALONE.

† In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;] *Remorseless* is *pitiless*. MALONE.

‡ She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Make periods in the midst of sentences,

“ Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

“ And in conclusion dumbly have broke off &c.”

STEEVENS.

She

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality⁶
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended⁷;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended⁸ :

He

⁶ —reward not hospitality &c.] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ ——— my hospitable favours

“ You should not ruffle thus.” STEVENS.

⁷ —pretended ;] i. e. proposed to thyself. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Alas the day !

“ What good could they pretend ?” STEVENS.

⁸ End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended.] Thus the old copy ; but *shoot* was probably an error of the press, or a mistake of the copyist. It is manifest from the context, that the author intended the word to be taken in a double sense ; *suit* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. So, in *Love's Lab. lost*, Vol. II. p. 431 :

“ Who is the *shooter* ?” [r. *suito*.]

See the note there.—Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607 :

“ Enter the *Sutors*.

“ Are not these archers,—what do you call them,—*shooters* ? &c.” Again, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605 :

“ But there's the other black-browes, a shrood girl,

“ She hath wit at will, and *shuters* two or three.”

The word *shoot* not admitting more than one idea, I doubt whether *suit* ought not rather to be placed in the text, which agrees sufficiently well with the preceding and subsequent words. However, I have made no change.

In the original edition of this poem many words are printed according to their sound. So, a few lines higher, instead of—“ though marble *wear* with raining,” we have—“ though marble *were* &c.” MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading, nor apprehend the least equivocation. A sentiment nearly parallel occurs in *Macbeth* :

“ —the murd'rous shaft that's shot,

“ Hath not yet lighted.”

“ He

He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me :
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans ;

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion ;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate !
Soft pity enters at an iron gate ' .

In Tarquin's likenefs I did entertain thee :
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?

If

" He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow,"
very strongly supports my opinion. STEEVENS.
' Soft pity enters at an iron gate.] Meaning, I suppose, the
gates of a prison. STEEVENS.
' How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?] This thought
is more amplified in our author's *Troilus and Cressida* :
" — the seeded pride

" That

R A P E O F L U C R E C E .

If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king²?
 O be remember'd³, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay⁴.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look⁴.

“ That hath to its maturity grown up
 “ In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
 “ Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil,
 “ To over-bulk us all.” STEEVENS.

² *If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not when thou art once a king?*] This
 sentiment reminds us of king Henry IVth's question to his son:

“ When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 “ What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?” STEEVENS.

³ *O be remember'd,* ——] Bear it in your mind. So, in *King
 Richard II*:

“ —— joy being wanting,

“ It doth remember me the more of sorrow.” MALONE.

* *Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.*] The memory of
 the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So,
 in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1596:

“ Mine owne good father, thou art gone; thine ears are
 stopp'd with clay.”

Again, in *Kendal's Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

“ The corps clapt fast in clotted clay,
 “ That here engrav'd doth lie.” MALONE.

⁴ *For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.*] So, in *K
 Henry IV*. P. II:

“ He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
 “ That fashion'd others,”

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. *Claud.*
 MALONE.

And

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn ?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
 To privilege dishonour in thy name ?
 Thou back'ft reproach against long-living laud,
 And mak'ft fair reputation but a bawd.

Haft thou command ? by him that gave it thee,
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will :
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill,
 When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were
 To view thy present trespass in another.
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;
 Their own transgressions partially they smother :
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
 O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
 That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier^s ;
 I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal^{*} ;
 Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :
 His true respect will 'prison false desire,

^s *Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier ;*] Thus the first copy.
 The edition of 1616 has — thy rash reply.
 Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads:

Not to seducing lust's outrageous fire. MALONE.

^{*} —for exil'd majesty's repeal ;] For the recall of exiled ma-
 jesty. So, in one of our author's plays :

“ — If the time thrust forth

“ A cause for thy repeal——” MALONE.

And

And wipe the dim mist from thy doting cyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge-fires abide⁶,
And with the wind in greater fury fret⁷;
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste⁸.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is herfed⁹,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave¹⁰;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou

⁶ Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,] So, in *K. Henry VI*:

“ A little fire is quickly trodden out &c.” STEEVENS.
⁷ And with the wind in greater fury fret:] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.] The duodecimo, 1616, reads:

Add to this flow, but alter not the taste. MALONE.

⁹ Thy sea within a puddle's womb is herfed,] Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

Thy sea within a puddle womb is herfed.

Dr. Sewel, not being able to extract any meaning from this, reads:

Thy sea within a puddle womb is burst,

And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd. MALONE.

¹⁰ So shall these slaves be kings, and thou their slave:] This line serves to confirm an emendation made by Mr. Tyrwhitt in a passage in *K. John*, in which he would read: “ King'd of our fears,”

i. e.

Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
 No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear
 thee :

Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
 Instead of love's coy touch ², shall rudely tear thee ;
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ³,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linnen that she wears ⁴,
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears

i. e. subjected to our fears, which ought to be our *slaves*, but (like the unruly passions here mentioned, lust, dishonour, &c.) are become our *masters*. See last edit. of our author's plays, Vol. V. p. 39. MALONE.

² —love's coy touch, —] i. e. the delicate, the respectful approach of love. STEVENS.

³ The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,]

“ Illa nihil : ————

“ Sed tremit ut quondam stabulis deprensa relicta

“ Parva sub infesto cum jacet agna lupo.” *Ovid.*

I believe the *Fasts* were not translated in Shakspeare's time ; so that probably the coincidence is accidental. MALONE.

⁴ For with the nightly linnen that she wears,] Thus the first quarto. The duodecimo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly :

For with the *mighty* linnen &c. MALONE.

That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed⁵!
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life⁶,
 And he hath won what he would lose again.
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
 Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
 And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
 Can comprehend in still imagination!
 Drunken desire must vomit his receipt⁷,

⁵ *O that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!*] Thus the first quarto. The edition of 1600 instead of *prone* has *prond*. That of 1616 and the modern copies - *foul*. *Prone* is headstrong, forward, prompt. In *Measure for Measure* it is used in somewhat a similar sense:

“ ——— in her youth

“ There is a *prone* and speechless dialect.” MALONE.
 Thus more appositely, in *Cymbeline*: “ Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so *prone*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *But she hath lost &c.*] Shakspeare has in this instance practised the delicacy recommended by Vida:

“ Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
 “ Deveniant, pudor ulterius nihil addere curet.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
 “ To make *desire vomit* emptiness.” STEEVENS.

Etc

Ere he can see his own abomination.
 While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire³.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with
 grace,
 For there it revels; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chafed ;
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,
 That through the length of times he stands dis-
 graced :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual :
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

³ Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.] So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ Anger is like
 “ A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
 “ Self-mettle tires him.” STEEVENS.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he
stealeth,

A captive victor, that hath lost in gain⁹;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil¹ perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a theevish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scouls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite²,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away³:
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day:
For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay⁴;

⁹ —that hath lost in gain;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
“ —teach me how to lose a winning match —”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Leaving his spoil* —] That is, *Lucretia*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ —Set them down

“ For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

“ And daughters of the game.” MALONE.

² *He then departs a heavy convertite*,] A *convertite* is a convert.
Our author has the same expression in *K. John*:

“ But, since you are a gentle *convertite*,

“ My tongue shall hush again this storm of war.”

MALONE.

³ —a *hopeless cast-away*:] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ That ever I should call thee *cast-away*!” STEEVENS.

⁴ *For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay*;] So, in *K. Hen. VI*:

“ The gaudy, *blabbing*, and remorseful day.” STEEVENS.

And

And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;
And therefore would they still in darkness be ⁵,
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind ⁶.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her
spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell ⁷ !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies ⁸ and murders fell !

Vast

⁵ *And therefore would they still in darkness be,*] The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read, without authority :
— they still in darkness lie. MALONE.

⁶ *Here she exclaims against repose and rest, And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.*] This passage will serve to confirm the propriety of Dr. Johnson's emendation in *Cymbeline*. See last edit. Vol. IX. p. 258 :

" I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first." STEEVENS.

⁷ *O comfort-killing night! image of hell!*] So, in *King Henry V.*:

" Never sees horrid night, the child of hell."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Black stage for tragedies* —] In our author's time, I believe, the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room

Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time !
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair °,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ° ;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick °,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

of the tapestry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. See the *Account of the Antient English Theatres*, ante, p. 21. MALONE.

⁹ *Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,*] So, in *King Lear*:

“ —— infect her beauty,

“ *Ye fen-suck'd fogs——*” STEEVENS.

¹ —— *noon-tide prick* :] So, in one of our author's plays :

“ And make an evening at the noon-tide *prick*.”

i. e. the *point of noon*. Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571 :

“ *It pricketh fast upon noon.*” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Acolastus his after-quit*, 1600 :

“ Scarce had the sun attain'd his noon-tide *prick*.”

MALONE.

² *And let thy misty vapours march so thick,*] The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads—*mussy*. The subsequent copies have—*misty*. So, before :

“ Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light.”

Again :

“ —— *misty* night

“ Covers the shame that follows such delight.” MALONE.

Were

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child³),
 The silver-shining queen he would disdain⁴;
 Her twinkling handmaids⁵ too, by him defil'd,
 Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
 So should I have copartners in my pain:
 And fellowship in woe doth woe affuage⁶,
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage⁷.

Where now I have no one to blush with me⁸,
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
 But

³ — (as he is but night's child,)] The wicked, in scriptural language, are called the *children of darkness*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *he would disdain* ;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads :

The silver-shining queen he would *disdain*.

Dr. Sewell, unwilling to print nonsense, altered this to :

—— *him would disdain*. MALONE.

⁵ *Her twinkling handmaids* ——] That is, *the stars*. In one of our author's plays, they are called, I think, *Diana's waiting-women*. MALONE.

⁶ *And fellowship in woe doth woe affuage,*] So, in *King Lear* :

“ But then the mind much *sufferance* doth o'er-skip,

“ When *grief* hath *mates*, and bearing *fellowship*.”

MALONE.

“ *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*” STEEVENS.

⁷ *As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1594. The duodecimo, 1616, and all the modern editions, read, unintelligibly :

As palmers *that make* short their pilgrimage. MALONE.

As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.] So, in *King Richard II* :

“ —— rough uneven ways

“ Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome :

“ And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

“ Making the hard way sweet and delectable.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ —— wanting your company,

“ Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

“ The tediousness and process of my travel.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Where now I have no one to blush with me,*] *Where* for *whereas*. So, in *K. Henry VI*. P. II. last edit. Vol. VI. p. 374 :

But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
 Let not the jealous day behold that face
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
 May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!⁹

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
 The light will shew, character'd¹ in my brow,
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
 Yea, the illiterate that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned books,
 Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks².
 The

⁸ "Where, from thy sight I should be raging mad,

"And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes." MALONE.

⁹ "May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!" The word *sepulcher'd* is accented by Milton in the same manner as here, in his Verses on our author:

"And so sepulcher'd in such pomp does lie,

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

MALONE.

¹ "The light will shew, character'd in my brow,] So, in one of Daniel's Sonnets, 1592:

"And if a brow with care's characters painted—"

This word was, I suppose, thus accented when our author wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the same manner by the common people of Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained. MALONE.

² "Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.] Will mark or observe. So, in Hamlet:

"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

"I had not quoted him."

Again

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name³ ;
 The orator, to deck his oratory,
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame :
 Feast-finding minstrels⁴, tuning my defame,
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
 If that be made a theme for disputation,
 The branches of another root are rotted,
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
 That is as clear from this attain of mine,
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
 O unfelt fore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar⁵,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them,
 knows !

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And how quote you my folly ?

“ — I quote it in your jerkin.” MALONE.

³ *And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;*] Thus, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian* :

“ Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable name

“ Be longer us'd to *still the crying babe.*” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Feast-finding minstrels, —*] Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts. I question whether Homer's *Demosdocus* was a higher character. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *may read the mot afar,*] The motto, or word, as it was sometimes formerly called. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ The word, *lux tua vita mihi.*”

The modern editions read unintelligibly :

— may read the *mote* afar. MALONE.

If,

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ranfack'd by injurious theft :
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck ° ;
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
 Besides of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue :—O unlook'd for evil,
 When virtue is prophan'd in such a devil !

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?
 Or hateful cuckows hatch in sparrows' nests ?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?

° *Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck ;*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly :

Yet am I *guilty* of thy honour's wreck ;

Dr. Sewell has endeavoured to make sense by a different punctuation :

Yet, am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ?

But this does not correspond with the next verse, where the words are arranged as here, and yet are not interrogatory but affirmative. *Guilty* was, I am persuaded, a misprint. Though the first quarto seems to have been printed under our author's inspection, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely free from typographical faults. Shakspeare was probably not a very diligent corrector of his sheets ; and however attentive he might have been, I am sorry to be able to observe, that, notwithstanding an editor's best care, some errors will happen at the press. MALONE.

⁷ *Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?*] Folly is, I believe, here used as in scripture, for wickedness. *Gentle* is *well-born*.

MALONE.

But

But no perfection is so absolute³;
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he fits,
And useles barns the harvest of his wits⁹;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it¹,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

³ *But no perfection is so absolute,*] So complete. So, in our author's *Pericles*:

“ ——— still she vies

“ With *absolute* Marina. MALONE.

——— *no perfection is so absolute,*

That some impurity doth not pollute.] So, in *Othello*:

“ ——— Where's that *palace*, whereinto foul things

“ Sometimes intrude not?” STEEVENS.

⁹ *And useles barns the harvest of his wits;*] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

And useles *bans* the harvest of his wits.

This has been followed by all the modern editions.

MALONE.

¹ *So then he hath it when he cannot use it,*
And leaves it to be master'd by his young; &c.] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Thou hast nor youth nor age,

“ But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,

“ Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth

“ Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

“ Of palsied eld: and when thou art *old and rich,*

“ *Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*

“ *To make thy riches pleasant.*” MALONE.

Unruly

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers ;
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
 What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :
 We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill-annexed opportunity
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
 Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season ;
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ² ;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a publick fast ;
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name ³ ;

Thy

² *Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— women are not

“ In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure

“ The ne'er-touch'd vestal.” STEEVENS.

³ *Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name ;*] *Thy flattering titles*. So, in *K. Lear* [1608, and 1623] :

“ Such smiling rogues as these ———

“ ——— smooth ev'ry passion

“ That in the nature of their lords rebels.”

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ The

Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste ⁴ :
Thy violent vanities can never last ⁵ .

How comes it then, vile opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?
When wilt thou sort an hour ⁶ great strifes to end ?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained ?
Give phyfick to the sick, ease to the pained ?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee ;

But they ne'er meet with opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds ⁷ ;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :

Wrath,

“ The sinful father

“ Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.”

The edition of 1616, and all afterwards, read without authority :

Thy *smooth*'ring titles—— MALONE.

⁴ *Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :*] So, in *Othello* :
“ ——the food that to him now is *luscious* as locusts, shall be to
him shortly as *bitter* as *coloquintida*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Thy violent vanities can never last.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ These *violent delights* have *violent ends*,

“ And in their triumph die.”

Again, in *Othello* : “ ——it was a *violent commencement* in her,
and thou shalt see an *answerable sequestration*.” MALONE.

Fierce vanities is an expression in *K. Henry VIII.* Scene I.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *When wilt thou sort an hour——*] When wilt thou *choose out*
an hour. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Let us into the city presently

“ To sort some gentlemen well-skill'd in musick.”

MALONE.

Again, in *King Richard III* :

“ But I will sort a *pitchy day* for thee.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Advice is sporting while infection breeds ;*] While infection is
spreading,

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd^s
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate^s of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nurfest all, and murderest all that are.

O hear me then, injurious, shifting time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

spreading, the grave rulers of the state, that ought to guard
against its farther progress, are careless and inattentive.—*Advice*
was formerly used for *knowledge*. So, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*:

“How shall I dote on her with more *advice*,
“That thus without *advice* begin to love her?”

MALONE.

This idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by the rapid pro-
gress of the *plague* in London. STEEVENS.

^s —and thou art well appay'd,] *Appay'd* is pleased. The
word is now obsolete. MALONE.

^s —copesmate —] i. e. companion. So, in *Hubbard's Tale*:
“Till that the foe his *copesmate* he had found.”

STEEVENS.

Why

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes¹;
 To eat up error by opinion bred²,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right³;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours⁴,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden
 towers : To

¹ *Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;*] It is the business of time to soften and *refine* the animosities of men; to footh and reconcile enemies. The modern editions read without authority or meaning :

—— to find the hate of men. MALONE.

“ To fine the hate of foes” is to bring it to an end. So, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

“ —— still the *fine's* the crown,

“ Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.”

The same thought has already occurred in the poem before us :

“ When wilt thou fort an hour *great strife's to end?*”

STEEVENS.

² *To eat up error by opinion bred,*] This likewise is represented as the office of Time in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale* :

“ —— that make and *unfold error.*” STEEVENS.

³ *To wrong the wronger till he render right;*] To *punish* by the *compunctious visiting of conscience* the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The *wrong* done in this instance by Time, must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, even supposing that it had stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it—“ Know, Cæsar, doth not *wrong*, but with *just cause*, &c.” See Vol. VII. p. 58.

Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read :

To *wring* the wronger till he render right. MALONE.

⁴ *To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,*] As we have here

no

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books, and alter their contents,⁵
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs⁶;

To

no invocation to *time*, I suspect the two last words of this line to be corrupted, and would read :

To ruinate proud buildings with *their bowwers*.

STEEVENS.

To ruinate *proud buildings with thy hours*,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ Shall love in *building* grow so *ruinate* ? ”

Hours is, I believe, the true reading. So, in our author's 19th *Sonnet* :

“ Devouring *Time*——

“ O carve not *with thy hours* my love's fair brow——”

To *ruinate proud buildings with thy hours*—is to destroy buildings by thy slow and unperceived progress. It were easy to read—with *his hours* ; but the poet having made Lucretia address Time personally in the two preceding stanzas, and again a little lower—

Why work'st *thou* mischief in thy pilgrimage ——

probably was here inattentive, and is himself answerable for the present inaccuracy. MALONE.

⁵ To blot old books, and alter their contents,] Our author probably little thought, when he wrote this line, that his own compositions would afford a more striking example of this species of devaluation than any that has appeared since the first use of types.

MALONE.

⁶ To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,] The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiments here advanced ; which is concerning the *decays* and not the *repairs* of time. The poet certainly wrote :

To dry the old oak's sap, and *tarish* springs ;

i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir*, or *tarissement*, *arefacere*, *exsiccatio* : these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

This note of Dr. Warburton's has given rise to various observations, which it is unnecessary to quote at large here, as the reader may find them in the last edition of our author, Vol. VII. P. 477

Dr. Johnson thinks that Shakspeare wrote :

——— and *perish* springs ;

And Dr. Farmer has produced from the *Maid's Tragedy* a passage in which the word *perish* is used in an active sense.

If

R A P E O F L U C R E C E .

529

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

If change were necessary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admission as any other ; but I know not why the text has been suspected of corruption. The operations of Time, here described, are not all uniform ; nor has the poet confined himself solely to its *destructive* qualities. In some of the instances mentioned, its *progress* only is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is—

“ To wake the morn, and centinel the night—

“ And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.”

In others, its salutary effects are pointed out :

“ To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops—

“ To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light,—

“ To wrong the wronger till he render right.”

Where then is the difficulty of the present line, even supposing that we understand the word *springs* in its common acceptation ? It is the office of Time (says Lucretia) to dry up the sap of the oak, and to furnish springs with a perpetual supply ; to deprive the one of that moisture which she liberally bestows upon the other. In the next stanza the employment of Time is equally various and discordant :

“ To make the child a man, the man a child——”

to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecility of childhood.

By *springs* however may be understood (as has been observed by Mr. Tollet) the *shoots* of young trees ; and then the meaning will be—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak, by drying up its sap ; on the other, to *cherish* young plants, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our author's 15th Sonnet :

“ When I perceive that men as plants increase,

“ *Cherish* and check'd even by the self-same sky——”

I believe this to be the true sense of the passage. *Springs* have this signification in many ancient English authors ; and the word is again used in the same sense in the *Comedy of Errors* :

“ Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot.”

MALONE.

[To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the costly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and some of the nobility, which were frequently made of cast iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety, many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are some of these monuments yet to be seen in Westminster-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE.

VOL. I.

M m

To

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tyger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild ;
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;
 To cheer the ploughman with increafeful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
 Unless thou could'st return to make amends ?
 One poor retiring minute in an age³
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
 Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends :
 O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
 back,
 I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack !

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :
 Devise extremes beyond extremity²,
 To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;
 And the dire thought of his committed evil
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil¹.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances²,
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;

Let

³ One poor retiring minute in an age.] Retiring here signifies returning, coming back again. MALONE.

² — extremes beyond extremity,] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ — to make much more,

“ And top extremity.” STEEVENS.

¹ Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?”
 Again, in *K. Hen. VI.* P. III :

“ The thief doth fear each bush an officer.” STEEVENS.

² Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright, —
 Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances, &c.] Here

we

Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
 To make him moan, but pity not his moans :
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ;
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
 Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair ,
 Let him have time against himself to rave,
 Let him have time of time's help to despair,
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;
 And time to see one that by alms doth live,
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort :

we find in embryo that scene of *K. Richard III.* in which he is terrified by the ghosts of those whom he had slain. MALONE.

³ *Let him have time to tear his curled hair, &c.*] This now common fashion is always mentioned by Shakspeare as a distinguishing characteristick of a person of rank. So, in *Othello*:

“ The wealthy curled darlings of our nation —— ”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ If she first meet the curled Antony —— ”

This and the next stanza, and many other passages both of the present performance and *Venus and Adonis*, are inserted with very slight variations, in a poem entitled *Acolastus bis After Witte*, by S. Nicholson, 1600 ; a circumstance which I should hardly have thought worth mentioning, but that in the same poem is also found a line taken from *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* and a passage evidently copied from *Hamlet*; from whence we may, I think, conclude with certainty, that there was an edition of that tragedy (probably before it was enlarged) of an earlier date than any yet discovered. The reader may find the passage alluded to in the last edition of our author's plays, Vol. X. p. 110.

MALONE.

Surely a passage short as the first of these referred to, might have been carried away from the play-house by an auditor of the weakest memory. Of *Hamlet's* address to the ghost, the idea, not the language, is preserved. Either of them, however, might have been caught during representation. STEEVENS.

M m 2

Let

Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly and his time of sport :
 And ever let his unrecalling crime *
 Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill :
 For who so base would such an office have
 As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave * ?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
 The moon being clouded presently is mis'd,
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
 And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.
 Poor grooms are fightless night ^s, kings glorious day.
 Gnats

* *And ever let his unrecalling crime,*] His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecalleable*. This licentious use of the participle is common in the writings of our author and his contemporaries.

The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all subsequent, reads :

— his unrecalling time. MALONE.

* *As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?*] i. e. executioner. So, in one of our author's plays :

“ — he's dead ; I am only sorry

“ He had no other death's-man.” STEEVENS.

— fightless night, —] So, in *King Jobn* :

“ — thou

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words ⁶, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw ⁷,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ⁸;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words ⁹ doth me no right.

" ——— thou and *eyeless* night

" Have done me shame." STEVENS.

⁶ Out *idle words*, ———] Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1607, has:

Our idle words ———

which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewell reads without authority:

Idle words ——— MALONE.

⁷ For me, I force not argument a straw,] I do not value or esteem argument. So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" But when he, many monthes, hopeless of his recure,

" Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure ———"

Again, in *Love's Labour's lost*:

" Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear."

MALONE.

⁸ At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;] The duodecimo, 1607, and all the subsequent copies, have:

———— *unsearchful* night.

Uncheerful is the reading of the quarto, 1594. MALONE.

⁹ This helpless smoke of words ———] So, in *K. John*:

" They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke."

STEVENS.

The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery¹;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

¹ *A badge of fame to slander's livery;*] In our author's time the servants of the nobility all wore silver *badges* on their liveries, on which the arms of their masters were engraved. MALONE.

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
 The stained taste of violated troth ;
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth * :
 He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
 Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
 And with my trespass never will dispense,
 Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;
 My fable ground of sin I will not paint,
 To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :
 My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes like sluices,
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
 And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
 To ugly hell ; when lo, the blushing morrow
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:

* *This bastard graff shall never come to growth :*] The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have :

This bastard *grafs*——

The true reading was supplied by the earliest copy. MALONE.

This sentiment is adopted from the *Wisdom of Solomon*, ch. 4. v. 3: "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from *bastard slips*, nor lay any fast foundation." The same allusion is employed in one of our author's historical plays. STEEVENS.

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child³,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords⁴.

³ True grief is fond and testy as a child,] Fond, in old language, is silly. MALONE.

⁴ Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.] Thus, Lothario speaking of Calista:

"At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;

"But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud,

"Mad as the priestess of the Delphick god &c."

STEEVES.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody^s;
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
 Sad souls are slain in merry company *;
 Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
 To see the salve doth make the wound ake more;
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows:
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts!
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb^o!

(My

^s *The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.*] So the un-
 happy king Richard II. in his confinement exclaims:
 "This musick mads me, let it sound no more;
 For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad."

Shakspeare has here (as in all his writings) shewn an intimate
 acquaintance with the human heart. Every one that has felt the
 pressure of grief will readily acknowledge that "mirth doth search
 the bottom of annoy." MALONE.

* *Sad souls are slain in merry company;*] So, in *Love's La-
 bour's lost*: "Oh, I am stabb'd with laughter." STEVENS.

^o *And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!*] The same plea-
 surism of expression is found in *Hamlet*:

"Or given my heart a working *mute and dumb*."

The editor of the duodecimo in 1616, to avoid the tautology,
 reads without authority:

And in my hearing be you *ever dumb*. MALONE.

*You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!*

My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;

A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:] Thus, Calista:

"Be

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests ⁷ :)
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ⁸ ;
 Distress likes dumps ⁹ when time is kept with tears.

Come Philomel that sing'st of ravishment,
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair,
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
 And with deep groans the diapason bear :
 For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
 While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill ¹,

“ Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,

“ Nor let thy fond officious love disturb

“ My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.” STEEVENS.

⁷ A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :] So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;] The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *ralish*, which seems to have been a misprint. *Relish* is used by Daniel in his 52d *Sonnet* in the same manner as here :

“ If any pleasing *relish* here I use,

“ Then judge the world, her beauty gives the same.

“ O happy ground that makes the *musick* such—”

If ears be right, *pleasing*, I think, was used by the poet for *pleas'd*. In *Othello* we find *delighted* for *delighting* :

“ If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—” MALONE.

⁹ *Distress* likes dumps —] A *dump* is a melancholy song. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ ——— to their instruments

“ Tune a deploring *dump*.” MALONE.

¹ *While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.*] There seems to be something wanting to complete the sense :

————— *with better skill* ———

but this will not suit the metre. All the copies have :

While thou on Tereus *descants* better skill. MALONE.

Perhaps the author wrote, (I say *perhaps*, for in Shakspeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain :)

————— I'll hum on Tarquin's *ill*,

While thou on Tereus' descant'st better *skill*.

STEEVENS.

And

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
 Who, if it wink ², shall thereon fall and die:
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
 Will we find out ³; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
 minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
 That cannot tread the way out readily;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better ⁴,
 When life is sham'd, and Death Reproaches
 debtor ⁵.

To

² Who, if it wink, ——] Shakspeare seldom attends to the last antecedent. The construction is—*Which heart, if the eye wink, shall fall &c.* MALONE.

³ *Some dark deep desert, seated from the way, &c.*

Will we find out——] Thus, *Calista*:

“ —— my sad soul

“ Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,

“ Such a retreat as I would wish to find,

“ An unfrequented vale.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *To live or die which of the twain were better,*] So, *Hamlet*:

“ To be, or not to be, that is the question.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *When life is sham'd, and Death Reproaches debtor.*] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive:—*When Death is the*

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion⁶,
 Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
 When the one pure, the other made divine.
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine,
 Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away,

Her house is sack'd⁷, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole⁸,
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

the debtor of *Reproach*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I do wander every where

"Swifter than the moon's sphere."

She debated whether it were better to live or to destroy herself;
 life being disgraceful in consequence of her violation, and her
 death being a debt which she owes to the reproach of her conscience.

MALONE:

⁶ *That mother tries a merciless conclusion,*] A cruel experiment
 So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— she hath assay'd

"Conclusions infinite to die." MALONE.

⁷ *Her house is sack'd——*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—— tell me, that I may sack

"The hated mansion." STEEVENS.

⁸ *If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole, &c.*] So, in *Richard II*:

"—— with a little pin

"Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king." STEEVENS.

Yc

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath * .
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent † ,
 And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
 The one will live, the other being dead :
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born ;

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make :
 My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
 My resolution, husband, do you take ;
 Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound ;
 My shame be his that did my fame confound ;

* *Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.*] So, in *Othello* :
 " There lies your niece,

" *Whose breath indeed these hands have newly stopp'd.*"
 MALONE.

† *Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,*] The first copy
 has, by an apparent error of the press :

Which for him tainted——

The correction was made in the duodecimo, 1598.

MALONE.

And

And all my fame that lives, disbursed be;
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will¹;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it*.
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies².
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty³,
And

¹ *Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will;*] Thus the quarto.
The edition of 1616 has:

Then Collatine, &c. MALONE.

The *overseer* of a will was, I suppose, designed as a check upon executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his *executors*, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as his *overseers*.

STEEVENS.

Overseers were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors; but our law acknowledges no such persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors) invested with any legal rights whatsoever. In some old Wills the term *overseer* is used instead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with appointing two executors and two *overseers*, has likewise added three *supervisors*. MALONE.

² *— with thought's feathers flies.*] So, in *K. John*:

“ ——— set feathers to thy heels,

“ And fly like thought.” STEEVENS.

³ *With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,*] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ Such

And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 (For why? her face wore sorrow's livery;) M
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress sky,
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling* :
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand.

" Such duty to the drunkard let him do
 " With *soft-flow tongue* and lowly courtesy."

In *K. Lear* the same praise is bestowed on Cordelia :

" Her voice was ever *soft*,
 " *Gentle and low* :—an excellent thing in woman."

MALONE.

* *And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,*] To *sort* is to choppe
 out. So before :

" When wilt thou *sort* an hour great strifes to end."

MALONE.

³ *As the earth doth weep, the sun being set, &c.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" When the sun sets the air doth drizzle dew."

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Each flower moistened like a melting eye ;*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" The moon, methinks, looks with a *watry eye* ;
 " And when she *weeps*, weeps every little *flower*."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.*] So, in *Dryden's Oedipus* :

" Thus *sweeping blind like dewy night* upon thee."

STEEVENS.

* *Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :*] So in *Titus Andronicus* :

" As from a *conduit* with their issuing spouts."

STEEVENS.
 No

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their
 hearts :

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will⁶;
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil⁷.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
 Through crystal walks each little mote will peep:
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stem
 looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books⁸.

⁶ *And therefore are they form'd as marble will;* Hence do they
 [women] receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associ-
 ates [men] choose. The expression is very quaint.

MALONE.

⁷ *Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.* So, in *Twelfth*

Night:

“How easy is it for the proper false
 “In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
 “Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
 “For such as we are made, if such we be.”

MALONE.

⁸ — *women's faces are their own faults' books.* So, in

Macbeth:

“Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 “May read strange matters.” STEEVENS.

No

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower ²,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd !
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild ^{*}
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses ³; those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Affail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong :
 Such danger to resistance did belong,
 That dying fear through all her body spread ;
 And who cannot abuse a body dead ⁴ ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining ⁵ :

² *No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide——*] Thus the quarto. All the other co-
 pies have *inveighs* and *chides*. MALONE.

^{*} *——O let it not be hild*] Thus the quarto, for the sake of
 the rhyme. MALONE.

³ *——that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses ;——*] *Fulfilled* had formerly the sense
 of *filled*. It is so used in the Liturgy. MALONE.

*—— fulfill'd
 With men's abuses ;——*] i. e. completely filled, till there
 be no room for more. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete.
 So, in the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ And corresponfive and *fulfilling* bolts.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *——abuse a body dead ?*] So, in *Romco and Juliet* :

“ ——to do some villainous shame

“ On the *dead bodies* —— ” STEEVENS.

⁵ *To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :*] To her maid,
 whose countenance exhibited an image of her mistress's grief. A
counterfeit, in ancient language, signified a *portrait*. So, in *The
 Merchant of Venice* :

“ What have we here ? fair Portia's *counterfeit* ? ”

MALONE.

R A P E O F L U C R E C E .

My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
raining ?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence ?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my sluggard negligence :
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
O peace ! quoth Lucrece ; if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less ;
For more it is than I can well express :
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say ?—One of my husband's men,
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will ;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :

Much

Much like a prefs of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before ⁶.

At last she thus begins : “ Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
Some present speed, to come and visit me :
So I commend me from our house in grief ⁷ ;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.”

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood hath stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.

⁶ *Much like a prefs of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.*] So, in *K.
John* :

“ ——— legions of strange fantasies,
“ Which, in their throng and prefs to that last hold,
“ Confound themselves.” MALONE.

⁷ *So I commend me from our house in grief ;*] Shakspeare has here closely followed the practice of his own times. Thus Anne Bullen, concluding her pathetick letter to her savage murderer :
“ *From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.*”

So also Gascoigne the poet ends his address to the *Youth of England*, prefixed to his works : “ *From my poor house at Walthamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.*”
MALONE.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told²;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold³,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords¹,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her

² *To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;*]

“ Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem

“ Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.” *Hor.*

MALONE.

³ *For then the eye interprets to the ear*

The heavy motion that it doth behold,] Our author seems to have been thinking of the *Dumb-shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, signifies a *puppet-show*; and the person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ — to the *dumbness* of the *gesture*

“ One might *interpret*.” MALONE.

¹ *Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,*] Thus the quarto, 1594, and all the subsequent copies. But surely the author must have written:

Deep *floods* make lesser noise &c.

So, before:

“ *Deep woes* roll forward like a gentle *flood*.” MALONE.

The old reading is perhaps the true one. A *sound*, in naval language, is such a part of the sea as may be *founded*. We have all heard of Plymouth *sound*, the *depth* of which is sufficient to carry vessels that draw the most water. The contradiction in terms is of little moment. We still talk of the *back front* of a house; and every *ford*, or *sound*, is comparatively *deep*. STEEVENS.

As a meaning may be extracted from the reading of the old copy, I have not disturbed it, though I am persuaded that Shakespeare wrote not *sounds* but *floods*, for these reasons:

1. Because there is scarce an English poet that has not compared real sorrow to a deep water, and loquacious and counterfeited grief to a bubbling shallow stream. The comparison is always between a *river* and a brook; nor have I observed the *sea* once mentioned in the various places in which this trite thought is expressed. Shakespeare, we see, has it in this very poem in a preceding passage, in which deep woes are compared to a gentle *flood*.

2. Be-

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste ² :
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the four-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast ³.
 Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems :
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein * curt'fies to her low ;
 And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, filly groom ! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect

2. Because, supposing the poet to have had the sea in his contemplation, some reason ought to be assigned why he should have chosen those parts of it which are called *sounds*. To give force to the present sentiment, they must be supposed to be peculiarly still ; whereas the truth I believe is, that all parts of the ocean are equally boisterous ; at least those which are called *sounds* are not less so than others.

Lastly, because those parts of the sea which are denominated *sounds*, so far from deserving the epithet *deep*, are expressly defined to be "*shallow seas ; such as may be sounded.*" MALONE.

² ——— and on it writ,

At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste :] Shakspeare seems to have begun early to confound the customs of his own country, with those of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letters that required speed were superscribed—*With post post haste.* STEEVENS.

³ *As lagging fowls before the northern blast.*] Thus the quarto. All the modern editions have—*souls.* MALONE.

* *The homely villein* ———] *Villein* has here its ancient legal signification ; that of a *slave.* MALONE.

To talk in deeds⁴, while others faucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leifurely :
 Even fo, this pattern of the worn-out age⁵
 Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage,

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
 Before the which⁶ is drawn the power of Greece,
 For

⁴ To talk in deeds, —] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“ May give his *saying deed*.” MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ *Cæsar*. *Speak hands for me*.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — this pattern of the worn-out age] We meet nearly the same expression in our author's 68th *Sonnet* :

“ Thus is his cheek the *map of days out-worn*.”

MALONE.

So, in *As you like it* :

“ — how well in thee appears

“ The constant service of the *antique world*.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ Before the which —] That is, before Troy. MALONE.

Before

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy⁷ ;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud⁸ ,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life :
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear⁹ ,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife ;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights¹ .

There

Before the which is drawn—] *Drawn*, in this instance, does not signify *delineated*, but *drawn out into the field*, as armies are. So, in *King Henry IV* :

“ He cannot *draw his power* these fourteen days.”

STEVENS.

⁷ *Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy* ;] So, in *Pericles* :

“ Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd* the clouds.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— like the herald Mercury,

“ New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill.” MALONE.

⁸ *Which the conceited painter drew so proud*,] *Conceited*, in old language, is *fanciful*, *ingenious*. MALONE.

⁹ *Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear*,] Thus the quarto. The variation made in this line, in the edition of 1616, which is said in the title-page to be newly revised and corrected, would alone prove it not to have been prepared by our author. The editor, knowing that all drops are wet, and not observing that the poet is here speaking of a picture, discarded the old reading, and gave, instead of it :

Many a *dire* drop seem'd a weeping tear ;
which has been followed by all the subsequent copies. Had he been at all acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, he never would have made this alteration. MALONE.

¹ *And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights*,

“ *Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights*.] Perhaps

Milton had these lines in his thoughts when he wrote :

“ Where glowing *embers* through the room

“ Teach *light* to counterfeit a *gloom*.”

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:

Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake and
 tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold!
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
 Their face their manners most expressly told:
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
 But the mild glance that fly Ulysses lent,
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government².

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the fight:
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,

It is probable he also remembered these of Spencer:

“ His glistering armour made

“ A little *glooming light* much like a *shade*.” MALONE.

² — *deep regard and smiling government*.) Profound wisdom, and the complacency arising from the passions being under the command of reason. The former word [*regard*] has already occurred more than once in the same sense. MALONE.

Wagg'd

Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
This winding breath, which purld up to the sky³.

About him were a press of gaping faces⁴,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice⁵;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and red⁶;
An-

³ *In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
This winding breath, which purld up to the sky.]* So, in
Troilus and Cressida:

“ ——— and such again

“ As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

“ Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree

“ On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears

“ To his experienc'd tongue. MALONE.

This winding breath which purld up to the sky.] I suppose we
should read — *curl'd*. Thus, Pope:

“ While curling smoaks from village tops are seen.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ And let our crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tempest*: “ —to ride

“ On the curl'd clouds——”

The copies, however, all agree; and perhaps *purld* had formerly
the same meaning. MALONE.

⁴ *About him were a press of gaping faces, &c.]* Had any engraving
or account of Raphael's celebrated picture of *The School of
Athens* reached England in the time of our author, one might be
tempted by this description to think that he had seen it. MALONE.

⁵ *Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;]* So, in *K. John*:

“ With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and red;]* The
quarto and all the other copies have — *boln*.

Boln was, I think, a misprint in the first edition for *blown*;
i. e.

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear⁷ ;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords*.

For much imaginary work was there ;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind⁸,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind⁹ :
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
 field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy

i. e. swelled. The word is used in the same sense in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ This blows my heart.”

Again : “ — Here on her breast

“ There is a vent of blood, and something blows.”

MALONE.

I believe the poet wrote—*swoln*. So, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ All *swoln* with chafing, down Adonis sits.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear ;] To pelt meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a passion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595 : “ The young man, all in a pelting chafe——” MALONE.

* —debate with angry swords.] i. e. fall to contention. *Bate* is an ancient word signifying *strife*. So, in the old play of *Ac-lasflus*, 1540 :

“ We shall not fall to *bate*, or stryve for this matter.”

STEEVENS.

Debate has here, I believe, its usual signification. So, in *Ju-lius Caesar* : “ Speak hands for me ” Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ I will speak daggers to her, but use none.” MALONE.

⁸ Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,] An artful delineation, so nicely and naturally executed. *Kind* and *nature*, in old language, were synonymous. MALONE.

⁹ Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :] We meet the same expression in *Hamlet*, and in one of our author's *Sonnets*. MALONE.

To

To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That, through their light joy, seem'd to appear
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strand of Dardan where they fought,
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battle fought
 With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than¹
 Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
 They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stél'd².

¹ *To break upon the galled shore, and than] Than for then.* This licence of changing the termination of words is sometimes used by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus, Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594 :

“ And now wilt yield thy streames

“ A prey to other reames ;”

i. e. realms. Again, in his *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592 :

“ When cleaner thoughts my weakness 'gan upbray

“ Against myself, and shame did force me say—”

Many other instances of the same kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE.

Reames, in the instance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's time the French word was usually written *royaulme*.

MALONE.

² *To find a face where all distress is stél'd.]* Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies.—In our author's twenty-fourth *Sonet* we meet these lines :

“ Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd

“ Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.”

This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhyme. So before—*bild* for *beld*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written :
 ——— where all distress is *spell'd*.

i. e. written. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ And careful hours with time's deformed hand

“ Have written strange defeatures in my face.” MALONE.

Many

Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies³.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had
 fed,
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes⁴,
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
 The painter was no God to lend her those;
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
 And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

³ Which *bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.*] Dr. Sewell unnecessarily reads—*Who* bleeding &c. The neutral pronoun was anciently often used for the personal. It still remains in the Liturgy. *Which*, however, may refer to *wounds*. See p. 458. note 4. MALONE.

⁴ *On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,*] Fixes them earnestly; gives it her whole attention. Hounds are said to *spend their tongues*, when they join in full cry. MALONE.

Show

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here :
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
 The fire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the publick plague of many moe⁵ ?
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general ?

Lo here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds⁶ ;
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds⁷,
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds :
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes :
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;

⁵ — *the plague of many moe ?*] *Moe* for *more*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

⁶ *Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds ;*] In the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, his name is frequently introduced in the same manner as here, as a dissyllable. The mere English reader still pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakspeare did.

Swoonds is *swoons*. *Swoon* is constantly written *sound* in the old copies of our author's plays ; and from this stanza it appears that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. MALONE.

⁷ *And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,*] *Advice*, it has been already observed, formerly meant *knowledge*. *Friends wound friends*, not knowing *each other*. It should be remembered that Troy was sacked in the night. MALONE.

Then

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :
 So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth
 borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round⁸,
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament :
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;
 His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content :
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes⁹.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show¹
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
 And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil²,

⁸ *She throws her eyes about the painting, round,*] The duodecimo, 1616, and all the subsequent copies, read :

—— about the painted round. MALONE.

⁹ *So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.*] That is, the woes suffered by *Patience*. We have nearly the same image in our author's *Twelfth Night* :

“ She seem'd like *Patience* on a monument

“ Smiling at grief —— ”

Again, in his *Pericles* : “ —— like *Patience* gazing on kings' graves, and smiling extremity out of act.” MALONE.

¹ —— and give the harmless show] The harmless painted figure. MALONE.

² *And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,*] And by that means so concealed his secret treachery. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ I will ensconce myself behind the arras.” MALONE.

That

That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew ;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their
faces³.

This picture she advisedly perus'd⁴,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill ;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill ;
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile
(She would have said) *can lurk in such a look* ;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk from cannot took* ;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,

³ *And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When the glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.] So, in
A Midsummer Night's Dream :*

“ —the rude sea grew civil at her song,

“ And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

“ To hear the sea-maid's music.”

Why Troy, however beautiful or magnificent, should be called the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves, I do not see. The image is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

⁴ *This picture she advisedly perus'd,] Advisedly is attentively ;
with deliberation. MALONE.*

And

And turn'd it thus : " It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd⁵
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
For every tear he falls⁶, a Trojan bleeds ;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds :

⁵ *So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd
With outward honesty —] To me came Tarquin with the
same armour of hypocrisy that Sinon wore. The old copy reads :
To me came Tarquin armed to beguil'd
With outward honesty &c*

To must, I think, have been a misprint for *so*. *Beguil'd* is for *beguiling*. Our author frequently confounds the active and passive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, *delighted* for *delighting* :

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack — " MALONE.

I think the reading proposed is right ; and would point thus :

To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd

With outward honesty, but yet &c.

So beguil'd is *so cover'd*, so masked with fraud, i. e. like Sinon.

Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, act III. sc. ii :

" Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore

" To a most dangerous sea." STEEVENS.

⁶ *For every tear he falls —] He lets fall. So, in Othello :*

" Each *tear she falls* would prove a crocodile."

MALONE.

A similar thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" For every *false drop* in her *bowdy* veins,

" A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple

" In her contaminated carrion weight,

" *A Trojan hath been slain.*" STEEVENS.

Those

Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold ;
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter ;
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;
Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be
fore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow ;
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining :
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent ;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment ;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent :
It easeth some, though none it ever cured ;
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company ;

Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
 And round about her tear-distained eye
 Blue circles stream'd, like rain-bows in the sky.
 These water-galls in her dim element?⁷
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
 Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw⁸,
 Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares,
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
 But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
 Met far from home, wondering each-other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
 And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
 Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
 Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
 Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?⁹
 Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
 And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
 At length address'd to answer his desire¹,

⁷ *These water-galls in her dim elements*] The *water-gall* is some appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury plain. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——— *look'd red and raw,*] So, in *Hamlet*:

“The Danish cicatrice looks red and raw.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

“I know not what to say.” STEEVENS.

¹ *At length address'd to answer his desire,*] *Address'd* is ready, prepared. So, in *K. Henry V*:

“To-morrow for our march we are *address'd*.”

MALONE.

She

She modestly prepares to let them know
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
 While Collatine and his consorted lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :
 Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending :
 In me more woes than words are now depending ;
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say :—
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
 And what wrong else may be imagined
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 With shining falchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
 And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
 And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head.]
 " Vestigia viri alieni, Collatine, in lecto sunt tuo." *Lip.*
 lib. i. cap. 58. MALONE.

Peradventure the pillow which the lady here speaketh of, was
 what in a former stanza is denominated *the heart of all her land*.
 Tarquin slept not, it is to be presumed, though, like Jachimo, he
 had that was well worth watching. AMNER.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
 Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
 The lechers in their deed : this act will be
 My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my heart he set his sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word :
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome
 The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
 And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuse !
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
 That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
 To accessary yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here; the hopeless merchant of this loss,
 With head declin'd, and voice damn'd up with woe,
 With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
 The grief away, that stops his answer so :

But

But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste ;
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
 Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
 Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
 My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
 More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes †.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend me
 From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity *.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine)

³ *In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :*] Should we not read:
 In rage sent out, recall'd, the rage being past. FARMER.

⁴ *To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.*] The quarto has :
 To drown on woe, —

On and *one* are perpetually confounded in old English books. The former *does* not seem to have any meaning here. The edition of 1600 has—*one woe*. We might read :

To drown in woe one pair of weeping eyes. MALONE.

* *For sparing justice feeds iniquity.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :
 " Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill," MALONE.

Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor la-
 dies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
 How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
 My low-declined honour to advance?
 May any terms acquit me from this chance?
 The poisoned fountain clears itself again;
 And why not I from this compelled stain?⁶

With

⁵ *Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.*] Here one of the laws of chivalry is somewhat prematurely introduced.

MALONE.

⁶ *The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
 And why not I from this compelled stain?*] There are per-
 haps few who would not have acquiesced in the justice of this
 reasoning. It did not however, as we learn from history, satisfy
 this admired heroine of antiquity. Her conduct on this occasion
 has been the subject of much speculation. It is not alleged by
 any of the historians that actual violence was offered to her. *Δι-
 μόνει τάνει* (says Dion) *ΟΥΚ ΑΚΟΙΤΑ δι' ἰμοιχιδίου*. Why then, it
 is asked, did she not suffer death rather than submit to her ravisher?
 An ingenious French writer thinks she killed herself too late to
 be entitled to any praise. *Les Oeuvres de Sarazin*, p. 18. edit.
 1694.—A venerable father of the church (St. Austin) censures
 her still more severely, concluding his strictures on her conduct
 with this dilemma: "Ita hæc causa ex utroque latere coarctata;
 ut si extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur; si
 castigatur

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impressiion bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving ?

purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumulatur ; nec omnino invenitur exitus, ubi dicitur, si adulterata, cur laudata ? si pudica cur occisa ?"—On these words a writer of the last century [Renatus Laurentius de la Barre] formed the following Latin epigram :

- “ Si tibi forte fuit, Lucretia, gratus adulter,
“ Immerito ex merita præmia eæde petis ;
“ Sin potius casto vis est allata pudori,
“ Quis furor, est hostis crimine velle mori ?
“ Frustra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia ; namque
“ Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelerata cadis.”
“ If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy soul,
“ How could thy blood wash out a stain so foul ?
“ But if by downright force the joy he had,
“ To die on his account, must prove you mad :
“ Then be thy death no more the marron's pride,
“ You liv'd a strumpet, or a fool you dy'd.”

The ladies must determine the question.

I am indebted to a friend for perhaps the best defence that can be made for this celebrated suicide :

- “ Heu ! misera, ante alias, Lucretia ! Rumor iniquus
“ Me referet pactam me violasse fidem ?
“ Criminis et focius fingetur servus ? Imago
“ Vincit, et horrendis cedo, Tyranne, minis.
“ Te, pudor, heu violo ; —valeant jam gaudia vitæ !
“ Carior et vitæ, care marite, vale !
“ Ferrum at restituet læso sua jura pudori,
“ Ad cælum et furget sanguine Fama meo.”

MALONE.

—no dame, hereafter living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.] “ Ego me, et si peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero ; nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ vivet.” Liv. lib. i. cap. 58.—No translation of the first book of Livy had appeared before the publication of this poem. MALONE.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name : *He, he, she says,*
 But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
 'Till after many accents and delays,
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
 She utters this : *He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,*
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed :
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
 Of that polluted prison where it breathed :
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
 doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
 Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood *
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

* ——— vastly flood] i. e. like a waste. *Vastum* is the law-term for waste ground. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—hook hands as over a *vast*." Again, in *Pericles*:

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

STEEVENS,

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin
stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours?

? ——— a watery rigol goes.] A rigol is a circle. MALONE.
So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ ——— a sleep
“ That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
“ So many English kings.” STEEVENS.

? ——— unliv'd?] The quaintness of this word has only been
equalled by another of the same kind in *Chrononhotonthologos*:
“ Himself he unfatigues with pleasing slumbers.”

STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any peculiar uncouthness in this expression.
What is *unliv'd* but *lifeless* (for so the word *lifeless* was frequently
written in our author's time)? The privative *un* may be joined to al-
most any English participle. When indeed it is annexed to a word
that is itself of a privative nature, (as *fatigue*,) the word so formed
becomes ridiculous. But *unliv'd* does not appear to me more
exceptionable than *unboused*, *unparved*, and twenty more.

MALONE.

? *If children pre-decease progenitors,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
“ ——— oh, thou untaught!

“ To press before thy father to a grave!”

STEEVENS.

Poor

Poor broken glass, I often did' behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,³
 Shows me a bare-bon'd death⁴ by time out-worn⁵;
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn⁶!
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

³ *But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,*] Thus the quarto. The modern editions have—*dim and cold*, which is perhaps the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, because all mirrors are cold. But the poet might have thought that its being descriptive of Lucretia's state was sufficient. MALONE.

Old, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glass* may not prove subject to decay, the quicksilver behind it will perish, through *age*, and it then exhibits a faithless reflection. A *steel-glass*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows old. STEEVENS.

Some difficulty will however still remain. *A steel-glass was*, I believe, not very liable to be *broken*. MALONE.

⁴ *Shows me a bare-bon'd death*——] So, in *King John*:

“ —— and on his forehead fits

“ *A bare-ribb'd death*——” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Poor broken glass, I often did behold*

In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born:

But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old

Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn;] So, in

K. Richard III:

“ I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

“ And liv'd by looking on his images;

“ But now two *mirrors* of his princely *semblance*

“ *Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death.*”

Again, in our author's third *Sonnet*:

“ Thou art thy mother's *glass* &c.” MALONE.

Compare this stanza with the speech of *K. Richard II.* when he commands a mirror to be brought, and afterwards dashes it on the ground. STEEVENS.

⁶ *O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!*] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1600, and all subsequent to it, have:

O from *my* cheeks my image thou hast torn!

But the father's image was in his daughter's countenance, which she had now disfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right.

MALONE.

O time,

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer*,
 If they surcease to be, that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive :
 Then live sweet Lucrece, live again, and see . . .
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee !

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place * ;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream*
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space ;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
 Who mad that sorrow should his use controul,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's
 aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,

* *And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;*] So, Queen Margaret, in *K. Rich. III.*

" *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*" STEEVENS.

† *O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,*] Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1616, reads :

— *haste no longer* —

which has been followed by all the modern editions. MALONE.

* *And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream*] This epithet is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries. So, in *K. Richard III.*

" *Poor key-cold figure of a loyal king.*" MALONE.

Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er^p :
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay,
 The father says, she's mine : O mine she is,
 Replies her husband : Do not take away
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd^r.
 Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
 I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly-jeering ideots are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things :

- * *At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er ;* So, in *Macbeth* :
 " That tears shall drown the wind." STEEVENS.
 * *O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,*
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.] The same
 conceit occurs in the third part of *K. Henry VI* :
 " O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 " And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !" STEEVENS,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.] Too late here
 means too recently. So, in *King Richard III.* act III. sc. i :
 " Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
 " Which by his death hath lost much majesty."

MALONE.

But

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise ;
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
 Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise ;
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
 deeds ?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds :
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations *,
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
 chased.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
 By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
 Her wrongs to us †, and by this bloody knife,
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This

* *That they will suffer these abominations, &c.*] The construction is—that they will suffer these abominations to be chased, &c.

MALONE.

† *And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained Her wrongs to us—*] To complain was anciently used in an

R A P E O F L U C R E C E .

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
 And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;
 And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
 Who wondering at him, did him words allow³ :
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;
 And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
 To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
 And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
 Which being done with speedy diligence,
 The Romans plausibly⁴ did give consent
 To Tarquin's everlasting banishment⁵.

an active sense, without an article subjoined to it. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* :

" Pale death our valiant leader hath oppress'd ;

" Come wreak his loss whom bootless ye complain."

MALONE.

³ *Who wondering at him, did his words allow* ;] Did approve of what he said. So, in *King Lear* :

" — if your sweet sway

" Allow obedience —"

MALONE.

⁴ *The Romans plausibly* —] That is, with acclamations. To express the same meaning, we should now say, *plausively*. The text however is, I think, not corrupt. MALONE.

Plausibly may mean, with expressions of applause. *Plausibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the *Argument* prefixed to this poem : " — where with the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled." STEEVENS.

⁵ In examining this and the preceding poem, we should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present ideas of poetical excellence.

It has been observed, that few authors rise much above the age in which they live. If their performances reach the standard of perfection established in their own time, or surpass somewhat the productions of their contemporaries, they seldom aim farther ; for if their readers are satisfied, it is not probable that they should be discontented. The poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were

were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's life-time. In thirteen years after their first appearance, six impressions of each of them were printed, while in the same period his *Romeo and Juliet* (one of his most popular plays) passed only twice through the press. They appear to me superior to any pieces of the same kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the most-celebrated writers in this species of narrative poetry that were then known. The applause bestowed on *The Rosamond* of the former author, which was published in 1592, gave birth, I imagine, to the present poem. The stanza is the same in both.

No compositions were in that age oftner quoted, or more honourably mentioned, than these two of Shakspeare. Among others, Drayton, in the first edition of his *Matilda*, has pronounced the following eulogium on the preceding poem :

“ Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,
 “ Lately reviv'd to live another age,
 “ And here arriv'd to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
 “ Her chaste denial, and the tyrant's rage,
 “ Acting her passions on our stately stage,
 “ She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
 “ Yet I as fair and chaste as ere was she *.”

If it should be asked, how comes it to pass that Shakspeare in his dramattick productions also, did not content himself with only doing as well as those play-wrights who had gone before him, or perhaps somewhat surpassing them ; how it happened, that whilst his contemporaries on the stage crept in the most groveling and contemptible prose, or stalked in ridiculous and bombastick blank verse, he has penetrated the inmost recesses of the human mind, and, not contented with ranging through the wide field of nature, has with equal boldness and felicity often expatiated *extra flammantia mania mundi*, the answer, I believe, must be, that his disposition was more inclined to the drama than to the other kinds of poetry ; that his genius for the one appears to have been almost a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, only the same as those of other mortals.

The great defect of these two poems seems to be, the wearisome circumlocution with which the tale in each of them is told. When the reader thinks himself almost at his journey's end, he is led through many an intricate path, and after travelling for some hours, finds his inn yet at a distance : nor are his wanderings repaid, or his labour alleviated, by any extraordinary fertility in the country through which he passes ; by grotesqueness of imagery, or variety of prospect. MALONE.

* *Matilda. the faire and chaste Daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater.* By Michael Drayton, 1594. If the reader shou'd look for these lines in any edition of *Matilda* but the first, he will be disappointed. It is observable that Daniel and Drayton made many alterations in their poems at every re-impression.

S O N N E T S.

Vol. I.

P p

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,

MR. W. H¹.

ALL HAPPINESS
AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH THE
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T².

¹ Dr. Farmer supposes that many of these Sonnets are addressed to our author's nephew Mr. William Harte. But this, I think, may be doubted. Shakspeare's sister, *Joan Harte*, was born in April, 1569. Supposing her to have married at so early an age as sixteen, her eldest son William could not have been more than twelve years old in 1598 *, at which time these Sonnets were composed, though not published for several years afterwards. Many of them are written to show the propriety of marriage; and therefore cannot well be supposed to be addressed to a school-boy.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has pointed out to me a line in the twentieth Sonnet, which inclines me to think that the initials W. H. stand for W. Hughes. Speaking of this person, the poet says he is—

“ A man in *beu* all *Herus* in his controlling—”

for the line is exhibited in the old copy. When it is considered that one of these Sonnets is formed entirely on a play on our author's Christian name, this conjecture will not appear improbable — To this person, whoever he was, one hundred and twenty of the following poems are addressed; the remaining twenty-eight are addressed to a lady. MALONE.

² i. e. Thomas Thorpe. See the extract from the Stationers' books in the next page. MALONE.

• I have here supposed our author's eldest nephew to have been twelve years old in 1598, but perhaps he was not then even born. It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he had occasion in his *Will* to mention the children of his sister Joan Harte, did not recollect the Christian name of her second son; from which circumstance we may infer, that in 1616 they were all young.

P p 2

S O N N E T S ³.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory :
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding ⁴.

³ Shakspeare's *Sonnets* were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thorpe, on the 20th of May, 1609, and printed in the same year. They were, however, written many years before, being mentioned by Meres in his *Wits' Treasury*, 1598: "As the soul of Euphorbus (says he) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred SONNETS among his private friends &c."

The general style of these poems, and the numerous passages in them which remind us of our author's plays, leave not the smallest doubt of their authenticity.

In these compositions, Daniel's *Sonnets*, which were published in 1592, appear to me to have been the model that Shakspeare followed. MALONE.

⁴ *And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?"

"*Rom.* She hath; and in that *sparing* makes huge waste."

C.
Pity

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee †.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed *, of small worth held :

5 ———— *this glutton be,*

To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.] The ancient editors of Shakspeare's works, deserve at least the praise of impartiality. If they have occasionally corrupted his noblest sentiments, they have likewise depraved his most miserable conceits; as, perhaps, in this instance. I read (piteous constraint, to read such stuff at all !)

————— *this glutton be ;*

To eat the world's due, be thy grave and thee.

i. e. be at once thyself, and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were probably transposed. I did not think the late Mr. Rich had such example for the contrivance of making Harlequin jump down his own throat. STEEVENS.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not subsist if the places of those who are taken off by death were not filled up by the birth of children. Hence Shakspeare considers the propagation of the species as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The sentiment in the lines before us, it must be owned, is quaintly expressed; but the obscurity arises chiefly, I think, from the awkward collocation of the words for the sake of the rhyme. The meaning seems to me to be this.—Pity the world, *which is daily depopulated by the grave, and begets children, in order to supply the loss; or if you do not fulfill this duty, acknowledge, that as a glutton swallows and consumes more than is sufficient for his own support, so you, (who by the course of nature must die, and by your own remissness are likely to die childless) thus “living and dying in single blessedness,” consume and destroy the world's due; to the desolation of which you will doubly contribute; 1. by thy death, 2. by thy dying childless.*

Our author's plays, as well as the poems now before us, affording a sufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he should be answerable for such as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration. MALONE.

* *Will be a tatter'd weed,—] A torn garment. MALONE.*

Then

Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating flame, and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou could'st answer—" *This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—*"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that face should form another ;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unblest some mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb⁶
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond⁷, will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?

⁶ ——— *whose unear'd womb*] *Unear'd is untill'd.* So, in our author's dedication of his *Venus and Adonis*: " ———if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest." MALONE.

————— *whose un-ear'd womb*

Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry.] Thus in *Measure for Measure*:

" ——— her plenteous womb

" Expresseth his full tith and husbandry." STEEVENS.

⁷ Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb

Of his self-love, to stop posterity?] So, in *Romeo and*

Juliet:

" ——— beauty, starv'd with her severity,

" Cuts beauty off from all posterity."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

" Seeming to bury that posterity

" Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,

" If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?"

Fond, in old language, is *foolish*. MALONE.

P P 4

Thou

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee *
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime †:
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time †.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
 And being frank, she lends to those are free †.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?
 For having traffick with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.

- * *Thou art thy mother's glass &c.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*
 " Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 " *In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born.*" MALONE.
- † *Calls back the lovely April of her prime;*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:
 " She whom the spital house and ulcerous sores
 " Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 " To the *April* day again." MALONE.
- *So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.*] Thus, in our au-
 thor's *Lower's Complaint*:
 " Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 " Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
 " Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age."
 MALONE.
- *Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
 And being frank, she lends to those are free &c.*] So, Mil-
 ton, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:
 " Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 " And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
 " For gentle usage, and soft delicacy ?
 " But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 " And harshly deal like an ill borrower,
 " With that which you receiv'd on other terms." STREV.
 Then

Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave²?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell³;
For never-resting time leads summer on⁴
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where⁵:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives
sweet⁶.

VI.

² *What acceptable audit canst thou leave?*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"To make their audit at your highness' pleasure."

STEEVENS.

³ *And that unfair which fairly doth excell;*] And render that which was once beautiful, no longer fair. To *unfair*, is, I believe, a verb of our author's coinage. MALONE.

⁴ *For never-resting time leads summer on*] So, in one of our author's plays:

"For, with a word, the time will bring on summer."

STEEVENS.

⁵ *Beauty o'er snow'd, and bareness every where:*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The modern editions have

—— *barrenness* every where.

In the 97th Sonnet we meet again with the same image:

"What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!

"What old December's *barrenness* every where!"

MALONE.

⁶ *But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.*] This

is

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
 Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 That use it not forbidden usury,
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :
 Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity ?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age⁷,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage⁸ ;

But

is a thought with which Shakspeare seems to have been much pleased. We find it again in the 54th Sonnet, and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act I. sc. i. MALONE.

⁷ *And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,*

Resembling strong youth in his middle age,] Perhaps our author had the sacred writings in his thoughts : " — in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." MALONE.

⁸ *Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,*

Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Madam,

But when from high-moſt pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way :
 So thou, thyſelf out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on dieſt, unleſs thou get a ſon.

VIII.

Muſick to hear, why hear'ſt thou muſick ſadly ?
 Sweets with ſweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'ſt thou that which thou receiv'ſt not gladly ?
 Or elſe receiv'ſt with pleaſure thine annoy ?
 If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
 By unions married ^o, do offend thine ear,

They

“ Madam, an hour before the *worſhipp'd ſun*
 “ Peer'd forth the *golden window* of the caſt——”

MALONE.

^o *If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,*
By unions married,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* [quarto,
 1599]:

“ Examine ev'ry *married* lineament,
 “ And ſee how one another leads content.”

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

“ The *married* calm of ſtates——”

Milton had perhaps theſe lines in his thoughts when he wrote :

“ And ever againſt eating cares
 “ Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
 “ *Married* to immortal verſe,
 “ Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
 “ In notes with many a winding bout
 “ Of *linked* ſweetneſs long drawn out,
 “ With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 “ The meking voice through *mazes* running ;
 “ Untwiſting all the *chains* that tie
 “ The hidden ſoul of harmony.” *L' Allegro.*

I know not whether it has been obſerved that one of our author's contemporaries ſeems to have furniſhed Milton with the image preſented in theſe latter lines :

“ Cannot

They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling fire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
 The world will be thy widow and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom fits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

"Cannot your trembling wires throw a chain

"Of powerful rapture 'bout our mazed sense?"

Marston's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607. MALONE.

— *like a makeless wife*;] As a widow bewails her lost husband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "Certes madam, I sholde have great joye yfe ye had such a prynce to your *make*."

Again, in *The Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, ante, p. 343:

"Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving *mate*."

MALONE.

X. For

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate²,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O change thy thought, that I may change my mind;
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth con-
 vertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore years would make the world away.
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:

² *Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate &c.*] This is a metaphor of which our author is peculiarly fond. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Shall love in building grow so ruinate?”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

“ Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

“ Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

“ And leave no memory of what it was.

“ Repair me with thy presence, Silvia.” STEEVENS.

She

Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more¹ ;
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die⁴.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white⁵ ;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd⁶,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard⁷ ;
 Then

¹ *Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more ;*
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish :] On a
 survey of mankind, you will find that Nature, however liberal
 she may have been to others, has been still more bountiful to
 you. The old copy reads—*she gave the more* ; which was evi-
 dently a misprint. MALONE.

⁴ *Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.] So, in*
Twelfth Night :

“ Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,

“ If you will lead these graces to the grave,

“ And leave the world *no copy.*” MALONE.

⁵ *And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white ;]* The old copy
 reads :

——— or silver'd o'er with white.

Or was clearly an error of the press. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read :

——— are silver'd o'er with white. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet :*

“ His beard was, as I've seen it in his life,

“ A *sable silver'd.*” STEEVENS.

⁶ *When lofty trees I see, barren of leaves,*

Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,] So, in *A Mid-*

summer Night's Dream :

“ ——— a bap

“ Quite *over-canopy'd* with luscious woodbine.”

MALONE.

⁷ *And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,*

Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;]

So,

Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him ³, when he takes thee
 hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself ! but, love, you are
 No longer your's, than you yourself here live :
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give ².
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease ¹,
 Find no determination : then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold ²

Against

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" ——— and the green corn

" Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard." C.

¹ *Save breed, to brave him* —] Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful. MALONE.

² *Against this coming end you should prepare, And your sweet semblance to some other give.*] This is a sentiment that Shakspeare is never weary of expressing. We meet it again in *Venus and Adonis* :

" By law of nature thou art bound to breed,

" That thine may live when thou thyself art dead ;

" And so in spite of death thou dost survive,

" In that thy likeness still is left alive." MALONE.

¹ ——— *that beauty which you hold in lease*] So, in *Macbeth* :

" ——— our high-plac'd Macbeth

" Shall live the lease of nature." STEVENS.

Again, *ibid* :

" But in them Nature's copy's not eterne." MALONE.

² *Which husbandry in honour might uphold*] Husbandry is generally used by Shakspeare for *æconomical prudence*. So, in *K. Henry V* :

" For

Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

O ! none but unthrifts :—Dear my love, you
know,
You had a father ; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality :
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind ;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict³ that I in heaven find :
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive⁴,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert⁵ :
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

" For our bad neighbours make us early sitters,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry."

MALONE.

³ *By oft predict*—] Dr. Sewel reads, perhaps rightly :
By aught predict— MALONE.

The old reading may be the true one. *By oft predict*— may
mean—By what is most frequently prognosticated. STEVENS.

⁴ *But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,*] So, in *Love's
Labour's lost* :

" From women's eyes this doctrine I derive." STEVENS.

⁵ *If from thyself to store thou would'st convert :*] If thou would'st
change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny. So
before :

" Let those whom Nature hath not made for store."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" O she is rich in beauty ; only poor,

" That when she dies, with beauty dies her store &c."

MALONE.

XV.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheared and check'd even by the self-same sky ;
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night⁶ ;
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;
 And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers⁷,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit⁸ :

⁶ *To change your day of youth to sullied night,*] So, in *K. Richard III*:

“ Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *would bear you living flowers,*] The first edition reads, by an apparent error of the press:

————— *your living flowers.* MALONE.

⁸ *Much liker than your painted counterfeit:*] A counterfeit formerly signified a portrait. So, in *Greene's Fareswell to Folly*, 1517: “ Why do the painters, in figuring forth the counterfeit of Love, draw him blind?” MALONE.

So should the lines of life * that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen⁹,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself, keeps yourself still¹;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:

But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,²
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Some-

* *So should the lines of life* -] This appears to me obscure. Perhaps the poet wrote—the *lives* of life: i. e. children. MALONE.
⁹ — *my pupil pen,*] This expression may be considered as a slight proof that the poems before us were our author's earliest compositions. STEEVENS.

¹ *To give away yourself keeps yourself still,*] To produce likenesses of yourself, (that is, children,) will be the means of preserving your memory. MALONE.

² *Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" And

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines³,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd⁴;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest⁵;
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood⁶;

"And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from growing."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds."
 MALONE.

³ Sometime too hot the eye of heaven —] That is, the sun; So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Now ere the sun advance his burning eye —"

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"—when the searching eye of heaven is hid
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"The eye of heaven is out." MALONE.

⁴ —untrimm'd,] i. e. divested of ornament. So, in *K. John*:

"—a new untrimmed bride." STEEVENS.

⁵ Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;] Of that beauty thou possessest. *Fair* was, in our author's time, used as a substantive. MALONE.

See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, last edit. Vol. II. p. 180.

STEEVENS.

⁶ And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"Your temples burned in their cement."

The meaning of neither phrase is very obvious; however, *burned in her blood*, may signify burnt alive; and *burned in their cement*, burnt while they were standing. STEEVENS.

Q q 2

Make

Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ?
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ?

? — *the master-mistress of my passion,*] It is impossible to read this fulsome panegyrick, addressed to a male object, without an equal mixture of disgust and indignation. We may remark also, that the same phrase employed by Shakspeare to denote the height of encomium, is used by Dryden to express the extreme of reproach :

“ That woman, but more daub'd ; or, if a man,
 “ Corrupted to a woman ; thy *man-mistress*.”

Don Sebastian.

Let me be just, however, to our author, who has made a proper use of the term *male warlet*, in *Troilus and Cressida*. See edit. 1778, Vol. IX. p. 130. STEEVENS.

An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth :] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ I have writ me here a letter to her ; and here another to Page's wife ; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most gracious eyliads ; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly ”

C.

A man

A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes², and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting¹,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure³,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement³ of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,

² Which steals men's eyes, —] So, in our author's *Pericles* :

“ ——— reserve

“ That excellent complexion, which did steal

“ The eyes of young and old.” MALONE.

¹ And for a woman wert thou first created;

Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting, &c.] There is

an odd coincidence between these lines and a well-known modern epigram :

“ Whilst nature H-rv-y's clay was blending,

“ Uncertain what the thing would end in,

“ Whether a female or a male,

“ A pin dropp'd in, and turn'd the scale.” MALONE.

³ But since she prick'd thee out &c.] To prick is to nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ These many then shall die, their names are prick'd.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II :

“ Shall I prick him, Sir John ? ” — I have given a wrong explanation of this phrase elsewhere. STERVENs.

³ Making a couplement —] That is, a union. This word is, I believe, of our author's invention. The modern editions read :

Making a compliment of proud compare. MALONE.

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems⁴.
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air⁵.
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell⁶.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold⁷,
 Then look I death my days should expiate⁸.

For

⁴ *That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.*] *Rondure* is a round. *Rondeur*, Fr. The word is again used by our author in *K. Henry V*:

“ 'Tis not the *rondure* of your old-fac'd walls.”

MALONE.

⁵ *As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.*] That is, the stars. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ *Night's candles* are burnt out —”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ There's husbandry in heaven;

“ Their *candles* are all out.” MALONE.

— *those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.*] So, in the old copies of *Pericles*:

“ — the *air-remaining lamps*.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.*] So, in one of our author's plays:

“ To things of sale a feller's *praise* belongs.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *time's furrows I behold,*] Dr. Sewall reads:

— *time's sorrows* — MALONE.

⁸ *Then look I, death my days should expiate.*] I do not comprehend how the poet's days were to be expiated by death. Perhaps he wrote:

— my days should expire,

i. e. bring them to an end. In this sense our author uses the verb *expire*, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — and *expire* the term

“ Of a despised life.”

I am

For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I not for myself but for thee will;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,

Or

I am sure I have met with the verb I would supply, though I have no example of it to offer in support of my conjecture. Shakspeare, however, delights to introduce words with this termination. Thus we meet with *festinate* and *conspirate*, in *K. Lear*; *combinate* in *Measure for Measure*; and *ruinate*, in *K. Henry VI.*

STEEVENS.

The old reading is, I believe, right. Then do I expect, says Shakspeare, that death *should fill up the measure* of my days. The word *expiate* is used nearly in the same sense in the tragedy of *Lochrine*, 1595:

“Lives Sabren yet to *expiate* my wrath?”

i. e. *fully to satisfy* my wrath. MALONE.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,] From the introductory lines of this Sonnet, it may be conjectured that these poems were not composed till after our author had arrived in London, and became conversant with the stage. He had perhaps himself experienced what he here describes. MALONE.

It is highly probable that our author had seen plays represented, before he left his own country, by the servants of Lord Warwick. Most of our ancient noblemen had some company of comedians who enrolled themselves among their vassals, and sheltered themselves under their protection. See notes on *The Taming of the Shrew*, edit. 1778, Vol. III. p. 403, and 104.

STEEVENS.

The *seeing* a few plays exhibited by a company of strollers in a barn at Stratford, or in Warwick castle, would not however have made Shakspeare acquainted with the *feelings* of a timid actor on

Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
 O let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
 More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
 press'd.

O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,

the stage. It has never been supposed that our author was him-
 self a player before he came to London. Whether the lines be-
 fore us were founded on experience, or observation, cannot now be
 ascertained. What I have advanced is merely conjectural.

MALONE.

¹ O let my books be then the eloquence,] A gentleman to whom
 I am indebted for the observations which are marked with the let-
 ter C, would read:

O let my looks &c.

But the context, I think, shows that the old copy is right. The
 poet finding that he could not sufficiently collect his thoughts to
 express his esteem by *speech*, requests that *his writings* may
 speak for him. So afterwards:

“O learn to read what silent love hath writ.”

Had *looks* been the author's word, he hardly would have used it
 again in the next line but one. MALONE.

² And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;] So, in *K. John*:

“And sullen presage of your own decay.” MALONE.

Which

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of publick honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread *,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite †,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :

Then

* *Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread, &c.*] Compare Wolsey's speech in *K. Henry VIII.* Vol. VII. p. 272. edit. 1778:

" This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
 " The tender *leaves* of hope &c " MALONE.

† *The painful warrior famoused for worth,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,*

Is from the book of honour razed quite,] In all the preceding verses of this little poem the alternate rhyme is regularly preserved; here in the first and third lines it is interrupted. There are two ways of restoring the text. We must either read in the third line—*razed forth*, or in the first—*famoused for fight*.

Perhaps this last emendation is to be preferred. THEOBALD.

This stanza is not worth the labour that has been bestowed on it. By transposition, however, the rhyme may be recovered, without further change:

The painful warrior for worth *famoused*,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour quite *razed*—

" My

Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit ⁴,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit ⁵.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect ⁶,

" My name be blotted from the book of life,"
is a line in *K. Richard II.* STEEVENS.

Is from the book of honour rased quite,] So, in *K. Ricb. II.*:

" ——— 'tis not my meaning

" To raze one title of your honour out."

Mr. Theobald's emendation is, I think, right. MALONE.

⁴ *Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit ;]* So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— Lay your highness'

" Command upon me ; to the which my duties

" Are with a most indissoluble tye

" For ever knit." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Lord of my love; to whom in vassalage*

Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

To thee I send this written embassage,

To witness duty, not to show my wit.] So, in the Dedic-

tion of *The Rape of Lucrece*: " The warrant I have of your be-
nourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes
it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I
have to do is yours ; being part in all I have devoted yours.
Were my worth greater, my duty should show greater ; mean-
time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship." C.

⁶ *Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,*

Points on me graciously with fair aspect,] So, in *Corio-*

lanus:

" As if that whatsoever God who leads him,

" Were slyly crept into his human powers,

" And gave him graceful posture." C.

And

And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect⁷ :
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st
 prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired :
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)⁸
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
 Save that my soul's imaginary fight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view⁹,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new¹.
 Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

⁷ *To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :*] The old copy has
 ——— of their sweet respect.

It was evidently a misprint. The same mistake has several times happened in these Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly used for the words *their* and *thy*, so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. I have observed the same error in some of the old English plays.

MALONE.

⁸ *For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)*] We might better read :

————— (*far from where I abide*) MALONE.

⁹ *Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,*] The quarto reads corruptly :

Presents *their* shadow—— MALONE.

¹ *Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beautiful, and her old face new.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

“ Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.” MALONE.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
 When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the
 even².

² *When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.*] The quarto reads corruptedly:

“ ——— thou *gild'st* the even.

Gild'st was formerly written—*guild'st*. Perhaps we should read:
 When sparkling stars *twirl* not ——— MALONE.

The word *twire* occurs in *Chaucer*. See *Boethius*, B. III. met. 2: “The bird *twireth*, desiring the wode with her sweet voice.” *Twireth* (says Mr. Tyrwhitt) seems to be the translation of *sufurrat*. In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author, speaking of the *stars*, has the following passage:

“ ——— Look how the floor of heaven

“ Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold:

“ There's not the smallest *orb* which thou behold'st,

“ But in his motion like an angel *sings*,

“ Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubim.”

Twire may perhaps have the same signification as *quire*. The poet's meaning will then amount to this—*When the sparkling stars sing not in concert (as when they all appear he supposes them to do) thou mak'st the evening bright and cheerful.*

Still, however, *twire* may be a corruption. If it is, we may read *twink* for *twinkle*. Thus, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“ That in a *twink* she won me to her love.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ At first I did adore a *twinkling* star.”

So much for guess-work. STEEVENS.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger³.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes⁴,
I all alone bewEEP my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate⁵;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,

³ *But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.*]

An anonymous correspondent, whose favours are distinguished by the letter C, proposes to make the two concluding words of this couplet change places. But I believe the old copy to be right. *Stronger* cannot well apply to *drawn out* or *protracted sorrow*. The poet, in the first line, seems to allude to the operation of spinning. The day at each return draws out my sorrow to an immeasurable length, and every revolving night renders my protracted grief still more intense and painful. MALONE.

⁴ *When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, &c.*] This Sonnet appears to me peculiarly elegant and spirited. MALONE.

⁵ ——— and then my state

(*Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth*) sings hymns at heaven's gate;] The same

image is presented in *Cymbeline*:

“Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

“And Phœbus 'gins to rise.” MALONE.

I sigh

I sigh the lack of many a thing I fought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow ⁶,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night ⁷,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancel'd woe,
 And moan the expence of many a vanish'd fight ⁸.
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not pay'd before ⁹.

⁶ *Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,*] So, in *Othello*:

“ — whose subdu'd eyes,
 “ Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 “ Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 “ Their med'cinable gum.” MALONE.

⁷ ——— in *death's dateless night,*] Shakspeare generally uses the word *dateless* for *endless*; having no certain time of *expiration*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — seal with a righteous kiss
 “ A *dateless* bargain to engrossing death.” MALONE.

⁸ *And moan the expence of many a vanish'd fight.*] I cannot see any connexion between this and the foregoing or subsequent lines; nor do I well understand what is meant by the *expence of many a vanish'd fight*. I suspect the author wrote:

And moan the expence of many a vanish'd *sigh*,
 which in his time might have been pronounced so hard as to make some kind of rhyme to *night*. So, in *K. Henry VI*:

“ — blood-consuming *sighs*.”

Again, in *Pericles*:

“ Do not consume your blood with *sorrowing*.”

MALONE.

Such laboured perplexities of language, and such studied deformities of style, prevail throughout these Sonnets, that the reader (after our best endeavours at explanation) will frequently find reason to exclaim with Imogen:

“ I see before me, neither here, nor here,
 “ Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them
 “ That I cannot look through.”

I suppose, however, that by the *expence of many a vanish'd fight*, the poet means, the *loss of many an object*, which, being “ gone hence, is no more seen.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
 “ — which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.” STEEVENS.

But

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend;
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear¹
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie²!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-furvey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme³,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

¹ *How many a holy and obsequious tear*] *Obsequious* is *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— to do *obsequious* sorrow.” MALONE.

² ——— *that hidden in there lie!*] Thus the old copy. The next line shows clearly that it is corrupt. MALONE.

³ *Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,*] *Reserve* is the same as *preserve*. So, in *Pericles*:

“ *Reserve* that excellent complexion—” MALONE.

○ then

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
 Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age⁴;
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye⁵;
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green⁶;
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy⁷;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack' on his celestial face⁸,

And

⁴ *Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,*] We may hence, as well as from other circumstances, infer, that these were among our author's earliest compositions. MALONE.

⁵ *Full many a glorious morning have I seen,
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face——*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 The cedar tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

MALONE.

⁶ *Kissing with golden face &c.*] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*:
 "Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?"

STEEVENS.

⁷ *——with heavenly alchymy;*] So, in *K. John*:

"——the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *With ugly rack on his celestial face,*] *Rack* is the fleeting motion of the clouds. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"That which is now a horse, even with a thought
 The rack dissimns."

Again, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdes*:

"—shall

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace⁹ :
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud¹ hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 faineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke² ?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :

“ ——— shall I stray

“ In the middle air, and stay

“ The sailing rack — ” MALONE.

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride

With ugly rack on his celestial face,] So, in *K. Henry IV.*

P. I:

“ ——— herein will I imitate the sun,

“ Who doth *permit* the *base* contagious clouds

“ To smother up his *beauty* from the world;

“ That when he please again to be himself,

“ Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

“ By breaking through the foul and *ugly* mists

“ Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.” C.

⁹ *Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:]* The article *the* may have been omitted through necessity; yet I believe our author wrote, to *rest*. STEEVENS.

¹ *The region cloud—]* i. e. the clouds of this *region* or country. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ I should have fatted all the *region* kites

“ With this slave's offal — ” STEEVENS.

² *——their rotten smoke ?]* So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— the reek of the rotten fens.” STEEVENS.

Nor can thy shame give physick to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross³.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespasss with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss⁴,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are⁵:
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense⁶,
 ('Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)

And

³ *To him that bears the strong offence's cross.*] The old copy reads *loss* here, as well as in the corresponding line. The word now substituted is used by our author (in the sense required here) in the 42d Sonnet:

“ And both for my sake lay on me this *cross*.”

Again, in *As you like it*:

“ If I should bear you, I should bear no *cross*.”

MALONE.

⁴ — *salving thy amiss*,] That is, thy misbehaviour. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*.” MALONE.

⁵ *Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are*:] The old copy has here also *their* twice instead of *thy*. The latter words of this line, which ever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible.

MALONE.

Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are, I believe, means only this—*Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence.*

STEEVENS.

⁶ *For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense*,] Thus the quarto. The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read:

For to thy sensual fault I bring *incense*—

A jingle was evidently intended; but if this word was occasionally accented on the last syllable (as perhaps it might formerly have been)

And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessary needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one :
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite ⁷,

been) it would afford it as well as the reading of the old copy. Many words that are now accented on an early syllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. Thus, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ It stands as an edict in destiny.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd-compact —”

Again, in *King Henry V* :

“ 'Tis no sinister, nor no aukward claim —”

Again, in *Loqrine*, a tragedy, 1595 :

“ Nor my exile can move you to revenge.”

Again, in our author's 50th *Sonnet* :

“ As if by some instinct the wretch did find.”

Again, in the 128th *Sonnet* :

“ Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ But her fore-sight could not forestall their will.”

MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. The passage, divested of its jingle, seems designed to express this meaning—*Towards thy exculpation, I bring in the aid of my soundest faculties, my keenest perception, my utmost strength of reason, my sense.*

I think I can venture to affirm that no English writer, either ancient or modern, serious or burlesque, ever accented the substantive *incense* on the last syllable. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Though in our lives a separable spite,*] A cruel fate, that spitefully separates us from each other. *Separable* for *separating*.

MALONE.

Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
 Nor thou with publick kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite²,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit³,
 I make my love engrafted to this store :
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me!

² *So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,*] *Dearest* is not operative. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven.” MALONE

— *made lame by fortune's dearest spite,*] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ A most poor man, *made lame* to fortune's blows.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Entitled in their parts do crowned sit,*] Here again the context shows that *their* was printed by mistake instead of *thy*. MALONE.
Entitled in thy parts—] So, with equal obscurity, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ But beauty, *in that white intituled,*

“ From Venus doves doth challenge that fair field.”

I suppose he means, that beauty *takes its title* from that fairness, or white. STEEVENS.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 Oh give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy fight,
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine, which rhimers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)¹

And

¹ (*Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive.*) Which (viz. *entertaining the time with thoughts of love*) doth so agreeably beguile the tediousness of absence from those we love, and the melancholy which that absence occasions. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ A summer day will seem an hour but short,
 “ Being wasted in such *time-beguiling* sport.”

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain ².

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ³;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest ⁴
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Thought in ancient language meant *melancholy*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act IV. sc. 6:

"——but *thought* will do't, I fear."

Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 234:

"——their mother died for *thought*."

The poet, it is observable, has here used the Latin idiom, probably without knowing it:

Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam.

The quarto reads:

Which time and thoughts so sweetly *dost* deceive.

But there is nothing to which *dost* can refer. The change being so small, I have placed *doth* in the text, which affords an easy sense. MALONE.

² —— *how to make one twain,*

By praising him here, who doth hence remain.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Our separation so abides and flies,

"That thou residing here, go'st yet with me,

"And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee."

STEEVENS.

³ —— *for my love thou usest*;) *For* has here the signification of *because*. MALONE.

⁴ *But yet be blam'd, if thou this self deceivest*] Thus the quarto. It is evidently corrupt. MALONE.

Laf.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd⁵;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd⁶.
Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear⁷,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;

⁵ *Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;*] So, in one of
our author's plays:

“She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;

“She is a woman, therefore to be won.” STEVENS.

⁶ ——— *till she have prevail'd.*] The quarto reads:

——— *till he have prevail'd.*

But the lady, and not the man, being in this case supposed the wooer,
the poet without doubt wrote:

——— *till she have prevail'd.*

The emendation was proposed to me by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

⁷ *Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,*] Surely here
is a gross corruption. I do not hesitate to read:

Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty &c.

So, in the 76th Sonnet:

“O know, *sweet love*, I always write of you.”

Again, in the 89th Sonnet:

“Thou canst not, *Ove*, disgrace me half so ill—”

Again, in the 40th Sonnet:

“Take all my loves, my *love* ——”

Again, in another Sonnet:

“——— in my sight,

“*Dear heart*, forbear to glance thine eye aside.”

MALONE.

Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain;⁸
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade⁹
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?

⁸ *If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,*] If I lose thee, my mistress gains by my loss. MALONE.

⁹ —*thy fair imperfect shade*] The quarto 1609, reads—*their*. The two words, it has been already observed, are frequently confounded in these Sonnets. MALONE.

All days are nights to see¹, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show
thee me².

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land³,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought⁴,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;

¹ *All days are nights to see,*] We should, perhaps, read:
All days are nights to me.

The compositor might have caught the word *see* from the end of the line. MALONE.

As, *fair to see* (an expression which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) signifies *fair to fight*, so, *all days are nights to see*, means, *all days are gloomy to be beheld*, i. e. look like nights.

STEEVENS.

² — *do show thee me.*] That is, do show thee to me.

MALONE.

³ — *can jump both sea and land,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“We'd jump the life to come.” MALONE.

⁴ — *so much of earth and water wrought,*] i. e. being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“— I am air and fire, my other elements

“I give to baser life.” STEEVENS.

The

The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life being made of four⁵, with two alone,
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health⁶, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war⁷,
 How to divide the conquest of thy fight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's fight would bar⁸,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies⁹.

⁵ *My life being made of four*, —] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “Does not our life consist of the four elements?”

STEEVENS.

⁶ *Of thy fair health*, —] The old copy has:
 ——— *their* fair health. MALONE.

⁷ *Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war*,] So, in a passage in Golding's *Translation of Ovid*, 1576, which our author has imitated in *The Tempest* (ante, p. 85):

“Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal war* did set.” MALONE.

⁸ — *thy picture's fight would bar*,] Here also *their* was printed instead of *thy*. MALONE.

⁹ — *thy fair appearance lies*.] The quarto has *their*. In this Sonnet this mistake has happened four times.

MALONE.

To

To 'cide this title is impannelled¹;
 A quest of thoughts², all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety³, and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love⁴,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;
 Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

¹ To 'cide this title is impannelled] To 'cide, for to decide. The old copy reads—*sic*. MALONE.

² A quest of thoughts, —] An inquest or jury. So, in *K. Richard III*:

“ What lawful quest have given their verdict up

“ Unto the frowning judge ? ” MALONE.

³ The clear eye's moiety, —] *Moiety* in ancient language signifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not be equally divided. So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I:

“ Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,

“ In quantity equals not one of yours.”

Here the division was into three parts. MALONE.

⁴ So either by thy picture or my love,] The modern editions read unintelligibly:

So either by the picture of my love. MALONE.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
 Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt,
 That, to my uſe, it might unuſed ſtay
 From hands of falſhood, in ſure wards of truſt ?
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
 Thou, beſt of deareſt, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt ⁵,
 From whence at pleaſure thou may'ſt come and part ;
 And even thence thou wilt be ſtolen I fear,
 For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear ⁶.

XLIX.

Againſt that time, if ever that time come,
 When I ſhall ſee thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum ⁷,
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd reſpects,
 Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
 And ſcarcely greet me with that ſun, thine eye,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity ⁸,

⁵ *Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt,*] So, in *K. Rich. III.*:
 "Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls." STEEVENS.

⁶ *For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"*Rich preys make rich men thieves.*" C.

⁷ *Whenas thy love has caſt his utmoſt ſum,*] *Whenas*, in ancient language, was ſynonymous to *when*. MALONE,

⁸ *When love, converted from the thing it was, Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity,*] A ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs in *Julius Cæſar*:

"When love begins to ficken and decay,

"It uſeth an enforced ceremony." STEEVENS.

Againſt

Against that time do I ensconce me here⁹
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 “ Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !”¹
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on², to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

⁹ — *do I ensconce me here*] I fortify myself. A *sconce* was a species of fortification. MALONE.

¹ *Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend !*] So, in one of our author's plays :

“ *Measuring our steps from a departed friend.*”

STEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard II.* :

“ ——— Every tedious stride I make,

“ Will but remember me what a deal of world

“ I wander from the jewels that I love.” MALONE.

² *Plods dully on, —*] The quarto reads—*Plods dully on.*

The context supports the reading that I have chosen. So, in the next Sonnet :

“ Thus can my love excuse the slow offence

“ Of my *dull* bearer.” MALONE.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
 Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

³ *When swift extremity can seem but slow ?*] So, in *Macbeth*:
 " The swiftest wing of recompence is slow."

STEVENS.

⁴ *Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind ;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 " Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, born'd
 " Upon the fightless couriers of the air,
 " Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye."

It is likewise one of the employments of Ariel,

" To run upon the sharp wind of the north."

MALONE.

⁵ *Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;*] The expression is here so uncouth, that I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we should read :

Shall neigh to dull flesh, in his fiery race.

Desire, in the ardour of impatience, shall call to the sluggish animal (the horse) to proceed with swifter motion. MALONE.

Perhaps this passage is only obscured by the awkward situation of the words *no dull flesh*. The sense may be this: " Therefore desire, being *no dull* piece of horse-flesh, but composed of the most perfect love, shall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career." " A good piece of horse-flesh," is a term still current in the stable. Such a profusion of words, and only to tell us that our author's passion was impetuous, though his horse was slow! STEVENS.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure⁶.
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are⁷,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet⁸.
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest⁹,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

⁶ For blunting *the fine point of seldom pleasure.*] That is, for fear of blunting &c.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus. Hor. MALONE.

—— *aciesque hebetatur amori*

Mutato tones. Alicubi. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth &c.]* So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I.*:

“ If all the year were playing *holidays*,

“ To sport would be as tedious as to work ;

“ But when they *seldom come*, they wish'd-for come ;

“ And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.” MALONE.

—— *feasts so solemn and so rare,*] He means the four *festivals* of the year. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Or captain jewels in the carcanet.]* Jewels of superior worth. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ The ass more *captain* than the lion, and the felon

“ Loaden with irons wiser than the judge.”

Again, in the 66th *Sonnet* :

“ And captive Good attending *captain Ill.*”

The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE.

⁹ *Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,]* So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.* :

“ Then did I keep my person fresh and new ;

“ My presence, like a *robe pontifical*,

“ Ne'er seen but wonder'd at.” STEEVENS.

LIII.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses⁴,

Hang

¹ ———and the counterfeit] A counterfeit, it has been already observed, formerly signified a portrait. MALONE.

² Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;] Foison is plenty. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ Earth's increase and foison plenty,

“ Barns and garners, never empty.” MALONE.

³ The other as your bounty——] The foison or plentiful season, that is, the autumn, is the emblem of your bounty. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ How does my bounteous sister [Ceres]?” MALONE.

⁴ The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,

As the perfumed tincture of the roses,] The canker is the canker-rose or dog-rose. The rose and the canker are opposed in like manner in *Much ado about Nothing*: “ I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace.” MALONE.

Shakspeare had not yet begun to observe the productions of nature

Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses⁵ :
 But, for their virtue⁶ only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made⁷ :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth⁸ .

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments⁹
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time¹⁰ .
 When

ture with accuracy, or his eyes would have convinced him that the *cynorhodon* is by no means of as deep a colour as the *rose*. But what has truth or nature to do with Sonnets? STEEVENS.

⁵ *When summer's breath their masked buds discloses* :] So, in *Hamlet* :

" The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 " If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;
 " Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :
 " The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 " Too oft before their buttons be disclosed." MALONE.

⁶ *But, for their virtue* —] *For* has here the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello* :

" — haply for I am black." MALONE.

⁷ — Sweet roses do not so ;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :] The same image occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" — earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
 " Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
 " Grow, lives, and dies, in single blessedness."

MALONE.

⁸ — my verse distills your truth.] The quarto reads, I think, corruptedly :

— by verse distills your truth. MALONE.

⁹ *Not marble, nor the gilded monuments &c.*]

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
 Regaliq̄ue situ pyramidum altius. *Hor.* MALONE.

¹⁰ *Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.*] So, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

VOL. I.

S

" Where

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory ².
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view:
 Or call it winter ³, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
 more rare.

“ Where *dust* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 “ Of honour'd bones indeed.” MALONE.

² *When wasteful war shall statues overturn, &c.]*
 Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignes,
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas. *Quid*
 MALONE.

³ *As call it winter, —]* Should we not read:
 Or call it winter ——— TYRWHITT.

I have paid this conjecture the attention it deserves, by insert-
 ing the reading proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in the text.
 MALONE.

LVII.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour ⁴,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those :
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check ⁵
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :

⁴ ——— *the world-without-end hour,*] The tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. So, in *Love's Labour's lost* :

“ A time, methinks, too short

“ To make a *world-without-end* bargain in.”

i. e. an everlasting bargain. This singular epithet our author borrowed probably from the Liturgy. MALONE.

⁵ *And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check*] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ A most poor man, *made tame to Fortune's blows.*”

MALONE.

Do what you will⁶, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child?
 O that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done⁷!
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this compos'd wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they⁸,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;

⁶ Do what you will——] The quarto reads:
 To what you will ——

There can, I think, be no doubt that *To* was a misprint.

MALONE.

⁷ Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done!] Would that I
 could read a description of you in the earliest manuscript that ap-
 peared after the first use of letters. That this is the meaning appears
 clearly from the next line:

“That I might see what the old world could say.”

Again: “——the wits of former days &c.” MALONE.

This may allude to the ancient custom of inserting real portraits
 among the ornaments of illuminated manuscripts, with inscrip-
 tions under them. STEEVENS.

⁸ ——or, whe'r better they] *Whe'r* for *whether*. The same
 abbreviation occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, and in *King John*.

MALONE.

Each

Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light,⁹
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,¹
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;²
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand;³
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:

⁹ *Nativity once in the main of light,*] In the *great body* of light. So, the *main* of waters. MALONE.

¹ *Time doth transfix the flourish*—] The external decoration. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ Like painted trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.”

MALONE.

² *And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,*] Renders what was before smooth, rough and uneven. So, in the second *Sonnet*:

“ When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,

“ And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field.” MALONE.

³ *And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,*] So, in *K. Richard II.*:

“ Strong as a tower in hope, I say amen.” STEVENS.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,⁴
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity⁵,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

⁴ *Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,*] *Gracious* was frequently used by our author and his contemporaries in the sense of *beautiful*. So, in *King John*:

“ There was not such a *gracious* creature born.” MALONE.

⁵ *'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,*] The quarto has *beated*, which I suppose to have been a misprint for *'bated*. *'Bated* is properly *overthrown*; *laid low*; *abated*, from *abattre*, Fr. Hence (if this be the true reading) it is here used by our author with his usual licence, for *disfigured*; reduced to a *lower* or worse state than before. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ With *'bated* breath and whispering humbleness.”

Perhaps, however, the poet might have written—*batter'd*. So, in the next *Sonnet*:

“ With time's injurious hand *crush'd* and o'erworn.”

Again, more appositely in the 65th *Sonnet*:

“ O how shall summer's honey breath hold out

“ Against the wreckful siege of *battering* days.”

After all, *beated*, the regular participle from the verb to *beat*, may be right. We had in a former *Sonnet*—*weather-beaten* face. In *K. Henry V.* we meet—*casted*, and in *Macbeth*—*thrustled*.

MALONE.

I think we should read *blasted*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

“ — every part about you *blasted* with antiquity ”

STEVENS.

LXIII.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn⁶;
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
 brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night⁷;
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.

⁶ *With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn*;] The old copy reads *crusht*. I suspect that our author wrote *frusht*, a word that occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"I'll *frusht* it, and unlock the rivets all."

Again, Holinshed in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or so farre withered with age." To say that a thing is first *crusht*, and then *over-worn*, is little better than to observe of a man, that he was first *killed*, and then *wounded*. STEEVENS.

⁷ ———— *when his youthful morn*

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night]; I once thought that the poet wrote — *steepy night*. But the word *travell'd* shows, I think, that the old copy is right, however incongruous the epithet *steepy* may appear. So, in the 7th Sonnet:

"Lo in the orient when the gracious light

"Lifts up his burning head——

"And having climb'd the *steep-up* heavenly hill,

"Resembling strong *youth* in his middle age."

The same opposition is found in the 15th Sonnet:

"Then wasteful Time debateth with decay

"To change your *day of youth* to sullied *night*."

Were it not for the antithesis which seems to have been intended between *morn* and *night*, we might read:

——— to age's steepy *height*. MALONE.

Age's steepy night seems to mean the precipice of age from which we are to plunge into darkness; or, in the words of *Macbeth*, "to jump the life to come." STEEVENS.

S O N N E T S.

His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud coast of out-worn bury'd age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore^s,
And the firm soil win of the watry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state^s,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

————— *the hungry ocean gain*
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,] So, Mortimer, in
K. Henry IV. P. I. speaking of the Trent :

“ — he bears his course and runs me up

“ With like *advantage* on the other side,

“ Gelding the oppos'd continent as much.” STEEVENS.

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain

Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

And the firm soil win of the watry main,

Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;

When I have seen such interchange of state, &c.] So, in K.

Henry IV. P. II :

“ O heaven ! that one might read the book of fate ;

“ And see the revolution of the times

“ Make mountains level, and the continent,

“ Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

“ Into the sea ! and, other times, to see

“ The beachy girdle of the ocean

“ Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,

“ And changes fill the cup of alteration

“ With diverse liquors.” C.

LXV.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,¹
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful sieg[e] of battering days,²
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?³

Or

¹ *How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,*] Shakspeare, I believe, wrote——with his rage—— i. e. with the rage of Mortality. MALONE.

² —— *the sieg[e] of battering days,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 “ —— *the sieg[e] of loving terms.*” STEVENS.

³ *O fearful meditation? where, alack!*

Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?] If the reader has no clearer idea of “a jewel lying hid from a chest” than I have, he will agree with me in thinking this passage corrupt. Our author, I believe, wrote:

Time's best jewel from time's *quest* lie hid.

Time's best jewel was the poet's friend, who, he feared, would not be able to escape the *quest* or *search* of time, but fall a prey, however beautiful, to his all-subduing power. A jewel being mentioned, the copyist or printer thought it necessary to provide a casket for it.—Mr. Theobald had, I find, proposed the same alteration. MALONE.

Time's *chest* is the repository into which he is poetically supposed to throw those things which he designs to be forgotten. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ *Time* hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,

“ Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.”

Again, in *Sonnet LII*:

“ So is the *time* that keeps you, as my *chest*.”

The thief who evades pursuit, may be said with propriety to *lie hid from justice*, or from *confinement*. I see no more difficulty in this passage, than in a thousand others. STEVENS.

I once had great confidence in the emendation here proposed; but I am now satisfied that there is no need of change. The following lines in *K. Richard II.* add some support to the reading of the old copy;

“ A

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid⁴?

O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restless death I cry *,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity⁵,
And captive Good attending captain Ill⁶:

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,

“ A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

“ Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.”

The *chest of Time* is the repository where he lays up the most rare and curious productions of nature; one of which the poet esteemed his friend.

———vobis male fit, malæ tenebræ

Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis. *Catul.* MALONE.

⁴ Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?] The reading of the quarto—his spoil or beauty, is manifestly a misprint. MALONE.

* Tir'd with all these &c] Compare Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy with this Sonnet. C.

⁵ And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,] *Simplicity* has here the signification of *folly*. MALONE.

⁶ And captive Good attending captain Ill:] So, in *Timon*:

“ — more captain than the lion.”

Again, in another of these Sonnets:

“ Like captain jewels in the carcanet.” MALONE.

That

That sin by him advantage should atchieve;
 And lace itself with his society ?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?
 Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins ?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn¹,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were borne²,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ; -
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head³,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay :

In

¹ *And lace itself with his society ?*] i. e. embellish itself. So, in *Romco and Juliet* :

“ — what envious streaks

“ Do lace the severing clouds.” STEEVENS.

² *And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?*] Dr. Farmer would read — *seeming*. MALONE.

³ — *the map of days out-worn,*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Even so this *pattern of the worn-out age*

“ Pawn'd honest looks — ” MALONE.

¹ *Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,*] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive, for *beauty*. MALONE.

² *Before the golden tresses of the dead,*

The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,

To live a second life on second head,] Our author has again inveighed against this practice in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ So are those crisped snaky golden locks,

“ Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

“ Upon supposed fairness, often known

“ To

In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,³
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,⁴
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thy outward⁵ thus with outward praise is crown'd;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,

“ To be the dowry of a second head,
 “ *The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.*”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ————— chatch your poor thin roofs
 “ With bards of the dead.”

“ My lady (says a writer of the time of James I.) holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh out her crownes to bestowe upon some new fashioned attire;—upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman.” *The Honesty of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now.* By Barnabe Rych. Quarto, 1615. In our author's time, the false hair usually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a sandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. See Heuzner's Account of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE.

³ *Without all ornament, itself, and true,*] Surely we ought to read—*himself*, and true. In him the primitive simplicity of ancient times may be observed; in him, who scorns all adscitious ornaments, who appears in his native genuine state, [*himself and true*] &c. MALONE

⁴ *All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,*] The quarto has *end*. For the present emendation (which the rhyme requires) the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. The letters that compose the word *due* were probably transposed at the press, and the *u* inverted. MALONE.

⁵ *Thy outward*—] The quarto reads—*Their*. MALONE.

In

In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guesses, they measure by thy deeds ;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
 were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve is this ⁶,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect ⁷,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater ⁸, being woo'd of time ;
For

⁶ *The solve is this,*—] This is the *solution*. The quarto reads :
 The *solye* is this,——

I have not found the word now placed in the text, in any author ;
 but have inserted it rather than print what appears to me unintel-
 ligible. We meet a similar sentiment in the 102d Sonnet :

“ ——sweets grown common lose their dear delight.”

The modern editions read :—The *toil* is this —— MALONE.

I believe we should read :

The *sole* is this ——

i. e. here the *only* explanation lies ; this is *all*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The ornament of beauty is suspect,*] *Suspicion* or *slander* is a
 constant attendant on beauty, and adds new lustre to it. *Suspect*
 is used as a substantive by Middleton also, in *A Mad World my*
Masters, a comedy, 1608 :

“ And poize her words i' the ballance of *suspect*.”

MALONE.

⁸ *Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time,*] The old copy
 here, as in many other places, reads corruptly—*Their worth &c.*

I strongly suspect the latter words of this line also to be corrupt.
 What idea does *worth woo'd of* [that is, *by*] *time present* ? Shall
 we boldly read :

—— being *void of crime* ;

That is, *thou being &c.* MALONE.

Perhaps we are to disentangle the transposition of the passage,
 thus :

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,⁹
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe¹.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled²
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,

thus: *So thou be good, slander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater.* i. e. if you are virtuous, slander, being the favorite of the age, only stamps the stronger mark of approbation on your merit.

I have already shewn, on the authority of Ben Jonson, that "of time" means, *of the then present one.* See note on *Hamlet* edit. 1778, Vol. X. p. 277. STEEVENS.

Might we not read

—— being *wood of time*?

taking *wood* for an epithet applied to *slander*, signifying *frantic*, doing mischief at random. Shakspeare often uses this old word. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies *wood*."

I am far from being satisfied with this conjecture, but can make no sense of the words as they are printed. C.

⁹ *For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"As in the *sweetest buds*

"The eating *canker* dwells, so eating love

"Inhabits in the finest wits of all." C.

¹ —— *should'st owe,*] That is, should *possess*. MALONE.

² *Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell*

Give warning to the world that I am fled] So, in *K. Hen.*

IV. P. II:

"—— and his tongue

"Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*,

"Remember'd *knolling* a departed friend." MALONE.

That

That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,³
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
 But let your love even with my life decay:
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang⁴
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang⁵.
 In

³ *When I perhaps compounded am with clay,*] *Compounded* is mixed, blended. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“Only compound me with forgotten dust.” MALONE.

⁴ *When yellow leaves &c.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“—my way of life

“Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.*] The quarto has—*Bare ru'n'd quiers*—from which the reader must extract what meaning he can. The edition of our author's poems in

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day,
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away *,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie †,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away †,

My

in 1640, has—*ruin'd*.—*Quires* or *choirs* here means that part of cathedrals where divine service is performed, to which, when uncovered and in ruins,

“ A naked subject to the weeping clouds,”

the poet compares the trees at the end of autumn, stripped of that foliage which at once invited and sheltered the feathered songsters of summer. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Then was I as a tree

“ Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but in one night,

“ A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

“ Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,

“ And left me *bare to weather*.” MALONE.

This image was probably suggested to Shakspeare by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothick aisle, and an avenue of trees whose upper branches meet and form an arch over-head, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque. STEEVENS.

* *Which by and by black night doth take away,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And by and by a cloud takes all away.” STEEVENS.

† ———— *such fire*

That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,] So, Chaucer :

“ Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.

See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Vol. VIII. p. 300. STEEVENS.

† ———— *when that fell arrest*

Without all bail shall carry me away,] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Had

My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth⁸, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains*.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd flowers are to the ground;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife⁹
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look¹;

Pos-

"Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,
 "Is strict in his arrest) O I could tell you, —
 "But let it be" C.

⁸ *The earth can have but earth, —*] Shakspeare seems here to have had the burial service in his thoughts. MALONE.

* — *and this with thee remains.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
 "And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee." STEEV.

⁹ *And for the peace of you I hold such strife*] The context seems to require that we should rather read:

— for the *price* of you — or — for the *fake* of you.

The conflicting passions described by the poet were not produced by a regard to the ease or quiet of his friend, but by the high value he set on his esteem: yet as there seems to have been an opposition intended between *peace* and *strife*, I have made no alteration in the text. MALONE.

¹ — clean starved for a look,] That is, *wholly* starved. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

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T t

"Clean

Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away ².

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed ³,
 That every word doth almost tell my name ⁴,
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;

“ Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.”

MALONE.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ While I at home *starve for a merry look*.” STEEVENS.

² Or *gluttoning on all, or all away*.] That is, either feeding on various dishes, or having nothing on my board, — *all being away*. We might read:

Or *gluttoning on all, or fall away*.

The expression is as ancient as our author's time. “ Am I not *fallen away* vilely (says Falstaff) since the last action? do I not *bate*? do I not *dwindle*?” MALONE.

The amendment proposed, is, I think, at once defective and unnecessary. The natural opposition to *gluttoning on all*, would be *eating nothing*. Instead of this, the reading *fall away*, presents us only with the *effects of abstinence*, instead of *abstinence itself*. We must therefore attempt to explain the original words. Perhaps, *or all away*, may signify, *or away with all!* i. e. I either devour like a glutton what is within my reach, or *command all provisions to be removed out of my sight*. STEEVENS.

³ — *in a noted weed*,] i. e. in a dress by which it is always known, as those persons are who always wear the same colours.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *That every word doth almost tell my name*,] The quarto has: — *tell my name*. MALONE.

So

So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent :
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glafs will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste ^s.
 The wrinkles which thy glafs will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves ^o will give thee memory ;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.

^s *And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.*] *This, their,*
 and *thy*, are so often confounded in these Sonnets, that it is only
 by attending to the context that we can discover which was the
 author's word. In the present instance, instead of *this book*,
 should we not read *thy book*? So, in the last line of this Sonnet :

“ These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 “ Will profit thee, and much enrich *thy book*.”

MALONE.

Probably this Sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a
 book consisting of blank paper. Were such the case, the old
 reading (*this book*) may stand. Lord Orrery sent a birth-day gift
 of the same kind to Swift, together with a copy of verses of the
 same tendency. STEEVENS.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. We learn
 from the 122d Sonnet that Shakspeare received a *table-book* from
 his friend. MALONE.

^o *Of mouthed graves*——] That is, of *all-devouring* graves.
 Thus, in *K. Richard III*:

“ —— in the *swallowing* gulph
 “ Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ What is thy body but a *swallowing* grave ?”

Again, in *K. John* :

“ O now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 “ And now he feasts, *mouthing* the flesh of men.”

MALONE.

Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks⁷, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poetry disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly⁸,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing⁹,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the stile,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;

⁷ *Commit to these waste blanks,*—] What meaning does *blanks* convey here? Let us examine a few of the verses that precede these, and see if from thence we may borrow any instruction :

“ Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear,

“ Thy dial, how thy precious minutes waste ;

“ The *vacant leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,

“ And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.”

Our poet must have written in the place first quoted—*waste blanks*; i. e. these *vacant leaves*, as he calls them in the other quotation.

THEOBALD.

⁸ *And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,*] So, in *Othello* : “ O bear up ignorance ! thou praisest the worst. best.” Does not this line seem to favour a conjecture, proposed by Dr. Johnson, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,—“ Ignorance itself is a plummet over me—” where he would read—“ *has a plume o' me?*” He has indeed given a different interpretation; but if *plume* be right, the present line might lead one to think that Falstaff meant to say, that even *ignorance*, however heavy, could *soar* above him. MALONE.

⁹ *Have added feathers to the learned's wing,*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— your lord,

“ (The best feather of our wing)——” STEEVENS.

But

But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,²
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest fail doth bear¹,

My

² *Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,*] Spirit is here, as in many other places, used as a monosyllable. Curiosity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better spirit* was, to whom even Shakspeare acknowledges himself inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a comparison; but these Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenser was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the person here alluded to. MALONE.

¹ *The humble as the proudest fail doth bear,*] The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ ——— The sea being smooth,

“ How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this ;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths
 of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look -
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;

“ Upon her patient breast, making their way
 “ With those of nobler bulk ? — where's then the *fancy* boat ? ”
 See note on *Troilus and Cressida*, last edit. Vol. IX. p. 28.

STEVENS.

And

And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetorick can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set.
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt² :
 And therefore have I slept in your report³ ;
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern quill doth come too short⁴ ,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow⁵ .
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;

² *The barren tender of a poet's debt :*] So, the poet in *Timon* :
 " ——— all minds

" ——— tender down

" Their services to lord Timon."

Again, in *K. John* :

" And the like tender of our love we make." MALONE.

³ *And therefore have I slept in your report,*] And therefore I
 have not founded your praises. MALONE.

The same phrase occurs in *K. Henry VIII* :

" ——— Heaven will one day open

" The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon

" This bold, bad man."

Again, in *K. Henry IV. P. I* :

" ——— hung their eyelids down,

" Slept in his face." STEEVENS.

⁴ *How far a modern quill doth come too short,*] Modern seems
 to have formerly signified common or trite. So, in *As you like it* :

" Full of wise saws and modern instances." MALONE.

See note on *K. John*, p. 76. last edit. - STEEVENS.

⁵ ——— what worth in you doth grow.] We might better read :

——— that worth in you doth grow.

i. e. that worth, which &c. MALONE.

For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb⁶.
 Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immured is the store
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
 Making his stile admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
 worse⁷.

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill⁸,
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*

⁶ *When others would give life, and bring a tomb.*] When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while in fact they disgrace it by the meanness of their compositions. MALONE.

⁷ *Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.*] i. e. being fond of such panegyrick as debases what is praise-worthy in you, instead of exalting it. *On* in ancient books is often printed for *of*. It may mean, “behaving foolishly *on* receiving praise.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Reserve their character with golden quill.*] *Reserve* has here the sense of *preserve*. See p. 607. note³. MALONE.

To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hind-most, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?¹
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonish'd.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,²
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your countenance fil'd up his line,³
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

¹ *Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

“What is her burying grave that is her womb.”

Again, in *Pericles*:

“For he's their parent and he is their grave.”

So also, Milton:

“The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.”

MALONE.

² ——— *that affable familiar ghost*

Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,] Alluding perhaps to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with an angel, and other familiar spirits. STEEVENS.

³ ——— *fil'd up his line,*] i. e. polish'd it. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakspeare:

“In his well-torned and true-*fil'd* lines.” STEEVENS.

LXXXVII.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
 And for that riches where is my deserving?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king*, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn¹,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted²;
 That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory:
 And I by this will be a gainer too;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

* *In sleep a king,*—] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— I dreamt &c.

“ That I reviv'd and was an emperor.” STEVENS.

¹ *And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,*] Our author has again personified *Scorn* in *Othello*:

“ A fixed figure, for the time of *Scorn*

“ To point his slow unmoving finger at.” MALONE.

* ——— *I can set down a story*

Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;] So, in *Hamlet*: “ ——— but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me.” STEVENS.

Such

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle⁵, and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks⁶ ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell ;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss :
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe* ;

⁵ *I will acquaintance strangle, —*] I will put an end to our familiarity. This singular expression is likewise used by Daniel in his *Cleopatra*, 1594 :

“ Rocks strangle up thy waves,

“ Stop cataracts thy Fall !” MALONE.

This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakespeare, who uses it again in *Macbeth* :

“ — night strangles the travelling lamp.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Be absent from thy walks ;*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;

“ Hop in his walks.” MALONE.

* *Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ But with a rearward following Tybalt's death &c.” STEEV.

Give

Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of Fortune's might ;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.

¹ *Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Richer than doing nothing for a bauble ;

“ Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.” STEEVENS.

I see

I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?—
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband^a; so love's face

May

^a *So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; —*] Mr. Oldys observes in one of his manuscripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet “ *seem to have been addressed by Shakspeare to his beautiful wife on some suspicion of her infidelity.*” He must have read our author's poems with but little attention; otherwise he would have seen that these, as well as all the preceding Sonnets, and many of those that follow, are not addressed to a female. I do not know whether this antiquarian had any other authority than his misapprehension concerning these lines, for the epithet by which he has described our great poet's wife. He had made very large collections for a life of our author, and perhaps in the course of his researches had learned this particular. However this may have been, the other part of his conjecture (that Shakspeare was jealous of her) may perhaps be thought to derive some probability from the following circumstances. It is observable, that his daughter, and not his wife, is his executor; and in his Will, he bequeaths the latter only an old piece of furniture; nor did he even think of her till the whole was finished, the clause relating to her being an interlineation. What provision was made for her by settlement, does not appear. It may likewise be remarked, that jealousy is the principal hinge of *four* of his plays; and in his great performance (*Othello*) some of the passages are written with such exquisite feeling, as might lead us to suspect that the author had himself been *perplexed* with doubts, though not perhaps *in the extreme*.—By the same mode of reasoning, it may be said, he might be proved to have stabbed his friend, or to have had a *thankless* child; because he has so admirably described the horror consequent on murder, and the effects of filial ingratitude, in *K. Lear*, and *Macbeth*. He could indeed assume all shapes; and therefore it must be acknowledged that the present

May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:

For

sent hypothesis is built on an uncertain foundation. All I mean to say is, that he appears to me to have written more immediately *from the heart* on the subject of jealousy, than on any other; and it is therefore not improbable he might have felt it. The whole is mere conjecture. MALONE.

As all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare, is—*that he was born at Stratford upon Avon,—married and had children there,—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays,—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried,*—I must confess my readiness to combat every unfounded supposition respecting the particular occurrences of his life*.

The

* I take the same opportunity to avow my disbelief that Shakspeare was the author of Mr. Combe's Epitaph, or that it was written by any other person at the request of that gentleman. If Betterton the player did really visit Warwickshire for the sake of collecting anecdotes relative to our author, perhaps he was too easily satisfied with such as fell in his way, without making any rigid search into their authenticity. It appears also from a following copy of this inscription, that it was not ascribed to Shakspeare so early as two years after his death. Mr. Reed of Staple Inn obligingly pointed it out to me in the *Remains &c.* of Richard Braithwaite, 1618; and as his edition of our epitaph varies in some measure from the later one published by Mr. Rowe, I shall not hesitate to transcribe it:

“ Upon one *John Combe* of *Stratford upon Avon*, a notable Usurer, fastened upon a Tombe that he had caused to be built in his Life Time.

“ Ten in the hundred must lie in his grave,
“ But a hundred to ten whether God will him have:
“ Who then must be interr'd in this tombe?
“ Oh (quoth the divell) my *John a Combe.*”

Here it may be observed that, strictly speaking, this is no jocular epitaph, but a malevolent prediction; and Braithwaite's copy is surely more to be depended on (being procured in or before the year 1618) than that delivered to Betterton or Rowe, almost a century afterwards. It has been already remarked, (see Mr. Malone's Supplemental observations on the last edition of Shakspeare, p. 67.) that two of the lines said to have been produced on this occasion, were printed as an epigram in 1608, by H. P. Gent. and are likewise found in Camden's *Remains*, 1614. I may add, that a usurer's solicitude to know what would be reported of him when he was dead, is not a very probable circumstance; neither was Shakspeare of a disposition to compose an invective, at once so bitter and uncharitable, during a *pleasant conversation among the common friends* [See Rowe's

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In

The misapprehension of Oldys may be naturally accounted for, and will appear venial to those who examine the two Sonnets before us. From the complaints of *inconstancy*, and the praises of *beauty*, contained in them, they should seem at first sight to be addressed by an innamorato to a mistress. Had our antiquarian informed himself of the tendency of such pieces as precede and follow, he could not have failed to discover his mistake.

Whether the wife of our author was beautiful, or otherwise, was a circumstance beyond the investigation of Oldys, whose collections for his life I have perused; yet surely it was natural to impute charms to one who could engage and fix the heart of a young man of such uncommon elegance of fancy.

That our poet was jealous of this lady, is likewise an unwarrantable conjecture. Having, in times of health and prosperity, provided for her by settlement, (or knowing that her father had already done so) he bequeathed to her at his death, not merely *an old piece of furniture*, but perhaps, as a mark of peculiar tenderness,

“ The very bed that on his bridal night
“ Receiv'd him to the arms of Belvidera.”

His momentary forgetfulness as to this matter, must be imputed to disease. He has many times given support to the sentiments of others, let him speak for once in his own defence:

“ Infirmary 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.”

Mr. Malone therefore ceases to argue with his usual candour, when he

“ — takes the indispos'd and sickly fit
“ For the sound man.”

The

Rowe's Life &c.] of himself and a gentleman, with whose family he lived in such friendship, that at his death he bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe as a legacy. A miser's monument indeed, constructed during his life time, might be regarded as a challenge to satire; and we cannot wonder that anonymous lampoons should have been affixed to the marble designed to convey the character of such a being to posterity.—I hope I may be excused for this attempt to vindicate Shakspeare from the imputation of having poisoned the hour of confidence and festivity, by producing the severest of all censures on one of his company. I am unwilling, in short, to think he could so wantonly and so publicly have expressed his doubts concerning the salvation of one of his fellow-creatures.

STEVENS.

In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ⁹, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But

The *perfect health* mentioned in the will, (on which Mr. Malone relies in a subsequent note) was introduced as a thing of course by the attorney who drew it up; and perhaps our author was not sufficiently recovered during the remaining two months of his life to attempt any alterations in this his last work. It was also natural for Shakspeare to have chosen his daughter and not his wife for an executrix, because the latter, for reasons already given, was the least interested of the two in the care of his effects.

That Shakspeare has written with his utmost power on the subject of jealousy, is no proof that he had ever felt it. Because he has, with equal vigour, expressed the varied aversions of Apemantus and Timon to the world, does it follow that he himself was a Cynic, or a wretch deserted by his friends? Because he has, with proportionable strength of pencil, represented the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, are we to suppose he copied from a fiend-like original in his own bosom?

Let me add (respecting the four plays alluded to by Mr. Malone) that in *Cymbeline* jealousy is merely incidental. In the *Winter's Tale*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the folly of it is studiously exposed. *Othello* alone is wholly built on the fatal consequences of that destructive passion. Surely we cannot wonder that our author should have lavished his warmest colouring on a commotion of mind the most vehement of all others; or that he should have written with sensibility on a subject with which every man who loves is in some degree acquainted. Besides, of different pieces by the same hand, one will prove the most highly wrought, though sufficient reasons cannot be assigned to account for its superiority.

No argument, however, in my opinion, is more fallacious than that which imputes the success of a poet to his interest in his subject. Accuracy of description can be expected only from a mind at rest. It is the unruffled lake that is a faithful mirror.

STEEVENS.

Every author who writes on a variety of topicks will have sometimes occasion to describe what he has himself felt. To attribute to our great poet (to whose amiable manners all his contemporaries bear testimony) the moroseness of a cynick, or the depravity

⁹ *In many's looks, the false heart's history
Is writ, —*] In *Macbeth* a contrary sentiment is asserted:
“ ———— There is no art
“ To find the mind's construction in the face.” MALONE.
Thus, in Gray's *Church-yard Elegy*:
“ And read their *history* in a nation's eyes.” STEEVENS.

But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

depravity of a murderer, would be to form an idea of him contradicted by the whole tenour of his character, and unsupported by any kind of evidence : but to suppose him to have felt a passion which it is said " most men who ever loved have in some degree experienced," does not appear to me a very wild or extravagant conjecture.

Our author's forgetfulness of his wife (from whatever cause it arose,) cannot well be imputed to the *indisposed and sickly fit* ; for, from an imperfect erasure in his Will (which I have seen) it appears to have been written (though not executed) *two* months before his death ; and in the first paragraph he has himself told us that he was, at the time of making it, in *perfect health* ; words, which no honest attorney, I believe ever inserted in a Will, when the testator was notoriously in a contrary state. Any speculation on this subject is indeed unnecessary ; for the various regulations and provisions of our author's Will show that at the time of making it he had the entire use of his faculties. Nor, supposing the contrary to have been the case, do I see what in the two succeeding months he was to recollect or to alter. His wife had not wholly escaped his memory ; he had forgot her,—he had recollected her,—but so recollected her, as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her ; he had already (as it is vulgarly expressed) cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed.

However, I acknowledge, it does not necessarily follow, that because he was inattentive to her in his Will, he was therefore jealous of her. He might not have loved her ; and perhaps she might not have deserved his affection.

This note having already extended to too great a length, I shall only add, that I must still think that a poet's intimate knowledge of the passions and manners which he describes, will generally be of use to him ; and that in some *few* cases experience will give a warmth to his colouring, that mere observation may not supply. No man, I believe, who had not felt the power of beauty, ever composed love-verses that were worth reading.

That in order to produce any successful composition, the mind must be at ease, is, I conceive, an incontrovertible truth. I never supposed that Shakspeare wrote on the subject of jealousy during the paroxysm of the fit. MALONE.

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, 'moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expence ;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces',
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die ;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity :
 For sweetest things turn fourest by their deeds ;
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds'.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name ?
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report'.
 O what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee !
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turns to fair, that eyes can see !

¹ *They are the lords and owners of their faces,*] So, in *K. Jobn*:

“ *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.*” MALONE.

² *Lillies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.*] This line is likewise found in the anonymous play of *K. Edward III.* 1599.

STEEVENS.

³ *Naming thy name blesses an ill report.*] The same ideas occur in the speech of *Ænobarbus* to *Agrippa* in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— For vilest things

“ Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests

“ *Bless* her when she is riggish.” STEEVENS.

Take

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less⁴;
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate⁵!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report⁶.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been⁷
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd⁸ was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,

⁴ *Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:]* By great and small. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“The more and less came in &c.” MALONE.

⁵ *If like a lamb he could his looks translate!]* If he could change his natural look, and assume the innocent visage of the lamb. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—— to present slaves and servants

“*Translates* his rivals.” MALONE.

⁶ *But do not so: I love thee in such sort, &c.]* This is likewise the concluding couplet of the 36th Sonnet. MALONE.

⁷ *How like a winter hath my absence been &c.]* In this and the two following Sonnets the pencil of Shakspeare is very discernible. MALONE.

⁸ *And yet this time remov'd——]* This time in which I was remote or absent from thee. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“He ever lov'd the life remov'd.” MALONE.

Bearing the wanton burden of the prime¹,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing¹;
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell²,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
 grew³:

Nor

¹ *The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,]* So, in *A Mid-
 summer Night's Dream*:

“ The spring, the summer,
 “ The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
 “ Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world
 “ By their increase now knows not which is which.”

The prime is the spring. MALONE.

—— in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;] So, in *Romeo
 and Juliet*:

“ Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
 “ When well-appareld April on the heel
 “ Of limping winter treads.” MALONE.

² *Could make me any summer's story tell,]* By a summer's story
 Shakespeare seems to have meant some gay fiction. Thus, his
 comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the
 fairies, he calls *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. On the other hand,
 in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us, “ a sad tale's best for winter.”
 So also, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — if it be summer news,

“ Smile

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight⁴,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
 smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
 The lily I condemn'd for thy hand⁵,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:

“ Smile to it before: if winterly, thou need'st

“ But keep that countenance still.” MALONE.

³ Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:] So, in
K. Richard II:

“ Who are the violets now

“ That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?”

MALONE.

⁴ They were but sweet, but figures of delight,] What more could
 be expected from flowers than that they should be sweet? To
 gratify the smell is their highest praise. I suspect the compositor
 caught the word *but* from the latter part of the line, and would read:

They were, *my* sweet, but figures of delight.

So, in the 109th *Sonnet*:

“ Save thou, *my* rose; in it thou art my all.” MALONE.

The old reading is surely the true one. The poet refuses to
 enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only*
 sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend.

STEEVENS.

Nearly this meaning the lines, after the emendation proposed,
 will still supply. In the preceding couplet the *colour*, not the
sweetness, of the flowers is mentioned; and in the subsequent line
 the words *drawn* and *pattern* relate only to their external appear-
 ance. MALONE.

⁵ The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,] I condemn'd the lily for
 presuming to emulate the whiteness of thy hand. MALONE.

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair⁶ ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death⁷ .

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light ?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.

⁶ *One blushing shame, another white despair,*] The old copy reads :

Our blushing shame, another white despair.

Our was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

All this conceit about the colour of the roses is' repeated again in *K. Henry VI.* P. I :

“ ——— Your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,

“ For pale they look with fear.

————— thy cheeks

“ Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *A vengeful canker eat him up to death.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ This canker that eats up love's tender spring.”

MALONE.

Give

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife *.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd ?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay :
But best is best, if never intermix'd ?—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
ing ;
I love not less, though less the show appear :
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where †.

* *So thou prevent'st his scythe, &c.]* i. e. so by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons. STERVEN'S.

† *That love is merchandiz'd—]* This expression may serve to support the old reading of a passage in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— the feast is sold

“ That is not often vouch'd &c.”

where Pope would read *cold*. MALONE.

That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every where.] So, in *Love's*

Labour's lost :

“ ——— my beauty though but mean,

“ Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;

“ *Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,*

“ Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.” C.

Our love was new ¹, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing ²,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild musick burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight ³.
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.
 O blame me not if I no more can write!
 I look in your glass, and there appears a face
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite ⁴,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

¹ *Our love was new*—] The numerous expressions of this kind that occur in these Sonnets cannot but appear strange to a modern reader. In justice therefore to our author, it is proper to observe, that they were the common language of the time. B. Jonson concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne by telling him that he is his "ever true lover;" and Drayton, in a letter to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him, that Mr. Joseph Davis is *in love* with him. MALONE.

² *As Philomel in summer's front doth sing*,] In the beginning of summer. We meet a kindred expression in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" ——— thou art a summer bird,

" Which ever in the *haunch of winter sings*

" The lifting up of day." MALONE.

³ — *their dear delight*.] This epithet has been adopted by Pope:

" Peace is my *dear delight*, not Fleury's more." MALONE.

• ——— a face,

That over-goes my blunt invention quite,] So, in *Otello*:

" ——— a maid,

" One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

" For thou wilt find she will *out-strip* all praise,

" And make it halt behind her." STEEVENS.

Were

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?⁵
 For to no other pass my verses tend,
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can fit,
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride⁶;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd⁷,
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd⁸,
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion⁹, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

For

⁵ ——— *striving to mend,*

To mar the subject that before was well?] So, in *K. John*:

“When workmen strive to do better than well,

“They do confound their skill.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Let two more summers wither in their pride.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

“—— my May of life

“Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf.” MALONE.

⁸ *Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,*

Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,] So, before:

“Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may know

“Time's thievish progress to eternity.”

Again, in *K. Richard III*:

“—— mellow'd by the stealing hours of time.”

MALONE.

⁹ *So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,*

Hath motion,——] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“The

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead,

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.

So

"The *fixure* of her eye hath *motion* in it." MALONE.
Again, in *Othello*:

"—for the *time* of scorn

"To point his *slow*, *unmoving* finger at." STEEVENS.

"Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,] So, in *Twelfth*

Night:

"Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, &c.

"Do give thee five-fold *blazon*." STEEVENS.

"—*such a beauty as you master now.*] So, in *K. Henry V*:
"Be.

So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing³:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick soul⁴
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd⁵,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage⁶;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes⁷,
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

"Between the promise of his greener days,

"And those he masters now." STEEVENS.

³ *They had not skill enough your worth to sing.*] The old copy has:

They had not *skill* enough —

For the present emendation the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt.
 MALONE.

⁴ — *the prophetick soul*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Oh my *prophetick soul!* mine uncle." STEEVENS.

⁵ *The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Alas, our *terrene moon* is now *eclips'd!*" STEEVENS.

⁶ *And the sad augurs mock their own presage.*] I suppose he means that they *laugh* at the futility of their own predictions.

STEEVENS.

⁷ — *and Death to me subscribes.*] Acknowledges me his superior. MALONE.

CVIII.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
 What's new to speak, what new to register⁸,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case⁹
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age¹,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As ealy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again²;

⁸ — *what new to register,*] The quarto is here manifestly erroneous. It reads:

— *what now to register.* MALONE.

⁹ — *in love's fresh case,*] By the *case of love* the poet means his own compositions. MALONE.

¹ *Weighs not the dust &c.*] A passage in *Love's Labour's lost* will at once exemplify and explain this phrase:

“ You weigh me not, — O, that's you care not for me.”
 STEEVENS.

² *That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travel, I return again.*] Thus, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
 “ And now to Helen it is home return'd.”

So also, Prior:

“ No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
 “ They were but my visits, but thou art my home.”

MALONE.

Just

Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,³
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose ; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view⁴,
 Gor'd mine own thoughts⁵, sold cheap what is most
 dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth⁶,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end⁷ :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.

³ *All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,*] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ ——— Nature

“ To whom all fores lay siege.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *And made myself a motley to the view,*] Appeared like a fool ;
 (of whom the dress was formerly a motley coat.) MALONE.

⁵ *Gor'd mine own thoughts,* —] I know not whether this be
 a quaintness, or a corruption. STEEVENS.

⁶ *These blenches gave my heart another youth,*] These starts or
 aberrations from rectitude. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ I'll observe his looks ;

“ I'll tent him to the quick ; if he but blench,

“ I know my course.” MALONE.

⁷ *Now all is done, save what shall have no end,*] This line ap-
 pearing to me unintelligible, I have adopted a conjectural reading
 suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

Then

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O for my sake do you with fortune chide⁶;
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than publick means, which publick manners breeds⁹.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyfell, 'gainst my strong infection¹;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;

⁶ O for my sake do you with fortune chide,] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*wish* fortune chide. MALONE.

To *chide* with fortune is to quarrel with it. So, in *Othello*:

“The business of the state does him offence,

“And he does *chide* with you.” STEEVENS.

⁹ Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.] The author seems here to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre.

MALONE.

¹ Potions of eyfell, 'gainst my strong infection;] *Eyfell* is vinegar. So, in *A merry Geste of the Frere and the Boye*:

“God that dyed for us all,

“And dranke both *eyfell* and gall.” STEEVENS.

Vinegar is esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious distempers.

MALONE.

For

For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ² ?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong ¹.
 In so profound abyssm I throw all care ⁴
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critick and to flatterer stopped are ⁵.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—

² *For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?*] I am indiffer-
 ent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly
 veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The allusion
 seems to be either to the practice of covering a bare coarse piece
 of ground with fresh green-sward, or to that of planting ivy or jef-
 samine to conceal an unsightly building.

To *allow*, in ancient language, is to *approve*. MALONE.

I would read :

——o'er-grieve my bad,——

i. e. I care not what is said of me, so that you *compassionate* my
 failings and approve my virtues. STEVENS.

³ *That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.*] It appears
 from the next line but one, that *sense* is here used for *senses*. We
 might better read :

——e'er changes, right or wrong. MALONE.

None else to me, nor I to none alive,

That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.] The mean-
 ing of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—You are the
 only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution *es-*
*t*her to what is right, or to what is wrong. STEVENS.

⁴ *In so profound abyssm I throw all care.*] Our author uses this
 word likewise in the *Tempest*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ —the
abyssm of time,” and “ —the *abyssm* of hell.” STEVENS.

⁵ —— that my adder's sense

To critick and to flatterer stopped are :] That my ears are
 equally deaf to the *snarling censurer*, and the flattering encomiast.
Critick for *cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's lost* :

“ And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys.”

Our author again alludes to the deafness of the adder in *Troilus*
and Cressida :

“ ——ears more deaf than *adders* to the voice

“ Of any true decision.” MALONE,

You

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead⁶.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind⁷,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function⁸, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out⁹;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.

⁶ *That all the world besides me thinks y'are dead.*] Thus the quarto. The context rather requires that we should read:

That all the world besides you thinks me dead.

i. e. all the world except you &c. So before:

"None else to me, nor I to none alive." MALONE.

I would read, if alteration be necessary,

That all the world besides, *methinks*, is [or are] dead.

The sense would be this—I pay no regard to the sentiments of mankind; and observe how I account for this my indifference. I think so much of you, that I have no leisure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more. STEEVENS.

I have followed the regulation proposed by Mr. Steevens, which was likewise suggested by an anonymous correspondent, whose favours have been already acknowledged. MALONE.

⁷ —*mine eye is in my mind,*] We meet the same phrase in *Hamlet*:

"In my *mind's* eye, Horatio."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Was left unseen, save to the *eye of mind.*" MALONE.

⁸ *Doth part his function,*—] That is, *partly performs his office.* MALONE.

⁹ *Seems seeing, but effectually is out:*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"*Doth.* You see her eyes are open.

"*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut." STEEVENS.

Incapable

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue¹.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best²,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing'³,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;

¹ *My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.*] Thus the quarto. If there be no corruption, the word *untrue* must be considered as a substantive. *The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth;* i. e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So Milton:

“ ——— grace descending had remov'd

“ The stony from their hearts.”

We might read:

My most true mind thus *makes* mine eye untrue.

Or—*My* most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

The old copy having *maketh*, and the metre being complete without any additional word, the latter emendation appears to me the best. However, as the line is intelligible as it stands, and the licentious use of the adjective is much in our author's manner, no change is necessary. MALONE.

² *Creating every bad a perfect best,*] So, in *The Tempest*:

“ ——— creating you

“ Of every creature's best.” STEEVENS.

³ *—what with his gust is 'greeing,*] That is, what is pleasing to the taste of my mind. MALONE.

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds⁴
 Admit impediments. Love is not love⁵
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken⁶;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken.

⁴ *Let me not to the marriage of true minds*] To the sympathetic union of souls. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* [4to, 1599]:

“ Examine every married lineament——” MALONE.

⁵ ——— *Love is not love*

Which alters when it alteration finds, &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:

“ ——— *Love's not love,*

“ When it is mingled with regards, that stand

“ Aloof from th' entire point.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,*

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ ——— though perils did

“ Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and

“ Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,

“ As doth the rock against the chiding flood,

“ Should the approach of this wild river break,

“ And stand unshaken yours.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Like a great sea-mark, standing every flow,

“ And saving those that eye thee.” MALONE.

Love's

Love's not Time's fool⁷, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending fickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom⁸.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day⁹;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown¹,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate²:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

⁷ *Love's not Time's fool*, —] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. I*:

“ But thought's the slave of life; and life *Time's fool*.”

MALONE.

⁸ *But bears it out even to the edge of doom.*] So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,

“ To the extreme edge of hazard.” MALONE.

⁹ *Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day* ;] So, in *K. Ricb. II*:

“ There is my bond of faith,

“ To tie thee to my strong correction.” MALONE.

¹ *Bring me within the level of your frown,*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ — I stood i' the level

“ Of a full-charge'd conspiracy.” STEEVENS.

² — *your waken'd hate* :] So, in *Othello*:

“ Than answer my wak'd wrath.” STEEVENS.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness³, would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distil'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted⁴,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!

³ — rank of goodness, —] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :
 “ Rank of gross diet.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
 In the distraction of this madding fever!* How have
 mine eyes been convulsed during the frantick fits of my feverous
 love! So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect,
 “ Whole as the marble &c.”

The participle *fitted*, is not, I believe, used by any other author,
 in the sense in which it is here employed. MALONE.

We meet in *Hamlet* the same image as here :

“ Make thy two eyes, like stars, *flart from their spheres.*”
 STEEVENS.

O benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ⁵ ;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew ^{*},
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by your's, you have pass'd a hell of time ⁶ ;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O that our night of woe might have remember'd ⁷
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosom fits !
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
 Mine ransoms your's, and your's must ransom me.

⁵ O benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ;] So, in *As you like it* :
 " Sweet are the uses of adversity." STEEVENS.

^{*} And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" Shall love in building grow so ruinate ?" MALONE.

⁶ — you have pass'd a hell of time ;] So, in *Othello* :

" But oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,

" Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly-loves."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,

" Where more is felt than one hath power to tell."

MALONE.

Again, in *K. Richard III* :

" ——— for a season after,

" Could not believe but that I was in hell." STEEVENS.

⁷ — might have remember'd] That is, might have reminded.
 So, in *K. Richard II* :

" It doth remember me the more of sorrow." MALONE.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No,—I am that I am^a; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel^b;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory^c,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist^d;

^a — *I am that I am,* —] So, in *K. Richard III*:

“ ——— I am myself alone.” STEEVENS.

^b — *bevel*;] i. e. crooked; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners. STEEVENS.

^c ——— *within my brain*

Full character'd with lasting memory,] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— from the *table of my memory*

“ I'll wipe away all trivial fond records —

“ And thy commandment all alone shall live

“ Within the *book and volume of my brain.*” MALONE.

Or at the least so long as brain and heart

Have faculty by nature to subsist;] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— Remember thee?

“ Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

“ In this distracted globe.” STEEVENS.

Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,³
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see doth lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste:
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls

³ *That poor retention could not so much hold,] That poor retention is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the tables of the brain.*

MALONE.

Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :
 It fears not policy, that heretick,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politick ⁴,
 That it not grows with heat ⁵, nor drowns with
 showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime ⁶.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring ⁷,
 Or lay'd great bafes for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining ?

⁴ *But, all alone stands hugely politick,*] This line brings to mind
 Dr. Akinfide's noble description of the Pantheon :

“ Mark how the dread Pantheon stands,

“ Amid the domes of modern hands !

“ Amid the toys of idle state,

“ How simply, how severely great !” STEEVENS.

⁵ *That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.*]

Though a building may be *drown'd*, i. e. deluged by rain, it can
 hardly *grow* under the influence of *heat*.— I would read—*glows*.

STEEVENS.

Though the poet had compared his affection to a building, he
 seems to have deserted that thought ; and here, perhaps, meant
 to allude to the progress of vegetation, and the accidents that re-
 tard it. So, in the 15th Sonnet :

“ When I perceive that every thing that *grows*,

“ Holds in perfection but a little moment—

“ When I perceive that *men as plants* increase,

“ *Cheared and check'd* even by the self-same *sky &c.*”

MALONE.

● ——— *the fools of time,*

Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.] Per-
 haps this is a stroke at some of Fox's Martyrs. STEEVENS.

⁷ *With my extern the outward honouring,*] Thus, in *Othello* ;

“ When my *outward* action doth demonstrate

“ The native act and figure of my heart

“ In compliment *extern*——” STEEVENS.

Have

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple favour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art^o,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy^o, who in thy power
 Dost hold time's fickle glass, his fickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee^o.

^o *Which is not mix'd with seconds,*—] I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say. STEVENS.

* *O thou, my lovely boy,*—] This Sonnet differs from all the others in the present collection, not being written in alternato rhimes. MALONE.

^o *And her quietus*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— might his *quietus* make

“ With a bare bodkin ”

See note on that passage, edit. 1778. Vol. X. p. 277.
 This Sonnet consists of only twelve lines. STEVENS.

CXXVII.

CXXVII.

In the old age ¹ black was not counted fair ²,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;

But

¹ *In the old age &c.*] The reader will find almost all that is said here on the subject of complexion, is repeated in *Love's Labour's lost* :

“ O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?
“ That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
“ If that she learn not of her eye to look ?
“ No face is *fair* that is not full so *black*.

“ O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,
“ It mourns, that painting and usurping hair
“ Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;
“ And therefore is she born to make black fair.”

STEEVENS.

² *In the old age &c.*] All the remaining Sonnets are addressed to a female. MALONE.

A Sonnet was surely the contrivance of some literary Procrustes. The single thought of which it is to consist, however luxuriant, must be cramped within fourteen verses, or, however scanty, must be spun out into the same number. On a chain of certain links the existence of this metrical whim depends; and its reception is secure as soon as the admirers of it have counted their expected and statutable proportion of rhimes. The gratification of head or heart, is no object of the writer's ambition. That a few of these trifles deserving a better character may be found, I shall not venture to deny ; for chance co-operating with art and genius, will occasionally produce wonders.

Of the Sonnets before us, one hundred and twenty-six are inscribed (as Mr. Malone observes) to a friend: the remaining twenty-eight (a small proportion out of so many) are devoted to a mistress. Yet if our author's Ferdinand and Romeo had not expressed themselves in terms more familiar to human understanding, I believe few readers would have rejoiced in the happiness of the one, or sympathized with the sorrows of the other. Perhaps, indeed, quaintness, obscurity, and tautology, are to be regarded as the constituent parts of this exotick species of composition. But, in whatever the excellence of it may consist, I profess I am one of those who should have wished it to have expired in the country where it was born, had it not fortunately provoked the ridicule of *Lope de Vega*, which, being faintly imitated by *Voiture*, was at last

But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard flame.

For

last transfused into English by Mr. Roderick, and exhibited as follows, in the second volume of Doddsley's Collection.

A SONNET.

- “ Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have ;
 “ I ne'er was so put to't before :—a sonnet !
 “ Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it :
 “ 'Tis good, howe'er, to have conquer'd the first stave.
- “ Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
 “ Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.
 “ If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
 “ I should turn back on th' hardest part, and laugh.
- “ Thus far, with good success, I think I've scribled,
 “ And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
 “ Courage ! another'll finish the first triplet.
 “ 'Tanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten,
 “ There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet.
 “ 'Tis done. Count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen.”

Let those who might conceive this sonnet to be unpoetical, if compared with others by more eminent writers, peruse the next, being the eleventh in the collection of Milton.

- “ A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
 “ And woven close, both matter, form and style ;
 “ The subject new : it walk'd the town a while,
 “ Numb'ring good intellects ; now seldom por'd on.
- “ Cries the stall-reader, Bless us ! what a word on
 “ A little page is this ! and some in file
 “ Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 “ End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
- “ Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Gallasp ?
 “ Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 “ That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 “ Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 “ Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 “ When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward
 “ Greek.”

The

For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,

Sweet

The reader may now proceed to more pieces of the same structure, which the friends of the late Mr. Edwards were willing to receive as effusions of fancy as well as friendship. If the appetite for such a mode of writing be even then unsatisfied, I hope that old Joshua Sylvester (I confess myself unacquainted with the extent of his labours) has likewise been a sonneteer; for surely his success in this form of poetry must have been transcendent indeed, and could not fail to afford complete gratification to the admirers of a stated number of lines composed in the highest strain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution and nonsense. In the mean time, let inferior writers be warned against a species of composition which has reduced the most exalted poets to a level with the meanest rhimers; has almost cut down Milton and Shakspeare to the standards of Pomsret and——but the name of Pomsret is perhaps the lowest in the scale of English versifiers. As for Mr. Malone, whose animadversions are to follow mine, "Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in." Let me however borrow somewhat in my own favour from the same speech of Mercurio, by observing that "Laura had a better love to be-rhyme her." Let me adopt also the sentiment which Shakspeare himself, on his amended judgment, has put into the mouth of his favourite character in *Love's Labour's lost*:

"Tut! none but minstrels like of *Sonnetting*." STEEVENS.

I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat under-rated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled.

Of Petrarch (whose works I have never read) I cannot speak; but I am slow to believe that a writer who has been warmly admired for four centuries by his own countrymen, is without merit, though he has been guilty of the heinous offence of addressing his mistress in pieces of only that number of lines which by long usage has been appropriated to the sonnet.

The burlesque stanzas which have been produced to deprelate the poems before us, it must be acknowledged, are not ill executed; but they will never decide the merit of this species of composition, until it shall be established that ridicule is the test of truth. The fourteen rugged lines that have been quoted from Milton for the same purpose, are equally inconclusive; for it is well known that he generally failed when he attempted rhyme, whether his verses assumed the shape of a sonnet or any other form. These pieces of our author therefore must at last stand or fall by themselves.

When they are described as a mass of affectation, pedantry,
cir.

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

There-

circumlocution, and nonsense, the picture appears to me overcharged. Their great defects seem to be a want of variety, and the majority of them not being directed to a female, to whom alone such ardent expressions of esteem could with propriety be addressed. It cannot be denied too that they contain some far-fetched conceits; but are our author's plays entirely free from them? Many of the thoughts that occur in his dramatick productions, are found here likewise; as may appear from the numerous parallels that have been cited from his dramas, chiefly for the purpose of authenticating these poems. Had they therefore no other merit, they are entitled to our attention, as often illustrating obscure passages in his plays.

I do not perceive that the versification of these pieces is less smooth and harmonious than that of Shakspeare's other compositions. Though many of them are not so simple and clear as they ought to be, yet some of them are written with perspicuity and energy. A few have been already pointed out as deserving this character; and many beautiful lines, scattered through these poems, will, it is supposed, strike every reader who is not determined to allow no praise to any species of poetry except blank verse or heroick couplets. MALONE.

The case of these Sonnets is certainly bad, when so little can be advanced in support of them. Ridicule is always successful where it is just. A burlesque on *Alexander's Feast* would do no injury to its original. Some of the rhyme compositions of Milton (Sonnets excepted) are allowed to be eminently harmonious. Is it necessary on this occasion to particularize his *Allegro*, *Penseroso*, and *Hymn on the Nativity*? I must add, that there is more conceit in any thirty-six of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, than in the same number of his *Plays*. When I know where that person is to be found who *allows no praise to any species of poetry, except blank verse and heroic couplets*, it will be early enough for me to undertake his defence. STEEVENS.

That ridicule is generally successful when it is just, cannot be denied; but whether it be just in the present instance, is the point to be proved. It may be successful when it is not just; when neither the structure nor the thoughts of the poem ridiculed, deserve to be derided.

No burlesque on *Alexander's Feast* certainly would render it ridiculous; yet undoubtedly a successful parody or burlesque piece might be formed upon it, which in itself might have intrinsic merit. The success of the burlesque therefore does not necessarily depend upon, nor ascertain, the demerit of the

Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited³; and they mourners seem

At

the original. Of this Cotton's *Virgil Travestie* affords a decisive proof. The most rigid muscles must relax on the perusal of it; yet the purity and majesty of the *Æneid* will ever remain undiminished.—With respect to Milton, (of whom I have only said that he *generally*, not that he *always* failed in rhyming compositions,) Dryden, at a time when all rivalry and competition between them were at an end, when he had ceased to write for the stage, and when of course it was indifferent to him what metre was considered as best suited to dramatick compositions, pronounced, that he composed his great poem in blank verse, "because rhyme was not his talent. He had neither (adds the Laureate) the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia* or Verses written in his youth; where his rhyme is always constrained, and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhimer, though not a poet."

MALONE.

Cotton's work is an innocent parody, was designed as no ridicule on the *Æneid*, and consequently will not operate to the disadvantage of that immortal poem. The contrary is the case with Mr. Roderick's imitation of the Spaniard. He wrote it as a ridicule on the *structure*, not the *words* of a *Sonnet*; and this is a purpose which it has completely answered. No one ever retired from a perusal of it with a favourable opinion of the species of composition it was meant to deride.

The decisions of Dryden are never less to be trusted than when he treats of blank verse and rhyme, each of which he has extolled and depreciated in its turn. When this subject is before him, his judgment is rarely secure from the seductions of convenience, interest or jealousy; and Gildon has well observed, that in his prefaces he had always confidence enough to defend and support his own most glaring inconsistencies and self-contradictions. What he has said of the author of *Paradise Lost*, is with a view to retaliation. Milton had invidiously asserted that Dryden was *only a rhymist*; and therefore Dryden, with as little regard to truth, has declared that Milton was *no rhymist at all*. Let my other sentiments shift for themselves. Here I shall drop the controversy.

STEVENS.

In justice to Shakspeare, whose cause I have undertaken, however unequal to the task, I cannot forbear to add, that a literary Procrustes may as well be called the inventor of the couplet,

³ Her eyes so suited, —] Her eyes of the same colour as those of the raven. MALONE.

At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem⁴ :
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe⁵,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my musick⁶, musick play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds⁷,

Do

couplet, the stanza, or the ode, as of the Sonnet. They are all in a certain degree restraints on the writer; and all poetry, if the objection now made be carried to its utmost extent, will be reduced to blank verse. The admirers of this kind of metre have long remarked with triumph that of the couplet the first line is generally for sense, and the next for rhyme; and this certainly is often the case in the compositions of mere versifiers; but is such a redundancy an essential property of a couplet, and will the works of Dryden and Pope afford none of another character?—The bondage to which Pindar and his followers have submitted in the structure of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, is much greater than that which the Sonnet imposes. If the scanty thought be disgustingly dilated, or luxuriant ideas unnaturally compressed, what follows? Not surely that it is impossible to write good Odes, or good Sonnets, but that the poet was injudicious in the choice of his subject, or knew not how to adjust his metre to his thoughts.

MALONE.

⁴ ———— and they mourners seem

At such, who not born fair no beauty lack,

Slandering creation with a false esteem:] They seem to

mourn that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions. MALONE.

⁵ ———— becoming of their woe,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Fye, wrangling queen!

“ Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,

“ To weep.” MALONE.

⁶ ———— when thou, my musick, —] So, in *Pericles* :

“ You are a viol, and your sense the strings,

“ Which, finger'd to make man his lawful musick, &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁷ *The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,]* We had the same expression before in the eighth Sonnet:

“ If

Do I envy¹ those jacks², that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand³,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait⁴,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this⁵,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;

"If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,

"By unions married, do offend thine ear." MALONE.

¹ *Do I envy those jacks,* —] This word is accented by other ancient writers in the same manner. So, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

"If for these dignities thou be envy'd." MALONE.

² — *those jacks that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand?*] So, in *Chronobotanologos*:

"—the tea-cups skip

"With eager haste to kiss your royal lip." STEEVENS.

There is scarcely a writer of love-verses, among our elder poets, who has not introduced hyperboles as extravagant as that in the text. Thus Waller, in his *Address to a Lady playing on the Lute*:

"The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,

"And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud." MALONE.

³ *O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,*] Here again *their* is printed in the old copy instead of *thy*. So also in the last line of this Sonnet. MALONE.

⁵ *Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,*] He is here speaking of a small kind of spinner, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in *Ken Alcy, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down

"Like virginal jacks?"

See note on *The Winter's Tale*, edit. 1778. Vol. IV. p. 299.

STEEVENS.

Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd no sooner, but despis'd straight ;
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe³ ;
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream :
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows
 well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
 That musick hath a far more pleasing sound ;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground ;
 And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
 For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.

³ ——— *and prov'd a very woe ;*] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads :

————— *and prov'd and very woe.* MALONS.

Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck⁴, do witness bear
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east⁵,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
 Doth half that glory to the sober west⁶,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face⁷:
 O let it then as well beseem thy heart

To

⁴ *A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck* —] So, in *Hamlet*:
 "One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
 So fast they follow." MALONE.

⁵ *And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,*] So, in *K. Henry*
IV. P. II:

"—it stuck upon him as the sun
 In the grey vault of heaven." MALONE.

⁶ *Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,*] Milton had per-
 haps these lines in his thoughts, when he wrote the description of
 the evening in his fourth book of *Paradise Lost*:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad——"

MALONE.

⁷ *As those two mourning eyes become thy face:*] Thus the old
 copy.

To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confes'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;

copy. But the context, I think, clearly shows, that the poet wrote—*mourning*. So before:

“Thine eyes—

“Have put on *black*, and living *mourners* be.”

The two words were, I imagine, in his time pronounced alike. In a Sonnet of our author's, printed by W. Jaggard, 1599, we meet:

“In black *morne* I——”

The same Sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and there the line stands:

“In black *mourn* I——” MALONE.

He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty * thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus ;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy will,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
 Will will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one †.

* *The statute of thy beauty*—] *Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money. MALONE.

† *Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.*] The modern editors, by following the old copy, in which the vowel *I* is here used instead of *ay*, have rendered this line unintelligible.

MALONE.

In

In things of great receipt with ease we prove ;
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me pass untold⁹,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what thè best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay¹ where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd² ?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot³,
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common
 place ?

⁹ *Among a number one is reckon'd none.*

Then in the number let me pass untold, &c.] The same conceit is found in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Search among view of many : mine, being one,
 “ May stand in number, though in reckoning none.”

STEEVENS.

¹ *Be anchor'd in the bay —]* So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
 “ Anchors on Isabel.” STEEVENS.

² _____ hooks,

Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd ?] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Grapple them to thy soul with books of steel.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ My heart was to thy rudder ty'd with strings.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Why should my heart think that a several plot,]* The reader will find a full account of a *several* or *several plot*, in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. II. p. 407. edit 1778. MALONE.

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?

In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears ⁵ that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies ;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.

Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue ;

On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.

But wherefore says she not, she is unjust ?

And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?

O love's best habit is in seeming trust,

And age in love loves not to have years told

Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,

And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

⁴ *To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ *When my love swears &c.*] This Sonnet is also found (with some variations) in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a collection of verses printed as Shakspeare's in 1599. It there stands thus :

“ When my love swears that she is made of truth,

“ I do believe her, though I know she lies ;

“ That she might think me some untutor'd youth,

“ *Unskilfull* in the world's false forgeries.

“ Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,

“ Although *I know* my years be past the best,

“ *I smiling* credit her false speaking tongue,

“ *Out-facing* faults in love with love's ill rest.

“ But wherefore says my love that she is young ?

“ And wherefore say not I that I am old ?

“ O, love's best habit is a *soothing* tongue,

“ And age in love loves not to have years told.

“ Therefore I'll lie with *love*, and *love* with me,

“ *Since that* our faults in love thus smother'd be.”

MALONE.

CXXXIX.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue⁶;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
 night
 Is more than my o'er-pres'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so*;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know:)
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

⁶ Wound me not with thine eye, —] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 "—he's already dead; slabb'd with a white wench's black eye."

MALONE.

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;] So, in *K. Henry VI. P. III.*

"Ah, kill me with thy weapons, not thy words."

STEEVENS.

* —to tell me so,] To tell me, thou dost love me. MALONE.

That I may not be fo, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
 go wide ⁷.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can ⁸
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
 O but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,

⁷ *Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.]*
 That is, (as it is expressed in a former Sonnet)

“Thy looks with me, *thy heart in other place.*”

MALONI.

⁸ *But, my five wits nor my five senses can*
Dissuade—] That is, but neither my wits nor senses
 can &c. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“More nor less to others paying—”

“The *wits*, Dr. Johnson observes, seem to have been reckon-
 ed five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas:
Wit in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual
 power.” MALONE.

And

And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine⁹;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents¹.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo as a careful house-wife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent²;
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still³.

CXLIV.

⁹ *And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
 “ What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“ Take, O take those lips away,
 “ That so sweetly were forsworn,—
 “ But my kisses bring in again,
 “ Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.” MALONE.

¹ *Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.*] So, in *Otello*:

“ And pour our treasures into foreign laps.” STEEVENS.

² *Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;*] Not regarding, not making any account of her child's uneasiness. MALONE.

³ ——— *that thou may'st have thy Will,*

If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.] The image with which this Sonnet begins, is at once pleasing and natural; but the conclusion of it is lame and impotent indeed. We attend

to

CXLIV.

Two loves I have ⁴ of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still * ;
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side ⁵,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride ⁶.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
 But being both from me ⁷, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 Yet this shall I ne'er know ⁸, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out ⁹.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make †,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
 To me that languish'd for her sake :
 But when she saw my woeful state,

to the cries of the infant, but laugh at the loud blubberings of the great boy *Will*. STEEVENS.

* —do suggest me still ;] See p. 474. note 3. MALONE.

⁴ Two loves I have &c.] This Sonnet was printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with some slight variations. MALONE.

⁵ Tempteth my better angel from my side,] The quarto has—
 from my sight. The true reading is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

Tempteth my better angel from my side,] So, in *Othello* :

“ Yea, curse his better angel from his side.” STEEVENS.

⁶ —with her foul pride.] The copy in *The Passionate Pilgrim* has—
 with her fair pride. MALONE.

⁷ But being both from me, —] *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads—
 to me. MALONE.

⁸ Yet this shall I ne'er know, —] *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads :
 The truth I shall not know — MALONE.

⁹ Till my bad angel fire my good one out.] So, in *K. Lear* :

“ ——— and fire us hence, like foxes.” STEEVENS,

† *Those lips that Love's own hand did make,*]

——— oscula, quæ Venus

Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit. *Hor.* MALONE,
 Straight

Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom ;
 And taught it thus a-new to greet :
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night', who like a fiend *
 From heaven to hell is flown away.

I hate from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying—*not you* *.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth',
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array *,

Why

- * *That follow'd it as gentle day*
Doth follow night,—] So, in *Hamlet* :
 " And it must follow, as the night the day,
 " Thou canst not then be false to any man." MALONE.

- * —*night, who like a fiend*] So, in *K. Henry V* :
 " ——— night,

" *Who like a foul and ugly witch &c.*" STEEVENS.

- * *I hate from hate away she threw,*

And sav'd my life, saying—not you.] Such sense as these

Sonnets abound with, may perhaps be discovered as the words at present stand ; but I had rather read :

I hate—away from hate she flew, &c.

Having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS.

I hate from hate away she threw,

And sav'd my life, saying—not you.] The meaning is—she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hated* ; she changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and un-descriptive of dislike, by subjoining *not you*. The old copy is, I think, right. The poet relates what the lady said ; she is not herself the speaker. MALONE.

³ *Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" Than thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine."

We meet a similar allusion in *The Merchant of Venice* :

" Such harmony is in immortal souls.

" But while this muddy vesture of decay

" Doth close it in, we cannot hear it." MALONE.

* *Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,*] The old copy reads ;

Poor

Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store⁵;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurfeth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love⁶,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which phyfick did except.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,

My sinful earth these rebel pow'rs that thee array.

It is manifest that the compositor inadvertently repeated the three last words of the first verse in the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables, which are sufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were, it is impossible now to determine. Rather than leave an hiatus, I have hazarded a conjecture, and filled up the line. MALONE.

I would read:

Starv'd by the rebel powers &c.

The *dearth* complained of in the succeeding line, appears to authorize the conjecture. The poet seems to allude to the short commons and gaudy habit of soldiers. STEVENS.

⁵ —to aggravate thy store;] The error that has been so often already noticed, has happened here; the original copy, and all the subsequent impressions, reading *my* instead of *thy*. MALONE.

⁶ *My reason, the physician to my love,*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Ask me no reason why I love you; for though *Love* use *reason* for his precisian [r. *physician*] he admits him not for his counsellor." MALONE.

Past

Past cure I am, now reason is past care⁷,
 And frantick-mad with ever-more unrest ;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd ;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
 bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night⁸.

CXLVIII.

O me ! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight ?
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely⁹ what they see aright ?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so ?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,
 How can it ? O how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
 No marvel then though I mistake my view ;
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Left eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

⁷ Past cure I am, now reason is past care,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* (first folio): "Great reason; for past care is still past cure."
 It seems to have been a proverbial saying. The passage now before us shows that Mr. Theobald's transposition (for past cure is still past care) which has been adopted in the modern editions, is unnecessary. MALONE.

⁸ —as black as hell, as dark as night.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

" —Black is the badge of hell,
 " The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night."

STEVENS.

⁹ That censures falsely —] That estimates falsely. So, in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Commendatory Verses* prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glasse*, 1575:

" Wherefore, to give my censure of this book —"

MALONE.

CXLIX.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake¹?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake²?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend³?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes⁴?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?

¹ *When I, against myself, with thee partake?*] i. e. take part with thee against myself. STEEVENS.

² ——— *all tyrant, for thy sake?*] That is, for the sake of thee, thou tyrant. Perhaps however the author wrote:

—————when I forgot

Am of myself, all *truant* for thy sake?

So, in the 101st Sonnet:

“O *truant* Muse, what shall be thy amends

“For thy *neglect* of truth——” MALONE.

³ *Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?*] This is from one of the Psalms: “Do I not hate those that hate thee? &c.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“He wag'd me with his countenance.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Her gentlewomen like the Nereides,

“So many mermaids, *tended* her i' the eyes,

“And made their *bends* adornings?” MALONE.

To

To make me give the lie to my true fight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day^s?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill^o,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

^s *And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ I am content, if thou wilt have it so :

“ *I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye &c.*”

STEVENS.

^o *Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Fie, wrangling queen !

“ Whom every thing *becomes* ; to chide, to laugh,

“ To weep.” MALONE.

CLII.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,

And

¹ —swear against the thing they see;] So, in *Timon*:
 "Swear against objects." STEEVENS

² —more perjur'd I

To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!] The quarto is here, I think, corrupt. It reads—more perjur'd eye &c.

MALONE.

³ *Cupid lay'd by his brand and fell asleep*;) This and the following Sonnet, are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world.

MALONE.

That the poet intended them alike for publication, may be inferred from the following lines in the 105th Sonnet:

"Since all alike my songs and praises be,

"To one, of one, still such and ever so —"

Again:

"Therefore my verse —

"One thing expressing, leaves out difference."

Again:

"Fair,

And his love-kindling fire did quickly sleep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I sick withal, the help of bath desired',
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,

“ Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 “ Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words.”

STEEVENS.

— *the help of bath desired,*
And thither hied,—] Query, whether we should read
Bath (i. e. the city of that name). The following words seem
 to authorize it. STEEVENS.

See the subsequent Sonnet, which contains the same thoughts
 differently verified:

“ Growing a bath &c.
 “ ——— but I my mistress' thrall
 “ Came *there* for cure.”

So, before, in the present Sonnet:

“ And grew a seething *bath*——” MALONE.

VOL. I.

Z z

Growing

Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

P A S.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Z z 2

PASSIONATE PILGRIM¹,

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument²,
 Per-

¹ *The Passionate Pilgrim* was first published by W. Jaggard in duodecimo, 1599, with our author's name. Two of the Sonnets inserted in that collection are also found (as has been already observed) in the larger collection, printed in 1609; which having been already laid before the reader, [see before, Sonnet 136 and 144,] are omitted. Most of these little pieces bear the strongest marks of the hand of Shakspeare. However, as the editor inserted among them a poem of Marlowe's, (which is now rejected,) perhaps one or two other pieces may have likewise crept in, that were not the production of our author. MALONE.

Why the present collection of Sonnets &c. should be entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, I cannot discover, as it is made up out of the loose fragments of Shakspeare, together with pieces of other writers. Perhaps it was so called by its first editor William Jaggard the bookseller. We may be almost sure that our author never designed the majority of these his unconnected scraps for the publick.

On the Stationers' books the two following entries occur:
 " Jan. 3. 1599, Amours by J. D. with certen Sonets by W. S." This entry is made by Eleazar Edgar.

Nov. 4. 1639, John Benson " Entred for his copie under the handes of D. Wykes and M. Fetherston wardens, an addicion of some excellent Poems to Shakspeare's Poems, by other gentlemen.

² ——— cannot hold argument,] This is the reading in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where this Sonnet is inserted. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has:

———— could not hold argument. MALONE.

Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
 A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine³,
 Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
 To break an oath, to win a paradise⁴ ?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook⁵,
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

men. viz. His Mistress Drawne, and her Mind, by Ben Jonson.
 An Epistle to Ben Jonson, by Francis Beaumont. His Mistress
 Shade, by R. Herrick &c."

These collections I have never seen. STEEVENS.

The latter entry relates to the edition of Shakspeare's Poems
 in duodecimo, published in 1640, by Thomas Cotes, for John
 Benson. At the end are annexed the Poems of B. Jonson &c.
 above mentioned. MALONE.

³ — which on my earth dost shine,] So *Love's Labour's Lost*.
The Passionate Pilgrim reads :

— that on this earth doth shine,

Exhale this vapour &c. MALONE.

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ It is some meteor that the sun exhales.” STEEVENS.

⁴ To break an oath, to win a paradise ?] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ It is religion, to be thus forsworn.” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,*] Several of these Sonnets
 seem to have been essays of the author when he first conceived the
 idea of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and
 before the scheme of his poem was adjusted. MALONE.

She

She told him stories to delight his ear ;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity ⁶.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and and jest at every gentle offer :
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward ;
 He rose and ran away ; ah fool too froward !

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?
 O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd :
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
 prove ;
 Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers
 bow'd.
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
 eyes ⁷,
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can compre-
 hend.
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice ;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee com-
 mend ;
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :

⁶ Touches *so soft still* conquer *chastity*.] Thus, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — a touch more rare

“ *Subdues* all pangs all fears.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — makes his book *thine eyes*,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ From women's eyes this doctrine I derive &c.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ — women's eyes —

“ They are the *books*, the *arts*, the *academes* —”

MALONE.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,

Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire⁹.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly
tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn⁹,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing trariance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.

————— *thy voice his dreadful thunder,*
Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire.] So, in
Antony and Cleopatra:

“ — his voice was property'd
“ As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends.
“ But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
“ He was as rattling thunder.” STEEVENS.

⁹ Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn, &c.] Of this Sonnet the following translation was made by the late Mr. Vincent Bourne:

Vix matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem,
Umbrosa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cum secum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas,
Adventum expectans fedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub falicis fedit ramis, ubi sæpe solebat
Procumbens fastum deposuisse puer.
Æstus erat gravis; at gravior sub pectore divæ
Qui fuit, et longe sævior, æstus erat.
Mox puer advenit, posuitque a corpore vestem,
Tam prope vix Venerem delituisse ratus:
Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
Attonitus mediis insiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolam fraudemque superbum
Ut videt, his mæstis ingemit illa modis:
Cur ex æquoreæ spumâ cum nascerer undæ,
Non ipsa, o inquit Jupiter! unda fui! MALONE.

ANON

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:

He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
 Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;¹
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:

A little pale, with damask die to grace her,
 None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
 Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were
 jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
 She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth²;
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If musick and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,

¹ *Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,]*

Quam digna inscribi vitro, cum lubrica, lævis,
 Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites!

Written under a lady's name on an inn window. STEVENS.

² *She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth;]* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“——— rash bavin wits,
 “*Soon kindled and soon burnt.*” STEVENS.

Then

Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear³, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such⁴,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of musick, makes;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove⁵,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;

³ Dowland to thee is dear, —] Dowland was a celebrated Lutanist. The king of Denmark was so much pleased with him, that he requested king James to permit him to leave England. He accordingly went to Denmark, and died there. MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 31st of October 1597, is entered "a booke called The first booke of Songs or Aires, made of Foure Part^s, with Tribletures for the Lute, by John Dowland, Batcheler of Musicke." Again, July 16. 1600, "A booke called The Second Book of Songes or Ayres, of twoo, foure, and five Partes, with Tribletures for the Lute or Orpherion, with the Viol-de-gambo. Composed by John Dowland, Bachelor of Musick, and Lutanist unto the most famous Christian the 4th, by the grace of God, king of Denmark, Norway, &c." Again, in April 1604: "A book called Seven Teares of John Dowland, feigned in Seven Passionate Pavans &c. and set forth for the Lute &c. in five parts." There are other entries of the works of Dowland in subsequent years, viz. 1608, &c. STEEVENS.

⁴ Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,] This seems to allude to the *Faery Queen*. If so, these Sonnets were not written till after 1590, when the first three books of that poem were published. MALONE.

⁵ Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,] The line preceding this is lost. MALONE.

Her

Her stand she takes upon' a steep-up hill :
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
 She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds ;
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !
 See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore⁶ :
 She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
 faded⁷,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring⁸ !

⁶ See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore &c.] Rabelais hath sported with the same thought in a chapter where he relateth the story of the *Old Woman and the Lion*. La Fontaine also indulgeth himself in *Le Diable Papefiguiere*, after a manner no whit more chastised :

“ Bref aussi tôt qu'il aperçut l'enorme
 “ Solution de continuité,
 “ Il demeura si fort épouventé,
 “ Qu'il prit la fuite et laissa-la Perrette.”

The varlet Shakspeare, however, on this occasion might have remembered the ancient ballad of the *Gelding of the Devil*, which beginneth thus :

“ A pretty jest I will you tell &c.”

And now I bethink me, somewhat like the same fancy occurreth in the *Speculum Majus* of Vincentius Bellovacensis, otherwise Vincent de Beauvais. AMNER.

⁷ Sweet rose &c.] This seems to have been intended for a dirge to be sung by Venus on the death of Adonis. MALONE.

⁸ —vaded in the spring.] The verb *fade* throughout these little fragments &c. is always thus spelt, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in consequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel some reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade* ; but I see no reason why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally serves to indicate departure, motion, and evanescence. STEEVENS.

Bright

Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
 Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
 For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy Will.
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
 For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,^o
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,¹
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;
 And then she clip'd Adonis in her arms:
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and clip me till I run away!

^o Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,] The old copy reads:
 Venus with Adonis sitting by her.

The defect of the metre shows that a word was omitted at the press. This remark I owe to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

¹ She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,] See Venus and Adonis, ante, p. 409:

“ I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
 “ Even by the stern and direful god of war, &c.”

MALONE.

—how god Mars did try her,] So, Prior:

“ By Mars himself that armour has been try'd.”

STEEVENSON.

X.

Crabbed age and youth ²
 Cannot live together ;
 Youth is full of pleafance,
 Age is full of care :
 Youth like fummer morn,
 Age like winter weather ;
 Youth like fummer brave,
 Age like winter bare.
 Youth is full of fport,
 Age's breath is fhort,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame :
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold ;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee ;
 O, my love, my love is young :
 Age, I do defy thee * ;
 O fweet fhepherd, hie thee,
 For methinks thou ftay'ft too long.

² *Crabbed age and youth &c.*] This little poem is likewise found in the *Garland of Good-will*, Part III. Dr. Percy thinks that it was "intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of *youthful Adonis* and *aged Vulcan*." See the *Reliques of Anc. Poet.* vol. I. p. 337. 2d edit. MALONE.

As we know not that Vulcan was much more *aged* than his brethren, Mars, Mercury, or Phœbus, and especially as the fabled deities were fupposed to enjoy a perpetuity of health, life, and pleafure, I am unwilling to admit that the laughter-loving dame difliked her husband on any other account than his ungraceful form and his lameness. He who could forge the thunderbolts of Jove, was furely in full ftrength, and equal to the tafk of difcharging the higheft claims and moft terrifying exactions even of Venus herfelf. I do not, in fhort, perceive how this little poem could have been put, with any fingular propriety, into the mouth of the queen of Love, if due regard were paid to the claffical fituation of her and her husband. STEEVENS.

* *Age, I do defy thee ;*] I defpife or reject thee. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"I do defy thy conjuration." MALONE.

XI.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently :
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh³,
 As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
 As broken glass no cement can redress,
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
 In spite of physick, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah ! neither be my share :
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away ;
 And dast me⁴ to a cabbin hang'd with care,
 To descant⁵ on the doubts of my decay.

³ *As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh ;*] A copy of this poem said to be printed from an ancient Ms. and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XXIX. p. 39. reads :

As faded gloss no rubbing will excite ;
 and in the corresponding line :

As broken glass no cement can unite. MALONE.

Read the first of these lines how we will, it is founded on a false position. Every one knows that the gloss or polish on all works of art may be restored, and that rubbing is the means of restoring it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, I believe, alludes to faded silk, of which the colour, when once changed, cannot be restored but by a second dying. MALONE.

⁴ *And dast me &c.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* :

“ ——— canst thou so daffe me ?”

To daff, or daff, is to put off. STEEVENS.

⁵ *To descant on the doubts &c.*] *Descant* is musical paraphrase. See note on *K. Richard III.* last edit. Vol. VII. p. 6.

STEEVENS.

Farewel,

Farewel, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
Farewel I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch⁷; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark⁸;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty⁹;
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished fight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;

⁶ 'T may be —

'T may be, —] I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together, with such offensive elisions. They may both be omitted without injury to sense or metre. STEEVENS.

⁷ *My heart doth charge the watch*; —] The meaning of this phrase is not very clear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet, wishing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to hasten through their nocturnal duty. MALONE.

⁸ *While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark, And wish her lays were tuned like the lark.*] In *Romeo and Juliet*, the lark and nightingale are in like manner opposed to each other. MALONE.

⁹ *For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“It was the lark, the herald of the morn.” MALONE.

To

PASSIONATE PILGRIM

To spite me now, each minute seems an hour¹;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!

Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now
borrow;

Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-
morrow.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three²,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till

¹ *To spite me now, each minute seems an hour*;] So, in one of our author's plays:

"In lovers' minutes there are many hours."

From the want of rhyme, I suspect there is here some corruption. The compositor probably caught the word *hour* from the preceding line. MALONE.

I would read—each minute seems a *moon*; i. e. a *month*. Thus is the rhyme restored without diminution of the sense. STEEVENS.

Were I with her, the night would pass too soon;

But now are minutes added to the hours;

To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;] Thus, in Dr.

Young's *Revenge*:

"While in the lustre of her charms I lay,

"Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away—

"Now fate does rigidly her dues regain,

"And every moment is an age of pain."

Dr. Young, however, was no needy borrower, and therefore the coincidence between these passages may be regarded as the effect of accident. There are, however, certain hyperbolical expressions which the innamoratoes of all ages have claimed as right of commonage. STEEVENS.

² *It was a lording's daughter &c.*] This and the five following Sonnets are said in the old copy to have been set to music. Mr. Oldys, in one of his *Mss.* says they were set by John and Thomas Morley. MALONE.

There is a wretched ditty, beginning:

"It was a lady's daughter

"Of Paris properly &c."

Another:

"It was a blind beggar

"That long had lost his sight—"

Another:

"It was an old man and his poor wife

"In great distress did fall—"

and

Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
could see,

Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight,

To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight :

To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the filly damsel.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
gain,

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain :

Alas she could not help it !

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away ;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ;
For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day³ !)
Love, whose month was ever May⁴,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,

and twenty more *It was's*, that might as reputably be imputed to Shakspeare, who excels in ballads, as this despicable composition. STEEVENS.

I am afraid our author is himself answerable for one of these *It was's*. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 375. edit. 1778 :

“ *It was a lover and his lass &c.*” MALONE.

³ *On a day (alack the day !)* &c.] This Sonnet is likewise found in a collection of verses entitled *England's Helicon*, printed in 1600. It is there called *The Passionate Sheepbeard's Song*, and our author's name is affixed to it. It occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act IV. sc. iii. MALONE.

⁴ — *whose month was ever May,*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is—“ *is ever May.*” MALONE.

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen *, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover †, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath :
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But alas ! my hand hath sworn ‡
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee † ;
 Thou for whom even Jove would swear §
 Juno but an Ethiope were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love ¶.

XVI.

My flocks feed not †,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :

Love's

* ——— the wind

All unseen, —] This passage will serve to support the old reading in a song in *As you like it* :

“ Thy tooth is not so keen,

“ Because thou art not seen.” STEVENS.

† That the lover —] *England's Helicon* reads :

That the shepherd &c. MALONE.

‡ —my hand hath sworn] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is printed with a slight variation :

But alas my hand is sworn. MALONE.

† Do not call it &c.] These two lines are supplied from the play. They are wanting in *England's Helicon*, and in the *Passionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

§ — even Jove would swear] The word *even* has been supplied by some modern editor. MALONE.

¶ — for thy love.] *England's Helicon* reads :

Turning mortal for my love. MALONE.

† My flocks feed not, &c.] This Sonnet is also found in *England's*

Love's denying²,

Faith's defying,

Heart's renying,

Causer of this³.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot⁴,

All my lady's love is lost, God wot :

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,

There a nay is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross

Wrought all my losf ;

O frowning fortune, curfed; fickle dame !

For now I see,

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I⁵;

All fears scorn I,

Love hath forlorn me⁶,

Living in thrall :

Heart

gland's Helicon, 1600. It is there entitled *The Unknown Sheep-herd's Complaint*; and subscribed *Ignoto*. It is likewise printed in a Collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes, quarto, 1597.

MALONE.

² *Love's denying* &c.] A denial of love, a breach of faith &c. being the cause of all these misfortunes. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has—*Love is dying*, and—*Heart's denying*. The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has *Love is*, and *Faith is*. *Renyng* is from the French, *rener*, to forswear.

MALONE.

³ *Causer of this*.] Read—'Cause of this; i. e. *Because of this*.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *All my merry jigs are quite forgot*.] A jig was a metrical composition. So, in the Prologue to Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*:

" A jig shall be clap'd at, and every rhyme

" Prais'd and applauded &c."

Again, in *Buffy d'Ambois*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1607 :

" 'Tis one of the best jigs that ever was acted." MALONE.

⁵ *In black mourn I*.] Jaggard's copy has—*morne*. The reading of the text was supplied by *England's Helicon*. MALONE.

⁶ *Love hath forlorn me*.] As the metre as well as rhyme in

A a a a

this

Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,⁷
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep⁸,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound^{*}
Through heartless ground⁹,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!
Clear

this passage is defective, I suspect some corruption, and would read :

Love forlorn I,

i. e. I love forlorn, i. e. deserted, forsaken &c. STEEVENS.

The metre is the same as in the corresponding line :

O cruel speeding.

To the exactness of rhyme the author appears to have paid little attention. We have just had *dame* and *remain*. MALONE.

⁷ *My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,*] i. e. in no degree, more or less. Thus Fairfax :

“ This charge, some *deal* thee haply honour may.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *With sighs so deep,*

Procures to weep &c.] There is, I believe, here some gross corruption. If any example could be produced of such an abbreviation being anciently used, we might read :

With sighs so deep,

Poor currs do weep, &c.

Perhaps, however, only the first word of the former line is corrupt, and *my* should be substituted instead of *with*. The passage deserves but little consideration. MALONE.

The verb *procure* is used with great laxity by Shakspeare in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ——— it is my lady mother :

“ What unaccustom'd cause *procures* her hither ?”

In short, the dog *procures* (i. e. manages matters) so as to weep.

STEEVENS.

^{*} *How sighs resound*] I believe we should read—*His* sighs &c.

MALONE.

⁹ ——— *through heartless ground,*] *Heartless* ground is *exhausted* mould.

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth ; they die :
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back ' peeping
 Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled,
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.
 Farewel, sweet love,
 Thy like ne'er was ²

For sweet content, the cause of all my moan ³ :
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

mould. To plough soil out of *heart*, is still a common phrase. In the present instance it means fields left in a state of sterility, because they were unable to bear a crop. STEVENS.

Heartless ground means here, I think, *desolated ground*; corresponding in its appearance to the unhappy state of its owner.

MALONE.

¹ *Nymphs back*—] This is the reading of *England's Helicon*. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has :

Nymphs black peeping fearfully. MALONE.

² *Farewel, sweet love,*

Thy like ne'er was,] In the corresponding part of the preceding Sonnet, the structure of which is exactly the same as that of this, the lines rhyme. Perhaps we ought to read :

Farewel, sweet last. MALONE.

— *thy like ne'er was,*] There is no rhyme to correspond with *was*, unless we transpose the next line, and read :

— of all my moan the *cause*. STEVENS.

³ *For sweet content, the cause of all my moan.*] This reading was furnished by the copy printed in *England's Helicon*. The rhyme shows it to be the true one. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has :

— the cause of all my *woe*.

Perhaps we ought to read— *thou cause* &c. MALONE.

XVII.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike ⁴,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as fancy, partial might ⁵ ;
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk ⁶,
 Lest she some subtle practice smell ;
 (A cripple soon can find a halt :)
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set her person forth to sale ⁷.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;

⁴ *And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,*] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ —when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

“ The elected deer before thee.” MALONE.

⁵ *As well as fancy, partial might :*] *Fancy* here means *love*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave !”

The reading of the old copy—*partial might*, appears to me to afford no meaning. A letter was, I suppose, inverted at the press, and *might* printed instead of *wight*. This is, I think, the only error. In the next stanza the rhyme is, as here, imperfect ; and yet the sense shows there that the text is not corrupt. Our ancient poets sometimes contented themselves with very imperfect rhimes.

MALONE.

Partial might is *partial power* ; and who, in poetical language, would scruple to call *Fancy* a *powerful* but a *partial being* ? Were it necessary to send out conjecture in quest of a better rhyme, we might read—*partial tike*, a term of contempt employed by Shakespeare and our old writers. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *with filed talk,*] With studied or polished language. So, in B. Jonson's *Verfes* on our author :

“ In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines.” MALONE.

⁷ — *to sale.*] The rhyme requires that we should read—*to sell*, and the sense is no way injured by the change. STEEVENS.

And

And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day⁸,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl⁹, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say :
“ Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.”

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear :
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Pres never thou to choose anew :
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

⁸ *And twice desire ere it be day,*] The old copy reads :
— yet it be day.

Yet was manifestly a misprint for *yer*, which is found in the second line of this stanza. *Yer* for *ere*. So, in *Corin's Dream of Fair Cloris*, inserted in *England's Helicon*, 1600 :

“ But I could neither my faire Chloris view,

“ Nor yet the satire which *yer*-while I slew.” MALONE.

We should certainly read either *ere*, or at least *y'ere*, i. e. *you ere*. We may servilely follow ancient false spelling, till what we publish is unintelligible. STREVENSON.

⁹ *And ban ana brawl,*—] To *ban* is to curse. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

“ You bade me *ban*, and will you have me leave ?”

MALONE.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
 Dissembled with an outward show,
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
 The cock that treads them shall not know,
 Have you not heard it said full oft,
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think women still to strive with men,
 To sin, and never for to faint¹ :
 There is no heaven, by holy then²,
 When time with age shall them attain,
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear,
 Lest that my mistress hear my song ;
 She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
 To teach my tongue to be so long :
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day³,
 In the merry month of May,

Sitting

¹ *To sin, and never for to faint :*] So, Pope :

“ ——— to sinner it or faint it.” MALONE.

² ——— *by holy then,*] Perhaps a phrase equivalent to another still in use—*By all that's sacred*. It may however be a corruption.
 STEEVENS.

³ *As it fell &c.*] Part of this elegant Sonnet is likewise printed in *England's Helicon*, and is there said to have been written by the same author as the preceding one, beginning, —*My flocks feed not*. It is subscribed *Ignoto*. MALONE.

Ignoto is the occasional signature of Spenser. STEEVENS.

The editor of *England's Helicon* printed most of the poems in his collection from MSS. which at that time were probably handed about, and in the possession of many persons, even after they had appeared in print. In consequence of this, he has to some of those pieces subscribed only initial letters, to others no name
 at

Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring :
 Every thing did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone :
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn ⁴,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity :
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
 Teru, Teru, by and by :

That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
 For her griefs, so lively shown,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
 None take pity on thy pain :
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
 Ruthless beasts ⁵, they will not cheer thee ;
 King Pandion ⁶, he is dead ;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.

at all, though the very same poems had before been published with their authors' names. He appears to have used the signature *Ignoto* in the same sense as we now employ the word *Anonymous*.

MALONE.

⁴ *Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,*] *England's Helicon* reads :
 "Lean'd her breast *against* a thorn." MALONE.

⁵ *Ruthless beasts,* —] This is the reading in *England's Helicon*. So, before : "*Beasts* did leap." *The Passionate Pilgrim* has :
 Ruthless *bears* they will not cheer thee. MALONE.

Beasts is the reading I should prefer, because the poet was an Englishman, and wrote in his own country, where *bears* are exhibited only as rarities, though enough of other animals are within the observation of rustick lovers. STEEVENS.

⁶ *King Pandion,* —] The father of Philomela, who, according to the fable, was turned into a nightingale. MALONE.

Even

Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me⁷.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.

Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want⁸.

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call :
And with such like flattering,
“ *Pity but he were a king.*”

If he be addict to vice⁹,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.

⁷ *Even so poor bird &c.*] These two lines were supplied from *England's Helicon*. The following verses are wanting in that collection. MALONE.

⁸ *Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.*] So, in *Hamlet* :
“ And hitherto doth love on fortune tend :
“ For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;
“ And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
“ Directly seasons him his enemy.” MALONE.
Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos ;
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes. STEEVENS.

⁹ *If he be addict to vice, &c.*] This and the three following lines are wanting in a copy of this poem, in the Pepsyian Collection, Magdalen College, Cambridge. MALONE.

He

He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need ;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe ¹.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away ²,
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn :
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain ³.

¹ —from *flattering foe*.] The foregoing eighteen Sonnets are all that are found in the Collection printed by W. Jaggard in 1599, under the title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, excepting two, which have been already inserted in their proper places (p. 621. and 646.), and a Madrigal, beginning with the words, *Come live with me &c.* which has been omitted, as being the production, not of Shakspeare, but Marlowe. In the room of these, two small pieces have been added, the authenticity of which seems unquestionable. MALONE.

² *Take, oh, take those lips away*,] This little poem is not printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, probably because it was not written so early as 1599. The first stanza of it is introduced in *Measure for Measure*. In Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* it is found entire. Whether the second stanza was also written by Shakspeare, cannot now be ascertained. All the songs, however, introduced in our author's plays, appear to have been his own composition ; and the present contains an expression of which he seems to have been peculiarly fond. See the next note. MALONE.

³ *Seals of love, but seal'd in vain*.] So, in our author's 142d Sonnet :

“ ——— not from those lips of thine,
 “ That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 “ And seal'd false bonds of love, as oft as mine.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Pure lips, sweet seals, in my soft lips imprinted,
 “ What bargains may I make still to be sealing ?”

MALONE.

Hide,

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow ⁴,
 Are of those that April wears.
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay ⁵,
 On the sole Arabian tree ⁶,

Herald

⁴ On whose tops the pinks that grow,] The following thought in one of Prior's poems is akin to this :

“ An ugly hard rose-bud has fallen in my neck.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ Let the bird of loudest lay,] In 1601 a book was published, entitled LOVE'S MARTYR, or ROSALIN'S COMPLAINT, Allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caliano, by Robert Chester. With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies; being the first Essay of a new British Poet: collected out of diverse authentical Records.

To these are added some new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose Names are subscribed to their severall Workes; upon the first Subject, viz. the Phoenix and Turtle.

Among these new compositions is the following poem, subscribed with our author's name. The second title prefixed to these verses, is yet more full. “ Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essaies on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phoenix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Workes, Never before extant.

And now first consecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie.”

The principal writers associated with Shakspeare in this collection are B. Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. The above very particular account of these verses leaves us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineness of this little poem. MALONE.

⁶ On the sole Arabian tree,] A learned friend would read :

Sole on the Arabian tree.

As there are many Arabian trees, though fabulous narrations have celebrated but one Arabian bird, I was so thoroughly convinced of the propriety of this change, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But in emendation, as in determining on the

live

Herald sad and trumpet be,⁷
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end⁸,
To this troop come thou not near⁹.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king¹ :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let

life of man, *nulla unquam cunctatio longa est*; for the following passage in *The Tempest* fully supports the old copy :

“ Now I will believe

“ That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*

“ There is *one tree*, the *phœnix*' throne; one phoenix

“ At this hour reigning there.” MALONE.

⁷ Herald sad and trumpet be,] So, in *K. Jobn* :

“ —Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

“ And sullen presage of your own decay.” STEVENS.

⁸ But thou shrieking harbinger,

Foul pre-currer of the fiend,

Augur of the fever's end,] The scritch-owl; the foul pre-

curreur of death. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Now the wasted brands do glow,

“ While the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,

“ Puts the wretch that lies in woe,

“ In remembrance of a shrowd.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ And even the like *precurse* of fierce events,

“ As *harbingers* preceding still the fates,

“ And *prologue* to the *omen* coming on ———

“ Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

“ Unto our climates and countrymen.” MALONE.

⁹ To this troop come thou not near.] Part of this poem resembles the song in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Ye spotted snakes with double tongue,

“ Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;

“ Newts, and blind-worms, do no harm;

“ Come not near our fairy queen &c.” STEVENS.

¹ —the eagle, feather'd king.] So, in Mr. Gray's *Ode on the Progress of Poetry* :

“ —thy

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive musick can ²,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow ³,
That thy fable gender mak'st ⁴
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the effence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

“ — thy magick lulls the *feather'd king*

“ With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.” STEEVENS.

² *That defunctive musick can,*] That understands funereal musick. To *can* in Saxon signifies to *know*. The modern editions read :

That defunctive musick *ken*. MALONE.

³ *And thou, treble-dated crow,*] So, in *The Rape of Lucret* :

“ To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings.”

MALONE.

—— cornicum ut secla vetusta.

Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit

Cornix—— *Lucret*. STEEVENS.

⁴ That thy fable gender mak'st

With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,] I suppose this uncouth expression means, that the *crow*, or *raven*, continues its race by the *breath* it *gives* to them as its parent, and by *that* which it *takes* from other animals : i. e. by first producing its young from itself, and then providing for their support by depredation. Thus, in *K. John* :

“ —— and vast confusion waits

“ (*As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast*)

“ The imminent decay of wrested pomp.”

This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS.

Hearts

Hearts remote, yet not afunder ;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
 But in them it were a wonder ⁵.

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right ⁶
 Flaming in the phœnix' fight :
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same ⁷ ;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together ;
 To themselves yet either-neither,
 Simple were so well compounded ;

⁵ *But in them it were a wonder.*] So extraordinary a phenomenon as *hearts remote, yet not afunder* &c. would have excited astonishment had it been found any where else *except in these two birds*. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE.

⁶ *That the turtle saw his right Flaming in the phœnix' fight ;*] I suppose we should read *light*; i. e. the turtle saw all the *day* he wanted, in the eyes of the phœnix. So, Antony speaking to Cleopatra :

“ — O thou *day* o' the world,
 “ Chain my arm'd neck !”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

Bass. “ We should hold *day* with the Antipodes,

“ *If you would walk in absence of the sun.*

Por. “ Let me *give light*, but let me not be light.” STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle saw those qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him; in the phœnix.—*Light* certainly corresponds better with the word *flaming* in the next line ; but Shakspeare seldom puts his comparisons on four feet. MALONE.

⁷ *Property was thus appall'd,*

That the self was not the same ;] This communication of *appropriated* qualities alarmed the power that presides over *property*. Finding that *the self was not the same*, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual ; that all things would become common. MALONE.

That

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain ⁸.

Whereupon it made this threne ⁹
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love ;
As chorus to their tragick scene.

T H R E N O S.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

⁸ *Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.*] Love is reasonable, and reason is folly, [has no reason] if two that are disunited from each other, can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE.

⁹ *Whereupon it made this threne*] This funeral song. A book entitled David's *Tbreanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of *David's Tears*: the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

VOL. I.

B b b

A LOVER'S COPMLAINT¹.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded ²
A plaintful story from a siftering vale ³,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded ⁴,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale :
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain ⁵.

¹ This poem was first printed in 1609, with our author's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his *Sonnets*. MALONE.

² — [whose concave womb re-worded] Repeated; re-echoed. The same verb is found in *Hamlet* :

“ Bring me to the test,

“ And I the matter will re-word.” MALONE.

³ — [from a siftering vale,] This word is again employed by Shakspeare in *Pericles*, 1609 :

“ That even her art sifters the natural roses.”

It is not, I believe, used by any other author. MALONE.

⁴ *My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,*] The poet meant, I think, that the word *spirits* should be pronounced as if written *sprights*. MALONE.

⁵ *Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ ——— and the state of man,

“ Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— Remember thee ?

“ Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a feat

“ In this distracted globe.”

Sorrow's wind and rain are sighs and tears. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears.” The modern editions read corruptedly :

Storming her words with sorrows, wind &c. MALONE.

B b b 2

Upon

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done⁶.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age⁷.

Oft did she heave her napkin⁸ to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters⁹,
Laund'ring the filken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears¹,

And

⁶ — *spent and done.*] *Done*, it has been already observed, was anciently used in the sense of *consumed*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ And if possess'd, as soon decay'd and *done*.” MALONE.

⁷ *Some beauty peep'd through lattice of fear'd age.*] Thus, in the 3d *Sonnet*:

“ So thou through *windows* of thine *age* shall see,

“ Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— my way of life

“ Is fallen into the *fear*, the yellow leaf.”

This line seems to confirm a conjecture of Dr. Johnson's in *Timon of Athens*:

“ ——— for those milk-paps

“ That through the window-*bars* bore at men's eyes,

“ Are not within the leaf of pity writ ———”

The old copy reads *window-barn*. MALONE.

Shakspeare has applied this image to a comick purpose in *K. Henry II.* P. II: “ He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red *lattice*, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and *peep'd through*.” STEEVENS.

⁸ *Oft did she heave her napkin* —] Her *handkerchief*. So, in *Othello*:

“ Your *napkin* is too little ” MALONE.

⁹ *Which on it had conceited characters,*] Fanciful images. Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Which the *conceited painter* drew so proud — ” MALONE.

¹ *Laund'ring the filken figures in the brine*
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ *Seasoning*

And often reading what contents it bears ;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride ² ;
As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
Sometime diverted * their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth ³ ; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat ;
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;

“ *Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine.*”

Laundering is wetting. The verb is now obsolete. To *pellet* is to form into *pellets*, to which, being *round*, Shakspeare, with his usual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found no where but here and in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — My brave Egyptians all,

“ By the discandying of this *pelleted* storm ;

“ Lie graveless.” MALONE.

Season'd *woe had pelleted in tears,*] This phrase is from the kitchen. *Pellet* was the ancient culinary term for a *forced meat ball*, a well-known *seasoning*. STEEVENS.

² *Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,*] The allusion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetched.

MALONE.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, the eyes of Portia's picture are represented as mounted on those of Bassanio :

“ — Move these eyes ?

“ Or whether, *riding* on the balls of mine,

“ Seem they in motion ?” STEEVENS.

* *Sometime diverted*—] Turned from their former direction, So, in *As you like it* :

“ I rather will subject me to the malice

“ Of a *diverted* blood, and bloody brother.” MALONE.

³ *To the orb'd earth ;*—] So, in the mock tragedy in *Hamlet* :

“ — and Tellus' orb'd ground.” STEEVENS.

For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat ⁴,
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew ⁵
 Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet ⁶,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
 Like usury, applying wet to wet ⁷,

Or

⁴ For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,] Her *straw* hat.
 MALONE.

⁵ — from a maund she drew] A *maund* is a hand-basket.
 MALONE.

⁶ Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet.] Thus the quarto, 1609.
 If *bedded* be right, it must mean *set* in some kind of metal. Our
 author uses the word in *The Tempest*:

“ — my son i' the ooze is *bedded*.”

The modern editions read — *beaded* jet, which may be right;
beads made of jet. The construction, I think, is, — she drew from
 a maund a thousand favours, of amber, crystal, &c. MALONE.

Baskets made of *beads* were sufficiently common even since the
 time of our author. I have seen many of them. *Beaded* jet, is
 jet formed into *beads*. STEEVENS.

⁷ Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—

Like usury, applying wet to wet,] In *K. Henry VI. P.*

III. we meet a familiar thought:

“ With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

“ And give more strength to that which hath too much.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,

“ Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.”

Again, in *As you like it*:

“ Thou mak'st a testament

“ As worldlings do, giving the sum of more

“ To that which hath too much.”

Perhaps we should read:

Upon whose *margent weeping* she was set.

The words might have been accidentally transposed at the press.
Weeping margent, however, is, I believe, right, being much in our
 author's manner. *Weeping* for *weped* or *be-weped*; the margin
 wetted with tears. MALONE.

To

Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*², but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud³;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk¹ feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy².

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear³;

Cry'd

To *weep* is to drop. Milton talks of

"Groves whose rich trees *wept* od'rous gums and balm."
Pope speaks of the "*weeping* amber," and Mortimer observes
that "*rye-grass* grows on *weeping* ground," i. e. lands abound-
ing with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damsel is
fitting. The rock from which water drops, is likewise poetically
called a *weeping* rock:

Κένυρι ἀνασσοί πέτρης ἀπὸ ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΞΣΗΣ. STEEVENS.

² *Where want cries some*, —] I suspect our author wrote:
Where want *craves* some — MALONE.

I cry halves, is a common phrase among school-boys.

STEEVENS.

³ *Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud*;] So, in *The Tempest*:

"My son i' the ooze is bedded." MALONE.

Again, *ibid*:

" — I with

"Myself were *mudded* in that oozy bed

"Where my son lies." STEEVENS.

¹ *With sleided silk* —] *Sleided* is *ravelled*. So, in *Pericles*:

"Be't when she weav'd the *sleided* silk." MALONE.

² *With sleided silk feat and affectedly*

Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.] To be convinced
of the propriety of this description, let the reader consult the
Royal Letters &c. in the British Museum, where he will find that
anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were *ravelled* and
'placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely.

STEEVENS.

³ *And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear*,] The quarto reads, I
think, corruptedly:

B b b 4

— and

Cry'd, O false blood ! thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear !
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 (Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew ⁴
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours ⁵;) observed as they flew ⁶;
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew ⁷;
 And, priviledg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat ⁸,
 And comely-distant sits he by her side ;

When

——and often gave to tear.

We might read :

——and often gave a tear.

But the corresponding rhyme rather favours the conjecture which I have inserted in the text. Besides, her *tears* had been mentioned in the preceding line. MALONE.

⁴ ——*that the ruffle knew*] *Rufflers* were a species of bullies in the time of Shakspeare. "To *ruffle* in the common-wealth," is a phrase in *Titus Andronicus*. See note on that passage, Vol. VIII. p. 474. edit. 1778. STEEVENS.

⁵ ——and had let go by

The swiftest hours——] Had passed the prime of life, when time appears to move with his quickest pace. MALONE.

⁶ ——*observed as they flew* ;] i. e. as the scattered fragments of paper flew. Perhaps, however, the parenthesis that I have inserted may not have been intended by the author. If it be omitted, the meaning will be, that this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of the court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world. MALONE.

⁷ ——*this afflicted fancy*——] This afflicted *love-sick* lady. *Fancy*, it has been already observed, was formerly sometimes used in the sense of *love*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

"Sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." MALONE.

⁸ ——*his grained bat*,] So, in *Coriolanus* :

"My *grained* ash——"

His

When he again desires her, being fat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy⁹ affuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old¹ ;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power² :
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me ! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended³,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place⁴;

His *grained bat* is his staff on which the *grain* of the wood was visible. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *her suffering ecstasy*—] Her painful perturbation of mind. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — Better be with the dead—

“ Than on the torture of the mind to lie,

“ In restless *ecstasy*.” MALONE.

¹ — *though in me you behold*

The injury of many a blasting hour,

Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. II* : “ — every part about you *blasted* with *antiquity*.”

MALONE.

² *Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :*] Thus Lufignan, in Voltaire's *Zayre* :

“ Mes maux m'ont affaibli plus encor que mes ans.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Of one by nature's outwards so commended,*] The quarto reads :

O one by nature's outwards &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed the emendation inserted in the text, which appears to me clearly right. MALONE.

⁴ — *made him her place.*] i. e. her seat, her mansion. In the sacred writings the word is often used with this sense. STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 291. edit. 1778 :

“ This is no *place* ; this house is but a butchery.” MALONE.

And

And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their filken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find ⁵ :
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn ⁶ .

Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
His phœnix down ⁷ began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear ;
Yet show'd his visage ⁸ by that cost most dear ;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm ⁹

As

⁵ *What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :*] I suppose he means, things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *in paradise was sawn.*] i. e. seen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the author by the rhyme, is, I believe, used by no other writer. MALONE.

The same thought occurs in *K. Henry V* :

“ Leaving his body as a *paradise*.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ In mortal *paradise* of such sweet flesh.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *His phœnix down*—] I suppose she means *matchless, rare*, down. MALONE.

⁸ *Yet show'd his visage*—] The words are placed out of their natural order for the sake of the metre :

Yet his *visage show'd* &c. MALONE.

⁹ *Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm* &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — his voice was property'd

“ A

As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be *.
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
 " *That horse his mettle from his rider takes* !:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
makes !"

And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side † the verdict went ;
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
 All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,

" As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
 " But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
 " He was as rattling thunder."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II :

" He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 " Open as day to melting charity ;
 " Yet notwithstanding, being *incens'd*, he's flint ;
 " As humorous as winter, and as *sudden*
 " *As stars congealed in the spring of day.*" MALONE.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

" ———— and yet as rough,
 " Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,
 " That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 " And make him stoop to the vale." STEEVENS.

* *When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.*] So, Amiens in *As you like it*, addressing the wind :

" Thou art not so unkind,
 " Although thy *breath* be *rude.*" MALONE.

† *That horse his mettle from his rider takes.*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II :

" For from his *metal* was his party steel'd." STEEVENS.

† *But quickly on this side—*] Perhaps the author wrote—*bis*. There is however no need of change. MALONE.

Came

Came for additions ¹; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him ².

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will ³;

That he did in the general bosom reign ⁴
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted ⁵,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain

² *All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Can for additions; —]* This is the reading of the quarto
and the modern editions. It appearing to me unintelligible, I
have substituted what I suppose to have been the author's word.
The same mistake happened in *Macbeth*, where we find

“ — As thick as tale

“ *Can* post with post—”

printed instead of “ *Came* post with post.” MALONE.

³ ———— *yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.]* So, in
Timon of Athens :

“ You mend the jewel by the wearing it.” MALONE.

⁴ *Catching all passions in his craft of will ;]* These lines, in which
our poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dra-
matist, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscrip-
tion, than such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey.
By our undiscerning audiences, however, they are always heard
with profounder silence, and follow'd by louder applause than
accompany any other passage throughout all his plays. The vul-
gar seem to think they were selected for publick view, as the
brightest gems in his poetick crown. STEEVENS.

⁵ *That he did in the general bosom reign]* So, in *Hamlet* :

“ And cleave the general ear with horrid speech.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ ———— *he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted, &c.]* So, in
Cymbeline :

“ ———— Such a holy witch,

“ That he enchants societies to him.” MALONE.

In

In personal duty, following where he haunted ⁶ :
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted ;
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
 Like fools that in the imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd ;
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them ⁷ :

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistrefs of his heart.
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple ⁸, (not in part,)
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded ;
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded :
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded

⁶ ——— following where he haunted :] Where he frequented.
 So, in *Romco and Juliet* :

“ — here in the publick *haunt* of men.” MALONE.

⁷ ——— the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.] So, *Timon*, addressing himself to the gold he had found :

“ ——— Thou'lt go, strong thief,

“ When *gouty keepers* of thee cannot stand.”

STEEVENS.

⁸ *And was my own fee-simple* ———] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— What concern they ?

“ The general cause ? or is it a *fee-grief*

“ Due to some *single breast* ?” MALONE.

Of

Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel⁹, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shun'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often teen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry *it is thy last*.

For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew¹,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling²;

⁹ ——— *the foil*

Of this false jewel, ———] So, in *K. Richard II*:

“ ——— thy weary steps

“ Esteem a *foil*, in which thou art to set

“ The precious *jewel* of thy home return.” STEEVENS.

¹ ——— *in others' orchards grew*,] *Orchard* and *garden* were, in ancient language, synonymous. Our author has a similar allusion in his 16th *Sonnet*:

“ ——— many maiden gardens yet unset,

“ With virtuous wish would bear you living *flowers*,

“ Much liker than your painted counterfeit.”

MALONE.

² *Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling* ;] So, in *Hamlet*:

“ Do not believe his *vows* ; for they are *brokers*,

“ Meer implorators of *unholy suits*.” STEEVENS.

Thought,

Thought, characters, and words, merely but art³,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city⁴,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me : " Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid :
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind :
Love made them not ; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind⁵ :
They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen⁶,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or

³ Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,] *Thought* is here, I believe, a substantive. MALONE.

⁴ And long upon these terms I held my city,] Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

" So did I, Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish."

MALONE.

⁵ Love made them not ; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :] Thus the old copy. I have not met the word *acture* in any other place, but suppose it to have been used as synonymous with *action*. His offences that might be *seen abroad* in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had set in others' gardens. The meaning of the passage then should seem to be—My illicit amours were merely the effect of constitution, and not approved by my reason.—Pure and genuine love had no share in them or in their consequences ; for the mere congress of the sexes may produce such fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE.

⁶ Among the many that mine eyes have seen, &c.] So, in *The Tempest* :

" ————

Or my affection put to the smallest teen⁷,
 Or any of my leifures ever charm'd :
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me⁸,
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly⁹.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair¹,
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd² ;
 I have receiv'd from many a feveral fair,
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality³.

The

“ ——— Full many a lady

“ I have ey'd with best regard,—but never any

“ With so full soul——” STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— to the smallest teen,] Teen is sorrow. MALONE.

⁸ Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,] Fancy is here used for love or affection. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ A martial man to be soft fancy's slave.” MALONE.

⁹ Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting.” STEEVENS.

¹ And lo ! behold these talents of their hair &c.] These lockets, consisting of hair platted and set in gold. MALONE.

² ——— amorously impleach'd,] *Impleach'd* is interwoven ; the same as *pleached*, a word which our author uses in *Much ado about Nothing*, and in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ ——— Steal into the pleached bower,

“ Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun

“ Forbid the sun to enter.”

“ ——— with pleach'd arms bending down

“ His corrigible neck.” MALONE.

³ Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.] In the age of Shakspeare,

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend⁴;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak fights their sickly radiance do amend;
 The heaven-hued saphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan;

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender:
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise⁵;
 Take all these similies to your own command,
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
 What me your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you; and to your audit comes⁶
 Their distract parcels in combined fums.

Shakspeare, peculiar virtues were imputed to every species of precious stones. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;*] *Invis'd for invisible.* This is, I believe, a word of our author's coining. His *invis'd* properties are the invisible qualities of his mind. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love

“Thy *inward beauty* and *invisible.*” MALONE.

⁵ *O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,*
Whose white weighs down &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“———— they may seize

“On the *white wonder* of dear Juliet's *hand.*” MALONE.

⁶ *———— and to your audit comes]* So, in *Macbeth*:

“———— in compt,

“To make their *audit* at your highness' pleasure,

“Still to return your own.” STEEVENS.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
 Or sifter sanctified of holiest note ⁷ ;
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun ⁸ ,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ⁹ ;
 For she was fought by spirits of richest coat ¹ ,
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
 The thing we have not, mastering what not strives ?
 Playing the place which did no form receive,
 Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ² :
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,

The

⁷ Or *sifter sanctified of holiest note* ;] The poet, I suspect, wrote :

A sifter sanctified, of holiest note. MALONE.

⁸ *Which late her noble suit in court did shun,*] Who lately retired from the solicitation of her noble admirers. The word *suit*, in the sense of *request* or *petition*, was much used in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

⁹ *Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote,*] Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her. MALONE.

¹ *For she was fought by spirits of richest coat,*] By nobles; whose high descent is marked by the number of quarters in their coats of arms. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,

“ And be an eye-sore in my golden coat.” MALONE.

² Playing the place *which did no form receive,*
 Playing *patient sports in unconstrained gyves* :] This passage is evidently corrupt. I suspect the words *playing* and *form* in the first line, and *playing* in the second, the metre of which shows that some word of one syllable stood here originally. It was probably overlooked by the printer, whose eye might have glanced on the preceding line, and caught the first word from thence, which I believe he also misprinted.—The lover is speaking of a nun who had voluntarily retired from the world. But what merit (he adds) could she boast, or what was the difficulty of such an action? What labour is there in leaving what *we have not*, [i. e. what we do not enjoy—See *Rape of Lucrece*, p. 481. n. 6.] or in restraining desires that do not agitate our breast? So far is clear. The sense of the next two lines was perhaps this.—

[What

The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How

[What labour is there in] securing that heart which had received no impression of love, and which therefore might with sufficient patience endure and even frolick in voluntary confinement? But what the words were, of which I suppose this to have been the sense, it is difficult to form even a conjecture. Perhaps we ought to read thus:

But O my sweet! what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not; mastering what not strives;
Paling the place which does no form receive?—
Play patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
She that her fame &c.

The poet might have compared the unfeeling heart of this recluse in her voluntary retirement, to a park without deer, unnecessarily inclosed with pales. So, afterwards:

“And now she would the caged cloister fly.”

This image, fanciful as it may appear, our author has introduced into his *Venus and Adonis*:

“Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
“Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
“I'll be thy park, and thou shalt be my deer;
“Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale.”

MALONE.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the words

—— did no form receive,

as the same expression occurs again in the last stanza but three:

“—— a plentitude of subtle matter,

“Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“How easy is it for the proper false

“In women's waxen hearts to set their forms?”

STEEVENS.

3 — by the flight,] Perhaps the author wrote—by her flight.

STEEVENS.

4 Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,] Thus the quarto;

C c § 2

from

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT,

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
 And mine I pour your ocean all among :
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congeat,
 As compound love to physick your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun⁵,
 Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
 Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place⁶.
 O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impress'st, what are precepts worth
 Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame⁷,

How

from which the reading of the text has been formed. The modern editions have—*immur'd*. MALONE.

Immur'd is a verb used by Shakspeare in *K. Richard III.* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We have likewise *immures*, subst. in the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,*] I believe the poet wrote

———— a sacred nun.

If *sun* be right, it must mean, *the brightest luminary of the cloister*. MALONE.

In *Coriolanus*, the chaste Valeria is called “the moon of Rome.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
 Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
 Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place.]*

Thus the quarto and all the modern editions. For the present regulation of the text, the propriety of which, I think, will at once strike every reader, I am indebted to an anonymous correspondent, whose communications have been already acknowledged. MALONE.

⁷ ———— *When thou wilt inflame,*

*How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, lax, kindred, fame ?]* Thus, in *Rowe's Lady Jane Gray* :

“ — every

How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame⁹,

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears⁹.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sighs till then were level'd on my face¹;

- " —— every other joy, how dear soever,
- " Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
- " At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
- " In spite of reason and restraint we come,
- " Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
- " The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms &c."

STEEVENS.

* *Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule &c.*] I suspect our author wrote

Love aims at peace——

Yet sweetens &c. STEEVENS.
The meaning, however, of the text as it stands, may be—The warfare that love carries on against rule, sense &c. produces to the parties engaged a peaceful enjoyment, and sweetens &c. The construction in the next line is perhaps irregular.—*Love's arms are peace &c. and love sweetens*——. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read:

Love aims at peace——

Yet sweetens &c. STEEVENS.

- 9 *And sweetens in the suffering pangs it bears,*
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" —— a touch more rare

" Subdues all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

- 1 *This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,*
Whose sighs till then were level'd on my face;] The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest. MALONE.

Each

Each cheek a river running from a fount
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace :
 O how the channel to the stream gave grace !
 Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
 That flame ² through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear ?
 But with the inundation of the eyes
 What rocky heart to water will not wear ?
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?
 O cleft effect ³ ! cold modesty, hot wrath,
 Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath !

For lo ! his passion, but an art of craft,
 Even there resolv'd my reason into tears ⁴ ;
 There my white stole of chastity I daft ⁵ ,
 Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears ;
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,
 All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
 Applied to cautels ⁶, all strange forms receives,

² ——— gate the glowing roses
That flame—] That is, procured for the glowing roses
 in his cheeks that flame &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tense of
 the verb *to get*. MALONE.

³ *O cleft effect!*—] O divided and discordant effect ! *O cleft*
 &c. is the modern reading. The old copy has—*Or cleft effect*,
 from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE.

⁴ ——— resolv'd my reason into tears ;] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.” STEEVENS.

⁵ —my white stole of chastity I daft,] *To daft* or *doff* is to put
 off,—*do off*. MALONE.

⁶ *Applied to cautels*,—] Applied to insidious purposes, with sub-
 tility and cunning. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Perhaps he loves you now ;—

“ And now no soil of *cautel* doth besmirch

“ The virtue of his will.” MALONE.

Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
 Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
 In either's aptness as it best deceives,
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
 Or to turn white and swoon at tragick shows;

That not a heart which in his level came,
 Could scape * the hail of his all-hurting aim,
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
 And veil'd in them, would win whom he would
 maim:

Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
 When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,⁷
 He preach'd pure maid⁸, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
 The naked and conceal'd fiend he cover'd,
 That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
 Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd⁹.
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?

* —not a heart which in his level came,
 Could scape &c.] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

“ —I stood i' the level

“ Of a full-charge'd confederacy.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's 117th *Sonnet*:

“ Bring me within the level of your frown,

“ But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate.” MALONE.

⁷ —in heart-wish'd luxury,] *Luxury* formerly was used for
lasciviousness. MALONE.

⁸ He preach'd pure maid,—] We meet with a similar phraseo-
 logy in *K. John*:

“ He speaks plain cannon fire, and bounce, and smoke.”

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

“ I speak to thee plain soldier.” MALONE.

⁹ —like a cherubin above them hover'd.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— or heaven's cherubin hors'd

“ Upon the flightless couriers of the air.”

STEEVENS.

Ah

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
 What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
 O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
 O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly¹,
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
 O, all that borrowed motion, seeming ow'd²,
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
 And new pervert a reconciled maid!

¹ O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“With groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire.”

MALONE.

² O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,] That passion which he copied from others so naturally that it seemed real and his own. Ow'd has here, as in many other places in our author's works, the signification of *owned*. MALONE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

