





*J. Watts Russell.*

Given to Dear Martha

18<sup>th</sup> November 1863

Walter Russell









THE  
P L A Y S  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE TWENTIETH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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L O N D O N :

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# ROMEO AND JULIET.\*

\* ROMEO AND JULIET.] The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's *History of Verona*. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Bandello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteanu copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596: but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1602, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragickall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*: It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "*Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson.*" Among the entries on the Books of the Stationer's Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582: "M. Tottel] *Romeo and Julietta.*" Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo and Juliett.*" The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or Commune Defunctorum: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed,) from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Brevin in his Travels tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

This story was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir Romeus' annoy but trifle seems to mine."

And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in "*A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleasure*, 1579." FARMER.

The first of the foregoing notes was prefixed to two of our former editions; but as the following may be in some respects more correct, it would be unjustly withheld from the publick.— This is not the first time we have profited by the accuracy of Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A second edition was published in 1539; and it was again re-

printed 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 già nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo della Scala. Nuovamente stampata.* Of the author some account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*.

In 1554 Bandello published, at Lucca, a novel on the same subject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and shortly afterwards Boisteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boisteau's novel the same story was, in 1562, formed into an English poem, with considerable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find at the end of the present play, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the fashion of that time, by the bookseller: *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtill Counsels, and Practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again published by the same bookseller in 1582. Painter in the second volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, published a prose translation from the French of Boisteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakspeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumstance from it or some other prose translation of Boisteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved decisively by the following circumstances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play.—In Painter's translation from Boisteau he is named *Signor Escala*; and sometimes *Lord Bartholomew of Escala*. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Montesches*; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The messenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's translation called *Anselme*: in the poem, and in the play, friar *Jahy* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boisteau, or the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now stated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I should enter more largely into the subject, but that the various passages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furnish such a decisive proof of the play's having been constructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehension, a shadow of doubt upon the subject. The question is not, whether Shakspeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this story, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *basis* on which this play was built.

With respect to the name of Romeo, this also Shakspeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from some other prose translation of the same story he has, as I have already said, taken one circumstance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationers' books by Henry Bynneman, *The Pitifull History of ij lovyng Italians*, which I suspect was a prose narrative of the story on which our author's play is constructed.

Breval says in his travels, that on a strict inquiry into the histories of Verona, he found that Shakspeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumstances of his play. MALONE.

It is plain, from more than one circumstance, that Shakspeare had read this novel, both in its prosaick and metrical form. He might likewise have met with other poetical pieces on the same subject. We are not yet at the end of our discoveries relative to the originals of our author's dramattick pieces. STEEVENS.



## PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could re-  
move,  
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and verification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Hon. the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*.

In the first of King James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. STEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599, is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same person who personated the chorus at the end of the first Act.

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, stands thus;

- “ Two household friends, alike in dignitie,
- “ In faire Verona, where we lay our scene,
- “ From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
- “ Whose civill warre makes civill handes uncleane.
- “ From forth the fatall loyopes of these two foes
- “ A paire of starre-cross lovers tooke their life;
- “ Whose misadventures, piteous overthrows,
- “ (Through the continuing of their fathers' strife,
- “ And death-markt passage of their parents' rage,)
- “ Is now the two howres traffique of our stage.
- “ The which if you with patient eares attend,
- “ What here we want, wee'll studie to amend.” MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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Escalus, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Heads of two Houses, at Variance with*  
Capulet, } *each other.*

*An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.*

Romeo, *Son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to*  
*Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to*  
*Romeo.*

Tybalt, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

*Friar Lawrence, a Franciscan.*

*Friar John, of the same Order.*

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*  
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

*An Apothecary.*

*Three Musicians.*

Chorus. *Boy; Page to Paris; Peter; an Officer.*

*Lady Montague, Wife to Montague.*

*Lady Capulet, Wife to Capulet.*

*Juliet, Daughter to Capulet.*

*Nurse to Juliet.*

*Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

*SCENE during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: once in the fifth Act, at Mantua.*

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.*

*SAM.* Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.<sup>2</sup>

*GRE.* No, for then we should be colliers.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very justly observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no instances in support of his declaration, I thought it necessary to subjoin the following. So, Skelton :

“ ——— You, I say, Julian,

“ Wyll you beare no coles ?”

Again, Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says : “ We will bear no coles, I warrant you.”

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602 : “ He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*”

Again, in *Law Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it ?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608 : “ I'll carry coals an you will, no horns.”

Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610 : “ You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel : above all things, you must carry no coals.”

And again, in the same play : “ Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit,” &c. Again, in Ben Jonson's

*Every Man out of his Humour* : “ Here comes one that will carry coals; ergo, will hold my dog.”

And, lastly, in the poet's own *King Henry V* : “ At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.”

Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1604 : “ Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a coal-basket.” STEEVENS.

SAM. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.

GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, “Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul’s Churchyard,” &c. published after the death of King Charles I. N<sup>o</sup>. 22, p. 50, is inserted, “*Fire, fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chaldron of scripture, that *John Lillburn* will not carry coals.” By Dr. Gouge. PERCY.

Notwithstanding this accumulation of passages in which the phrase itself occurs, the original of it is still left unexplored: “If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head,” &c. *Proverbs* xxv. 22;—or as cited in the Epistle to the Romans, xx. 20. HENLEY.

The English version of the Bible (exclusive of its nobler use) has proved of infinite service to literary antiquaries; but on the present occasion, I fear, it will do us little good. *Collier* was a very ancient term of abuse. “Hang him, foul *Collier!*” says Sir Toby Belch, speaking of the Devil, in the fourth Act of *Twelfth-Night*. Any person, therefore, who would bear to be called a *collier*, was said to carry coals.

It afterwards became descriptive of any one who would endure a gibe or flout. So, in Churchyard’s *Farewell to the World*, 1598:

“He made him laugh, that lookt as he would swear;  
“He carried coales, that could abide no gear.”

STEEVENS.

The phrase should seem to mean originally, We’ll not submit to servile offices; and thence secondarily, we’ll not endure injuries. It has been suggested, that it may mean, “we’ll not bear resentment burning like a coal of fire in our bosoms, without breaking out into some outrage;” with allusion to the proverbial sentence, that smothered anger is a coal of fire in the bosom: But the word *carry* seems adverse to such an interpretation.

MALONE.

—to stand to it : therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

*SAM.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand : I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*GRE.* That shows thee a weak slave ; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*SAM.* True ; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall :—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*GRE.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*SAM.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids ;<sup>3</sup> I will cut off their heads.

*GRE.* The heads of the maids ?

*SAM.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*GRE.* They must take it in sense, that feel it.

*SAM.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand : and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*GRE.* 'Tis well, thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John.<sup>4</sup> Draw thy tool ; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— cruel *with the maids* ;] The first folio reads—*civil* with the maids. JOHNSON.

So does the quarto 1599 ; but the word is written *ciuill*. It was manifestly an error of the press. The first copy furnishes no help, the passage there standing thus : “ Ile play the tyrant ; Ile first begin with the maids, and off with their heads :” but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *poor John*.] is hake, dried, and salted. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *here comes two of the house of the Montagues*.] The

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.*

*SAM.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

*GRE.* How? turn thy back, and run?

*SAM.* Fear me not.

*GRE.* No, marry: I fear thee!

*SAM.* Let us take the law of our fides; let them begin.

*GRE.* I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

*SAM.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.<sup>6</sup>

word *two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compositor in the quarto 1599, and of course in the subsequent impressions, I have restored from the first quarto of 1597, from which, in almost every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The disregard of concord is in character.

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the Right Honourable 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 knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,

“ For ancient grutch whych long ago 'twene these two houses was.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.*] So it signifies in Randolph's *Muses Looking-Glass*, Act III. sc. iii. p. 45:

“ *Orgylus*. To bite his thumb at me.

“ *Argus*. Why should not a man bite his thumb?

“ *Orgylus*. At me? were I scorn'd to see men bite their thumbs;

“ Rapiers and daggers,” &c. GREY.

*ABR.* Do you bite your thumb at us, fir ?

*SAM.* I do bite my thumb, fir.

*ABR.* Do you bite your thumb at us, fir ?

*SAM.* Is the law on our fide, if I fay—ay ?

*GRE.* No.

*SAM.* No, fir, I do not bite my thumb at you, fir ; but I bite my thumb, fir.

*GRE.* Do you quarrel, fir ?

*ABR.* Quarrel, fir ? no, fir.

*SAM.* If you do, fir, I am for you ; I ferve as good a man as you.

*ABR.* No better.

*SAM.* Well, fir.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie* &c. 1596, has this paffage : “ Behold next I fee Contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico* with his thombe in his mouth.” In a translation from Stephens’s *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 142, I meet with thefe words : “ It is faid of the Italians, if they once *bite their fingers’ ends in a threatening manner*, God knows, if they fet upon their enemie face to face, it is becaufe they cannot affail him behind his backe.” Perhaps Ben Jonfon ridicules this fcene of *Romeo and Juliet*, in his *New Inn* :

“ *Huff.* How, *spill it* ?

“ *Spill it* at me ?

“ *Tip.* I reckon not, but I *spill it.*” STEEVENS.

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author’s time. “ What fwearing is there, (fays Decker, defcribing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul’s Church,) what fhouldering, what juftling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*” THE DEAD TERM, 1608. MALONE.



*Enter* BENVOLIO,<sup>7</sup> *at a Distance.*

GRE. Say—better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.<sup>8</sup>

SAM. Yes, better, fir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.<sup>9</sup> [*They fight.*

BEN. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their Swords.*

*Enter* TYBALT.

TYB. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

<sup>7</sup> *Enter Benvolio,*] Much of this scene is added since the first edition; but probably by Shakspeare, since we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> — *here comes one of my master's kinsmen.*] Some mistake has happened in this place: *Gregory* is a servant of the *Capulets*, and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no mistake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the opposite side. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *thy swashing blow.*] Ben Jonson uses this expression in his *Staple for News*: "I do confess a *swashing blow*." In *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584, *Fraud* says:

"I will flaunt and brave it after the lusty *swash*."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"I'll have a martial and a *swashing* outside."

See Vol. VIII. p. 38, n. 8.

To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. So, Green, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—in spending and spoiling, in swearing and *swashing*." Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, says, that "to *swash* is to make a noise with swordes against tergats." STEEVENS.



Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*BEN.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,  
Or manage it to part these men with me.

*TYB.* What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate  
the word,  
As I hate hell, all-Montagues, and thee:  
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join  
the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

1 *CIT.* Clubs, bills,<sup>1</sup> and partizans! strike! beat  
them down!  
Down with the Capulets! down with the Monta-  
gues!

*Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.*

*CAP.* What noise is this?—Give me my long  
sword,<sup>2</sup> ho!

<sup>1</sup> Clubs, bills, &c.] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. See Vol. VIII. p. 166, 'n. 3, and Vol. XIII. p. 35, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Give me my long sword.] The *long sword* was the sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 76, n. 3. MALONE.

This *long sword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the justice says:

“ Take their confessions, and my *long sword*;

“ I cannot tell what danger we may meet with.”

Chapman, without authority from Homer, has equipped Neptune with this weapon:

“ King Neptune, with his *long sword*,—” *Iliad* XV.

It appears that it was once the fashion to wear two swords of different sizes at the same time.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: “ Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little sword*.”

*LA. CAP.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

*CAP.* My sword, I say!—Old Montague is cowā,  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.*

*MON.* Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

*LA. MON.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

*Enter Prince, with Attendants.*

*PRIN.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—  
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you  
beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons<sup>3</sup> to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—  
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;  
And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave befeeming ornaments,  
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,

The *little sword* was the weapon commonly worn, the dress sword. STEEVENS.

The little sword was probably nothing more than a *dagger*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —mis-temper'd weapons—] *are angry weapons*. So, in *King John*:

“This inundation of *mis-temper'd* humour,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate :  
 If ever you disturb our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
 For this time, all the rest depart away :  
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;  
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
 To know our further pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.<sup>4</sup>  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*

*MON.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—  
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

*BEN.* Here were the servants of your adversary,  
 And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :  
 I drew to part them ; in the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;  
 Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn :  
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,  
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,  
 Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*LA. MON.* O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day ?  
 Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

*BEN.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.]* This name the poet found in the *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets.

*MALONE.*  
<sup>5</sup> *Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.]* The same thought occurs in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. x :

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;  
 Where,—underneath the grove of fycamore,  
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—  
 So early walking did I see your son :  
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,  
 And stole into the covert of the wood :  
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—  
 That most are busied when they are most alone,<sup>6</sup>—  
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.<sup>7</sup>

*MON.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :  
 But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
 And private in his chamber pens himself ;  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
 And makes himself an artificial night :

“ Early before the morn with cremosin ray  
 “ The *windows* of bright heaven opened had,  
 “ Through which into the world the dawning day  
 “ Might looke,” &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Summa Totalis* ; or *All in All*, or *the same for ever*, 4to. 1607 :

“ Now heaven's bright eye (awake by Vespers sheene)  
 “ *Peepes through the purple windowes of the East.*”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>6</sup> *That most are busied* &c.] Edition 1597. Instead of which it is in the other editions thus :

“ —————by my own,

“ Which then most sought, where most might not be found,

“ Being one too many by my weary self,

“ Pursu'd my humour,” &c. POPE.

<sup>7</sup> *And gladly shunn'd* &c.] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*BEN.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*MON.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*BEN.* Have you importun'd him by any means?<sup>8</sup>

*MON.* Both by myself, and many other friends:  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from fouding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Ben. *Have you importun'd &c.*] These two speeches also omitted in edition 1597, but inserted in 1599. POPE.

<sup>9</sup> *Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.*] [Old copy—*same.*] When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the poet wrote:

*Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.*

Or, according to the more obsolete spelling, *sunne*; which brings it nearer to the traces of the corrupted text. THEOBALD.

I cannot but suspect that some lines are lost, which connected this simile more closely with the foregoing speech: these lines, if such there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. JOHNSON.

I suspect no loss of connecting lines. An expression somewhat similar occurs in *Timon*, Act IV. sc. ii:

“A dedicated beggar to the air.”

I have, however, adopted Theobald's emendation. Mr. M. Mason observes “that there is not a single passage in our author where so great an improvement of language is obtained, by so slight a deviation from the text.” STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the simile relates solely to Romeo's *concealing* the cause of his melancholy, and is again used by Shakspeare in *Twelfth Night*:

Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter* ROMEO, *at a distance.*

BEN. See, where he comes : So please you, step  
aside ;  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MON. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.  
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE and Lady.]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

ROM. Is the day so young ?<sup>1</sup>

“ ———She never *told* her love,  
“ But let *concealment*, like a worm i'th' bud,  
“ Feed on her damask cheek.”

In the last Act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Rosalind* of Daniel ; and in the present passage might have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the same writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our author or not, add such support to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I should have given it a place in my text, but that the other mode of phraseology was not uncommon in Shakspeare's time :

“ And whilst thou *spread'st* unto the rising *sunne*,  
“ The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,  
“ Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done.”

Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverse to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *sun*, without at the same time dedicating it to the *air*.

A similar phraseology, however, to that of my text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Is the day so young?*] i. e. is it so early in the day? The same expression (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 : “ It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet moche of the nyghte to come.” STEEVENS.

BEN. But new struck nine.

ROM. Ah me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BEN. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROM. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

BEN. In love?

ROM. Out—

BEN. Of love?

ROM. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

BEN. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

ROM. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> ———to his will!] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to his *ill*. The present reading has some obscurity; the meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to pursue his *desire*. That the *blind* should *find paths to ill* is no great wonder. JOHNSON.

It is not unusual for those who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that opposes their pursuit. NICHOLS.

What Romeo seems to lament is, that love, though blind, should discover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himself of them; should perceive the road which he is forbidden to take.

The quarto, 1597, reads—

*Should, without laws, give path-ways to our will!*

i. e. being lawless itself, prescribe laws to others. STEEVENS.

This passage seems to have been misapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears so gentle, should be a tyrant.—It is no less to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* should yet be able to direct his arrows at those whom he wishes to hit, that he should wound whomever he *wills*, or desires to wound. MALONE.



Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—  
Why then, O brawling love!<sup>3</sup> O loving hate!

<sup>3</sup> *Why then, O brawling love! &c.*] Of these lines neither the sense nor occasion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no such uncommon state, as can deserve all this toil of antithesis.

JOHNSON.

Had Dr. Johnson attended to the letter of invitation in the next scene, he would have found that Rosaline was niece to Capulet.

ANONYMUS.

Every sonneteer characterises Love by contrarieties. Watson begins one of his canzonets:

“ Love is a fowre delight, a sugred griefe,

“ A living death, an ever-dying life,” &c.

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner:

“ A fierie frost, a flame that frozen is with life!

“ A heavie burden light to beare! A vertue fraughte with vice!” &c.

Immediately from *The Romaunt of the Rose*:

“ Love it is an hateful pees,

“ A free aquitaunce without reles,—

“ An heavie burthen light to beare,

“ A wicked wawe awaie to weare;

“ And health full of maladie,

“ And charitie full of envie;—

“ A laughter that is weping aie,

“ Rest that trauaileth night and daie,” &c.

This kind of antithesis was very much the taste of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preserved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

“ Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra;

“ E terno, e spero, e ardo, e son un ghiaccio;

“ E volo sopra'l ciel, e ghiaccio in terra;

“ E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio.” &c.

*Sonnet 105.*

Sir Thomas Wyatt gives a translation of this sonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of *Description of the contrarious Passions in a Louer*, amongst the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.



O any thing, of nothing first create!  
 O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—  
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
 Dost thou not laugh?

BEN. No, coz, I rather weep.

ROM. Good heart, at what?

BEN. At thy good heart's oppression.

ROM. Why, such is love's transgression.<sup>4</sup>—  
 Grievs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;  
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast  
 shown,  
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
 Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;  
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;<sup>5</sup>  
 Being vex'd,<sup>6</sup> a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:

<sup>4</sup> *Why, such is love's transgression.*] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;*] The author may mean *being purged of smoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being urg'd, a fire sparkling*—. Being excited and induced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

Dr. Akenfide in his *Hymn to Cheerfulness*, has the same expression:

"Haste, light the tapers, *urge the fire*,  
 "And bid the joyless day retire." REED.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Iliad*:

"And as a caldron, under put with store of fire—  
 "Bavins of sere wood *urging* it," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Being vex'd, &c.*] As this line stands single, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is lost.

JOHNSON.

What is it else? a madnes most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*

*BEN.* Soft, I will go along;  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*ROM.* Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;  
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

*BEN.* Tell me in sadness,<sup>7</sup> who she is you love.

*ROM.* What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

*BEN.* Groan? why, no;  
But sadly tell me, who.

*ROM.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—  
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—  
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*BEN.* I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

*ROM.* A right good marks-man!—And she's fair  
I love.

*BEN.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*ROM.* Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be  
hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;  
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,<sup>8</sup>  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

It does not seem necessary to suppose any line lost. In the former speech about love's contrarieties, there are several lines which have no other to rhyme with them; as also in the following, about Rosaline's chastity. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Tell me in sadness,*] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *seriousness*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 35, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And, in strong proof &c.*] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeas'd at hearing her chastity praised after she was

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,<sup>9</sup>  
 Nor bide the encounter of affailing eyes,  
 Nor ope her lap to faint-seducing gold :  
 O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,  
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.<sup>1</sup>

suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

—*in strong proof*—] In chastity of proof, as we say in armour of proof. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *She will not stay the siege of loving terms,*] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Remove your *siege* from my unyielding heart ;

“ To *love's* alarm it will not ope the gate.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —*with beauty dies her store.*] Mr. Theobald reads, “ *With* her dies beauty's store ;” and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Sweetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620 :

“ Nature now shall boast no more

“ Of the riches of her store ;

“ Since, in this her chiefest prize,

“ All the stock of beauty dies.”

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare :

“ Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.”

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr* :

“ \_\_\_\_\_ with her dies

“ The abstract of all sweetnesss that's in woman.”

STEEVENS.

Yet perhaps the present reading may be right, and Romeo means to say, in his quaint jargon, That she is poor, because she leaves no part of her store behind her, 'as with her all beauty will die. M. MASON.

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press ; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right.

*BEN.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

*ROM.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;<sup>2</sup>

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.<sup>3</sup>  
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,<sup>4</sup>  
To merit bliss by making me despair:  
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,  
Do I live dead,<sup>5</sup> that live to tell it now.

*BEN.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*ROM.* O, teach me how I should forget to think.

She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will "lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;*] So, in our author's first Sonnet:

"And, tender churl, mak'ft waste in niggarding."

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *For beauty, starv'd with her severity, Cuts beauty off from all posterity.*] So, in our author's third Sonnet:

"Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

"Of his self-love, to stop posterity?"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

"Seeming to bury that posterity,

"Which by the rights of time thou need'ft must have!"

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *wisely too fair, &c.*] There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliss.

MALONE.

None of the following speeches of this scene are in the first edition of 1597. POPE.

<sup>5</sup> *Do I live dead,*] So, Richard the Third:

"— now they kill me with a living death."

See Vol. XIV. p. 291, n. 2. MALONE.

*BEN.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;  
Examine other beauties.

*ROM.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers, exquisite, in question more :<sup>6</sup>  
These happy masks,<sup>7</sup> that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;  
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve,<sup>8</sup> but as a note  
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?  
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget.<sup>9</sup>

*BEN.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>6</sup> *To call hers, exquisite, in question more :*] That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispute, that the word *question* is here used. HEATH.

More into talk ; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. See Vol. VII. p. 349, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, sc. ult :

“ We stand here for an Epilogue.

“ Ladies, your bounties first ! the rest will follow ;

“ For women's favours are a leading alms :

“ If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes

“ Out at *your masks.*”

Former editors print *those* instead of *these*, but without authority. STEEVENS.

*These happy masks*, I believe, means no more than *the happy masks*. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See Vol. VI. p. 278, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *What doth her beauty serve,*] i. e. what end does it answer ? In modern language we say—“ serve for.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *thou canst not teach me to forget.*]

“ Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

“ 'Tis sure the hardest science, *to forget.*”

Pope's *Eloisa*. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*A Street.**Enter* CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

*CAP.* And Montague is bound<sup>1</sup> as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*PAR.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.  
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*CAP.* But saying o'er what I have said before:  
My child is yet a stranger in the world,  
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;  
Let two more summers wither in their pride,<sup>2</sup>  
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*PAR.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

*CAP.* And too soon marr'd are those so early  
made.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And *Montague is bound*—] This speech is not in the first quarto. That of 1599 has—*But* Montague.—In that of 1609, and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Let two more summers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

“ ————— Three winters cold

“ Have from the forests thook three *summer's pride*,—.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*] The quarto, 1597, reads:—*And too soon marr'd are those so early married.*

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:

“ The maid that *soon married* is, *soon marred* is.”

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
 She is the hopeful lady of my earth :<sup>4</sup>  
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent is but a part ;<sup>5</sup>

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So, Sidney :

“ Oh ! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made* !”

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.

STEEVENS.

*Making and marring* is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3, Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the present century. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *She is the hopeful lady of my earth :*] This line is not in the first edition. POPE.

*She is the hopeful lady of my earth :*] This is a Gallicism : *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an *heirefs*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth* :

“ Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*.”

Again :

“ So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*.”

*Earth* in other old plays is likewise put for *lands*, i. e. landed estate. So, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619 :

“ A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*.”

Again, in the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Dr. Bright's *Character, an Arte of Shorte, Swifte, and Secrete writing by Character*, 12mo. 1588 : “ And this my invention being altogether of English yeeld, where your Majestie is the *Ladie of the Soyle*, it appertayneth of right to you onely.” STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right ; but there is a passage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor says :

“ This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel

“ A stark affrighted motion in my blood.”

Here *earth* means corporal part. M. MASON.

Again, in this play :

“ Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?

“ Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out.”

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet :

“ Poor soul, the center of my sinful *earth*,—.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *My will to her consent is but a part ;]* *To*, in this instance,



An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
At my poor house, look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:<sup>6</sup>

signifies in comparison with, in proportion to. So, in *King Henry VIII*: "These are but switches to them." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light* :] This nonsense should be reformed thus :

*Earth-treading stars that make dark even light :*

i. e. When the evening is dark, and without stars, these earthly stars supply their place, and light it up. So again, in this play :

" Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

" Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." WARBURTON.

But why nonsense? is any thing more commonly said, than that beauties eclipse the sun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

" Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

" And op'd those eyes that must *eclipse the day*."

Both the old and the new reading are philosophical nonsense; but they are both, and both equally, poetical sense. JOHNSON.

I will not say that this passage, as it stands, is absolute nonsense; but I think it very absurd, and am certain that it is not capable of the meaning that Johnson attributes to it, without the alteration I mean to propose, which is, to read :

*Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light.*

That is, *earthly stars* that outshine the stars of heaven, and make them appear dark by their own superior brightness. But according to the present reading, they are earthly stars that enlighten the gloom of heaven. M. MASON.

The old reading is sufficiently supported by a parallel passage in Churchyard's *Shore's Wife*, 1593 :

" My beautie blafd like torch or twinckling *fiarre*,

" A liuely lamp that *lends darke world some light*."

Mr. M. Mason's explanation, however, may receive countenance from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III :

" Did light those beamy stars which greater light did dark." STEEVENS.



Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel?  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

<sup>7</sup> —do lusty young men feel—] To say, and to say in pompous words, that a *young man shall feel* as much in an assembly of beauties, as *young men feel in the month of April*, is surely to waste sound upon a very poor sentiment. I read:

*Such comfort as do lusty yeomen feel.*

You shall feel from the sight and conversation of these ladies, such hopes of happiness and such pleasure, as the farmer receives from the spring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the prospect of the harvest fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

*Young men* are certainly *yeomen*. So, in *A lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*, printed by Wynken de Worde:

“Robyn commaunded his wight *yong men*.”

“Of lii. wyght *yonge men*.”

“Seuen score of wyght *yonge men*.”

“Buske you my mery *yonge men*.”

In all these instances Copland's edition, printed not many years after, reads—*yeomen*.

So again, in the ancient legend of *Adam Bel*, printed by Copland:

“There met he these wight *yonge men*.”

“Now go we hence sayed these wight *yong men*.”

“Here is a set of these wyght *yong men*.”

But I have no doubt that he printed from a more antiquated edition, and that these passages have accidentally escaped alteration, as we generally meet with “wyght *yemen*.” See also Spelman's Glossary; *voce JUNIORES*. It is no less singular that in a subsequent act of this very play the old copies should, in two places, read “*young trees*” and “*young tree*,” instead of *yew-trees*, and *yew-tree*. RITSON.

The following passages from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Rose*, and Virgil's third *Georgick*, will support the present reading, and show the propriety of Shakspeare's comparison: for to tell *Paris* that he should feel the same sort of pleasure in an assembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that season when they are most *gay and amorous*, was surely as much as the old man ought to say:

“———*ubi subdita flamma medullis,*

“*Vere magis (quia vere calor redit ossibus).*”

“That it was May, thus dremid me,

“In time of love and jolite,

Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house ;<sup>8</sup> hear all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merit most shall be :  
 Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.<sup>9</sup>

“ That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—  
 “ Then *yong folke* entendin aye,  
 “ For to ben gaie and amorous,  
 “ The time is then so faborous.”

*Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 51,” &c.

Again, in *The Romaunce of the Sowdon of Babyloyne* &c. MS.  
 Penes Dr. Farmer.

“ Hit bifelle by twyخته marche and maye,  
 “ Whan kynde corage begynneth to pryke ;  
 “ Whan frith and felde wexen gaye,  
 “ And every wight desirith his like ;  
 “ When lovers slepen with opyn yee,  
 “ As nightingalis on grene tre,  
 “ And fore desire that thai cowde flye  
 “ That thay myghte with there love be” &c. p. 2.

STEEVENS.

Our author's 99th *Sonnet* may also serve to confirm the reading  
 of the text :

“ From you I have been absent in the spring,  
 “ When proud-pied April drefs'd in all his trim,  
 “ Hath put a spirit of youth in ev'ry thing.”

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592 :

“ Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,  
 “ Then in the *April* of her *springing* age—.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Inherit at my house ;] To *inherit*, in the language of Shak-  
 speare's age, is to *possess*. See Vol. XI. p. 3, n. 7. MALONE.;

<sup>9</sup> Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.] The first  
 of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help ;  
 the passage is there, *Which one more view*. I can offer nothing  
 better than this :

*Within your view* of many, mine, being one,  
 May stand in number, &c. JOHNSON.

Such, amongst view of many, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597.  
 In the subsequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio,  
 the line was printed thus :

*Which one* [on] *more view* of many, &c. MALONE.

Come, go with me;—Go, firrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,

A very slight alteration will restore the clearest sense to this passage. Shakspeare might have written the lines thus:

Search among view of many: mine, being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. Amongst the many you will view there, search for one that will please you. Choose out of the multitude. This agrees exactly with what he had already said to him:

“——— Hear all, all see,

“ And like her most, whose merit most shall be.”

My daughter (he proceeds) will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning (i. e. estimation) among those whom you will see here. Reckoning for estimation, is used before in this very scene:

“ Of honourable reckoning are you both.” STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully supported by a passage in *Measure for Measure*:

“—— our compell'd sins

“ Stand more for number, then accompt.”

i. e. estimation. There is here an allusion to an old proverbial expression, that one is no number. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, Part II:

“—— to fall to one,

“—— is to fall to none,

“ For one no number is.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“ One is no number.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 136th Sonnet:

“ Among a number one is reckon'd none,

“ Then in the number let me pass untold.”

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded, may add some support to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

“ To his approved friend a solemn oath he plight,—

“—— every where he would resort where ladies went to meet;

“ Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,

“ For he would view and judge them all with unallured eye.—

\* \* \* \*

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown

“ But Capulet himself had bid unto his feast, &c.

“ Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;

“ Not so much for the banquet's sake, as beauties to search out.” MALONE.

Whose names are written there,<sup>1</sup> [*Gives a Paper.*]  
 and to them say,  
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

SERV. Find them out, whose names are written here?<sup>2</sup> It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

This passage is neither intelligible as it stands, nor do I think it will be rendered so by Steevens's amendment.—“To search amongst view of many,” is neither sense nor English.

The old folio, as Johnson tells us, reads—

Which one *more view of many*—

And this leads us to the right reading, which I should suppose to have been this:

Whilst on *more view of many, mine being one, &c.*

With this alteration the sense is clear, and the deviation from the folio very trifling. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> — *find those persons out,*

*Whose names are written there,*] Shakspeare has here closely followed the poem already mentioned:

“No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“But Capulet himself hath bid unto his feast,

“Or by *his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.*”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Find them out, whose names are written here?*] The quarto, 1597, adds: “And yet I know not who are written here: I must to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to say, the tailor,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Enter* BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

BEN. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's  
burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:<sup>3</sup>  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *with another's languish:*] This substantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra*.—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring also (as I think) in one of Morley's songs, 1595:

“ Alas, it skills not,  
“ For thus I will not,  
“ Now contented,  
“ Now tormented,  
“ Live in love and *languish*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*

*Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.*] So, in the poem:

“ Ere long the townish dames together will resort:  
“ Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely port,  
“ With so fast-fixed eye perhaps thou may'st behold,  
“ That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of old.  
“ And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,  
“ So novel love out of the mind the ancient love doth rive.”

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

“ One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail.”

So, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: “—a fire divided in twayne burneth flower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quenchetli the concupiscence of the first.”

MALONE.

*Veterem amorem novo, quasi clavum clavo repellere*, is a morsel of very ancient advice; and Ovid also has assured us, that—

“ *Alterius vires subtrahit alter amor.*”

Or,—

“ *Successore novo traditur omnis amor.*”

*Priorem flammam novus ignis extrudit*, is also a proverbial phrase. STEEVENS.

ROM. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.<sup>5</sup>

BEN. For what, I pray thee?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a madman  
is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,  
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good  
fellow.

SERV. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, fir, can you  
read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERV. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:  
But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

SERV. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

ROM. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.

*Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;  
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady  
widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely  
nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine*

<sup>5</sup> *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that,]* Tackius tells us, that a toad, before she engages with a spider, will fortify herself with some of this plant; and that, if she comes off wounded, she cures herself afterwards with it. DR. GREY.

The same thought occurs in *Albumazar*, in the following lines:

“ Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:

“ Bring a fresh *plantain leaf*, I've broke my shin.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonson, 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, says: “ 'Tis nothing, a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a *plantain*.”

The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. STEEVENS.



uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [*Gives back the Note.*] Whither should they come?

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither?

SERV. To supper; to our house.<sup>6</sup>

ROM. Whose house?

SERV. My master's.

ROM. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

SERV. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.<sup>7</sup> Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

<sup>6</sup> *To supper; to our house.*] The words *to supper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the Servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——*crush a cup of wine.*] This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ Fill the pot, hostess &c. and we'll crush it.”

Again, in Hoffman's *Tragedy*, 1631:

“ —— we'll crush a cup of thine own country wine.”

Again, in *The Pinder of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler says:

“ Come, George, we'll crush a pot before we part.”

We still say, in cant language—to crack a bottle. STEEVENS.

ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye  
 Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!  
 And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—  
 Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!  
 One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
 Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

BEN. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
 Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:  
 But in those crystal scales,<sup>8</sup> let there be weigh'd  
 Your lady's love against some other maid<sup>9</sup>  
 That I will show you, shining at this feast,  
 And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

ROM. I'll go along, no such fight to be shown,  
 But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

LA. CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her  
 forth to me.

NURSE. Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve  
 year old,—

<sup>8</sup> — *in those crystal scales,*] The old copies have—*that crystal, &c.* The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not sure that it is necessary. The poet might have used *scales* for the entire machine. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *let there be weigh'd*  
*Your lady's love against some other maid—*] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself. HEATH.



I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—  
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET.*

*JUL.* How now, who calls?

*NURSE.* Your mother.

*JUL.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

*LA. CAP.* This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave  
awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;  
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

*NURSE.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*LA. CAP.* She's not fourteen.

*NURSE.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet, to my teen<sup>1</sup> be it spoken, I have but  
four,—

She is not fourteen: How long is it now  
To Lammas-tide?

*LA. CAP.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*NURSE.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen,  
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me: But, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

<sup>1</sup> — to my teen—] To my sorrow. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

“—for dread and doleful teen.”

This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the  
jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEEVENS.

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;<sup>2</sup>  
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day:  
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—  
 Nay, I do bear a brain:<sup>3</sup>—but, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!  
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.  
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
 To bid me trudge.  
 And since that time it is eleven years:

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;] But how comes the Nurse to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England, in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See Stowe's *Chronicle*, and Gabriel Harvey's Letter in the Preface to Spenser's Works, edit. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, a *fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> *Nay, I do bear a brain:*] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51: "When these wordes of command are rotten, wee will sow some other military feedes; you beare a *braine* and memory." REED.

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

"*Dash*, we must bear *some brain*."

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, 1604:

"——*nay an I bear not a brain*,—"

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"As I can bear a pack, so I can *bear a brain*."

STEEVENS.

For then she could stand alone; <sup>4</sup> nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man;—took up the child:

*Yea*, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face?*

*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;*

*Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay*:

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not Jule?* quoth

he:

And, pretty fool, it flinted, <sup>5</sup> and said—*Ay*.

*LA. CAP.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy  
peace.

*NURSE.* Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose but  
laugh, <sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *could stand alone*;] The 4to. 1597, reads: “could stand high lone,” i. e. quite alone, completely alone. So, in another of our author’s plays, *high fantastical* means entirely fantastical. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *it flinted*,] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So, Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says: “for the blood *flinted* a little when he was laid.”

Again, in *Cynthia’s Revels*, by Ben Jonson:

“*Stint* thy babbling tongue.”

Again, in *What you will*, by Marston, 1607:

“Pith! for shame, *flint* thy idle chat.”

Again, in *The Misfortunes of King Arthur*, an ancient drama, 1587:—

“—Fame’s but a blast that sounds a while,

“And quickly *flints*, and then is quite forgot.”

Spenser uses this word frequently in his *Fairy Queen*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot choose &c.] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. POPE.

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay?*

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.

*Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?*

*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;*

*Wilt thou not, Jule?* it stinted, and said—*Ay.*

*JUL.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*NURSE.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to  
his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd;

And I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

*LA. CAP.* Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*JUL.* It is an honour<sup>7</sup> that I dream not of.

*NURSE.* An honour! were not I thine only nurse,  
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*LA. CAP.* Well,<sup>8</sup> think of marriage now; younger  
than you,  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years

<sup>7</sup> *It is an honour*—] The first quarto reads *honour*; the folio *hour*. I have chosen the reading of the quarto.

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion. STEEVENS.

*Honour* was changed to *hour* in the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Well, &c.*] Instead of this speech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

“Well, girl, the noble County Paris seeks thee for his wife.” STEEVENS.

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*NURSE.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man,  
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.<sup>9</sup>

*LA. CAP.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*NURSE.*<sup>1</sup> Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*LA. CAP.* What say you? <sup>2</sup> can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:  
Read o'er the volume<sup>3</sup> of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,<sup>4</sup>  
And see how one another lends content;

<sup>9</sup> — *a man of wax.*] So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“Why, he's a man as one should picture him in *wax*.”

STEEVENS.

— *a man of wax.*] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. “When you, Lydia, praise the waxen arms of Telephus,” (says, Horace,) [*Waxen*, well shaped, fine turned:]

“With passion swells my fervid breast,

“With passion hard to be suppressed.”

Dr. Bentley changes *cerea* into *lactea*, little understanding that the praise was given to the shape, not to the colour. S. W.

<sup>1</sup> *Nurse.*] After this speech of the Nurse, Lady Capulet in the old quarto says only:

“Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?”

She answers, “I'll look to like,” &c. and so concludes the scene, without the intervention of that stuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *La. Cap. What say you? &c.*] This ridiculous speech is entirely added since the first edition. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> *Read o'er the volume &c.*] The same thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“Her face the book of praises, where is read

“Nothing but curious pleasures.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Examine every married lineament, &c.*] Thus the quarto 1599. The quarto 1609—*several* lineament. By the former of these phrases Shakspeare means—Examine how nicely one

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.<sup>5</sup>  
 This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover :<sup>6</sup>

feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in the word—*content*. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he speaks of “the *married* calm of states;” and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion :

“ If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 “ By unions *married*, do offend thine ear.”

So also, in Ronfard :

“ Phebus du milieu de la table,  
 “ Pour réjouir le front des Dieux,  
 “ *Marioit* sa voix delectable  
 “ A son archet melodieux.”

Again :

“ *Le mariant* aux haleines  
 “ De trompettes qui sont pleines  
 “ D'un son furieux et grave.” STEEVENS.

This speech, as has been observed, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *several* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only because the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not understand it. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — [*the margin of his eyes*.] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. So, *Horatio* in *Hamlet* says : “ —I knew you must be edified by the *margent*,” &c. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
 “ Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,  
 “ Nor read the subtle shining secrecies,  
 “ Writ in the glassy *margent* of such books.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *This precious book of love, this unbound lover, To beautify him, only lacks a cover :*] This ridiculous speech in full of abstruse quibbles. The *unbound* lover, is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in *marriage*; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* in law French. M. MASON.

The fish lives in the sea ;<sup>7</sup> and 'tis much pride,  
 For fair without the fair within to hide :  
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;<sup>8</sup>  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
 By having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by  
 men.

LA. CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move :<sup>9</sup>  
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye,<sup>1</sup>  
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

<sup>7</sup> *The fish lives in the sea ; &c.]* i. e. is not yet caught. Fish-skin covers to books anciently were not uncommon. Such is Dr. Farmer's explanation of this passage ; and it may receive some support from what Ænobarbus says in *Antony and Cleopatra* : " The tears *live in an onion*, that should water this furrow." STEEVENS.

The purport of the remainder of this speech, is to show the advantage of having a handsome person to cover a virtuous mind. It is evident therefore, that instead of " the fish lives in the *sea*," we should read, " the fish lives in the *shell*." For the *sea* cannot be said to be a beautiful cover to a fish, though a *shell* may. —I believe, that by the *golden story*, is meant no particular legend, but any valuable writing. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;]* The *golden story* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the dark ages of popery much read, and doubtless often exquisitely embellished, but of which Canus, one of the popish doctors, proclaims the author to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis*. JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to say, that those books are most esteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embellished by as *valuable binding*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll look to like, if looking liking move :]* Such another jingle of words occur in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia* : " —and seeing to like, and liking to love, and loving straight" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — endart *mine eye*,] The quarto, 1597, reads—" engage mine eye." STEEVENS.



*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Madam,<sup>2</sup> the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse curfed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*LA. CAP.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

*NURSE.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt,*

#### SCENE IV.

*A Street.*

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO,<sup>3</sup> BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.*

*ROM.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

<sup>2</sup> *Madam, &c.*] To this speech there have been likewise additions since the elder quarto, but they are not of sufficient consequence to be quoted. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *Mercutio,*] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: “—another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and curteous behavior was in al companies wel intertained.” *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 221.

STEEVENS.

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed:

“ At thone side of her chair her lover Romeo,  
“ And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio;



BEN. The date is out of such prolixity :<sup>4</sup>  
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

“ A courtier that each where was highly had in price,  
“ For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of  
device.

“ Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,  
“ Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.  
“ With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand;  
“ A gift he had, that nature gave him in his swathing  
band

“ That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,  
“ As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he  
did them hold.”

Perhaps it was this last circumstance which induced our poet to represent Mercutio, as little sensible to the passion of love, and “ a jeffer at wounds which *he never felt.*” See *Othello*, A& III. sc. iv :

“ ——— This *hand* is moist, my lady ;—  
“ This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;  
“ *Hot, hot, and moist.*”

See also Vol. XVII. p. 19, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The date is out of such prolixity :*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none ; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. WARBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque*, but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolfey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer ; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Histrionastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment :

“ What come they in so blunt, *without device* ?”

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech. STEEVENS.

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,<sup>5</sup>  
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;<sup>6</sup>  
 Nor no without-book prologue,<sup>7</sup> faintly spoke  
 After the prompter, for our entrance:<sup>8</sup>  
 But, let them measure us by what they will,  
 We'll measure them a measure,<sup>9</sup> and be gone.

*ROM.* Give me a torch,<sup>1</sup>—I am not for this am-  
 bling;  
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Shakspeare has written a *masque* which the reader will find introduced in the 4th Act of *The Tempest*. It would have been difficult for the reverend annotator to have proved they were discontinued during any period of Shakspeare's life. PERCY.

<sup>5</sup> *Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,*] The *Tartarian* bows, as well as most of those used by the Asiatick nations, resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas reliefs. Shakspeare used the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *like a crow-keeper;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *King Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XVII. p. 541, n. 4. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Nor no without-book prologue, &c.*] The two following lines are inserted from the first edition. POPE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *for our entrance:*] *Entrance* is here used as trisyllable; *enterance*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *We'll measure them a measure,*] i. e. a dance. See Vol. VII. p. 154, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his resolution to assume, will be best explained by a passage in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "He is just like a *torch-bearer* to maskers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks. So, in the second part of *Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"——As on a masque; but for our *torch-bearers*,  
 "Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play:

"——a gallant crew,  
 "Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;

*MER.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*ROM.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes, With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead, So stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*MER.* You are a lover; <sup>2</sup> borrow Cupid's wings, And soar with them above a common bound.

*ROM.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft, To soar with his light feathers; and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: <sup>3</sup> Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*MER.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love; <sup>4</sup>

“ Before whom, untreated, I am come,  
“ And here prevented, I believe, their page,  
“ Who, with his *torch* is enter'd.”

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This custom is mentioned by Froissart, and other writers who had the merit of describing every thing they saw. See a wooden cut in Vol. IX. p. 359.

To hold a torch, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and held torches while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday evening.

At an entertainment also, given by Louis XIV. in 1664, no less than 200 valets-de-pied were thus employed. STEEVENS.

King Henry VIII. when he went masked to Wolfey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had sixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. XV. p. 55.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Mer. *You are a lover; &c.*] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the first edition. POPE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *so bound,*

*I cannot bound &c.*] Let Milton's example, on this occasion, keep Shakspeare in countenance:

“ ——— in contempt

“ At one slight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*

“ Of hill,” &c. *Paradise Lost*, Book IV. l. 180.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *should you burden love;*] i. e. by sinking in it, you

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*ROM.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

*MER.* If love be rough with you, be rough with  
love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a Mask.*

A visor for a visor!—what care I,  
What curious eye doth quote deformities? <sup>5</sup>  
Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

*BEN.* Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

*ROM.* A torch for me: let wantons, light of  
heart, <sup>6</sup>

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels; <sup>7</sup>

*Should, or would, burden love.* Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See also the concluding lines of Mercutio's long speech in p. 60.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— doth quote deformities?] To quote is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

“I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment

“I had not quoted him.”

See note on this passage, and Vol. IV. p. 217, n. 8.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— let wantons, light of heart, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Master-Constable*, 1602:

“—— bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

“Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,

“I have too much lead at mine.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. See Vol. XI. p. 331, n. 8. So Hentzner, in his *Itinerary*, speaking of Queen Eliza-

For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,<sup>8</sup>—  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.<sup>9</sup>

beth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: "The floor, after the English fashion, was strewn with *hyy*," meaning *rushes*. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"Thou dancest on my heart, lascivious queen,  
"Even as upon these *rushes* which thou treadest."

The *stage* was anciently strewn with *rushes*. So, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "— on the very *rushes* when the comedy is to daunce." STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. Thus, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

"She, fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,  
"Striv'd with redoubled strength—." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — a grandfire phrase, &c.] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an idle spectator. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this:—"A good candle-holder proves a good gamester." STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the next line but one.

It appears from a passage in one of the small collections of Poetry, entitled *Drolleries*, of which I have lost the title, that "Our sport is at the best," or at the fairest, meant, *we have had enough of it*. Hence it is that Romeo says, "I am done."

*Dun is the mouse*, I know not why, seems to have meant, *Peace; be still!* and hence it is said to be "the constable's own word;" who may be supposed to be employed in apprehending an offender, and afraid of alarming him by any noise. So, in the comedy of *Patient Griffel*, 1603: "What, Babulo! say you. Heere, master, say I, and then this eye opens; yet *don is the mouse*, LIE STILL. What Babulo! says Griffel. Anone, say I, and then this eye lookes up; yet doune I snug againe."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—*

*The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.*] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. RITSON.

MER. Tut! dun's the moufe, the conftable's own word: <sup>1</sup>

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire <sup>2</sup>

— *and I am done.*] This is equivalent to phrafes in common ufe—*I am done for, it is over with me.* *Done* is often ufed in a kindred fenfe by our author. Thus, in *King Henry VI.* Part III :

“ — my mourning weeds are *done.*”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ — as foon decay'd and *done,*

“ As is the morning's dew.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Tut! dun's the moufe, the conftable's own word:*] This poor obfcure ftuff fhould have an explanation in mere charity. It is an anfwer to thefe two lines of Romeo :

“ For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrafe ;—*and*

“ The game was ne'er fo fair, and I am *done.*”

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the laft line firft. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (fays Romeo) *and look on.* It is true, if I could play myfelf, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to : but, alas ! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with : I have loft my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had faid, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And fo replies, *Tut! dun's the moufe* ; a proverbial expreffion of the fame import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats fon gris* : as much as to fay, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And becaufe Romeo had introduced his obfervations with—

I am *proverb'd with a grandfire phrafe,*

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the conftable's own word* : as much as to fay, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one ; *'tis the conftable's own word* ; whofe cuftom was, when he fummoned his watch, and affigned them their feveral ftations, to give them what the foldiers call, *the word.* But this night-guard being diftinguifhed for their pacifick character, the conftable, as an emblem of their harmlefs difpofition, chofe that domeftick animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire*—] A proverbial faying, ufed by Mr. Thomas Heywood, (Drue,) in his play, intitled *The Dutcheffs of Suffolk*, Act III :

“ A rope for Bifhop Bonner, Clunce run,

“ Call help, a rope, or we are all undone,

“ Draw *dun* out of the ditch.” DR. GREY.



Of this (save reverence) love,<sup>3</sup> wherein thou stick'st

*Draw dun* (a common name, as Mr. Douce observes, for a cart-horse) *out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other pastimes :

“ At shove-groate, venter point, or crosse and pile,

“ At leaping o'er a Midsommer bone-fier,

“ Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer.*”

*Dun's the mouse* is a proverbial phrase, which I have likewise met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609 :

“ If my host say the word, the *mouse shall be dun.*”

It is also found among Ray's proverbial similies.

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620 :

“ Why then 'tis dote, and *dun's the mouse*, and undone all the courtiers.”

Of this cant expression I cannot determine the precise meaning. It is used again in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, but apparently in a sense different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

*Dun out of the mire* was the name of a tune, and to this sense Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. Taylor in *A Navy of Land Ships*, says, “ Nimble-heeled mariners (like so many dancers) capring in the pumphes and vanities of this sinfull world, sometimes a Morisca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of dusty my deare, dirty come thou to me, *Dun out of the mire*, or I wayle in woe and plunge in paine: all these dances have no other musicke.” HOLT WHITE.

These passages serve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real sense of the phrase, or showing why it should be *the constable's own word*.

M. MASON.

“ The cat is grey,” a cant phrase, somewhat similar to “ *Dun's the mouse*,” occurs in *King Lear*. But the present application of Mercutio's words will, I fear, remain in hopeless obscurity. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Of *this (save reverence) love*,] [The folio—*Or save your reverence &c.*] The word *or* obscures the sentence; we should read—*O!* for *or love*. Mercutio having called the affection with which Romeo was entangled by so disrespectful a word as *mire*, cries out :

*O! save your reverence, love.* JOHNSON.

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.<sup>4</sup>

This passage is not worth a contest; and yet if the conjunction or were retained, the meaning appears to be:—"We'll draw thee from the mire, (says he) or rather from this love wherein thou stick'st."

Dr. Johnson has imputed a greater share of politeness to Mercutio than he is found to be possessed of in the quarto, 1597. Mercutio, as he passes through different editions,

"Works himself clear, and as he runs refines."

STEEVENS.

I have followed the first quarto, 1597, except that it has *sur-reverence*, instead of *save-reverence*. It was only a different mode of spelling the same word; which was derived from the Latin, *salva reverentia*. See Blount's *Glossograph*. 8vo. 1681, in v. *sa-reverence*.

So, in Massinger's *Very Woman*:

"The beastliest man,—

"(*Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-monster."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "—ungartered, unbuttoned, nay, (*sir-reverence*,) untrussed."

In *Cymbeline* we have the same thing more delicately expressed: "Why should his mistress not be fit too?" The rather, *saving reverence* of the word, for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits."

In *The Comedy of Errors*, the word is written as in the first copy of this play, and is used in the same sense: "—such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say *sir-reverence*,"— And in *Much Ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me say (*save reverence*) a husband." The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

Or, *save you reverence*, love—.

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio with a slight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, seems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads—Or, *save your reverence*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — we burn day-light, ho.] To *burn day-light* is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time. See Vol. V. p. 63, n. 5.

Chapman has not very intelligibly employed this phrase in his translation of the twentieth *Iliad*:

"And all their strength—

"————— no more shall *burn* in vain the *day*."

STEEVENS.



ROM. Nay, that's not so.

MER. I mean, fir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.<sup>5</sup>  
Take our good meaning; for our judgment fits  
Five times in that,<sup>6</sup> ere once in our five wits.

<sup>5</sup> — like lamps by day.] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldest quarto. The folio and subsequent quartos read—*lights, lights by day.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Five times in that, &c.*] The quarto, 1597, reads: “*Three times a day;*” and *right wits*, instead of *fine wits*.

STEEVENS,

— for our judgment fits

*Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, have—our *fine wits*. Shakspeare is on all occasions so fond of antithesis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *fine*. The error has happened so often in these plays, and the emendation is so strongly confirmed by comparing these lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the passage as it stood originally, that I have not hesitated to give the reading which I proposed some time ago, a place in the text.

The same mistake has happened in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. V. p. 447, n. 8, where we find in all the old copies—“of these *fine* the sense,” instead of “—these *five*.” Again, in *King Henry VI. P. I.* Vol. XIII. p. 24, n. 1: “Deck'd with *fine* flower-de-luces,” instead of—“*five*,” &c. In *Coriolanus*, (see Vol. XVI. p. 234, n. 6.) the only authentick ancient copy has—“the *five* strains of honour,” for “the *fine* strains of honour.” Indeed in the writing of Shakspeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the same manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant transcribers should have confounded them. In the modern editions these errors have all been properly amended.—See also on the same point, Vol. V. p. 191, n. 3; Vol. IX. p. 412, n. 9; and Vol. XIX. p. 130, n. 7.

Shakspeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much Ado about Nothing*, (see Vol. VI. p. 11, n. 6.) in *King Lear*, and in one of his Sonnets. Again, in the play before us: “Thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy *wits*, than, I am sure, I have in my whole *five*.” Mercutio is here also the speaker.

In the first quarto the line stands thus:

“*Three times in that, ere once in our right wits.*”

When the poet altered “*three times*” to “*five times*,” he, without doubt, for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word

ROM. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;  
But 'tis no wit to go.

MER. Why, may one ask ?

ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.

MER. And so did I.

ROM. Well, what was yours ?

MER. That dreamers often lie.

ROM. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things  
true.

MER. O, then,<sup>7</sup> I see, queen Mab hath been  
with you.

She is the fairies' midwife ;<sup>8</sup> and she comes

*right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *O, then, &c.*] In the quarto 1597, after the first line of Mercutio's speech, Romeo says, *Queen Mab, what's she?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the rest of the speech to the same character. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.*

*She is the fairies' midwife ;*] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife to the fairies, but that she was the person among the fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say the *king's judges*, we do not mean persons who are to judge the king, but persons appointed by him to judge his subjects. STEEVENS.

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uses her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep ; for she not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the incubus or night-mare. Shakspeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers ; but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her per-

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,<sup>9</sup>  
 Drawn with a team of little atomies<sup>1</sup>

sonating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*. The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

<sup>9</sup> *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads—*of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens, in Shakspeare's time, to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Conflable*, 1639: “—and an *alderman*, as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb-ring*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *of little atomies*—] *Atomy* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atom*.

So, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

“ — I can tear thee

“ As small as *atomies*, and throw thee off

“ Like dust before the wind.”

Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“ I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*

“ Than in the summer play before the sun.”

In Drayton's *Nymphidia* there is likewise a description of Queen Mab's chariot:

“ Four nimble gnats the horses were,

“ Their harnesses of gossamere,

“ Fly cranion, her charioteer,

“ Upon the coach-box getting:

“ Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,

“ Which for the colours did excell,

“ The fair Queen Mab becoming well,

“ So lively was the limning:

“ The feat, the soft wool of the bee,

“ The cover (gallantly to see)

“ The wing of a py'd butterflee,

“ I trow, 'twas simple trimming:

Athwart's men's noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams :  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of  
 love :

On courtiers' knees, that dream on courties'  
 freight :

O'er lawyers' fingers, who freight dream on fees :  
 O'er ladies' lips, who freight on kisses dream ;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats<sup>2</sup> tainted are,  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :<sup>3</sup>

“ The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones,

“ And daintily made for the nonce,

“ For fear of rattling on the stones,

“ With thistle-down they shod it.” STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nymphidia* was written several years after this tragedy. See Vol. V. p. 348, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *with sweet-meats*—] i. e. kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falstaff, in the last Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,*

*And then dreams he of smelling out a suit: &c.]* Mr. Pope reads—*lawyer's nose*. STEEVENS.

The old editions have it—*courtier's nose*; and this undoubtedly is the true reading; and for these reasons: First, In the

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

new reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine speech; the same thought having been given in the foregoing line:

“ O'er *lawyers'* fingers, who straight dream on fees:”

Nor can it be objected that there will be the same fault if we read *courtiers'*, it having been said before:

“ On *courtiers'* knees, that dream on court'ies straight:”  
Because they are shown in two places under different views: in the first, their *foppery*; in the second, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, in our author's time, a court-solicitation was called, simply, a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. “ The King (says an anonymous contemporary writer of the Life of Sir William Cecil) “ called him [Sir William Cecil] and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, willed his father to FIND [i. e. to *snell out*] A SUIT for him. Whereupon he became SUITOR for the reversion of the Custos-brevium office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the first SUIT he had in his life.” Indeed our poet has very rarely turned his satire against *lawyers* and *law proceedings*, the common topick of later writers: for, to observe it to the honour of the English judicatures, they preserved the purity and simplicity of their first institution, long after chicanes had over-run all the other laws of Europe. WARBURTON.

As almost every book of that age furnishes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has observed, I shall add but one other instance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: “ If you be a *courtier*, discourse of the obtaining of *suits*.” MALONE.

In these lines Dr. Warburton has very justly restored the old reading, *courtier's nose*, and has explained the passage with his usual learning; but I do not think he is so happy in his endeavour to justify Shakspeare from the charge of a *vicious repetition* in introducing the *courtier* twice. The second folio, I observe, reads:

“ On *counties* knees,—”

which has led me to conjecture, that the line ought to be read thus:

“ On *counties* knees, that dream on court'ies straight:”

*Counties* I understand to signify *noblemen* in general. Paris, who, in one place, I think, is called *earl*, is most commonly styled the *county* in this play.

And so in *Much Ado about Nothing*, ACT IV. we find:

“ Princes and *counties*.”

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then dreams he of another benefice :  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

And in *All's well that ends well*, Act III :

" A ring the county wears."

The *Countie Egmond* is so called more than once in Holinshed, p. 1150, and in the Burleigh Papers, Vol. I. p. 204. See also p. 7 : The *Countie* Palatine Lowys. However, perhaps, it is as probable that the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this passage, may be owing (not to any error of the press, but) to the players having jumbled together the varieties of several editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play. TYRWHITT.

In the *present* instance, I think, it is more probable that the repetition arose from the cause assigned by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

At the first entry of the characters in the history of *Orlando Furioso*, played before Queen Elizabeth, and published in 1594 and 1599, Sacripant is called the *Countie* Sacripant.

Again, Orlando, speaking of himself :

" Surnam'd Orlando, the *Countie* Palatine."

*Countie* is at least repeated twenty times in the same play.

This speech, at different times, received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in question stands thus in the quarto 1597 :

" And in this fort she gallops up and down  
 " Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love :  
 " O'er courtiers knees, who strait on cursies dreame :  
 " O'er ladies lips, who dream on kisses strait ;  
 " Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,  
 " Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.  
 " Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,  
 " And then dreames he of sinelling out a suit :  
 " And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pigs taile,  
 " Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,  
 " And then dreames he of another benefice.  
 " Sometimes she gallops o'er a souldier's nose,  
 " And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,  
 " Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,  
 " Of healths five fadome deepe," &c.

Shakspeare, as I have observed before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.



Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,<sup>4</sup>  
 Of healths five fathom deep;<sup>5</sup> and then anon  
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;  
 And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
 And bakes the elf-locks<sup>6</sup> in foul fluttish hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *Spanish blades*.] A sword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. So Grotius:

*Gladius Toletanus.*

“ Unda Tagi non est uno celebranda metallo;

“ Utilis in cives est ibi lamna suos.” JOHNSON.

The quarto 1597, instead of *Spanish blades*, reads *counter-mines*. STEEVENS.

In the passage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been constantly printed instead of *uno*, which makes it nonsensical; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Of healths five fathom deep*;) So, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607: “ — troth, fir, my master and fir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom deep*. The knight has *drunk* so much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *And bakes the elf-locks &c.*] This was a common superstition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“ And when I thook these *locks*, now *knotted* all,

“ As *bak'd* in blood,—” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *when maids &c.*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

“ And Mab, his merry queen, by night

“ Befrides young folks that lie upright,

“ (In elder times the mare that hight)

“ Which plagues them out of measure.”

So, in *Gervase of Tilbury*, Dec. I. c. 17: “ Vidimus quosdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prurum-punt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, *mira mole eas opprimunt*, nec ab aliis videntur.” STEEVENS.

That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage.<sup>8</sup>  
 This, this is she—

*ROM.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

*MER.* True, I talk of dreams;  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,<sup>9</sup>  
 Turning his face<sup>1</sup> to the dew-dropping south.

*BEN.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-  
 selves;  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*ROM.* I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,  
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels; and expire the term  
 Of a despised life,<sup>2</sup> clos'd in my breast,

<sup>8</sup> — of good carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ — let them be men of good repute and carriage.”

“ *Moth.* Sampson, master; he was a man of good carriage; great carriage; for he carried the town-gates,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — from thence,] The quarto 1597 reads—in haste.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — his face—] So the quarto 1597. The other ancient copies have *side*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — and expire the term

*Of a despised life,*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun.” MALONE.

Again, in *Hubbard's Tale*:

“ When as time flying with wings swift,

“ Expired had the term” &c.



By some vile forfeit of untimely death :  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail!<sup>3</sup>—On, lusty gentlemen.

BEN. Strike, drum.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.<sup>5</sup>

*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

1 SERV. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher!<sup>6</sup> he scrape a trencher!

Again, in Chapman's version of the eleventh *Iliad* :

“ Draw some breath, not *expire* it all;—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Direct my sail!*] I have restored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

*Suit* is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it got into all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

*Direct my suit!*] Guide the *sequel* of the adventure.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the stage, and serving men come forth with their napkins.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Scene V.*] This scene is added since the first copy.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *he shift a trencher!* &c.] *Trenchers* were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the Household Book of the Earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility. PERCY.

*To shift a trencher* was technical. So, in *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, 1608, Sig. E 3: “ —learne more manners, stand at your brothers backe, as to *shift a trencher* neatly” &c.

REED.

2 *SERV.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *SERV.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,<sup>7</sup> look to the plate:—good thou,

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. IV. p. 92, n. 2. MALONE.

They continued common much longer in many publick societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, payd for x dosyn of trenchers, xxi d." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *court-cupboard,*] I am not very certain that I know the exact signification of *court-cupboard*. Perhaps it served the purpose of what we call at present the *side-board*. It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays. So, in *A Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: "—shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*." Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606, by Chapman: "Here shall stand my *court-cupboard*, with its furniture of plate." Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Place that in the *court-cupboard*."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "—they are together on the *cupboard of the court*, or the *court-cupboard*." Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of these *court-cupboards* are still in Stationers' Hall.

STEEVENS.

The use which to this day is made of those *cupboards* is exactly described in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to display at publick festivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers*, and other antique silver vessels of the company, some of which (with the names of the donors inscribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

By "remove the court-cupboard," the speaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it. A *court-cupboard* was not strictly what we now call a *side-board*, but a recess fitted up with shelves to contain plate, &c. for the use of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet*, and continued to be used to the time of Pope:

save me a piece of marchpane;<sup>8</sup> and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

“The rich *buffet* well colour'd serpents grace,  
“And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.”

The *side-board* was, I apprehend, introduced in the present century. MALONE.

A *court-cupboard* was a moveable; a *leufet*, a fixture. The former was open, and made of plain oak; the latter had folding doors, and was both painted and gilded on the inside.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *save me a piece of marchpane*;] *Marchpane* was a confection made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the University presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves.

Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

*Marchpane* was a kind of sweet bread or biscuit; called by some almond-cake. Hermolaus Barbarus terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *Martius panis*. G. *marcepain* and *massépan*, It. *marzapane*, *il maçapan*, B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *massa pura*. But, as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally, though corruptly, called *massépeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *marfsepeyn*; and in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. HAWKINS.

*Marchpane* was a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540: “—seeing that the issue of the table, fruits and cheese, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comforts, be brought in.” See Dugdale's *Orig. Jurid.* p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: “Item, payd for ix *marfke paynes*, xxvi s. viii d.

*Marchpanes* were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his description of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1596, says: “—les confitures seiches & *massépan* y estoient si peu espargnez, que les dames & damoiselles estoient contraintes de s'en decharger sur les pages & les laquais, auxquels on les bailloit tous entiers.” Our *macaroons* are only debased and diminutive *marchpanes*. STEEVENS.

2 *SERV.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *SERV.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and fought for, in the great chamber.

2 *SERV.* We cannot be here and there too.—  
Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer  
liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

*Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the  
Masks.*

*CAP.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have  
their toes<sup>9</sup>

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—  
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,  
she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?  
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,  
That I have worn a visor; and could tell  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis  
gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,  
play.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *their toes* —] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, *their feet*.—An editor by such capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakspeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. MALONE.

It was endured; at least, in the time of Milton. Thus, in *Comus*, 960:

“ ——— without duck or nod  
“ Other trippings to be trod  
“ Of lighter *toes*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] These two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

A hall! a hall!<sup>2</sup> give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,<sup>3</sup>  
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—  
 Ah, firrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
 Nay, fit, nay, fit, good cousin Capulet;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room.* So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

“Room! room! a hall! a hall!”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:

“—Then cry, a hall! a hall!”

Again, in an Epithalamium, by Christopher Brooke, published at the end of *England's Helicon*, 1614:

“Cry not, a hall, a hall; but chamber-roume;

“Dancing is lame,” &c.

and numberless other passages. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *turn the tables up,*] Before this phrase is generally intelligible, it should be observed that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up.* So, in the ancient translation of Marco Paolo's *Voyages*, 1579: “After dinner is done, and the tables *taken uppe*, everie man goeth aboute his businesse.”

Again, in “The Seventh mery Jest of the Wyddow Edyth,” 1573:

“And when that *taken up* was the borde,

“And all payde for,” &c.

Again, in Mandeville's *Travels*, p. 285-6: “And suche playes of desport they make, till the *taking up of the boordes.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *good cousin Capulet;*] This *cousin* Capulet is *uncle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is described as old, *cousin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very disproportionate; he has been past masking for thirty years, and her age, as she tells Juliet, is but eight-and-twenty. JOHNSON.

*Cousin* was a common expression from one kinsman to another, out of the degree of parent and child, brother and sister. Thus in *Hamlet*, the King his uncle and step-father addresses him with:

“But now my *cousin* Hamlet and my *son.*”

For you and I are past our dancing days :<sup>5</sup>  
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
 Were in a mask ?

2 CAP. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 CAP. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not  
 so much :

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,  
 Come pentecost as quickly as it will,  
 Some five and twenty years ; and then we mask'd.

2 CAP. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, fir ;  
 His son is thirty.

1 CAP. Will you tell me that ?<sup>6</sup>  
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

And in this very play, Act III. Lady Capulet says :

“ Tybalt my *cousin* !—O my brother's *child*.”

So, in *As you like it* :

“ *Rof.* Me *uncle* ?

“ *Duke.* You *cousin* !”

And Olivia, in *Twelfth-Night*, constantly calls her uncle Toby  
*cousin*. RITSON.

Shakspeare and other contemporary writers use the word *cousin*  
 to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and some-  
 times even to denote those of lineal descent.

Richard III. during a whole scene, calls his nephew York,  
*cousin* ; who, in his answer, constantly calls him *uncle*. And  
 the old Duchess of York, in the same play, calls her grandson,  
*cousin* :

“ Why, my young *cousin*, it is good to grow.

“ *York.* *Grandam*, one night, as we did sit at supper,”  
 &c.

And in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, Sylvio styles Rhodope, at one  
 time, his *aunt*—at others, his *cousin*—to the great annoyance of  
 Mr. Symphon, the editor. M. MASON.

See also Vol. XIV. p. 347, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— our dancing days:] Thus the folio: the quarto reads,  
 “ our *standing* days.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Will you tell me* &c.] This speech stands thus in the first  
 copy :

ROM. What lady's that, which doth enrich the  
hand  
Of yonder knight? <sup>7</sup>

SERV. I know not, fir.

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn  
bright!  
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night <sup>8</sup>  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear: <sup>9</sup>  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

*Will you tell me that? it cannot be so:  
His son was but a ward three years ago;  
Good youths, i'faith!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!*

There are many trifling variations in almost every speech of this play; but when they are of little consequence I have foreborne to encumber the page by the insertion of them. The last, however, of these three lines, is natural, and worth preserving.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*

*Of yonder knight?*] Here is another proof that our author had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the 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.

<sup>8</sup> *Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night—*] Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, and the folio 1623, coldly read:  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night.

It is to the folio 1632, that we are indebted for the present reading, which is certainly the more elegant, if not the true one. The repetition, however, of the word *beauty*, in the next line but one, in my opinion, confirms the emendation of our second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:*] So, in Lyly's *Euphues*:

"A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." HOLT WHITE.



So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
 And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.  
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.<sup>1</sup>

*TYB.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—  
 Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave  
 Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,  
 To flear and scorn at our solemnity?  
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *CAP.* Why, how now kinsman? wherefore  
 storm you so?

*TYB.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;  
 A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *CAP.* Young Romeo is't?

*TYB.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *CAP.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
 To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:  
 I would not for the wealth of all this town,  
 Here in my house, do him disparagement:  
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,  
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
 Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*TYB.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest;  
 I'll not endure him.

<sup>1</sup> For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.] Thus King  
 Henry VIII:

“————— O beauty,

“Till now I never knew thee!” STEEVENS.

1 *CAP.* He shall be endur'd ;  
 What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall ;—Go to ;—  
 Am I the master here, or you ? go to.  
 You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—  
 You'll make a mutiny among my guests!  
 You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

*TYB.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *CAP.* Go to, go to,  
 You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—  
 This trick may chance to scath you; <sup>2</sup>—I know what.  
 You must contráry me! <sup>3</sup> marry, 'tis time—  
 Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox; go: <sup>4</sup>—

<sup>2</sup> — to scath you ;] i. e. to do you an injury. So, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“ They shall amend the scath, or kifs the pound.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568 :

“ Alas! what wretched villain hath done me such scath?”

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIV. p. 319, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *You must contráry me!*] The use of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in *Tully's Love*, by Greene, 1616: “ — rather wishing to die than to *contrary* her resolution.” Many instances more might be selected from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X. c. 59:

“ — his countermand should have *contraried* so.”

The same verb is used in Arthur Hall's version of the eighth *Iliad*, 4to. 1581; and in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *You are a princox; go:*] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited person.

The word is used by Ben Jonson, in *The Case is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman, in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: “ Your proud univerfity *Princox*.”—Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633: “ That *Princox* proud.” And indeed by most of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune esjourdeau superbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

The etymology of the word *princox* may be found in Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, in v. *Pinchino*. It is rather a cockered or spoiled child, than a *coxcomb*. MALONE.

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—  
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

*TYB.* Patience perforce<sup>5</sup> with wilful choler  
meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:  
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

*ROM.* If I profane with my unworthy hand  
[*To JULIET.*

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—  
My lips, two blushing pilgrims,<sup>6</sup> ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*JUL.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For faints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kisses.

*ROM.* Have not faints lips, and holy palmers too?

*JUL.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in  
prayer.

*ROM.* O then, dear faint, let lips do what hands  
do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to de-  
spair.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Patience perforce*—] This expression is part proverbial—the old adage is—

“*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *If I profane with my unworthy hand*

*This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—*

*My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.]* The old copies read *fin.* MALONE.

All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone, and punishment submitted to. So Romeo would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as

*JUL.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

*ROM.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*<sup>8</sup>

*JUL.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*ROM.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd! Give me my sin again.

*JUL.* You kiss by the book.<sup>9</sup>

two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote:

— *the gentle fine is this.* WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> *O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;*

*They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.*] Juliet had said before that "palm to palm was holy palmer's kiss." She afterwards says that "palmer's have lips that they must use in prayer." Romeo replies, *that the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do;* that is, that they might kiss.

M. MASON.

\* [Kissing her.] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a publick assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *King Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiss Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *You kiss by the book.*] In *As you like it*, we find it was usual to quarrel by the book, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced.

HENLEY.

Of all men who have loosed themselves on Shakspeare, none is there who so inveigleth me to amorous meditations, as the critick aforesaid. In *Antony and Cleopatra* he fore vexed and disquieted mine imagination touching the hair and voice of women; in *King Lear* he hinted at somewhat touching noninos; and lo! now disserteth he on lip-gallantry! But (saith a wag

*NURSE.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*ROM.* What is her mother?

*NURSE.* Marry, bachelor,  
Her mother is the lady of the house,  
And a good lady, and a wife, and virtuous:  
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;  
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chinks.<sup>1</sup>

*ROM.* Is she a Capulet?  
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*BEN.* Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

*ROM.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*1 CAP.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.<sup>2</sup>—

at mine elbow) on the business of kissing, surely Calista's question might be addressed to our commentator—"Is it become an art then? a trick that bookmen can teach us to do over?" I believe, no dissertation, or guide, to this interchange of fondness was ever penned, at least while Shakespeare was alive. All that Juliet means to say is—you kiss methodically; you offer as many reasons for kissing, as could have been found in a treatise professedly written on the subject. When Hamlet observes on the Grave-digger's equivocation—"we must speak by the card," can he be supposed to have had a literal meaning? Without reference to books, however, Juliet betrays little ignorance on the present occasion; but could have said (with Mortimer, in *King Henry IV.*)—

"I understand thy kisses, and thou mine;

"And that's a feeling disputation." AMNER.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *the chinks.*] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have substituted *chink*.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.*] *Towards* is ready, at hand.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

"Doth make the night joint labourer with the day?"

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;  
 I thank you, honest gentlemen;<sup>3</sup> good night:—  
 More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.  
 Ah, firrah, [*To 2 CAP.*] by my fay, it waxes late;  
 I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

*JUL.* Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?<sup>4</sup>

*NURSE.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*JUL.* What's he, that now is going out of door?

*NURSE.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*JUL.* What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

*NURSE.* I know not.

*JUL.* Go, ask his name:—if he be married,  
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Again, in *The Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607: “—here's a voyage towards, will make us all.” STEEVENS.

It appears, from the former part of this scene, that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant, in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner.*”

Again, in Howel's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662:  
 “*After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet.*” MALONE.

It appears, from many circumstances, that our ancestors quitted their eating-rooms as soon as they had dined, and in warm weather retired to buildings constructed in their gardens. These were called *banqueting-houses*, and here their desert was served.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *honest gentlemen* ;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:

“I promise you, but for your company,

“I would have been in bed an hour ago:

“Light to my chamber, ho!” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*. MALONE.

*NURSE.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;  
The only son of your great enemy.

*JUL.* My only love sprung from my only hate!  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*NURSE.* What's this? what's this?

*JUL.* A rhyme I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET.*]

*NURSE.* Anon, anon:—  
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHORUS.*<sup>5</sup>

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
That fair,<sup>6</sup> which love groan'd for, and would die,<sup>7</sup>  
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

<sup>5</sup> — *CHORUS.*] This Chorus added since the first edition.  
POPE.

The use of this Chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will show; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment.

JOHNSON.  
<sup>6</sup> *That fair,*] *Fair*, it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. See Vol. VIII. p. 88, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *That fair, which love groan'd for, and would die,*] The instances produced in a subsequent note, by Mr. Malone, to justify the old and corrupt reading, are not drawn from the quartos, which he judiciously commends, but from the folio, which with equal judgment he has censured. These irregularities, therefore, standing on no surer ground than that of copies published by ignorant players, and printed by careless compositors, I utterly refuse to admit their accumulated jargon as the grammar of Shakspeare, or of the age he lived in.



Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,  
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;  
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,  
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:  
 Being held a foe, he may not have access  
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;  
 And she as much in love, her means much less  
 To meet her new-beloved any where:  
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,  
 Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

*Fair*, in the present instance, was used as a disyllable.

— Sometimes, our author, as here, uses the same word as a disyllable and a monosyllable, in the very same line. Thus, in *The Tempest*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since.”

STEEVENS.

— [*for which love groan'd for,*] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd *fore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakespeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: “ In what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance?” See Vol. XVI. p. 64, n. 9. Again, in *As you like it*, Act II. sc. vii: “ —the scene *wherein* we play *in*.” MALONE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

*Enter ROMEO.*

ROM. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*]

*Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.*

BEN. Romeo! my coufin Romeo!

MER. He is wife;  
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

BEN. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard  
wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

MER. Nay, I'll conjure too.—  
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;*] The quarto, 1597, reads *pronounce*; the two succeeding quartos and the first folio, *provaunt*; the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios, *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the last of these, formed the present reading. *Provant*, however, in ancient language, signifies *provision*. So, in "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the Wife of the late Usurper, truly described and represented," 1664, p. 14: "—carrying some dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter's repast." To *provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furnish*. "*Provant* but love and dove," may therefore mean, *furnish* but such hackneyed rhymes as these are, the trite effusions of lovers. STEEVENS.

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
 Young Adam Cupid,<sup>9</sup> he that shot so trim,  
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.<sup>1</sup>—

—pronounce *but love and dove* ;] Thus the first quarto, 1597. Pronounce, in the quartos of 1599 and 1609, was made *provaunt*.

In the first folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of these copies, the same reading is adopted. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, means *provision* ; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt, therefore, that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the first quarto.

In this very line, *love and dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two subsequent quartos and the folio, to—*love and day* ; and *heir*, in the next line, corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone asks for instances of the verb *provant*. When he will produce examples of other verbs (like *reverb*, &c.) peculiar to our author, I may furnish him with the instance he desires. I am content, however, to follow the second folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Young Adam Cupid*,] All the old copies read—*Abraham Cupid*. The alteration was proposed originally by Mr. Upton. See *Observations*, p. 243. It evidently alludes to the famous archer, *Adam Bell*. REED.

<sup>1</sup> *When king Cophetua &c.*] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first Volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry* :

“ Here you may read, Cophetua,  
 “ Though long time fancie-fed,  
 “ Compelled by the blinded boy  
 “ The begger for to wed.” STEEVENS.

“ Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so trim,  
 “ When,” &c.

This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true* ; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio. PERCY.

He heareth not, stirreth not,<sup>2</sup> he moveth not ;  
 The ape is dead,<sup>3</sup> and I must conjure him.—  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead,<sup>4</sup> and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demefnes that there adjacent lie,<sup>5</sup>  
 That in thy likenefs thou appear to us.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In Decker's *Satiromastix*, is a reference to the same archer :

“ — He shoots his bolt but seldom ; but when *Adam* lets go, he hits :”

“ He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell* ; and his arrows stick here.”

*Trim* was an epithet formerly in common use. It occurs often in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth*, 1575 :

“ Made fallies forth, as *tryme* men might do.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ And showed themselves *trimme* souldiours as I ween.”

STEEVENS.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, or, as it is called in some old copies, *The Song of a Beggar and a King*. The following stanza Shakspeare had particularly in view :

“ The blinded boy that shoots so *trim*,

“ From heaven down did hie,

“ He drew a dart and shot at him,

“ In place where he did lie.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *stirreth not*,] Old copies, unmetrically,—*he stirreth not*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *The ape is dead*,] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. Nashe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *By her high forehead*,] It has already been observed that a high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. IV. p. 146, n. 2 ; and Vol. XVII. p. 143, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And the demefnes that there adjacent lie*,] Here, perad-

*BEN.* Ah if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*MER.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

*BEN.* Come, he hath hid himself among those  
trees,  
To be comforted with the humorous night: <sup>6</sup>  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*MER.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

venture, hath our waggish poet caught hold of somewhat from  
Barnabe Googe his version of Palingenius. See *Cancer*, edit.  
1561:

“What shuld I here commend her *thies*, or *places ther  
that lie?*” AMNER.

<sup>6</sup> — *the humorous night*:] I suppose Shakspeare means  
humid, the moist *dewy* night. Chapman uses the word in that  
sense in his translation of Homer, B. II. edit. 1598:

“The other gods and knights at arms slept all the  
*humorous* night.”

Again, in the 21st Book:

“Whence all floods, all the sea, all founts, wells, all  
deeps *humorous*,

“Fetch their beginnings;—.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 3:

“Such matter as she takes from the gross *humorous*  
earth.”

Again, Song 13th:

“— which late the *humorous* night

“Bespangled had with pearl—.”

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto i:

“The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.”

STEVENS.

In *Measure for Measure* we have “the *vaporous* night ap-  
proaches;” which shows that Mr. Steevens has rightly inter-  
preted the word in the text. MALONE.

Now will he fit under a medlar tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
 As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.<sup>7</sup>—

<sup>7</sup> *As maids &c.*] After this line, in the old copies, I find two other verses, containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that the editors of our poet have sometimes known how to blot:

“ O Roméo that she were, ah that she were

“ An open *et cætera*, thou a *poprin* pear!”

This pear is mentioned in *The wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638: “ What needed I to have grafted in the stock of such a choke-pear, and such a goodly *poprin* as this to escape me?”

Again, in *A new Wonder, a Woman never vexed*, 1632:

“ — I requested him to pull me

“ A Katherine Pear, and, had I not look'd to him,

“ He'd have mistook, and given me a *popperin*.”

In *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by Cyril Turner, 1611, there is much conceit about this pear. I am unable to explain it with certainty, nor does it appear indeed to deserve explanation.

Thus much may safely be said; viz. that our pear might have been of French extraction, as *Poperin* was the name of a parish in the Marches of Calais. So, in Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Thopas*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. 1775, ver. 13,650:

“ In Flandres, al beyonde the see,

“ At *Popering* in the place.”

In the edition of Messieurs Boydell I have also omitted these offensive lines. Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, that there are higher laws than those of criticism. STEEVENS.

These two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole scenes* of our author; but what is more strange, his example has, in this instance, been followed by the succeeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the stage, an editor, in my apprehension, has no right to omit any passage that is found in all the authentick copies of his author's works. They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but also in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two subsequent quartos and the folio read, with a slight variation—

*An open—or thou a poperin pear.*

Romeo, good night ;—I'll to my truckle-bed ;  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :  
 Come, shall we go ?

*BEN.* Go, then ; for 'tis in vain  
 To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

Shakspeare followed the fashion of his own time, which was, when something indecent was meant to be suppressed, to print *et cætera*, instead of the word. See Minshew's *Dictionary*, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not consider, that however such a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is absurd where words are intended to be recited. When these lines were spoken, as undoubtedly they were to our ancestors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor must have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt sentence.

The unseemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

*Poperingue* is a town in French Flanders, two leagues distant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to ascertain. The word was chosen, I believe, merely for the sake of a quibble, which it is not necessary to explain. Probably for the same reason the *Popering* tree was preferred to any other by the author of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, small 8vo. 1653 :

“ She thought it strange to see a man  
 “ In privy walk, and then anon  
 “ She stepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,  
 “ And listen'd for some novelty.”

Of the parish of *Poperin*, or *Poperling*, (as we called it) John Leland the Antiquary was parson, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the *Poperin* pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.



## SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* He jests at scars,<sup>8</sup> that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET* appears above, at a Window.

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid,<sup>9</sup> since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady;<sup>1</sup> O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

\* *He jests at scars,*] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book——

“None can speake of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt.” STEEVENS.

He (that person) jests, is merely an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosalind, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear from the conversation he has with Mercutio, just before they go to Capulet's. RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,—”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *It is my lady;*] This line and half I have replaced.

JOHNSON.

Her eye discourfes, I will answer it.—  
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks :  
 Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,  
 Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes  
 To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?  
 The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,  
 As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven  
 Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,  
 That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.  
 See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand !  
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,<sup>2</sup>  
 That I might touch that cheek!<sup>3</sup>

JUL.

Ah me!

ROM.

She ſpeaks :—

O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art  
 As glorious to this night,<sup>4</sup> being o'er my head,

<sup>2</sup> *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This paſſage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637 :

“ O that I were a flea upon that lip,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — touch *that cheek!*] The quarto, 1597, reads : “ *kifs* that cheek.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art*

*As glorious to this night,*] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the ſimile ſeems to require—

*As glorious to this ſight;—*

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text ſo. THEOBALD.

I have reſtored the old reading, for ſurely the change was unneceſſary. The plain ſenſe is, that Juliet appeared as ſplendid an object in the vault of heaven obſcured by darkneſs, as an angel could ſeem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

*As glorious to this night,* means *as glorious appearance in this dark night,* &c. It ſhould be obſerved, however, that the ſimile agrees precisely with Theobald's alteration, and not ſo well with the old reading. STEEVENS.

As is a winged messenger of heaven  
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,<sup>5</sup>  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*JUL.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou  
 Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*ROM.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?  
[*Aside.*

*JUL.* 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—  
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *the lazy-pacing clouds,*] Thus corrected from the first edition, in the other *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou art thyself* though, *not a Montague.*] For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyself*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehension afford.

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage non-sense.

*Though* is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. last, in the same sense:

“ My legs are longer *though*, to run away.”

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“ Would Catharine had never seen him *though*.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ I would not be so sick *though*, for his place.”

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger and Field, 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.”

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? <sup>7</sup> that which we call a rose,

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ — O dissembling woman,  
“ Whom I must reverence *though*.”

Again, in the last speech of *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1619 :

“ Look to him *though*, and bear those bodies in.”

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved* :

“ I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too.”

Juliet is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he is a Montague. And, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house. MALONE.

If this punctuation be right, and the words of the text accurate, we must understand *though* in the sense of *then*, a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson : a sense it is perpetually used in by our ancient poets, and sometimes by our author himself. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what  
*though?*”

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :

“ I keep but three men and a boy yet,—but what  
*though?*”

Again, in *As you like it* :

“ — we have no assembly here but beasts ; but what  
*though?*”

Again, in *King Henry V* :

“ It is a simple one, but what *though?*” RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

*What's in a name? &c.*] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it should seem, on a revision. The passage in the first copy stands thus :

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part :

*What's in a name? That which we call a rose, &c.*

In the copy of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the oversight of the transcriber or printer, and the lines thus absurdly exhibited :

By any other name<sup>8</sup> would smell as sweet ;  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name ;  
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself.<sup>9</sup>

*ROM.* I take thee at thy word ;  
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd ;  
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*JUL.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd  
 in night,  
 So fumblest on my counsel ?

*ROM.* By a name  
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :  
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
 Because it is an enemy to thee ;  
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Nor arm nor face, *O be some other name !*

*Belonging to a man.*

What's in a name, &c.

*Belonging, &c.* evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does ; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the subsequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The transposition now made needs no note to support it : the context in this and many other places supercedes all arguments. MALONE.

For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose our author wrote—

'Longing to man. &c.

The same elision occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, Vol. IX. p. 139 :

“ Mistress Bianca, blefs you with such grace

“ As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *By any other name*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read—By any other word.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Take all myself.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.*

STEEVENS.

*JUL.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's utterance,<sup>1</sup> yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*ROM.* Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.<sup>2</sup>

*JUL.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and  
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*ROM.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch  
these walls;<sup>3</sup>

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;

<sup>1</sup> *My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words*

*Of that tongue's utterance,]* Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—of *thy* tongue's uttering. We meet with almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

“ I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,

“ *His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.]* Thus the original copy. The subsequent ancient copies read—fair *maid*. “ If either thee *dislike*” was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it pleases me well. MALONE.

*Dislike* here means *displease*. M. MASON,

<sup>3</sup> *With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;]* Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The History of 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.

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.<sup>4</sup>

*JUL.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee,

*ROM.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords;<sup>5</sup> look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*JUL.* I would not for the world, they saw thee  
here.

*ROM.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their  
fight;<sup>6</sup>  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here :<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — no let to me.] i. e. no stop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.”

Thus the original edition. The subsequent copies read—no stop to me. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — there lies more peril in thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords;] Beaumont and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill* :

“ The lady may command, fir ;

“ She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — from their fight;] So the first quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their eyes. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And, but thou love me, let them find me here :] And so thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me : Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Mason thinks that “ but thou love me,” means, unless thou love me ; grounding himself, I suppose, on the two subsequent lines. But those contain, in my apprehension, a distinct proposition. He first says, that he is content to be discovered, if he be but secure of her affection ; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinsmen would be preferable to life without her love. But, however, it must be acknowledged, has often in old English the meaning which Mr. M. Mason would affix to it. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason is certainly in the right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ But being charg'd, we will be fill by land.”

See Vol. XVII. p. 220, n. 5. STEEVENS.



My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.<sup>8</sup>

*JUL.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*ROM.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

*JUL.* Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke; But farewell compliment!<sup>9</sup>

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

<sup>8</sup> *Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.*] The common acceptation of *prorogue*, is to *postpone* to a distant time, which is in fact to *delay*. But I believe in this place *prorogued* means *continued*; and that Romeo means, in the language of lovers, to represent life without her as a continual death:

“Death's life with thee, without thee *death to live.*”

M. MASON.

*Than death prorogued,*] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more distant period. So, in Act IV. sc. i:

“I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,

“On Thursday next be married to this county.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *farewell compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms. M. MASON.

So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;  
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.<sup>1</sup>  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,  
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*ROM.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,<sup>2</sup>—

*JUL.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
 moon  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*ROM.* What shall I swear by ?

*JUL.* Do not swear at all ;  
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

<sup>1</sup> ——— cunning to be strange.] *Cunning* is the reading of the quarto, 1597, and I have restored it.

*To be strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593 : " Is it the fashion in Padua to be so *strange* with your friends ?"

Again, in one of the *Paston Letters*, Vol. III. p. 327 : " I pray ye that ye be not *strange* of writing of letters to me."

STEEVENS.

In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— moon ———

*That tips with silver all these fruit-tree-tops,*] This image struck Pope :

" The *moon-beam* trembling falls,

" And *tips with silver all the walls.*" *Imit. of Horace.*

Again, in the celebrated simile on the *moon* at the conclusion of the eighth Book of the *Iliad* :

" And *tips with silver ev'ry mountain's head.*"

HOLT WHITE.

Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say—It lightens.<sup>3</sup> Sweet, good night!<sup>4</sup>  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

ROM. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?<sup>5</sup>

ROM. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow  
for mine.

JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request  
it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

<sup>3</sup> *Ere one can say—It lightens.*] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton:

“ ——— lightning ceaselessly to burn,  
“ Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,  
“ And being gone, doth suddenly return  
“ *Ere you could say precisely what it was.*”

The same thought occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moses* was first printed in quarto, in 1604. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Sweet, good night!*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night!* to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?*] Here Juliet seemeth as if she meant to promise (i. e. as much as in her lieth) to afford Romeo, in some future instance, that satisfaction which he cannot receive while they remain at their present distance from each other. AMNER.

*ROM.* Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

*JUL.* But to be frank, and give it thee again,  
And yet I wish but for the thing I have;  
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!  
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

*ROM.* O blessed blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*JUL.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,  
indeed.  
If that thy bent of love be honourable,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *If that thy bent of love be honourable, &c.]* In *The Tragical History* already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

“ — if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,

“ If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your desire hath found,

“ Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,

“ The quarrel eke that long ago between our households grew,

“ *Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,*  
And following you whereso you go, my father's house forsake:

“ But if by wanton love and by unlawful *suit*

“ You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,

“ You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you *besecks,*  
“ To *cease your suit,* and suffer her to live among her likes.” MALONE,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
 Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not  
 well,  
 I do beseech thee,—

NURSE. [*Within.*] Madam.

JUL. By and by, I come:—  
 To cease thy suit,<sup>7</sup> and leave me to my grief:  
 To-morrow will I send.

ROM. So thrive my soul,—

JUL. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy  
 light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their  
 books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
 [*Retiring slowly.*]

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

JUL. Hifi! Romeo, hifi!—O, for a falconer's  
 voice,  
 To lure this tassel-gentle back again!<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *To cease thy suit,*] So the quarto, 1597. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have—thy *strife*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *To lure this tassel-gentle back again!*] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In *The Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, Gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger:

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;  
 Else would I tear the cave<sup>9</sup> where echo lies,  
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROM. It is my foul, that calls upon my name :  
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
 Like softest musick to attending ears !

JUL. Romeo !

ROM. My sweet !<sup>1</sup>

“ — then, for an evening flight,  
 “ A tiercel-gentle.”

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression: “ — By casting out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. iv :

“ Having far off espyde a *tassel-gent*,  
 “ Which after her his nimble wings doth straine.”

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

“ Your *tassel-gentle*, she's lur'd off and gone.”

This species of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEVENS.

It appears from the old books on this subject that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince ; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true Measures of Blowing*, is the following passage :

“ The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong :

FOR A PRINCE.

There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel gentle* ; and these are for a prince.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — tear *the cave* —] This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton :

“ A shout that tore hell's concave——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *My sweet !*] Mr. Malone reads—*Madam*, and justifies his choice by the following note. STEEVENS.

*JUL.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*ROM.* At the hour of nine.

*JUL.* I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*ROM.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*JUL.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

*ROM.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*JUL.* 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee  
gone :

And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*ROM.* I would, I were thy bird.

*JUL.* Sweet, so would I :

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to say. The editor of the second folio substituted—*My sweet*. I have already shown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random ; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place. MALONE.

As I shall always suppose the second folio to have been corrected, in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the present instance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I must add, that the cold, distant, and formal appellation—*Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the *Nurse*, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has just promised every gratification that youth and beauty could bestow. STEEVENS.



Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
 Good night, good night! parting is such sweet  
 sorrow,  
 That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

*ROM.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
 breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
 Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;  
 His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.<sup>2</sup> [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Basket.*

*FRI.* The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
 night,<sup>3</sup>  
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

<sup>2</sup> *Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;*

*His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good* instead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

*Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,*

*His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *The grey-ey'd morn &c.*] These four lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress. POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the Friar. JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos, 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

And flecked darknes<sup>4</sup> like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *And flecked darknes* —] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says :

“ All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,  
“ They sweare, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*.”

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the fourth *Æneid* :

“ Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine.”

The same image occurs also in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. sc. iii :

“ *Dapples* the drowsy east with spots of grey.”

STEEVENS.

The word is still used in Scotland, where “ a *flecked* cow ” is a common expression. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :*] So, in Jocasta's address to the sun in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ of Euripides :

“ Ω τῆν ἐν αστροῖς ἐφανῆ ΤΕΜΝΩΝ ΟΔΟΝ.”

Mr. Malone reads—

*From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels.*

STEEVENS.

Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have —*burning* wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the second folio :

*From forth day's path-way made by Titan's wheels.*

MALONE.

Here again I have followed this reprobated second folio. It is easy to understand how darknes might reel “ from forth day's path-way,” &c. but what is meant by—*forth* “ Titan's fiery wheels ? ” A man may stagger *out* of a path, but not *out* of a wheel. STEEVENS.

These lines are thus quoted in *England's Parnassus, or the choicest Flowers of our modern Poets, &c.* 1600 :

“ The gray-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,  
“ *Cheering* the easterne cloudes with *streames* of light ;  
“ And *darknesse flecked*, like a drunkard reeles  
“ From forth daye's *path-way made by Titan's wheels.*”

So that the various reading in the last line does not originate in an arbitrary alteration by the editor of the second folio, as the ingenious commentator supposes. HOLT WHITE.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this ofier cage of ours,<sup>6</sup>  
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.<sup>7</sup>  
 The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;<sup>8</sup>  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb:  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find;

<sup>6</sup> *I must up-fill this ofier cage of ours, &c.]* So, in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ His happy time he spends the works of God to see,  
 “ In those so fundry herbs which there in plenty grow,  
 “ Whose fundry strange effects he only seeks to know.  
 “ And in a little *maund*, being made of *oxiers* finall,  
 “ Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,  
 “ He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.”

Drayton is speaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *and precious-juiced flowers.]* Shakspeare, on his introduction of Friar Laurence, has very artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprized when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

In the passage before us Shakspeare had the poem in his thoughts:

“ But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring  
 been;—  
 “ What force the *stones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to  
 work,  
 “ And divers other things that in the bowels of earth  
 do lurk,  
 “ With care I have fought out, with pain I did them  
 prove.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;]*

“ *Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.*”

*Lucretius.*

“ The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.”

*Milton.* STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“ — Time's the king of men,  
 “ *For he's their parent, and he is their grave.*”

MALONE.

Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace,<sup>9</sup> that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,<sup>1</sup>  
 But to the earth<sup>2</sup> some special good doth give ;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower<sup>3</sup>  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :  
 For this, being smelt, with that part<sup>4</sup> cheers each  
 part ;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still  
 In man<sup>5</sup> as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;

<sup>9</sup> ——— *powerful grace,*] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,*] The quarto, 1597, reads—

*For nought so vile that vile on earth doth live.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *to the earth*—] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *of this small flower*—] So the quarto, 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *with that part*—] i. e. with the part which smells ; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Two such opposed foes encamp them still*

*In man*—] *Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy ; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakspeare might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587 :

“ Peace hath three *foes* encamp'd in our breasts,

“ Ambition, wrath, and envie.—” STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ ——— terror, and dear modesty,

“ *Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*”

And, where the worfer is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter* ROMEO.

ROM. Good morrow, father!

FRI.

*Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth  
reign:<sup>7</sup>

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature;  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies read—such opposed *kings*. Our author has more than once alluded to these *opposed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.

So, in *Othello*:

“Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side.”

Again, in his 44th Sonnet:

“To win me soon to hell, my female evil

“Tempteth my *better angel* from my side:

“Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,

“Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.] So, in our author's 99th Sonnet:

“A vengeful canker eat him up to death.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — with unstuff'd brain &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:

— with unstuff'd brains

Doth couch his *limmes*, there golden *sleepe* remains.

STEEVENS.

*ROM.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*FRI.* God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

*ROM.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*FRI.* That's my good son: But where hast thou  
been then?

*ROM.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded; both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physick lies:<sup>8</sup>  
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*FRI.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;  
Riddling confession finds but riddling thrift.

*ROM.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love  
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us this day.

*FRI.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

<sup>8</sup> — both our remedies

*Within thy help and holy physick lies:]* This is one of the passages in which our author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

M. MASON.

See Vol. XVIII. p. 475, n. 5. MALONE.

*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
 Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
 How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence  
 then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*ROM.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*FRI.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*ROM.* And bad'st me bury love.

*FRI.* Not in a grave,  
 To lay one in, another out to have.

*ROM.* I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love  
 now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;  
 The other did not so.

*FRI.* O, she knew well,  
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.<sup>9</sup>  
 But come, young waverer, come go with me,  
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
 For this alliance may so happy prove,  
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— and *could not spell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies all have—

*Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.*

I mention these minute variations only to show, what I have so often urged, the very high value of first editions. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play. STEEVENS.



*ROM.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.<sup>2</sup>

*FRI.* Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run  
fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

*A Street.*

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*MER.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?—  
Came he not home to-night?

*BEN.* Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

*MER.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
that Rosaline,  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*BEN.* Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*MER.* A challenge, on my life.

*BEN.* Romeo will answer it.

*MER.* Any man, that can write, may answer a  
letter.

*BEN.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how  
he dares, being dared.

*MER.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead!  
stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thro-  
rough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his

<sup>2</sup> — *I stand on sudden haste.*] i. e. it is of the utmost  
consequence for me to be hasty. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ — *it stands me much upon,*

“ *To stop all hopes*” &c. STEEVENS.

heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;<sup>3</sup>  
And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?

MER. More than prince of cats,<sup>4</sup> I can tell you.<sup>5</sup>  
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft* ;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Then she will get the upshot, by *cleaving* of the *pin*.”

See note on the word—*pin*, Vol. VII. p. 83. A *butt-shaft* was the kind of arrow used in shooting at *butts*. STEEVENS.

The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every 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*, 1590 :

“ For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,

“ Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to cleave.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *More than prince of cats*,] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 :

“ ——— tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of rats.”

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598 :

“ ——— not *Tibalt* prince of *cats*,” &c. STEEVENS.

It appears to me that these speeches are improperly divided, and that they ought to run thus :

Ben. *Why, what is Tybalt more than prince of cats?*

Mer. *O, he's the courageous captain of compliments,* &c.

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *I can tell you*.] So the first quarto. These words are omitted in all the subsequent ancient copies. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *courageous captain of compliments*.] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of *punctilio* :

“ A *man of compliments*, whom right and wrong

“ Have chose as umpire ;”

He fights as you fing prick-fong, keeps time, diftance, and propotion;<sup>7</sup> refts me his minim reft,<sup>8</sup> one, two, and the third in your bofom: the very butcher of a filk button,<sup>9</sup> a duellift, a duellift; a gentleman of the very firft houfe,—of the firft and fecond caufe:<sup>1</sup> Ah, the immortal paffado! the punto reverfo! the hay!<sup>2</sup>—

fays our author, of Don Armado, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Loft*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — keeps time, diftance, and propotion;] So Ben Jonfon's Bobadil:

“ Note your diftance, keep your due propotion of time.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — his minim reft,] A *minim* is a note of flow time in mufick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — the very butcher of a filk button,] So, in *The Return from Parnaffus*, 1606:

“ Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth.”

This phrafe alfo occurs in the *Fantafies de Bruscamville*, 1612. p. 181: “ — un coup de mousquet fans fourchette dans le fixiefme bouton.—” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — a gentleman of the very firft houfe,—of the firft and fecond caufe:] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As you like it*, Act V. fc. vi. WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim to that elevation. “ A gentleman of the *firft houfe*;—of the *firft* and *fecond caufe*,” is a gentleman of the firft rank, of the firft eminence among thefe duellifts; and one who undertands the whole fcience of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *firft caufe*, and the *fecond caufe*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *feventh caufe* in the fame fense. STEEVENS.

We find the firft of thefe expreffions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

“ — a gentleman's gone then;

“ A gentleman of the *firft houfe*; there's the end of t.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the hay!] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or fmall thrufting fword, being firft ufed in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you have it,

BEN. The what ?

MER. The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes;<sup>3</sup> these new tuners of accents!—*By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,<sup>4</sup> that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*,<sup>5</sup> who stand so much on the new

used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> —*affecting fantasticoes*;] Thus the oldest copy, and rightly. Modern editors, with the folios, &c. read—*phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—“Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantastico's,” &c. Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—“I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticoes*, convers'd with humorists,” &c.

STEEVENS.

*Fantasticoes* is the reading of the first quarto, 1597; all the subsequent ancient copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,*] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.

WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> —*these pardonnez-moy's,*] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have—these *pardon-mees*, not, these *pardon nex-mois*. Theobald first substituted the French word, without any necessity. MALONE.

If the French phrase be not substituted for the English one, where lies the ridicule designed by Mercutio? “Their *bons*, their *bons*,” immediately following, shows that Gallick phraseology was in our poet's view. So, in *King Richard II*:

“Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez-moy*.”

STEEVENS.

form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?<sup>6</sup>  
O, their *bons*, their *bons*!<sup>7</sup>

*Enter* ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—  
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he  
for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to  
his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she  
had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy;  
Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and  
harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,<sup>8</sup> but not to the

<sup>6</sup> —stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit  
at ease on the old bench?] This conceit is lost, if the double  
meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in  
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. sc. i: —“sitting with her on the  
*form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put toge-  
ther, is, in manner and *form* following.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> O, their *bons*, their *bons*!] Mercutio is here ridiculing  
those frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-  
moi's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French  
too.

O, their *bon's*! their *bon's*!

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*,  
and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described  
them before:

“—a very good blade!” &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones*! Mr. Theo-  
bald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Green's *Tu Quo-  
que*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salu-  
tation 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.

<sup>8</sup> —*Thisbé, a grey eye or so*,] He means to allow that  
Thisbé had a very fine eye; for from various passages it appears  
that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently  
beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not con-

purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French sloop.<sup>9</sup> You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*ROM.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*MER.* The slip, fir, the slip;<sup>1</sup> Can you not conceive?

versant with ancient phraseology; but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue eye*. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth,”—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very same poem the eyes of Venus are termed *grey*:

“ Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd

“ Under these windows: white and *azure* lac'd;

“ With *blue* of heaven's own tinct.”

In *Twelfth-Night*, Olivia says, “ I will give out divers schedules of my *beauty*;—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two *grey* eyes, with lids to them,” &c. So Julia, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says—

“ Her eyes are *grey* as glafs, and so are mine.”

And Chaucer has the same comparison:

“ — hire eyes *gray* as *glas*.”

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted; for clear and transparent glafs is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure. MALONE.

If *grey* eyes signified *blue* eyes, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempest*, should have stiled Sycorax a—*blue-eyed* hag, instead of a *grey-eyed* one? See Vol. IV. p. 34; and Vol. XXI. p. 42, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — your French sloop.] *Slops* are large loose *breeches* or *trousers*, worn at present only by sailors. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 104, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *What* counterfeit &c.?

*Mer.* *The slip, fir, the slip;*] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distin-

ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning—to court'fy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.<sup>2</sup>

guished by the name of a *flip*. This will appear in the following instances: “And therefore he went and got him certain *flips*, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *flips*.” *Thieves falling out, True Men come by their Goods*, by Robert Greene. Again:

“I had like t' have been

“Abus'd i' the business, had the *flip* slur'd on me,

“A counterfeit.” *Magnetick Lady*, Act III. sc. vi.

Other instances may be seen in Doddsley's *Old Plays*, Vol. V. p. 396, edit. 1780. REED.

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of epigrams, satires, &c. 1598:

“Is not he fond then which a *flip* receives

“For current money? She which thee deceaves

“With copper guilt, is but a *flip*——.”

It appears from a passage in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. I.* no date, that a *flip* was “a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *slippes*.” P. 281,

STEEVENS.

The *flip* is again used equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

“Clown. Because you shall be sure on't, you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you the *flip* for it.” [*Exit.*]

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— pink of *courtesy*.] This appears to have been an ancient formulary mode of eucumium; for in a ballad written in the time of Edward II. (MS. Harl. No. 2253,) we have the following lines:

“Heo is *lilie* of largeffe,

“Heo is *paruenke* of prouesse,

“Heo is *solfecle* of suetnesse,” &c. STEEVENS.



ROM. Pink for flower.

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then is my pump well flowered.<sup>3</sup>

MER. Well said :<sup>4</sup> Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

ROM. O single-soled jest,<sup>5</sup> solely singular for the singleness!

<sup>3</sup> ——— *then is my pump well flowered.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of *The First Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So, in *The Masque of Flowers*, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614:—"Every masker's *pump* was fasten'd with a *flower* suitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Well said :*] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I suppose, was—*Sheer wit!* follow, &c. and this corruption may serve to justify an emendation that I have proposed in a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *sure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. XVII. p. 107, n. 8.

MALONE.

By *sure wit* might be meant, wit that hits its mark.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O single-soled jest,*] i. e. flight, unfold, feeble. This compound epithet occurs likewise in Hall's second Book of *Satires* :

"And scorne contempt it selfe that doth excite

"Each *single-fold* squire to set you at so light."

Again, in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, we meet with "a *single-sole* fidler."

Again, in *A Short Relation of a long Journey*, &c. by Taylor, the water-poet: "There was also a *single-foal'd* gentlewoman, of the last edition, who would vouchsafe me not one poor glance of her eye-beams," &c. STEEVENS.

*MER.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.<sup>6</sup>

*ROM.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*MER.* Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;<sup>7</sup> for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

*ROM.* Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

*MER.* I will bite thee by the ear<sup>8</sup> for that jest.

This epithet is here used equivocally. It formerly signified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the senses in which it is used here. So, in Holinshed's *Description of Ireland*, p. 23: "which was not unlikely, considering that a meane tower might serve such *single-foale* kings as were at those daies in Ireland." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *my wits fail.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1599, and the folio—*my wits faints*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done;*] One kind of horse-race, which resembled the flight of *wild-geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diversion in Chambers's *Dictionary*, last edition, under the article CHASE.

This barbarous sport is enumerated by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as a recreation much in vogue in his time among gentlemen: "Riding of great horses, running at ring, tilts and turnaments, horse races, *wild-goose chases*, are the disports of great men." P. 266, edit. 1632, fol.

This account explains the pleasantry kept up between Romeo and his gay companion. "My wits fail," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly—"Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins—"Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-goose chase*," &c. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> *I will bite thee by the ear*—] So, Sir Epicure Mammon to Face, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

"Slave, I could *bite thine ear*." STEEVENS.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.<sup>9</sup>

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;<sup>1</sup> it is a most sharp fauce.

ROM. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

MER. O, here's a wit of cheverel,<sup>2</sup> that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

ROM. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> — *good goose, bite not.*] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's *Collection*; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *a very bitter sweeting;*] A bitter *sweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in Summer's *Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“ — as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits.”  
Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

“ — what, in displeasure gone!

“ And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. VIII. fol. 174, b:

“ For all such tyme of love is lore,

“ And like unto the *bitter swete*;

“ For though it thinke a man fyrst fwete,

“ He shall well felen at laste

“ That it is sower,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *a wit of cheverel,*] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Maids of More-Clack*, 1609:

“ Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,

“ Not *cheveril* stretching to such prophanation.”

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

“ A *cheverell* confcience, and a searching wit.”

STEEVENS.

*Cheveril* is from chevreuil, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

<sup>3</sup> — *proves thee far and wide a broad goose.*] To afford some meaning to this poor but intended witticism, Dr. Farmer would read—“ proves thee far and wide *abroad*, goose.”

STEEVENS.

*MER.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.<sup>4</sup>

*BEN.* Stop there, stop there.

*MER.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.<sup>5</sup>

*BEN.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

*MER.* O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.<sup>6</sup>

*ROM.* Here's goodly geer!

<sup>4</sup> ——— to hide his bauble in a hole.] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's well that ends well*, Vol. VIII. p. 374, n. 7, that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir William D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629: "For such rich widows there love court fools, and use to play with their *baubles*."

Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

"And as stark an idiot as ever bare *bauble*."

See the plate at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— against the hair.] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use—"against the grain." See Vol. V. p. 103, n. 3; and Vol. XI. p. 374, n. 7.

STEEVENS.

I opine, that the commentators, in the present instance, have eschewed to seek the bottom of the poet's meaning: but *tuta silentio merces*, saith the Roman adage. AMNER.

<sup>6</sup> ——— to occupy the argument no longer.] Here we have another wanton allusion. See Vol. XII. p. 88, n. 5, MALONE.

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

MER. A fail, a fail,<sup>7</sup> a fail!

BEN. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

PETER. Anon?

NURSE. My fan, Peter.<sup>8</sup>

MER. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face;  
for her fan's the fairer of the two.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den,<sup>9</sup> fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den?

MER. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy  
hand of the dial<sup>1</sup> is now upon the prick of noon.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Mer. *A fail, a fail,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *My fan, Peter.*] The business of *Peter* carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*."

FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Lads*, 1633:

"God you good even, sir." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — hand of the dial &c.] In *The Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression: "—the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — the prick of noon.] I marvel much that mine associates

*NURSE.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*ROM.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

*NURSE.* By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*ROM.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

*NURSE.* You say well.

*MER.* Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

*NURSE.* If you be he, fir, I desire some confidence with you.

*BEN.* She will indite him to some supper.

*MER.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*ROM.* What hast thou found?

*MER.* No hare, fir;<sup>3</sup> unless a hare, fir, in a len-

in the task of expounding the darker phrases of Shakspeare, should have overlooked this, which also hath already occurred in *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act I. sc. iv:

“ And made an evening at the *noon-tide prick.*”

*Prick* meaneth *point*, i. e. *punctum*, a note of distinction in writing, a stop. So, in Timothy Bright's *Characterie, or an Arte of Shorte, &c. writing by Characters*, 12mo. 1583: “ If the worde, by reason of tence ende in ed, as, I loved, then make a *prick* in the character of the word, on the left side.”—Again: “ The present tence wanteth a *pricke*, and so is knowen from other tences.”—Again: “ A worde of doing, that endeth in ing, as eating, drinking, &c. requireth two *prickes* under the bodie of the character,” &c. AMNER.

<sup>3</sup> *No hare, fir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has found.* And Mercutio answers, *No hare, &c.* The rest

ten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,<sup>4</sup>  
And an old hare hoar,  
Is very good meat in lent :  
But a hare that is hoar,  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

NURSE. Marry, farewell!<sup>6</sup>—I pray you, sir, what

is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

*So ho!* is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her seat, and not when she is *started*. A. C.

<sup>4</sup> *An old hare hoar,*] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennylefs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's Letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"—— mice and rats

" Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot

" Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it stands." STEEVENS.

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto, 1597, we have here this stage-direction; "*He walks between them.* [i. e. the Nurse and Peter,] *and sings.*"

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> —— *lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old song. See Vol. V. p. 297, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Marry, farewell!*] These words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. MALONE.



faucy merchant was this,<sup>7</sup> that was so full of his ropery?<sup>8</sup>

*ROM.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*NURSE.* An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:<sup>9</sup>—And thou

<sup>7</sup> — *what faucy merchant was this, &c.*] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. So, in Churchyard's *Chance*, 1580:

“What *fausie marchaunt* speaketh now, saied Venus in her rage.”

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 63, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *of his ropery?*] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

“Thou art very pleasant and full of thy *roperye*.”

*Rope-tricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS,

See Vol. IX. p. 60, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *none of his skains-mates.*] *None of his skains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions.

MALONE.

A *skain* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the Nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*PET.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*NURSE.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!— Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,<sup>1</sup> it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as

“ Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,  
“ And in my skin bare tokens of their *skeins*.”

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things—having “ a little *skene* tied in a purple scarf.”

Green, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, describes, “ an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skeine* like a brewer's bung-knife.”

*Skein* is the Irish word for a *knife*.

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edminton*, 1608:

“ ——— with this frantick and untamed passion,  
“ To whet their *skeins*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. V. ch. xxvi:

“ And hidden *skeines* from underneath their forged garments drew.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Hymn to Apollo*:

“ ——— Let every man purvey  
“ A *skeane*, or slaughtering steel” &c.

Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes the Nurse uses *skains-mates* for *kins-mates*, and *ropery* for *roguery*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say,] So, in *A Handful of pleasant Delightes, containing sundry new Sonets*, &c. 1584:

“ When they see they may her win,  
“ They leave then where they did begin:

they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

ROM. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

NURSE. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

ROM. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

NURSE. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest;<sup>2</sup> which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

ROM. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;  
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell  
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.<sup>3</sup>

NURSE. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

ROM. Go to; I say, you shall.

NURSE. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

“ They prate, and make the matter nice,  
“ And leave her in *fooles paradise*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *protest*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606:

“ There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” See Donne's fourth Satire. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *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.

*ROM.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :

Within this hour my man shall be with thee ;  
 And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Which to the high top-gallant of my joy<sup>5</sup>  
 Must be my convoy in the secret night.  
 Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
 Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

*NURSE.* Now God in heaven blefs thee!—Hark you, fir.

*ROM.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse ?

*NURSE.* Is your man secret ? Did you ne'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away ?<sup>6</sup>

*ROM.* I warrant thee ;<sup>7</sup> my man's as true as steel.

*NURSE.* Well, fir ; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating

<sup>4</sup> — *like a tackled stair* ;] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

*A stair*, for a flight of stairs, is still the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *top-gallant of my joy* —] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, B. I. Hist. IV : “ — which so spread the sails of his ambition, and hoisted his fame from top to *top-gallant*, that” &c.

The expression is common to many writers ; among the rest, to Markham, in his *English Arcadia*, 1607 :

“ — beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour.”

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606 :

“ — that, vailing *top-gallant*, she return'd,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Two may keep counsel*, &c.] This proverb, with a slight variation, has been introduced in *Titus Andronicus*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I warrant thee* ;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

thing,<sup>8</sup>—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *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 *Rhomeo and Julietta*.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?*]

By this question the Nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reason probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in *A Handfull of pleasant Delites*, &c. 1584:

“ Rosemary is for remembrance,

“ Betweene us daie and night,

“ Wiuing that I might alwaies have

“ You present in my sight.”

Again, in our author's *Hamlet*:

“ There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*.”

That rosemary was much used at weddings, appears from many passages in the old plays. So, in *The Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: “ I meet few but are stuck with rosemary; every one ask'd me who was to be *married*?” Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: “ What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *rosemary*, and *nosegayes*? What, a *wedding*?” MALONE.

On a former occasion, the author of the preceding note has suspected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether he himself is not equally culpable in the present instance. The Nurse, I believe, is guiltless of so much meaning as is here imputed to her question. STEEVENS.

ROM. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

NURSE. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter:<sup>1</sup> and she hath the prettiest sententious

<sup>1</sup> Nurse. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. &c.*] It is a little mortifying, that the sense of this odd stuff, when found, should not be worth the pains of retrieving it:

“ ——— spissis indigna theatris

“ Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.”

The Nurse is represented as a prating silly creature; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter: He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mocked her, and says, No, sure, I know better: our dog's name is R. yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. R put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name, R in schools, being called *The dog's letter*. Ben Jonson, in his *English Grammar*, says R is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound.

“ Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat.” Lucil.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads:—R. is for *Thee*? STEEVENS.

I believe we should read—R is for the *dog*. No; I know it begins with some other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has since recommended another which should seem equally to deserve attention. He would either omit *name* or insert *letter*. The dog's letter, as the same gentleman observes, is pleasantly exemplified in Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, 1578:

“ This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,

“ Nought els foundeth but the hoorse letter R.

“ Though all be well, yet he none aunswere bath

“ Save the *dogges letter* glowming with nar, nar.”

STEEVENS.

Erasmus in explaining the adage “ canina facundia,” says, “ R. litera quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur.” I think it is used in this sense more than once in *Rabelais*: and in *The Alchemist* Subtle says, in making out Abel Drugger's name, “ And right anenst him a dog snarling er.” DOUCE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's alteration is certainly superior to either Dr. Warburton's (*Thee*? no;) or one formerly proposed by Dr.



of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

ROM. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. Peter, Take my fan, and go before.<sup>2</sup>  
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

JUL. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;  
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Johnson (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated; *e. g.*

Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with some other letter. RITSON.

This passage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599 and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name.

MALONE.  
To the notes on this passage perhaps the following illustration may not improperly be added from Nash's *Summers last Will and Testament*, 1600, of dogs:

“They *arre* and *barke* at night against the moone.”

TODD.

<sup>2</sup> *Peter, Take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the first quarto. The subsequent ancient copies, instead of these words, have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

This custom of having a *fan-carrier* is also mentioned by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603:

“—doe you heare, good man;

“Now give me pearle, and carry you my fan.”

STEEVENS.



Perchance, she cannot meet him :—that's not so.—  
 O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,<sup>3</sup>  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
 Driving back shadows over lowering hills:  
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me:  
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?  
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*NURSE.* Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*]

*JUL.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why  
 look'st thou sad?

<sup>3</sup> ——— *should be thoughts, &c.*] The speech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——— *should be thoughts,  
 And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,  
 Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.  
 Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,  
 What says my love?—*

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.

Shakspeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto too valuable to be lost. He has therefore inserted it in Romeo's first speech to the Apothecary, in Act V:

“ As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
 “ Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.”

STEEVENS.

Though news be fad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.<sup>4</sup>

*NURSE.* I am aweary, give me leave a while;—  
Eyes, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!<sup>5</sup>

*JUL.* I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy  
news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,  
speak.

*NURSE.* Jesu, What haste? can you not stay  
awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

*JUL.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast  
breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

*NURSE.* Well, you have made a simple choice;  
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,

<sup>4</sup> *If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news*  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.] So, in *Antony*  
and *Cleopatra*:

“ ——— needs so tart a favour,

“ To trumpet such good tidings!”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ——— if it be summer-news,

“ Smile to it before.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *What a jaunt have I had!*] This is the reading of  
the folio. The quarto reads:

“ ——— *What a jaunce have I had!*

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous.  
See *King Richard II*:

“ Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke.”

MALONE.

not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

*JUL.* No, no: But all this did I know before; What says he of our marriage? what of that?<sup>6</sup>

*NURSE.* Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—  
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

*JUL.* I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well: Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*NURSE.* Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

*JUL.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?  
*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—  
Where is your mother?*

*NURSE.* O, God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

\* *No, no: But all this did I know before;*

*What says he of our marriage? what of that?]* So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Tell me else what, quod she, this evermore I thought;

“But of *our marriage*, say at once, what answer have you brought?” MALONE.

Is this the poultice for my aking bones?  
Henceforward do your meffages yourself.

*JUL.* Here's fuch a coil;—Come, what fays  
Romeo?

*NURSE.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-  
day?

*JUL.* I have.

*NURSE.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence'  
cell,

There ftays a husband to make you a wife:  
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in fcarlet fraight at any news.  
Hie you to church; I muft another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Muft climb a bird's neft foon, when it is dark:  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;  
But you fhall bear the burden foon at night.  
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*JUL.* Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, fare-  
well. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.**Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.<sup>7</sup>*

*FRI.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

<sup>7</sup> This scene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleased to have it as it was at first written:

- “ *Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant  
“ Confists the good of me and Juliet.  
“ *Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may  
“ To make you happy, if in me it lie.  
“ *Rom.* This morning here she ‘pointed we should meet,  
“ And consummate those never-parting bands,  
“ ‘Witness of our hearts’ love, by joining hands;  
“ And come she will.  
“ *Friar.* I guess she will indeed:  
“ Youth’s love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

*Enter JULIET somewhat fast, and embraceth ROMEO.*

- “ See where she comes!—  
“ So light a foot ne’er hurts the trodden flower;  
“ Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power!  
“ *Jul.* Romeo!  
“ *Rom.* My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes  
“ (Clos’d in night’s mists) attend the frolick day,  
“ So Romeo hath expected Juliet;  
“ And thou art come.  
“ *Jul.* I am (if I be day)  
“ Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair.  
“ *Rom.* All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.  
“ *Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.  
“ *Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;  
“ Defer embracements to some fitter time;  
“ Part for a time, ‘you shall not be alone,  
“ ‘Till holy church hath join’d you both in one.’

ROM. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her fight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. These violent delights have violent ends,<sup>8</sup>  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives<sup>9</sup> as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady: '—O, so light a foot

“ Rom. Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

“ Jul. Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us  
wrong.

“ Friar. O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say;

“ Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way.” [*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *These violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our author's  
*Rape of Lucrece*:

“ These violent vanities can never last.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Too swift arrives*—] He that travels too fast is as long  
before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels  
slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Here comes the lady: &c.*] However the poet might think  
the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am  
afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very  
successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the ever-*  
*lasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even  
less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where  
the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheer-  
ful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :  
 A lover may bestride the goffomers<sup>2</sup>  
 That idle in the wanton summer air,  
 And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

*JUL.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*FRI.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us  
 both.

*JUL.* As much to him, else are his thanks too  
 much.

*ROM.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
 This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue  
 Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*JUL.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in  
 words,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *A lover may bestride the goffomers—*] The *goffomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by Nabbes :

“ Fine as Arachne's web, or *goffamer*

“ Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressing, shew

“ Like that spun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew ?”

See Vol. XVII. p. 537, n. 2. STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *English Expofitor*, 1616 : “ *Goffomor*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Conceit, *more rich* &c.] Conceit here means imagination. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ — which the *conceited* painter drew so proud,” &c.

See Vol. XIV. p. 397, n. 8. MALONE.

Thus, in the title-page to the first quarto edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ A most pleasant and excellent *conceited* comedy” &c. Again, in the title, &c. to *King Henry IV.* P. I. quarto, 1599 : “ —with the humorous *conceits* of Sir John Falstaffe—.” STEEVENS.



Brag of his substance, not of ornament:  
 They are but beggars that can count their worth; <sup>4</sup>  
 But my true love is grown to such excess,  
 I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth. <sup>5</sup>

*FRI.* Come, come with me, and we will make  
 short work;  
 For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
 Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>4</sup> *They are but beggars that can count their worth;*] So, in  
*Antony and Cleopatra*:

“There’s beggary in the love that can be reckon’d.”

See Vol. XVII. p. 7, n. 5. STEEVENS.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: “I were but little happy,  
 if I could say how much.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*] The quarto,  
 1599, reads:

*I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.*

The undated quarto and the folio:

*I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*BEN.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;  
The day is hot,<sup>6</sup> the Capulets abroad,  
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*MER.* Thou art like one of those fellows, that,  
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me  
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no  
need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second  
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is  
no need.

*BEN.* Am I like such a fellow?

*MER.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy  
mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be  
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*BEN.* And what to?

*MER.* Nay, an there were two such, we should  
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.

<sup>6</sup> *The day is hot,]* It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all  
assassinations are committed during the heat of summer.

JOHNSON.

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 1583,  
B. II. c. xix. p. 70, it is said—"And commonly every yeere or  
each second yeere in the beginning of sommer or afterwards  
(*for in the warme time the people for the most part be more  
unruly*) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his  
counsell chooseth out," &c. REED.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!<sup>7</sup>

*BEN.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*MER.* The fee-simple? O simple!<sup>8</sup>

*Enter TYBALT, and Others.*

*BEN.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*MER.* By my heel, I care not.

<sup>7</sup> — *thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me, by prudential advice, from quarrelling.

Thus the quarto, 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.* The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—*Thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.*

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *An I were so apt &c.*] These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. STEEVENS.

*TYB.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.<sup>9</sup>—  
Gentlemen, good den : a word with one of you.

*MER.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something ; make it a word and a blow.

*TYB.* You will find me apt enough to that, fir, if you will give me occasion.

*MER.* Could you not take some occasion without giving ?

*TYB.* Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

*MER.* Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords : here's my fiddlestick ; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

*BEN.* We talk here in the publick haunt of men:  
Either withdraw into some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

*MER.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them  
gaze ;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

<sup>9</sup> Follow me close, for I will speak to them.] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction: " Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others ;" and the above line is inserted ; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation: for would Tybalt's partizans suffer him to be killed without taking part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, " By my head, here comes a Capulet." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets.* MALONE.

Mr. Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio ; and he himself re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo.

*Enter* ROMEO.

TYB. Well, peace be with you, fir! here comes  
my man.

MER. But I'll be hanged, fir, if he wear your  
livery:

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

TYB. Romeo, the hate I bear thee,<sup>1</sup> can afford  
No better term than this—Thou art a villain,

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

ROM. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
*A la stoccata*<sup>3</sup> carries it away. [Draws.  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What would'st thou have with me?

<sup>2</sup> —the hate I bear thee,] So the quarto 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the love, &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A la stoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

“He makes a thrust; I with a swift passado

“Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

*MER.* Good king of cats,<sup>4</sup> nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?<sup>5</sup> make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*TYB.* I am for you. [Drawing.

*ROM.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*MER.* Come, fir, your passado. [They fight.

*ROM.* Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame  
 Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—  
 The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying  
 In Verona streets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.  
[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.

*MER.* I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—  
 Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*BEN.* What, art thou hurt?

<sup>4</sup> *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 104, n. 4.  
 MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears?*] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennyles his Supplication*, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*.”

Again, “ Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimicks.”

It appears from this passage, that *Ben Jonson* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spanish tragedy, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed.

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.

ROM. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.<sup>6</sup> I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o'both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

<sup>6</sup> — a grave man.] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

—“ A pox o'both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?”

“ Boy. He's come, fir.

“ Mer. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o'both your houses!” STEEVENS.

“ You shall find me a grave man.” This jest was better in old language, than it is at present. Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

“ My master Chaucer now is grave.” FARMER.

We meet with the same quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's scull, and observes:

“ — she has a somewhat grave look with her.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: “ At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a grave drunkard.” MALONE.



MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint.—A plague o'both your houses!  
They have made worm's meat of me:  
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.<sup>7</sup>

*Re-enter* BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,<sup>8</sup>  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth  
depend;<sup>9</sup>  
This but begins the woe, others must end.

<sup>7</sup> —soften'd *valour's steel*.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ —When *steel* grows

“ *Soft* as the parasite's silk—.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —*hath aspir'd the clouds*,] So, in *Greene's Card of Fancy*,  
1608:

“ Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aspire*.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the tenth *Iliad*:

“ —and presently *aspir'd*

“ The guardless Thracian regiment.”

Again, in the ninth *Iliad*:

“ —and *aspir'd* the gods' eternal feats.”

We never use this verb at present without some particle, as,  
*to* and *after*. STEEVENS.

So also, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ Until our bodies turn to elements,

“ And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.” MALONE.

\* *This day's black fate on more days doth depend*;] This

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

*BEN.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*ROM.* Alive! in triumph!<sup>1</sup> and Mercutio slain!  
 Away to heaven, respective lenity,<sup>2</sup>  
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!<sup>3</sup>—  
 Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,  
 That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
 Is but a little way above our heads,  
 Staying for thine to keep him company;  
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*TYB.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him  
 here,  
 Shalt with him hence.

*ROM.* This shall determine that.  
 [*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

*BEN.* Romeo, away, be gone!  
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—

day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *Alive! in triumph! &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597; for which the quarto, 1599, has—

*He gan in triumph —.*

This, in the subsequent ancient copies, was made—*He gone, &c.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — *respective lenity,*] Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly signified consideration; prudential caution. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“*Respect* and reason well beseem the sage.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in a former scene of this play, quarto, 1597:

“Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

“Must be my *conduct* in the secret night.”

Thus the first quarto. In that of 1599, *end* being corruptly printed instead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the usual process of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

*And fire and fury be my conduct now.* MALONE.

Stand not amaz'd: <sup>4</sup>—the prince will doom thee  
death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

*ROM.* O! I am fortune's fool!<sup>5</sup>

*BEN.* Why dost thou stay?  
[*Exit* ROMEO.]

*Enter* Citizens, &c.

1 *CIT.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*BEN.* There lies that Tybalt.

1 *CIT.* Up, fir, go with me;  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter* Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,  
their Wives, and Others.

*PRIN.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*BEN.* O noble prince, I can discover all  
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*LA. CAP.* Tybalt, my coufin!—O my brother's  
child!  
Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is spill'd<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Stand not amaz'd:*] i. e. confounded, in a state of confusion. So, in *Cymbeline*: "I am *amaz'd* with matter."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the Fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.

See *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Vol. XXI. Act III. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

In the first copy—O! I am *fortune's slave*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is spill'd—*] The pro-

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,<sup>7</sup>  
 For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—  
 O coufin, coufin!

*PRIN.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*BEN.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did  
 flay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
 How nice the quarrel<sup>8</sup> was, and urg'd withal<sup>9</sup>  
 Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered  
 With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly  
 bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
 Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts  
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;

noun—*me*, has been inserted by the recommendation of the following note. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1597, reads:

*Unhappy fight! ah, the blood is spill'd—.*

The quarto, 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, have:

*O prince! O coufin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd  
 &c.*

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

*Unhappy fight! ah me, the blood is spill'd &c.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *as thou art true,*] As thou art *just* and *upright*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III*:

“And if King Edward be as *true* and *just*,—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *How nice the quarrel—*] How *slight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So, in the last Act:

“The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,

“Of dear import.” JOHNSON.

See also Vol. XVII. p. 197, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *and urg'd withal—*] The rest of this speech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same scene. STEEVENS.

Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,  
 And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats  
 Cold death aside, and with the other fends  
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
 Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,  
*Hold, friends! friends, part!* and, swifter than his  
 tongue,  
 His agile arm beats down their fatal points,  
 And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm  
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life  
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:  
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
 And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I  
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;  
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*LA. CAP.* He is a kinsman to the Montague,  
 Affection makes him false,<sup>†</sup> he speaks not true:  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life:  
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;  
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

*PRIN.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;  
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*MON.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's  
 friend;  
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,  
 The life of Tybalt.

<sup>†</sup> *Affection makes him false,*] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

PRIN.                    And, for that offence,  
 Immediately we do exile him hence :  
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,<sup>2</sup>  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine :  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;  
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,<sup>3</sup>  
 Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,  
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.  
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will :  
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.<sup>4</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>2</sup> ——— [*in your hates' proceeding,*] This, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almost every speech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to those of the succeeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts proceeding*; and the corruption was adopted in the folio.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> [*Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,*] This was probably designed as a covert stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received.

See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 701.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> [*Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*] So, in Hale's *Memorials*. "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto, 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the Prince concludes his speech with these words :

*Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still ;  
 Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.*

MALONE.

See Vol. VI. p. 253, n. 9. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*JUL.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' mansion;<sup>5</sup> such a waggoner  
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.<sup>6</sup>—  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
That run-away's eyes may wink;<sup>7</sup> and Romeo

<sup>5</sup> Gallop apace, *you fiery-footed steeds,*  
*Towards Phœbus' mansion;* &c.] Our author probably  
remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed  
before 1593:

“Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,  
“And dusky night in rusty iron car;  
“Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,  
“That I may see that most desired day.” MALONE.

*Gallop apace,* &c.] Cowley copies the expression, *Dauidis,*  
B. III:

“Slow rose the sun, but gallopt down apace,  
“With more than evening blushes in his face.”

The succeeding compound “fiery-footed” is used by Drayton, in one of his Eclogues:

“Phœbus had forc'd his *fiery-footed* team.”

It is also used by Spenser, in *The Fairy Queen.* TODD.

— *Phœbus' mansion;*] The second quarto and folio read,  
*Phœbus' lodging.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *immediately.*] Here ends this speech in the eldest  
quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable  
alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!*

*That run-away's eyes may wink;* &c.] What run-aways  
are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt? Macbeth,



Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—

we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain :

“ ——— Come, feeling night,

“ Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,” &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him, with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ For the close night doth play the *run-away*.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *run-away*. MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows :

*May that run-away's eyes wink!*

Or,

*That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!*

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser; and that for *oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. vi :

“ That ever I should call thee cast-away!”

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act IV. sc. ii :

“ *Mal.* I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

“ *Clo.* Well-a-day.—*That* you were, sir!” i. e. *Oh that* you were! Again, in *Timon*, Act IV :

“ That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

“ Should yet be hungry!”

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world :

*Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!*

Next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind, lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakpeare terms the *night* a *run-away* in *The*

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties :<sup>8</sup> or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,<sup>9</sup>  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :

*Merchant of Venice* ; and in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character :

“ The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night ; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*,

“ ———— *night hath many eyes*,

“ Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies.”

STEEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the 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 run-away eyes *may* wink, and Romeo

“ Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.”

BLACKSTONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*

*By their own beauties :*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* :

“ ———— dark night is Cupid's day.”

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio, read—*And by their own beauties*. In the text the undated quarto has been followed. MALONE.

Milton, in his *Comus*, might here have been indebted to Shakespeare :

“ Virtue could see to do what virtue would,

“ By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

“ Were in the flat sea funk.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Come, civil night,*] *Civil is grave, decently solemn.*

JOHNSON.

See *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 91, n. 5. STEEVENS.

So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ ———— my white stole of chastity I daff'd,

“ Shook off my sober guards and *civil* fears.”

MALONE.

Hood my unmann'd blood <sup>1</sup> bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown  
bold,<sup>2</sup>

Think true love acted, simple modesty.

Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in  
night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.<sup>3</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> — unmann'd blood —] Blood yet unacquainted with man.

JOHNSON.

*Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,*] These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating*, (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed,) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*:

“ A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*.”

Again, in an old ballad intitled, *Prettie Comparisons wittily Grounded*, &c:

“ Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd*,

“ Or like a *hide* before 'tis *tan'd*.”

Again, in *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: “ It is called *bating*, for she *bateth* with herselfe most often causelesse.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 135, n. 2. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

If the hawk flew with its *hood* on, how could it possibly see the object of its pursuit? The *hood* was always taken off before the bird was dismissed. See Vol. XII. p. 414, n. 9.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — grown *bold*,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio—upon. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads —on a raven's back; and so, many of the modern editors.

MALONE.

I profess myself to be still one of this peccant fraternity.

STEEVENS.

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd  
night,<sup>4</sup>

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,<sup>5</sup>

Take him and cut him out in little stars,<sup>6</sup>

And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

That all the world will be in love with night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun.<sup>7</sup>—

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *black-brow'd night,*] So, in *King John* :

“ Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *when he shall die,*] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quartos of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—*when I shall die.* MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Take him and cut him out in little stars, &c.*] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596 :

“ The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,

“ Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres ;

“ And fixe them there as an eternal light,

“ For lovers to adore and wonder at.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *the garish sun,*] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso* :

“ ——— *Civil night,*

“ Thou sober-suited matron.”—*Shakspeare.*

“ Till *civil-suited morn* appear.”—*Milton.*

“ Pay no worship to the *garish sun.*”—*Shakspeare.*

“ Hide me from day's *garish eye.*”—*Milton.*

JOHNSON.

*Garish* is gaudy, showy. So, in *King Richard III* :

“ A dream of what thou wast, a *garish* flag.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598 :

“ ——— march'd like players

“ With *garish* robes.”

It sometimes signifies wild, flighty. So, in the following instance : “ —starting up and *gairishly* staring about, especially on the face of *Eliosto.*” Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *I have bought the mansion of a love,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

But not possess'd it ; and, though I am fold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd : So tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child, that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

*Enter Nurse, with Cords.*

And she brings news ; and every tongue, that speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
 Now, nurse, what news ? What hast thou there,  
 the cords,  
 That Romeo bade thee fetch ?

*NURSE.* Ay, ay, the cords.  
 [*Throws them down.*]

*JUL.* Ah me ! what news ! why dost thou wring  
 thy hands ?

*NURSE.* Ah well-a-day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
 dead !

We are undone, lady, we are undone !—  
 Alack the day !—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead !

*JUL.* Can heaven be so envious ?

*NURSE.* Romeo can,  
 Though heaven cannot :—O Romeo ! Romeo !—  
 Who ever would have thought it ?—Romeo !

*JUL.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me  
 thus ?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
 Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I,*<sup>9</sup>

“ — the strong base and *building of my love*

“ Is as the very center to the earth,

“ Drawing all things to it.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — [*say thou but I,*] In Shakspeare's time (as Theobald has observed) the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice :<sup>1</sup>  
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.  
 If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no :  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine  
 eyes,—  
 God save the mark!<sup>2</sup>—here on his manly breast :  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood ;—I swooned at the sight.

<sup>1</sup> — death-darting eye of cockatrice:] See Vol. XIII. p. 281, n. 1, and p. 298, n. 2. MALONE.

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these :

“ I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*,  
 “ Or these eyes shut, that make thee answer *I*.  
 “ If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no :  
 “ Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.”

These lines hardly deserve emendation ; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the first two of them being evidently transposed ; we should read :

“ — that bare vowel *I* shall poison more,  
 “ Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,  
 “ Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, *I*.  
 “ I am not *I*,” &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shut* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

*Shot*, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358 :

“ And dressed him up by a *shot* window.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *God save the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obscurity, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. i. See note on that passage. STEEVENS.

*JUL.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break  
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!  
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;  
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

*NURSE.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!  
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!  
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*JUL.* What storm is this, that blows so contrary?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?  
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?<sup>3</sup>—  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

*NURSE.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*JUL.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
blood?

*NURSE.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*JUL.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—

*My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?*

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*] The same images occur in *Macbeth*:

“ — look like the innocent flower,

“ But be the *serpent* under it.” HENLEY.

*O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*

*Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?*] So, in *King John*:

“ Rafe, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

“ *With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.*”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.”

The line, *Did ever dragon*, &c. and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.



Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
 Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
 Dove-feather'd raven!<sup>5</sup> wolvisk-ravening lamb!  
 Despised substance of divinest show!  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
 A damned saint,<sup>6</sup> an honourable villain!—  
 O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
 When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend  
 In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—  
 Was ever book, containing such vile matter,  
 So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
 In such a gorgeous palace!

*NURSE.* There's no trust,  
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

<sup>5</sup> *Dove-feather'd raven!* &c.] In old editions—

*Ravenous dove, feather'd raven, &c.*

The four following lines not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

*Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,*

*Wolvisk-ravening lamb!*] This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous* was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening*; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images:

*Dove-feather'd raven! wolvisk-rav'ning lamb!*

THEOBALD.

The quarto, 1599, and folio, read—

*Ravenous dove-feather'd raven, wolvisk-ravening lamb.*

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *A damned saint.*] The quarto, 1599, for *damned*, has—*dimme*; the first folio—*dimne*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me  
old.<sup>7</sup>

Shame come to Romeo!

*JUL.* Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;<sup>8</sup>  
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*NURSE.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd  
your cousin?

*JUL.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy  
name,<sup>9</sup>  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?<sup>1</sup>—

<sup>7</sup> *These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.*] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;*] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 223: “Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelineffe, disloyaltie and treason may have their *sledge* and lodging?” The image of shame *sitting* on the brow, is not in the poem. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *what tongue shall smooth thy name,*] To *smooth*, in ancient language, is to *stroke*, to *caress*, to *fondle*. So, in *Pericles*, Act I. sc. ii: “Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Ah, 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.”

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears,<sup>2</sup> back to your native spring;  
 Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
 Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
 My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?  
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;  
 But, O! it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to finners' minds:  
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;*  
*That—banished, that one word—banished,*

“Why blam’st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?”

“Since he is guiltless quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.

“Whither shall he, alas! poor banish’d man, now fly?”

“What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry sky?”

“Since he pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,

“That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire strong.” MALONE.

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*: “Where from henceforth shall be his refuge? sith she, which ought to be the only bulwarke and assured repaire of his distresse, doth persue and defame him.” HENDERSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Back, foolish tears, &c.]* So, in *The Tempest*:

“——I am a fool

“To weep at what I am glad of.” STEEVENS,

“Back,” says she, “to your native source, you foolish tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occasions; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep?” MALONE.

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.<sup>3</sup> Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :  
 Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,<sup>4</sup>  
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd ?<sup>5</sup>  
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
*Romeo is banished*,—to speak that word,  
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
 All slain, all dead :—*Romeo is banished*,—  
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

<sup>3</sup> *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is,—I am more affected by Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

*Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right ; for the passage itself shows that Tybalt was not out of her mind. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *four woe delights in fellowship,*] Thus the Latin hexameter : (I know not whence it comes)

“ Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.” STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And fellowship in woe doth woe affuage,

“ As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.”

Again, in *King Lear* :

“ ——— the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

“ When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Which modern lamentation &c.*] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight* : I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

JOHNSON.

It means only *trite*, *common*. So, in *As you like it* :

“ Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 74, n. 4. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 276, n. 5. MALONE.

In that word's death; no words can that woe  
found.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

*NURSE.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*JUL.* Wash they his wounds with tears? mine  
shall be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,  
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:  
He made you for a highway to my bed;  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.  
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding  
bed;  
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

*NURSE.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;  
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

*JUL.* O find him! give this ring to my true  
knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.**Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*FRI.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou  
 fearful man;  
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

*ROM.* Father, what news? what is the prince's  
 doom?  
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
 That I yet know not?

*FRI.* Too familiar  
 Is my dear son with such foul company:  
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*ROM.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's  
 doom?

*FRI.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,  
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*ROM.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death:  
 For exile hath more terror in his look,  
 Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

*FRI.* Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
 Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*ROM.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
 But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
 Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
 And world's exile is death:—then banishment<sup>6</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ———then banishment——] The quarto 1599, and the folio,

Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*FRY.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy,<sup>7</sup> and thou see'st it not.

*ROM.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is  
here,  
Where Juliet lives;<sup>8</sup> and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo:<sup>9</sup> they may seize

read—then *banished*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The words are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *This is dear mercy,*] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earliest copy reads—*This is mere mercy*. MALONE.

*Mere mercy*, in ancient language, signifies *absolute mercy*. So, in *Othello*:

“The *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

“——to the *mere* undoing

“Of all the kingdom.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— *heaven is here,*

*Where Juliet lives;*] From this and the foregoing speech of Romeo, Dryden has borrowed in his beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's *Palamon and Arcite*:

“Heaven is not, but where Emily abides,

“And where she's absent, all is hell besides.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *More validity,*

*More honourable state, more courtship lives*

*In carrion flies, than Romeo:*] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth or dignity*: and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.



On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,<sup>1</sup>  
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;  
 But Romeo may not ; he is banished :<sup>2</sup>  
 Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;  
 They are free men, but I am banished.  
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?<sup>3</sup>  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 But—banished—to kill me ; banished ?  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;  
 Howlings attend it : How hast thou the heart,

*Validity* is employed to signify *worth* or *value*, in the first scene of *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have meant, the state of a lover ; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines :

“ — they may seize

“ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

“ And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;—

“ *Flies* may do this.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,*] This and the next line are not in the first copy. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *But Romeo may not ; he is banished :*] This line has been very awkwardly introduced in the modern as well as ancient copies, and might better be inserted after—*their own kisses sin*.

STEEVENS.

This line, in the original copy, immediately follows—“ And steal immortal blessing from her lips.” The two lines, *Who, even, &c.* were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely parenthetical : the line, therefore, *But Romeo may not ; &c.* undoubtedly ought to follow those two lines. By mistake, in the copy of 1599, it was inserted lower down, after—*is not death*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *They are free men, but I am banished.*

*And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?*] These two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

*FRI.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.<sup>4</sup>

*ROM.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*FRI.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.<sup>5</sup>

*ROM.* Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

*FRI.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*ROM.* How should they, when that wise men have  
no eyes?

*FRI.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Thou *fond mad man*, hear me but speak a word.] So the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:

*Then fond mad man, hear me a little speak.*

The folio:

*Then fond mad man, hear me speak.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,*

*To comfort thee, though thou art banished.*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, the Friar says—

“Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,

“But *wisdom in adversity* finds cause of quiet joy.”

See also Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: “Thou sayest *banishment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are fowre in the mouth and sharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with *sweet sawces*, they yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end; that though thy *exile* seeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyselfe with the rules of *philosophy*, it shall be more tolerable.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.*] The same phrase, and with the same meaning, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

ROM. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost  
not feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,<sup>7</sup>  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear  
thy hair,<sup>8</sup>

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

FRI. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide  
thyself. [*Knocking within.*]

ROM. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick  
groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.  
[*Knocking.*]

FRI. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—  
Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;  
[*Knocking.*]  
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

“ — can he speak? hear?

“ Know man from man? *dispute his own estate?*”

i. e. is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the present state  
he is in? STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,*] Thus the original  
copy; for which in the folio we have—

*Wert thou as young as Juliet my love.*

I only mention this to show the very high value of the early  
quarto editions. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *then might'st thou tear thy hair,*] So, in the poem :

“ These heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,

“ And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that  
he ware.—

“ He riseth oft, and strikes his head against the walls;

“ He falleth down again, and loud for hasty death he  
calls.” MALONE.

What wilfulness<sup>9</sup> is this?—I come, I come.

[Knocking.]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's  
your will?

NURSE. [Within.] Let me come in, and you  
shall know my errand;  
I come from lady Juliet.

FRI. Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

FRI. There on the ground, with his own tears  
made drunk.

NURSE. O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

FRI. O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!

NURSE. Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-  
ing:—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

ROM. Nurse!

<sup>9</sup> *What wilfulness*—] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—*What simpleness*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *O woeful sympathy!*

*Piteous predicament!*] The old copies give these words to the Nurse. One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must necessarily belong to the Friar. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

*NURSE.* Ah fir! ah fir!—Well, death's the end of all.

*ROM.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her? Doth she not think me an old murderer, Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood remov'd but little from her own? Where is she? and how doth she? and what says My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?<sup>2</sup>

*NURSE.* O, she says nothing, fir, but weeps and weeps; And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, And then down falls again.

*ROM.* As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her; as that name's curf'd hand Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

*FRI.* Hold thy desperate hand: Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art; Thy tears are womanish;<sup>3</sup> thy wild acts denote

<sup>2</sup> —cancell'd love?] The folio reads—*conceal'd love.*

JOHNSON.

The quarto, *cancell'd love.* STEEVENS.

The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. So, that the sense is, my lady, whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

<sup>3</sup> *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*

*Thy tears are womanish;*] 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.*

The unreasonable fury of a beast :  
 Unseemly woman,<sup>4</sup> in a seeming man !  
 Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !  
 Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?  
 And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,<sup>5</sup>  
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and  
 earth ?<sup>6</sup>

“ For manly reason is quite from off thy mind outchased,  
 “ 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.

\* *Unseemly woman, &c.] Thou art a beast of ill qualities,  
 under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

A person who seemed both man and woman, would be a  
 monster, and of course an ill-beseeming beast. This is all the  
 Friar meant to express. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> *And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,]* Thus the first copy.  
 The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

*And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives.* MALONE.

My copy of the first folio reads :

*And slay thy lady that in thy life lies.* STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?]* Romeo  
 has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with  
 the Friar as described in the poem, he is made to do so :

“ First *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,

“ In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye  
 so rife ;

“ The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove ;

“ He cryed out with open mouth against the *fiars above*.—

“ On fortune eke he *rail'd*.”

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar, without re-  
 viewing the former part of his scene. He has in other places  
 fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and  
 sometimes deserting his original.

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do  
meet

In thee at once ; which thou at once would'st lose.  
Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;  
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
And usest none in that true use indeed  
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
Digressing from the valour of a man :<sup>7</sup>  
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish :  
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,<sup>8</sup>  
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.<sup>9</sup>  
What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive,  
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;

The lines, *Why rail'st thou, &c. to—thy own defence*, are not in the first copy. They are formed on a passage in the poem :

“ Why cry'st thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?

“ Why dost thou so cry after death? thy life why dost thou hate?” &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Digressing from the valour of a man : } So, in the 24th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, as translated by Chapman:

“ — my deservings shall in nought digress

“ From best fame of our race's foremost merit.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask, &c.] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humour's Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams :

“ When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,

“ And till this hour the burning is not out.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.



There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou flew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :<sup>1</sup>  
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :  
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;  
 But, like a mis-behav'd and fullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :<sup>2</sup>  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;  
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;  
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back

<sup>1</sup> ——— *there art thou happy too :*] Thus the first quarto. In the subsequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

It should not be concealed, that the reading of the *second folio* corresponds with that of the *first quarto* :

——— *there art thou happy too.* STEEVENS.

The word is omitted in *all* the intermediate editions ; a sufficient proof that the emendations of that folio are not always the result of *ignorance* or *caprice*. RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love :*] The quarto, 1599, and 1609, read :

*Thou puts up thy fortune and thy love.*

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading :

*Thou puttest up thy fortune and thy love.*

The undated quarto has *pouts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line stands :

*Thou frown'st upon thy fate, that smiles on thee.*

MALONE.

The reading in the text is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus* :

“ ————— then

“ We pout upon the morning,—.”

See Vol. XVI. p. 214. STEEVENS.

With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :  
 Romeo is coming.<sup>3</sup>

*NURSE.* O Lord, I could have staid here all the  
 night,  
 To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*ROM.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*NURSE.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

*ROM.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

*FRI.* Go hence : Good night ;<sup>4</sup> and here stands  
 all your state ;<sup>5</sup>—

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence :  
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,  
 And he shall signify from time to time  
 Every good hap to you, that chances here :  
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

*ROM.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :  
 Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Go hence : Good night ; &c.*] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

They were first omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope.  
 MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *here stands all your state ;*] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.<sup>6</sup>*A Room in Capulet's House.**Enter* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

*CAP.* Things have fallen out, fir, fo unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter :  
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And fo did I ;—Well, we were born to die.—  
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night :  
I promife you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*PAR.* Thefe times of woe afford no time to woo :  
Madam, good night : commend me to your daughter.

*LA. CAP.* I will, and know her mind early to-  
morrow ;  
To-night she's mew'd up<sup>7</sup> to her heavinefs.

<sup>6</sup> *SCENE IV.*] Some few unneceffary verfes are omitted in this fcene according to the oldeft editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldeft copy, and omitted fome unneceffary verfes which are not found there, but inferted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expreffed himfelf fo loofely, as to have been mifunderftood by Mr. Steevens. In the text thefe *unneceffary* verfes, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preferved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— mew'd up—] This is a phrafe from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. So, in *Albumazar*, 1614 :

“ ——— fully mew'd

“ From brown fear feathers—.”

Again, in our author's *King Richard III.*

“ And, for his meed, poor lord he is mew'd up.”

STEEVENS.

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love :<sup>8</sup> I think, she will be rul'd  
In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.  
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;  
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;  
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
But, soft ; What day is this ?

PAR. Monday, my lord.

CAP. Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too  
fool,  
O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,  
She shall be married to this noble earl :—  
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?  
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—  
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :  
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday ?

PAR. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-  
morrow.

CAP. Well, get you gone :—O' Thursday be it  
then :—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,  
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—  
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho !  
Afore me, it is so very late, that we  
May call it early by and by :—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>8</sup> *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love :*] *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600 :

“ Witness this *desperate tender* of mine honour.”

STEEVENS.

## SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter* ROMEO and JULIET.

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:<sup>1</sup>  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

<sup>9</sup> SCENE V. *Juliet's Chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—"Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window." In the second quarto, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. III. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: &c.*] This scene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,  
"The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men  
to rest;  
"When restless Romeus and restless Juliet,  
"In wonted fort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber  
met, &c.

\* \* \*

"Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night  
"In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and  
delight.  
"But now, somewhat too soon, in farthest east arose  
"Fair Lucifer, the golden star that lady Venus chose;  
"Whose course appointed is with speedy race to run,  
"A messenger of dawning day and of the rising sun.—  
"When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,  
"When Phœbus from our hemisphere in western wave  
doth sink,  
"What colour then the heavens do show unto thine eyes,  
"The same; or like, saw Romeus in farthest eastern skies:  
"As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,  
"With equal force decreasing dark fought with increasing  
light.

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :<sup>2</sup>  
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*ROM.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,  
 No nightingale : look, love, what envious streaks  
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :  
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
 Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops ;  
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*JUL.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :  
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua :<sup>3</sup>  
 Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

“ Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,  
 “ With friendly kifs, and ruthfully she 'gan her knight  
 behold.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Nightly *she sings on yon pomegranate tree* :] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together.

What Eustathius, however, has observed relative to a *fig-tree* mentioned by Homer, in his 12th *Odyffey*, may be applied to the passage before us : “ —These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
 And light thee on thy way*—] Compare Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edit. p. 109 : “ The moon, then full, (not thinking scorn to be a *torch-bearer* to such beauty) guided her steps.”

And Sir J. Davies's *Orchestra*, 1596, ft. vii. of the sun :

“ When the great *torch-bearer* of heauen was gone  
 “ Downe in a maske unto the Ocean's court.”

And Drayton's *Eng. Heroic. Epist.* p. 221, where the moon is described with the stars—

“ Attending on her, as her *torch-bearers*.” TODD.

*ROM.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
 'Tis but the pale reflex<sup>4</sup> of Cynthia's brow ;  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
 I have more care to stay, than will to go ;<sup>5</sup>—  
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—  
 How is't, my foul ? let's talk, it is not day.

*JUL.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.  
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division ;<sup>6</sup>  
 This doth not so, for the divideth us :  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;  
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *I have more care to stay, than will to go ;*] Would it not be better thus—*I have more will to stay, than care to go ?*

JOHNSON.

*Care* was frequently used in Shakspeare's age for *inclination*.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *sweet division ;*] *Division* seems to have been the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. Sp. in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

“ Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

“ With ravishing *division* to her lute.”

To run a *division*, is also a musical term. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;*

*O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !*] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices ; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark : it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks ; not morning, when the lark sings ; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance



Since arm from arm<sup>8</sup> that voice doth us affray,  
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.<sup>9</sup>

of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. HEATH.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes.

WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme:

“ ——— To heav'n I'd fly,

“ But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.” JOHNSON.

Read chang'd eyes. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *Since arm from arm. &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may show the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this: *The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“ Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muse.”

Again, in the play of *O. land's Fertility*, 1594 and 1599:

“ To play him *huntsup* with a point of war,

“ I'll be his minstrell with my drum and fife.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:

“ ——— Make a noise, its no matter; any *huntsup* to waken vice.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 13th:

“ But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, “ what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the duke of Somerset protectour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up.*” RITSON.

A *huntsup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, in v. *Reveille*.

MALONE.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

*ROM.* More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*NURSE.* Madam!

*JUL.* Nurse?

*NURSE.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

*JUL.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*ROM.* Farewell, farewell! one kifs, and I'll descend. [*ROMEO descends.*

*JUL.* Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!<sup>1</sup>

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.<sup>2</sup>

*ROM.* Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*JUL.* O, think'ft thou, we shall ever meet again?

*ROM.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

<sup>1</sup> *Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!*] Thus the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

*Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay husband, friend!*

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *O! by this count I shall be much in years, Ere I again behold my Romeo.*]

“*Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,*

“*Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.*”

*Ovid, Epist. I.* STEEVENS.

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*JUL.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul :<sup>3</sup>  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead<sup>4</sup> in the bottom of a tomb :  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*ROM.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.<sup>5</sup> Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

*JUL.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle :  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

<sup>3</sup> *O God! I have an ill-divining soul: &c.]* This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind, Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet :

“ — my mind misgives,  
“ Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,  
“ Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
“ From this night's revels.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *O God! I have an ill-divining soul :*  
*Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,*  
*As one dead—]* So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :  
“ The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed ;  
“ And fear doth teach it divination ;  
“ *I prophecy thy death.*”

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *so low*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Dry sorrow drinks our blood.]* This is an allusion to the proverb—“ Sorrow's dry.”

Chapman, in his version of the seventeenth *Iliad*, says—

“ ————— their hearts  
“ *Drunk from their faces all their bloods ;—.*”

STEEVENS.

He is accounting for their *paleness*. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* we have—“ *blood-sucking sighs.*” MALONE.

See Vol. XVIII. p. 311, n. 4. STEEVENS.

That is renown'd for faith?<sup>6</sup> Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

LA. CAP. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

JUL. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early?<sup>7</sup>  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?<sup>8</sup>

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

LA. CAP. Why, how now, Juliet?

JUL. Madam, I am not well.

LA. CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's  
death?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *That is renown'd for faith?*] This Romeo, so *renown'd* for *faith*, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. Romeo was the darling object of Juliet's love, and Romeo was, of course, to have every excellence. M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *Is she not down so late, or up so early?*] Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — procures her hither?] *Procures for brings.*

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;

“ Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,

“ He is in blifs, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:

“ You cannot call him back with tears and shriekings shrill;

“ It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will.”

MALONE.

So, full as appositely, in *Painter's Novel*: “Thinke no more upon the death of your cousin Thibault, whom do you thinke to revoke with teares?” &c. STEEVENS.

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with  
tears ?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him  
live ;

Therefore, have done : Some grief shows much of  
love ;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*JUL.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*LA. CAP.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the  
friend

Which you weep for.

*JUL.* Feeling so the loss,  
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*LA. CAP.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much  
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*JUL.* What villain, madam ?

*LA. CAP.* That same villain, Romeo.

*JUL.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.  
God pardon him !<sup>1</sup> I do, with all my heart ;  
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

*LA. CAP.* That is, because the traitor murderer  
lives.

*JUL.* Ay, madam, from<sup>2</sup> the reach of these my  
hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*LA. CAP.* We will have vengeance for it, fear  
thou not :

<sup>1</sup> *God pardon him !*] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Ay, madam, from &c.*] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

Then weep no more: I'll fend to one in Mantua,—  
 Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—  
 That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,<sup>3</sup>  
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*JUL.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—  
 Madam, if you could find out but a man  
 To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
 That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
 Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors  
 To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—  
 To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt<sup>4</sup>  
 Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

<sup>3</sup> *That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio, 1623, which read, less intelligibly:

*Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram.*

STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has—That *should* &c. The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

—unaccustom'd *dram*,] In vulgar language, Shall give him a *dram* which he is *not used* to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation is the true one. Barnaby Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1563, uses *unacquainted* in the same sense:

“ And ever as we mounted up,

“ I lookte upon my wynges,

“ And prowde I was, me thought, to see

“ Suche *unacquaynted* thyngs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *my cousin Tybalt* —] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

*LA. CAP.* Find thou<sup>5</sup> the means, and I'll find  
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*JUL.* And joy comes well in such a needful time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*LA. CAP.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*JUL.* Madam, in happy time,<sup>6</sup> what day is that?

*LA. CAP.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The county Paris,<sup>7</sup> at Saint Peter's church,

<sup>5</sup> *Find thou &c.*] This line in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *in happy time,*] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *The county Paris,*] It is remarked, that “Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot.”—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, *County*; according to the unfettled orthography of the time.

The word, however, is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

“As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,

“Set in a marish, or high on a hill,

“And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,

“To bring the place subjected to his will;

“So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold,” &c.

*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, Book VII. Stanza 90.

FARMER.

See p. 56-57, n. 3. MALONE.



Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*JUL.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,  
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.  
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,  
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

*LA. CAP.* Here comes your father; tell him so  
yourself.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*CAP.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle  
dew;<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;*] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599, and the folio, is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they arise; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew.

Though, with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece*, strongly supports that reading:

“ But as the *earth* doth weep, the *sun* being set,—”

MALONE.

When our author, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, says: “ And when she [the moon] weeps, weeps every little flower;” he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself *drizzles dew*. This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be said to weep. STEEVENS.

But for the sunset of my brother's son,  
 It rains downright.—  
 How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?<sup>9</sup>  
 Evermore showering? In one little body  
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:  
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—  
 Without a sudden calm, will overset  
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?  
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*L. A. CAP.* Ay, fir; but she will none, she gives  
 you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

That Shakspeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that  
*drixzled* dew, is evident from other passages. So, in *King*  
*John* :

“ Before the dew of evening fall.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ His dews fall every where.”

Again, in the same play :

“ The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ Dews of blood fell.” RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?*] In  
 Thomas Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. ii. ft. 40, 1609,  
 there is the same allusion :

“ You should not let such high-priz'd moysture fall,

“ Which from your hart your conduit-eyes distill.”

HOLT WHITE.

Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already  
 observed, were common in Shakspeare's time. See Vol. IX.  
 p. 404, n. 9.

We have again the same image in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,

“ Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling.” MALONE.

*CAP.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you,  
wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?  
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest'd,  
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*JUL.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that  
you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*CAP.* How now! how now, chop-logick!<sup>1</sup> What  
is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—  
And yet not proud;<sup>2</sup>—Mistress's minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow face!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ——— *chop-logick!*] This term, which hitherto has been divided into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from *The xxxiii Orders of Knaves*, bl. l. no date, a nick-name: "*Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles he wyll bydde the deuylls pater noster in scylence."

In *The Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell* &c. 1560 this word also occurs:

"But you wyl *choplogyck*

"And be Bee-to-buffe," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *And yet not proud*; &c.] This line is wanting in the folio.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *out, you baggage!*

*You tallow-face!*] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst,

*LA. CAP.* Fye, fye ! what are you mad ?

*JUL.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*CAP.* Hang thee, young baggage ! disobedient  
wretch !

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face :  
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me ;  
My fingers itch.—Wife we scarce thought us blest'd,  
That God had sent us<sup>4</sup> but this only child ;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her :  
Out on her, hilding !

*NURSE.* God in heaven blest her !—  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*CAP.* And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your  
tongue,  
Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

*NURSE.* I speak no treason.

*CAP.* O, God ye good den !

*NURSE.* May not one speak ?

*CAP.* Peace, you mumbling fool !  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*LA. CAP.* You are too hot.

the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas—  
*hedgebrat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

<sup>4</sup> Nay, in the Interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene*,  
1567, *Mary Magdalen* says to one of her attendants :

“ *Horeson, I beshrowe your heart, are you here ?*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *had sent us*—] So the first quarto, 1597. The sub-  
sequent ancient copies read—*had lent us*. MALONE.

CAP. God's bread! it makes me mad :<sup>5</sup> Day,  
 night, late, early,  
 At home, abroad, alone, in company,  
 Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been  
 To have her match'd : and having now provided  
 A gentleman of princely parentage,  
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
 Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,  
 Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—  
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
 To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *God's bread!* &c ] The first three lines of this speech are formed from the first quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The first copy reads :

“ God's *bleffed mother*, wife, it makes me mad,  
 “ Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,  
 “ Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,  
 “ Still my care hath been to *see* her match'd.”

The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read :

“ God's *bread*, it makes me mad.  
 “ Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
 “ Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
 “ To *have* her match'd,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and having now provided  
*A gentleman of princely parentage,—*  
*A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,*  
*To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,]* So, in *Romeus*  
*and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Such 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 wons 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.  
 “ Even by his strength I swear that first did give me life,  
 “ And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on  
 my wife,

*I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—*  
 But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you :  
 Graze where you will, you shall not house with me ;  
 Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
 Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :  
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;  
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
 For, by my foul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

“ Unless by Wednesday next thou bend as I am bent,  
 “ And, at our castle call'd Freetown, thou freely do assent  
 “ To county Paris' suit,—  
 “ *Not only will I give ail that I have away,*  
 “ *From thee to those that shall me love, me honour and*  
     *obey ;*  
 “ But also to so close and to so hard a gale  
 “ I shall thee wed for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not  
     fail  
 “ A thousand times a day to wish for sudden death :—  
 “ Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,  
 “ *And think not that I speak in sport, or mind to break*  
     *my vow.*”

There is a passage in an old play called *Wily Beguil'd*, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. *Wily Beguil'd* was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a suitor, which she plucks back ; on which her *Nurse* says :

“ — She'll none, she thanks you, sir.  
 “ *Gripe.* Will she none ? why, how now, I say ?  
 “ What, you *powting*, peevish thing, you untoward  
     *baggage,*  
 “ Will you not be ruled by your father ?  
 “ *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this ?*  
 “ And will you doe as you list ?  
 “ Away, I say ; *hang, starve, beg,* be gone ;  
 “ Out of my fight ! pack, I say :  
 “ Thou ne'er get't a pennyworth of my goods for this.  
 “ Think on't ; *I do not use to jest :*  
 “ Be gone, I say, I will not hear thee speake.”

MALONE.

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :  
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

*JUL.* Is there no pity fitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief? <sup>7</sup>  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.<sup>8</sup>

*LA. CAP.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a  
word;  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

*JUL.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-  
vented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—  
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

*NURSE.* Faith, here 'tis: Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

<sup>7</sup> *Is there no pity fitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?*] So, in *King John*,  
in two parts, 1591:

“ Ah boy, thy yeeres, I see, are far too greene,  
“ To look into the bottom of these cares.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *In that dim monument &c.*] The modern editors read *dun*  
monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto, 1597,  
and the folio. STEEVENS.



I think it best you married with the county.<sup>9</sup>  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,  
 Hath not so green,<sup>1</sup> so quick, so fair an eye,

<sup>9</sup> 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo

Is banished; and all the world to nothing,  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.] The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the Nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture:

“ The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,  
 “ And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will;  
 “ She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,  
 “ And eke she praiseth much to her *the second marriage*;  
 “ *And county Paris now she praiseth ten times more*  
 “ *By wrong, than she herself by right had 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 respect the character of his Nurse from Shakspeare. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>1</sup> —so green,—an eye,] So the first editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*so keen*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour:

“ His nose was high, his eyin bright *citryn* :”

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, Act V. sc. i :

“ —oh vouchsafe,

“ With that thy rare *green eye*,” &c.—

As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here<sup>2</sup> and you no use of him.

*JUL.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*NURSE.* From my soul too;  
 Or else beshrew them both.

*JUL.* Amen!

*NURSE.* To what?<sup>3</sup>

*JUL.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
 much.

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
 To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*NURSE.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*]

I may add, that Arthur Hall (the most ignorant and absurd of all the translators of Homer), in the fourth *Iliad* (4to, 1581,) calls Minerva—

“The *greene* eide Goddesse—.” STEEVENS.

What Shakspere meant by this epithet here, may be easily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thisbé in the last Act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“These lily lips,

“This cherry nose,

“These yellow cowslip cheeks,

“Are gone, are gone!—

“His eyes were *green* as leeks.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *As living here*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *as living* hence, that is, at a distance, in banishment; but *here* may signify, *in this world*. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *To what?*] The syllable—*To*, which is wanting towards the measure, I have ventured to supply. When Juliet says—*Amen!* the Nurse might naturally ask her *to* which of the foregoing sentiments so solemn a formulary was subjoined.

STEEVENS.

*JUL.* Ancient damnation!<sup>4</sup> O most wicked fiend!  
 Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,  
 Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
 So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*FRI.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

*PAR.* My father Capulet will have it so;  
 And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in *The Malcontent*, 1604:

“—out, you ancient damnation!” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *And I am nothing slow, &c.*] *His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.* It might be read:

*And I am nothing slow to back his haste:*  
 that is, I am diligent to abet and enforce his haste. JOHNSON.

*Slack* was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

*And I am nothing slack to slow his haste.*  
*Back* could not have stood there.

If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.* The

*FRI.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;  
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

*PAR.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;  
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears ;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society :  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*FRI.* I would I knew not why it should be  
flow'd.<sup>6</sup> [*Afide.*]  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*PAR.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

*JUL.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*PAR.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday  
next.

meaning of Paris is very clear ; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage ; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverse of this, and seem rather to mean, *I am not backward in restraining his haste* ; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnson saw the impropriety of this expression, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at first present ; and hence his proposed alteration ; but our author must answer for his own peculiarities. See Vol. XVII. p. 240, n. 6.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *be flow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second Book of Lucan :

“ — will you overflow

“ The fields, thereby my march to *flow* ?” STEEVENS.

*JUL.* What must be shall be.

*FRI.* That's a certain text.

*PAR.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*JUL.* To answer that, were to confess to you.

*PAR.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.

*JUL.* I will confess to you, that I love him.

*PAR.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*JUL.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*PAR.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

*JUL.* The tears have got small victory by that ;  
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

*PAR.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

*JUL.* That is no slander, fir,<sup>7</sup> that is a truth ;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*PAR.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*JUL.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;

<sup>7</sup> *That is no slander, fir, &c.*] Thus the first and second folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—That is no *wrong*, &c. and so leaves the measure defective. STEEVENS.

A word was probably omitted at the press. The quarto, 1599, and the subsequent copies, read :

*That is no slander, fir, which is a truth.*

The context shows that the alteration was not made by Shakespeare. MALONE.

The repetition of the word *wrong*, is not, in my opinion, necessary : besides, the reply of Paris justifies the reading in the text :

“ Thy face is mine, and thou hast *slander'd* it.”

STEEVENS.

Or shall I come to you at evening mass? <sup>8</sup>

*FRI.* My leisure serves me, penfive daughter,  
now:—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*PAR.* God shield, I should disturb devotion!—  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*

*JUL.* O, shut the door! and when thou hast done  
so,  
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

*FRI.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

*JUL.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*] Juliet means *vespers*. There is no such thing as *evening mass*. "*Masses* (as Fynes Moryson observes) are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting." So, likewise, in *The booke of then-seyngnemente and techynge that the knyght of the toure made to his doughters*: translated and printed by Caxton: "And they of the paryshe told the preeft that it was past *none*, and therfor he durst not syng masse, and so they hadde no masse that daye."

RITSON.

<sup>9</sup> *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *King Richard II.* the

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both :  
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
 Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire ;<sup>1</sup> arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art<sup>2</sup>  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*FRI.* Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
 If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself ;  
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*JUL.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower ;<sup>3</sup>

Duke of York discovers a covenant, which his son the Duke of  
 Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal :

“ What seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom ? ”

See the *fac-simile* of Shakspeare's hand writing in Vol. I.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Shall play the umpire ;*] That is, this knife shall decide  
 the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *commission of thy years and art—*] *Commission* is for  
*authority or power.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,*  
*From off the battlements of yonder tower ;*] So, in *King*  
*Leir*, written before 1594 :

“ Yea, for to do thee good, I would ascend

“ The highest turret in all Britanny,

“ And from the top leap headlong to the ground.”

MALONE.



Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me<sup>4</sup> with roaring bears;  
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky fanks, and yellow chaplefs sculls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;<sup>5</sup>

— of yonder tower;] Thus the quarto, 1597. All other ancient copies—of any tower. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — chain me &c.]

“ Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

“ Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears,

“ Or hide me nightly,” &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy seems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read—

“ Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam.”

JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted; for which I must offer this short apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are these:

“ Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,

“ Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;

“ Or shut me —.” STEEVENS.

The lines last quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;] In the quarto, 1599, and 1609, this line stands thus:

*And hide me with a dead man in his,*

The editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the disgusting repetition of that word. The original copy leads me to believe that Shakspeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line stands thus:

*Or lay me in a tombe with one new dead.*

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *shroud*. MALONE.

Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
tremble;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*FRI.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give con-  
sent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this phial,<sup>6</sup> being then in bed,

It may be natural for the reader to ask by what evidence this positive assertion, relative to the printer, is supported.

To creep under a *shroud*, and so be placed in close contact with a corpse, is surely a more terrific idea than that of being merely laid in a *tomb* with a dead companion. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Take thou this phial, &c.*] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*:

- “ Receive this phial small, and keep it in thine eye,  
“ And on the marriage day, before the sun doth clear  
the sky,  
“ Fill it with water full up to the very brim,  
“ Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel throughout each  
*vein* and *limb*  
“ A pleasant *slumber* slide, and quite disspread at length  
“ On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly  
strength:  
“ Withouten moving then thy idle parts shall rest,  
“ *No pulse shall go*, no heart once heave within thy  
hollow breast;  
“ But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance;  
“ Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the sud-  
den chance:  
“ Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-  
yard,  
“ Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepar'd:  
“ — where thou shalt rest, my daughter,  
“ Till I to Mantua send for Romeus, thy knight,  
“ Out of the tomb *both he and I* will take thee forth that  
night.” MALONE.

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowfy humour,<sup>7</sup> which shall seize  
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To paly ashes,<sup>8</sup> thy eyes' windows fall,<sup>9</sup>

Thus, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 237:  
 "Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink so much as is  
 contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kinde of  
 pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the parts  
 of your body, will constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable  
 they shal remaine: and by not doing their accustomed duties,  
 shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie  
 the space of xl hours at the least, without any beating of poulse  
 or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that  
 come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and accord-  
 ing to the custome of our citie, you shall be caried to the  
 churchyard hard by our church, when you shall be entombed in  
 the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors," &c.  
 The number of hours during which the sleep of Juliet was to  
 continue, is not mentioned in the poem. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — through all thy veins shall run

[A cold and drowfy humour, &c.] The first edition in 1597  
 has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of  
 a cold and drowfy humour, we there find—"a dull and heavy  
 slumber," and a little lower, "no sign of breath," &c. The  
 speech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the first copy it  
 consists of only thirteen lines; in the subsequent edition, of  
 thirty-three. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes;] It may be remarked, that this image does  
 not occur either in Painter's prose translation, or Brooke's me-  
 trical version of the fable on which conjunctively the tragedy of  
*Romeo and Juliet* is founded. It may be met with, however,  
 in *A dolefull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard,  
 4to. 1593:

"Her colour change, her cheerfull lookes

"And countenance wanted spreete;

"To fallow ashes turnde the hue

"Of beauties blossomes sweete:

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death :  
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :  
 Then (as the manner of our country is,)  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,<sup>1</sup>

“ And dreary dulnesse had bespred  
 “ The wearish bodie throw ;  
 “ Each vitall vaine did flat refuse  
 “ To do their dutie now.  
 “ The blood forsooke the wonted course,  
 “ And backward ganne retire ;  
 “ And left the limmes as cold and swarfe  
 “ As coles that wastes with fire.” STEEVENS.

To paly ashes ;] These words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—To many ashes, for which the editor of the second folio substituted—mealy ashes. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *King Henry V* :

“ — and through their paly flames,  
 “ Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.”

We have had too already, in a former scene—“ Pale, pale as ashes.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — thy eyes' windows fall,] See Vol. XVII. p. 295, n. 9.  
 MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Then (as the manner of our country is,)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face uncovered, (which is not mentioned by Painter,) our author found particularly described in *The Tragicall History of 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.

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
 And hither shall he come; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking,<sup>2</sup> and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present flame;  
 If no unconstant toy,<sup>3</sup> nor womanish fear,

Thus also Ophelia's Song in *Hamlet*:

"They bore him *bare fac'd on the bier*,—" STEEVENS.

*In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,*] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet, very probably, had struck out, on his revision, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

"Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave."

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

"At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aere sepfit;

"Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu."

The awkward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it.

Fletcher, in his *Knight of Malta*, has imitated the foregoing passage:

"——— and thus thought dead,

"In her best habit, as the custom is

"You know, in Malta, with all ceremonies

"She's buried in her family's monument," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— and he and I

*Will watch thy waking,*] These words are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *If no unconstant toy, &c.*] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

*If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,*

*Atate 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:—

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*JUL.* Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.<sup>4</sup>

*FRI.* Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*JUL.* Love, give me strength! and strength shall  
help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*A Room in Capulet's House.*

*Enter* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, Nurse, and  
Servant.

*CAP.* So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.<sup>5</sup>

2 *SERV.* You shall have none ill, fir; for I'll try  
if they can lick their fingers.

*CAP.* How canst thou try them so?

“ God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,

“ That no *inconstant* toy thee let thy promise to fulfill!”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.*] The old copies  
unmetrically read:

*Give me, give me! O tell me not &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> —go hire me twenty cunning cooks.] *Twenty cooks for  
half a dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind  
strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell  
us. See p. 169. RITSON.

2 *SERV.* Marry, fir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers:<sup>6</sup> therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

*CAP.* Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.  
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—  
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

*NURSE.* Ay, forsooth.

*CAP.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*NURSE.* See, where she comes from shrift<sup>7</sup> with merry look.

*CAP.* How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?<sup>8</sup>

*JUL.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you, and your behests; and am enjoind  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

<sup>6</sup> — *lick his own fingers:*] I find this adage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589. p. 157:

“As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:

“A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *from shrift*—] i. e. from confession. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her *shrift*.”

In the old Morality of *Every Man*, bl. l. no date, confession is personified:

“Now I pray you, *shriste*, mother of salvacyon.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *gadding*?] The primitive sense of this word was to straggle from house to house, and collect money, under pretence of singing carols to the Blessed Virgin. See Mr. T. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 40. STEEVENS.



And beg your pardon :—Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

CAP. Send for the county; go tell him of this;  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

JUL. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;  
And gave him what becomed love<sup>9</sup> I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand  
up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.<sup>1</sup>

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LA. CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time  
enough.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her :—we'll to church  
to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *becomed love*—] *Becomed* for *becoming*: one participle for the other; a frequent practice with our author.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *this reverend holy friar,*

*All our whole city is much bound to him.*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — this is not, wife, the friar's first desert;

“ In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,

“ But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*” MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

*All our whole city is much bound unto.* STEEVENS.

*LA. CAP.* We shall be short<sup>2</sup> in our provision ;  
'Tis now near night.<sup>3</sup>

*CAP.* Tush ! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :  
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;  
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;  
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—  
They are all forth : Well, I will walk myself  
To county Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow : my heart is wond'rous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

#### Juliet's Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*<sup>4</sup>

*JUL.* Ay, those attires are best :—But, gentle nurse,

\* *We shall be short—*] That is, we shall be defective.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *'Tis now near night.*] It appears, in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* she went to Friar Laurence, 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 just now returned from shrift :—yet lady Capulet says, “ 'tis near *night*,” and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of the many instances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Juliet and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto 1597 supplies the following short and simple dialogue :

“ *Nurse.* Come, come ; what need you anie thing else ?

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;  
 For I have need of many orisons<sup>5</sup>  
 To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*LA. CAP.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

*JUL.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
 So please you, let me now be left alone,  
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
 For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
 In this so sudden business.

*“ Juliet.* Nothing, good Nurse, but leave me to myselfe.

*“ Nurse.* Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *For I have need &c.]* Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

The pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the Nurse, was suggested by *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech were borrowed from thence:

“ Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day

“ Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpose is 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.

*LA. CAP.* Good night!  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPLUET and Nurse.*]

*JUL.* Farewell!<sup>6</sup>—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
That almost freezes up the heat of life:<sup>7</sup>  
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
Come, phial.—  
What if this mixture do not work at all?<sup>8</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Farewell!* &c.] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life:* So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,

“ The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,

“ That she surmis'd she saw out of the hollow vault,

“ A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt;

“ Right in the self same sort that she few days before

“ Had seen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded fore.

“ Her dainty tender parts 'gan shiver all for dread,

“ Her golden hair did stand upright upon her *chillish* head:

“ Then pressed with the *fear* that she there lived in,

“ *A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender skin.*” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *What if this mixture do not work at all?*] So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II. p. 239: “—but what know I (sayd she) whether the operation of this powder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondnt to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a jesting stocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the serpents and other venemous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng

Must I of force be married to the county? <sup>9</sup>—  
 No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a Dagger.*<sup>1</sup>

that I am dead? But how shall I endure the finche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or faisie of her coufin Thibault, in the very same fort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued with blood." STEEVENS.

Here also Shakspeare appears 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*?  
 " And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,  
 " And other beasts and worms, that are of nature vene-  
 mous,  
 " That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,  
 " And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men's tombs  
 are found,  
 " Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead ?  
 " Or how shall I, that always have in so fresh air been  
 bred,  
 " Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store  
 " Of carcases not yet consum'd, and bones that long  
 before  
 " Intombed were, where I my sleeping-place shall have,  
 " Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred's common  
 grave ?  
 " Shall not the friar and my Romens, when they come,  
 " Find me, if I awake before, *y-stifled in the tomb*?"

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Must I of force be married to the county? ] Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions—

Shall I of force be married to the Count ?

The subseqent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has observed,  
 Shall I be married then to-morrow morning? MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ———lie thou there. [*Laying down a dagger.*] This stage-

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;  
 Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?  
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,  
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :  
 I will not entertain so bad a thought.<sup>2</sup>—

direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads : “ *Knife*, lie thou there.” It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride ; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's *state* had just been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631 :

“ See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives* !”

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

“ Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives* :

“ Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,

“ And with the other, I'll dispatch my love.”

Again : “ — there was a maide named &c.—she tooke *one of her knives* that was some halfe a foote long” &c. &c. “ And it was found in all respects like to *the other that was in her sheath.*” Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, &c. 4to. 1607, pp. 176, 178.

In the third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia* we are likewise informed, that Amphialus “ in his crest carried Philocleas' *knives*, the only token of her forced favour.” STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been ; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris :

“ If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the Friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count,) she says—

“ Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

“ 'Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*

“ Shall play the umpire.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *I will not entertain so bad a thought.*] This line I have restored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,—  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,<sup>3</sup>  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,<sup>4</sup>  
 Lies fest'ring<sup>5</sup> in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
 Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *As in a vault, &c.*] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England. I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is not one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —green in earth,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ —of our dear brother's death,

“ The memory be green.”

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley:

“ —I am but

“ Green in my honours.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Lies fest'ring*—] To *festier* is to corrupt. So, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

“ Lillies that *festier* smell far worse than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been ascribed to him. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> —is it not like, that I,] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind.

JOHNSON.



So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;  
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;<sup>7</sup>—  
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,<sup>8</sup>  
 Environed with all these hideous fears?  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

<sup>7</sup> —run mad;] So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

“ I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,  
 “ And am *grown mad* with't.”

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611:

“ The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear  
 “ With more sad horror, than that voice does mine.”

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ I'll rather give an ear to the black *shrieks*  
 “ Of *mandrakes*,” &c.

Again, in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*:

“ This is the *mandrake's voice* that undoes me.”

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton, in his *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587,) has been idly represented as “ a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murder; and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried,” &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XII. p. 149, n. 1; and Vol. XIII. p. 297, n. 8.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —be distraught,] *Distraught* is distracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

“ Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. ix:

“ What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *distraught*,”

&c. STEEVENS.

Upon a rapier's point :—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.<sup>9</sup>

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*]

SCENE IV.

Capulet's *Hall*.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*LA. CAP.* Hold, take these keys, and fetch more  
spices, nurse.

*NURSE.* They call for dates and quinces in the  
pastry.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter CAPULET.*

*CAP.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath  
crow'd,  
The curfeu bell<sup>2</sup> hath rung, 'tis three o'clock :—

<sup>9</sup> *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the first quarto,  
1597. The subsequent ancient copies read :

*Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.*

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.*] i. e. in the  
room where paste was made. So *laundry, spicery, &c.*

MALONE.

See Vol. V. p. 321, n. 5.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560,  
are the following entries :

“ Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *s.*

“ Item payd for xxiiii pounde of *prunys* iii. *s.* viii *d.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *The curfeu bell*—] I know not that the morning-bell, is  
called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :<sup>3</sup>  
Spare not for cost.

*NURSE.* Go, go, you cot-quean, go,  
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow  
For this night's watching.

*CAP.* No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere  
now  
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*LA. CAP.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt<sup>4</sup> in  
your time ;

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a passage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608 :

“ — well 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*.”

STEEVENS.

The *curfew* bell is universally rung at *eight* or *nine* o'clock at night ; generally according to the season. The term is here used with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that *any* bell was ever rung so early as *three* in the morning. The derivation of *curfew* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the institution was a badge of slavery imposed by the Norman Conqueror. To *put out the fire* became necessary only because it was time to go to bed : And if the *curfew* commanded all fires to be extinguished, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In short, the ringing of those two bells was a manifest and essential service to people who had scarcely any other means of measuring their time. RITSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :*] Shakspeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solicitudes of a private house concerning a provincial entertainment. To such a buffle our author might have been witness at home ; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whose wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a housekeeper. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — a mouse-hunt *in your time ;*] In my original attempt to explain this passage, I was completely wrong, for want of knowing that in Norfolk, and many other parts of England, the cant term for a weasel is—a *mouse-hunt*. The intrigues of this animal, like those of the cat kind, are usually carried on during the night. This circumstance will account for the appellation

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

CAP. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,  
fellow,

What's there?

*Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.*

1 SERV. Things for the cook, fir; but I know  
not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*]—  
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 SERV. I have a head, fir, that will find out  
logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

CAP. 'Mafs, and well said; A merry whorson!  
ha,

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:  
The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

*Enter Nurse.*

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say!

[*Exeunt.*

which Lady Capulet allows her husband to have *formerly* deserved. STEEVENS.

The animal called the *mouse-hunt*, is the *martin*. HENLEY.

*Cat after kinde, good mouse hunt*, is a proverb in Heywood's *Dialogue*, 1598, 1st. pt. c. 2. HOLT WHITE.

## SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

*Enter Nurse.*

NURSE. Mistrefs!—what, mistrefs!—Juliet!—faft,  
 I warrant her, ſhe :—  
 Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fye, you flug-a-bed!—  
 Why, love, I ſay!—madam! ſweet-heart!—why,  
 bride!—  
 What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths  
 now;  
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,  
 The county Paris hath fet up his reſt,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *ſet up his reſt,*] This expreſſion, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuſs. This was ſo heavy a gun, that the ſoldiers were obliged to carry a ſupporter called a *reſt*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uſes it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “—ſet your heart at reſt, for I have *ſet up my reſt*, that unleſs you can run ſwifter than a hart, home you go not.” The ſame expreſſion occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

“ ——— *My reſt is up,*

“ Nor will I go leſs——.”

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“ Like a mutket on a *reſt*.”

See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoïſe*, Tom. V. plate 48.

STEEVENS.

The origin of this phraſe has certainly been rightly explained, but the good Nurse was here thinking of other matters. T. C.

The above expreſſion may probably be ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe already explained; it is, however, oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in uſe. In the ſecond inſtance above quoted it is certainly ſo. To avoid loading the page with examples, I ſhall refer

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
 (Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!  
 I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!  
 Ay, let the county take you in your bed;<sup>6</sup>  
 He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?  
 What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!  
 I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!  
 Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—  
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*LA. CAP.* What noise is here?

*NURSE.* O lamentable day!

*LA. CAP.* What is the matter?

*NURSE.* Look, look! O heavy day!

to Doddsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where several are brought together. REED.

To set up one's rest, is, in fact, a gambling expression, and means that the gamester has determined what stake he should play for.

In the passage quoted by Steevens from Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, when Eustace says:

“*My rest is up, and I will go no less.*”

he means to say, *my stake is laid*, and I will not play for a smaller.

The same phrase very frequently occurs in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is also used by Lord Clarendon, in his *History*, as well as in the old comedy of *Supposes*, published in the year 1587. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — *why lady!—fye, you slug-abad!—*

*Ay, let the county take you in your bed;]* So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*:

“*First softly did she call, then louder did she cry,*

“*Lady, you sleep too long, the earl will raise you by and by.*” MALONE.

*LA. CAP.* O me, O me!—my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—  
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*CAP.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is  
come.

*NURSE.* She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack  
the day!

*LA. CAP.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,  
she's dead.

*CAP.* Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.  
Accursed time!<sup>7</sup> unfortunate old man!

*NURSE.* O lamentable day!

*LA. CAP.* O woful time!

*CAP.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make  
me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Accursed time!* &c.] This line is taken from the first quarto, 1597. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.*] Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:

“But more than all the rest the father's heart was so

“Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,

“That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,

“*Ne yet to speak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep.” MALONE.



*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*FRI.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*CAP.* Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy bride:<sup>9</sup>—See, there she  
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.<sup>1</sup>  
Death is my son-in-law,<sup>2</sup> death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,  
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *O son, the night before thy wedding day*

*Hath death lain with thy bride:]* Euripides has sported with this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

“Τὴνδ’ αὖ τάλαιναν παρθενον (τὶ παρθενον;

“Ἄδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)”

SIR W. RAWLINSON.

*Hath death lain with thy bride:]* Perhaps this line is coarsely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.”

STEEVENS.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

“—— I'll to my wedding bed;

“And Death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead.”

The word *see* in the line before us, is drawn from the first quarto. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Flower as she was, deflowered by him.]* This jingle was common to other writers; and among the rest, to Greene, in his *Greene in Conceit*, 1598: “—a garden-house having round about it many *flowers*, and within it much *deflowering*.”

COLLINS.

<sup>2</sup> *Death is my son-in-law, &c.]* The remaining part of this speech, “death is my heir,” &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and some of the subsequent editors, following his example, took the same unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly restored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —— *life leaving, all is death's.]* The old copies read—*life living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

*PAR.* Have I thought long to see this morning's  
face,<sup>4</sup>  
And doth it give me such a fight as this?

*LA. CAP.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful  
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw  
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!  
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my fight.

*NURSE.* O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!<sup>5</sup>  
Most lamentable day! most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!  
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!  
Never was seen so black a day as this:  
O woful day, O woful day!

*PAR.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrow'n!—  
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

<sup>4</sup> — *morning's face.*] The quarto, 1597, continues the speech of Paris thus:

“ And doth it now present such prodigies ?

“ Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

“ Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am ;

“ Born to the world to be a slave in it :

“ Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

“ O heavens ! Oh nature ! wherefore did you make me

“ To live so vile, so wretched as I shall ?”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *O woe ! O woful, &c.*] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597] Several other parts unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition ; which occasions the variation in this from the common books.

POPE.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed.

MALONE.

CAP. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd,  
kill'd!—

Uncomfortable time! why can'st thou now  
To murder murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—  
Dead art thou, dead!<sup>6</sup>—alack! my child is dead;  
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

FRI. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure<sup>7</sup>  
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,  
And all the better is it for the maid:  
Your part in her you could not keep from death;  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.  
The most you sought was—her promotion;  
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
She's not well married, that lives married long;  
But she's best married, that dies married young.  
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

<sup>6</sup> *Dead art thou, dead!* &c.] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakspeare wrote:

*Dead, dead, art thou!* &c.

When the same word is repeated, the compositor often is guilty of omission. MALONE.

I have repeated the word—*dead*, though in another part of the line. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *confusion's cure* —] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. These violent and confused exclamations, says the Friar, will by no means alleviate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?” MALONE.

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
 In all her best array bear her to church:  
 For though fond nature<sup>8</sup> bids us all lament,  
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*CAP.* All things,<sup>9</sup> that we ordained festival,  
 Turn from their office to black funeral:  
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

<sup>8</sup> *For though fond nature—*] This line is not in the first quarto. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—though *some* nature. The editor of the second folio substituted *fond* for *some*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propose. I have already shown that all the alterations made by the editor of the second folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

“*In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,*” &c.

The quarto, 1599, and folio, read—

“*And in her best array bear her to church.*” MALONE.

I am fully satisfied with the reading of the second folio, the propriety of which is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus*:

“’Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *All things, &c.*] Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet:

“*Cap.* Let it be so: come woeful sorrow-mates,

“Let us together taste this bitter fate.” STEEVENS.

*All things, that we ordained festival, &c.*] So, in the poem already quoted:

“Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,

“And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one;

“And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,

“And *Hymen* to a *dirge*:—alas! it seemeth strange.

“Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,

“And, whom they should see married, they follow to the grave;

“The *feast* that should have been of pleasure and of joy,

“Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy.”

MALONE.

Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Our solemn hymns to fullen dirges change ;  
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
 And all things change them to the contrary.

*FRI.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with  
 him ;—

And go, fir Paris ;—every one prepare  
 To follow this fair corse unto her grave :  
 The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill ;  
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS,  
 and Friar.

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be  
 gone.

*NURSE.* Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up ;  
 For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exit* Nurse.

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be  
 amended.

*Enter* PETER.<sup>3</sup>

*PET.* Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease*,  
*heart's ease* ; O, an you will have me live, play—  
*heart's ease*.

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease* ?

*PET.* O, musicians, because my heart itself plays

<sup>1</sup> ——— *burial feast* ;] See Vol. XVIII. p. 43, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *a pitiful case* ] If this speech was designed to be  
 metrical, we should read—*piteous*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Peter.*] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that  
 the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe*.

MALONE.

—*My heart is full of woe:*<sup>4</sup> O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> — *My heart is full of woe:*] This is the burthen of the first stanza of *A pleasant new Bullad of Two Lovers*:

“Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.*] A *dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow*. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

“He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,

“Or a *French brawl.*”

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris—

“—How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

“*Paris*. Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.” STEEVENS.

*Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed *any sort* of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the *dumps*.

In a MS. of Henry the Eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Museum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, entitled, “*My lady Careys dompe*;” there is also “*The duke of Somersettes dompe*;” as we now say, “*Lady Coventry's minuet*,” &c. “If thou wert not some blockish and senseless dolt, thou wouldest never laugh when I sung a heavy mixt-Lyidian tune, or a note to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie.” Plutarch's *Morals*, by Holland, 1602, p. 61. RITSON.

At the end of *The Secretaries Studie*, by Thomas Gainsford, Esq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-seven stanzas, and called *A Dumpe or Passion*. It begins in this manner:

“I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,

“Nor is my minde nor matter muscally;

“My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce:

“Nor is my tale or talesman comically,

“Fashions and I were never friends at all:

“I write and credit that I see and knowe,

“And mean plain troth; would every one did so.”

REED.

2 *MUS.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

*PET.* You will not then?

*MUS.* No.

*PET.* I will then give it you foundly.

1 *MUS.* What will you give us?

*PET.* Mo money, on my faith; but the gleek:<sup>6</sup>  
I will give you the minstrel.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *the gleek:*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion.”

To *gleek* is to scoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*.

So, in Turberville's translation of *Ovid's Epistle from Dido to Æneas* :

“By manly mart to purchase prayse,

“And give his foes the *gleeke*.”

Again, in the argument to the same translator's version of *Hermione to Orestes* :

“Orestes gave Achylles' sonne the *gleeke*.” STEEVENS.

The use of this cant term is no where explained; and in all probability cannot, at this distance of time, be recovered. To *gleek* however signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to *jest* according to the coarse humour of that age. See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, above quoted. RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *No money, on my faith; but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.*] Shakspeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *Gleekman* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has shown, signified a *minstrel*. See his Essay on the ancient English Minstrels, p. 55. The word *gleek* here signifies *scorn*, as Mr. Steevens has already observed; and is as he says, borrowed from the old game so called, the method of playing which may be seen in Skinner's *Etymologicon*, in voce, and also in *The Compleat Gamester*, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90. DOUCE.

— *the minstrel.*] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1500, it appears that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.

“Item, payd to the preacher vi s. ii d.

“Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

“Item, payd to the coke xv s.” STEEVENS.



1 *MUS.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

*PET.* Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1 *MUS.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *MUS.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*PET.* Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief<sup>8</sup> the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppresses,<sup>9</sup>  
Then musick, with her silver sound;*

<sup>8</sup> *When griping grief* &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say:

“New *gripes* of dread then pearse our trembling brestes.”

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICKE.

“Where griping grief y<sup>e</sup> hart would woūd, (& dolful domps y<sup>e</sup> mind oppresse

“There musick with her silver sound, is wont with spede to geue redresse;

“Of troubled minds for every fore, swete musick hath a salue in store:

“In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy sprights,

“The carefull head releef hath found, by musicks pleasant swete delights:

“Our senses, what should I saie more, are subiect unto musicks lore.

Why, *silver found?* why, *musick with her silver found?*

What say you, Simon Catling? <sup>1</sup>

*MUS.* Marry, fir, because silver hath a sweet found.

*PET.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck? <sup>2</sup>

“The Gods by musick hath their pray, the soul therein doth ioye,

“For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye,

“A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his harp.

“Oh heavenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the sterne doth rule the ship,)

“Of musick, whom ye Gods assignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,

“Sith thou both man, and beast doest moue, what wisemā thē will thee reprove?

From *The Paradise of Daintie Deuises*, fol. 31. b.

Richard Edwards.”

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *And doleful dumps the mind oppress.*] This line I have recovered from the old copy [1597.] It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — Simon Catling?] A *catling* was a small lute-string made of *catgut*. STEEVENS.

In *An historical account of Taxes under all Denominations in the Time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: “For every grose of *catlings* and lutestring,” &c. A. C.

<sup>2</sup> — Hugh Rebeck?] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin*. See Menage, in v. *Rebec*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: “—’Tis present death for these fidders to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace.” In *England's Helicon*, 1600, is *The Shepherd Arfilius, his Song to his REBECK*, by Bar. Yong

STEEVENS.

2 *Mus.* I say—*silver found*, because *muficians* found for *silver*.

*PET.* Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

*PET.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I will say for you. It is—*mufick with her silver found*,<sup>3</sup> because such fellows as you<sup>4</sup> have seldom gold for founding:—

*Then mufick with her silver found,  
With speedy help doth lend redrefs.*

[*Exit, fing.*]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

“When the merry bells ring round,

“And the jocund *rebecks* found—” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> —*silver found*,] So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

“Faith, fellow fiddlers, here's no *silver found* in this place.”

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

“—what harmony is this

“With *silver found* that glutteth Sophos' ears?”

Spenser perhaps is the first author of note who used this phrase:

“A *silver found* that heavenly *mufick* seem'd to make.”

STEEVENS.

Edwards's song preceded Spenser's poem. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —*because such fellows as you*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The others read—*because muficians*. I should suspect that a fiddler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

ACT V.<sup>5</sup> SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

*Enter* ROMEO.

ROM. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,<sup>6</sup>  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :

<sup>5</sup> *Act V.*] The Acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the Acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] Thus the earliest copy, meaning, perhaps, if I may trust to what *I saw* in my sleep. The folio reads :

*If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep;*  
which is explained, as follows, by Dr. Johnson. STEEVENS.

The sense is, *If I may trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise *flattery*.

JOHNSON.

The sense seems rather to be—"If I may repose any confidence in the flattering visions of the night."

Whether the former word ought to supersede the more modern one, let the reader determine: it appears to me, however, the most easily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

*If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] i. e. If I may confide in those delightful *visions* which I have *seen* while asleep. The precise meaning of the word *flattering* here, is ascertained by a former passage in Act II :

"—all this is but a *dream*,

"Too *flattering-sweet* to be substantial."

By *the eye of sleep* Shakspeare, I think, rather meant the visual power, which a man asleep is enabled, by the aid of imagination, to exercise, than the eye of *the god of sleep*.

My bosom's lord<sup>7</sup> fits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

This is the reading of the original copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the subsequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

*If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,*  
which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleasing visions of sleep, and believe them to be true.—

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. Johnson has interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning:

*If I may trust the flattery of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:*

and Mr. Pope has followed him.

In this note I have said, that I thought Shakspeare *by the eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exercise, rather than the eye of the *God of sleep*: but a line in *King Richard III.* which at the same time strongly supports the reading of the old copy which has been adopted in the text, now inclines me to believe that the eye of the god of sleep was meant:

“ My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
“ O, if thy *eye* be not a *flatterer*,  
“ Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *My bosom's lord*—] So, in *King Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601:

“ That neither Uter nor his counsell knew  
“ How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutcheffs thwarted.”

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord*, he means—*Cupid*. STEEVENS.

So also, in the Preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumblebee*, 1599: “ — whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating himself in their breasts*,” &c.

Thus too Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ It gives a very echo to the feat  
“ Where *love* is thron'd.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“ Yield up, O *Love*, thy crown and hearted throne.”

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

Though the passage quoted above from *Othello* proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but *the heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Mason, can only import “that Romeo loved less intensely than usual.” Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—*sits cheerful* in his throne, ascertains the author's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet described the god of love as sitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, *a light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I :

“And on your eyelids *crown* the god of sleep.”

Again, in the play before us :

“Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit :

“For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,

“Sole monarch of the universal earth.”

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry V.* :

“As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,

“Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.” MALONE.

*My bosom's lord*—] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain fore-tokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on :

“How oft, when men are at the point of death,

“Have they been merry? which their keepers call

“A lightning before death.”

Again, in G. Whettstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 :

“——a lightning delight against his sudden destruction.”

STEEVENS.

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;  
 (Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to  
     think,)  
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
 That I reviv'd,<sup>8</sup> and was an emperor.<sup>9</sup>  
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

*Enter* BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
 Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
 How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
 How fares my Juliet?<sup>1</sup> That I ask again;  
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*BAL.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;  
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;—*  
*And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,*  
*That I reviv'd,]* Shakspeare seems here to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As you like it*:

“By this sad Hero——

“Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;

“*He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,*” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I dreamt, my lady——*  
*That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.]* So, in Shakspeare's 87th Sonnet:

“Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,

“In sleep a king.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *How fares my Juliet?*] So the first quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

*How doth my lady Juliet?* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —— *in Capels' monument,]* Thus the old copies; and thus Gascoigne, in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

“Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies,  
 so that



And her immortal part with angels lives ;  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you :  
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, fir.

*ROM.* Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars!<sup>3</sup>—  
Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.

*BAL.* Pardon me, fir, I will not leave you thus : +  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*ROM.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd ;  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do :  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

*BAL.* No, my good lord.

*ROM.* No matter : Get thee gone,

“ They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they  
passe,

“ For ancient grutch which long ago 'twene these two  
houses was.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have substituted *Capulet's* monument. MALONE.

Not all of them. The edition preceding Mr. Malone's does not, on this occasion, differ from his. REED.

<sup>3</sup> — *I defy you, stars !*] The first quarto—*I defy my stars*. The folio reads—*deny* you, stars. The present and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. STEEVENS.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—*I deny you, stars*.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Pardon me, fir, I will not leave you thus :*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read :

*I do beseech you, fir, have patience.* STEEVENS.

So also the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.

Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,<sup>5</sup>—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,

<sup>5</sup> *I do remember an apothecary, &c.*] This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, Tom. II. p. 241: "—beholdyng an apotecaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of *boxes* and other thynges requisite for that sciencce, thought that the verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye would make him wyllyngly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde." STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expression from thence:

"And seeking long, alas, too soon! the thing he sought,  
he found.

"An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,

"Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be  
poor;

"And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,

"And in his window of his wares there was so small a  
*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 geer*,

"And more there is than you shall need; for half of  
that is there

"Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

"To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's  
power." MALONE.

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :<sup>6</sup>  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd,<sup>7</sup> and other skins  
 Of ill-thap'd fishes ; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,<sup>8</sup>  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
 An if a man<sup>9</sup> did need a poison now,

<sup>6</sup> — meager were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:] See Sackville's description of *Miserie*, in his *Induction* :

“ His face was leane, and some deal pinde away ;

“ And eke his hands consumed to the bone.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *An alligator stuff'd,*] It appears from Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop : “ He made (says Nashe) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator*.” MALONE.

I was many years ago assured, that formerly, when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only. I have met with the alligator, tortoise, &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, Plate III.—It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators, &c. some time before the physicians were willing to part with their amber-headed canes and solemn periwigs.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *A beggarly account of empty boxes,*] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account ; but *beggarly* is probably right ; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> *An if a man* &c.] This phraseology which means simply—*If*, was not unfrequent in Shakspeare's time and before. Thus, in Lodge's *Illustrations*, Vol. I. p. 85 : “ —meanys was maid unto me to see *an yf* I wold appoynt” &c. REED.

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
 O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;  
 And this same needy man must sell it me.  
 As I remember, this should be the house:  
 Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
 What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*AP.* Who calls so loud?

*ROM.* Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art  
 poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have  
 A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead;  
 And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
 As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*AP.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's  
 law  
 Is death, to any he that utters them.

*ROM.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-  
 ness,  
 And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
 Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,*] The first quarto reads:

*And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.*

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

*Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes.*

Our modern editors, without authority,

*Need and oppression stare within thy eyes.* STEEVENS.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus:

*Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes.*

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,<sup>2</sup>  
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*AP.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*ROM.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes; though *starved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation. RITSON.

The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited :

“ Need and oppression *starveth* in thy eyes.”

The word *starved* in the first copy shows that *starveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this speech stands thus :

“ And dost thou fear to violate the law ?

“ The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,

“ And therefore make no conscience of the law.

“ Upon thy back hangs ragged miserie,

“ And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

The last line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemistich. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,*] This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions :

*Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.*

In *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakspeare :

“ Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,

“ Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“ Upon thy *back* where *miserie* doth sit.

“ O Rome,” &c.

*Jeronimo* was performed before 1590. MALONE.

See Vol. X. p. 344, n. 3. STEEVENS.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.<sup>3</sup>

*Rom.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's  
souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not  
sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.*] Perhaps,  
when Shakspeare allotted this speech to the Apothecary, he had  
not quite forgot the following passage in *The Pardoner's Tale* of  
Chaucer, 12,794:

“ The Potecary answered, thou shalt have  
“ A thing, as wisly God my soule save,  
“ In all this world ther n'is no creature,  
“ That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,  
“ Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,  
“ That he ne shal his lif anon forlete;  
“ Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lesse while,  
“ Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile:  
“ This poison is so strong and violent.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*Friar Laurence's Cell.**Enter Friar JOHN.*

JOHN. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

LAU. This same should be the voice of friar John.—

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *One of our order, to associate me,]* Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

In *The Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur*. *Append.* p. 448. HOLT WHITE.

By the Statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, ch. 22, it is declared—That no batchelor or scholar shall go into the town without a companion as a witness of his honesty, on pain for the first offence to be deprived of a week's commons, with further punishment for the offence if repeated. REED.

*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 Tragickall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:



Here in this city visiting the sick,  
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
 Suspecting, that we both were in a house  
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*LAU.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

*JOHN.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
 Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
 So fearful were they of infection.

*LAU.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
 The letter was not nice,<sup>5</sup> but full of charge,

“ Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;  
 “ And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise  
 “ That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,  
 “ But of their convent aye *should be accompanied with  
 one*  
 “ Of his profession, 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.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; the words, therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. must refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the 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 this city visiting the sick, &c.*

But the text is certainly right. The searchers would have had no ground of suspicion, if neither of the Friars had been in an infected house. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *was not nice*,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

Of dear import ; and the neglecting it  
 May do much danger : Friar John, go hence ;  
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
 Unto my cell.

JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

LAU. Now must I to the monument alone ;  
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;<sup>6</sup>  
 She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents :  
 But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;  
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[*Exit.*]

*Nice* signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the second Book *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 37 :

“ My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.—

“ My father elles were I *nice*.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.

“ —the most complaint of all,

“ Is to thinkin that I have be so *nice*,

“ That I ne would in vertues to me call,” &c.

Again, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570 :

“ You must appearé to be fraunge and *nyce*.”

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *fool*. *Apol. Herod.* L. I. c. iv. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIV. p. 421, n. 1 ; and Vol. XVI. p. 375, n. 8.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;*] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto, 1597, reads only :

“ Left that the lady should before I come

“ Be wak'd from sleep, I will hye

“ To free her from that tombe of miserie.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers and a Torch.*

*PAR.* Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*PAGE.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*

*PAR.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
The perfect model of eternity;  
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Fair Juliet, that with angels &c.]* These four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines:

- “ Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew;  
“ O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,  
“ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
“ Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.

Accept this latest favour at my hands ;  
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?  
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.<sup>8</sup>

[*Retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR with a Torch,  
Mattock, &c.*

ROM. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching  
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death,

“ The obsequies that I for thee will keep,  
“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness; but took the first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verses, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — muffle me, night, a while.] Thus, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,  
“ Do muffle him againe —.”

*Muffle* was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in *Comus* uses it:

“ Unmuffle ye faint stars” &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already observed, was a part of female dress. See Vol. V. p. 170, n. 5. STEEVENS.

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :  
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use  
 In dear employment :<sup>9</sup> therefore hence, be gone :—  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;<sup>1</sup>  
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*BAL.* I will be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

*ROM.* So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take  
 thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

*BAL.* For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout ;  
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

<sup>9</sup> — *dear employment :*] That is, *action of importance.*  
 Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues.

JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 308, n. 6.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense :

“ Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

*Catiline*, A & I.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th Book of the *Odyssèy* :

“ — full pitching on

“ The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon.”

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyn*, p. 14 :

“ Now telle we of the messengere

“ That went to Charlemayne,

“ Certyfyinge him by lettres *dere*

“ How the Romaynes were slayne.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIX. p. 202, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — *savage-wild ;*] Here the speech concludes in the old copy. STEEVENS.

ROM. Thou déteftable<sup>2</sup> maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the deareft morfel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*

And, in defpite, I'll cram thee with more food!

PAR. This is that banifh'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's coufin;—with which grief,  
It is fupposed, the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do fome villainous fhame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;

Can vengeance be purfu'd further than death?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:

Obeys, and go with me; for thou muft die.

ROM. I muft, indeed; and therefore came I  
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,  
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon thefe gone;  
Let them affright thee.—I befeech thee, youth,  
Heap not another fin upon my head,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — déteftable—] This word, which is now accented on the fecond fyllable, was once accented on the firft; therefore this line did not originally feem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræfus*, 1604:

“ Court with vain words and déteftable lyes.”

Again, in Shakspeare's *King John*, Act III. fc. iii:

“ And I will kifs thy déteftable bones.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:

“ Such déteftable vile impiety.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Heap not &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folios—*Put* not; which led Mr. Rowe to introduce the unauthorized reading—*pull*. That in the text, however, is the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ — thou heapeft

“ A year's age on me.”

By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:  
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—  
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*PAR.* I do defy thy conjurations,<sup>4</sup>  
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Again, in a Letter from Queen Elizabeth to Lady Drury:  
 “*Heape* not your harmes where helpe ther is none,” &c. See  
 Nichols's *Progresses* &c. Vol. II. p. 36, F. 2. b.

After all, it is not impossible our author designed we should  
 read—*Pluck* not &c. Thus, in *King Richard III*: “—*fin*  
 will *pluck* on *fin*.” STEEVENS.

So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“ With sighs and salted tears her shriving doth begin,  
 “ For she of *heaped* sorrows hath to speak, and not of  
*fin*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *I do defy thy conjurations,*] Thus the quarto, 1597. Paris  
 conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other  
 purpose than to do *some villainous shame* on the dead bodies,  
 such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore  
 tells him he defies him, and the magick arts which he suspects  
 he is preparing to use. So, in Painter's translation of the novel,  
 Tom. II. p. 244: “—the watch of the city by chance passed  
 by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that  
 they were necromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuse*  
*the dead bodies*, for aide of their arte.” The folio reads:

*I do defy thy commiseration.*

Among the ancient senses of the word—to *defy*, was to *dis-*  
*dain*, *refuse*, or *deny*. So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of*  
*Huntingdon*, 1601:

“ Or, as I said, for ever I *defy* your company.”

Again, in *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

“ My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. viii:

“ Foole, (said the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*.”

See Vol. XI. p. 232, n. 7.

Paris may, however, mean—I refuse to do as thou *conjurest*  
 me to do, i. e. to depart. STEEVENS.

*I do defy thy conjurations,*] So the quarto, 1597. Instead of  
 this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next



ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,  
boy. [*They fight.*]

PAGE. O lord! they fight: I will go call the  
watch. [*Exit Page.*]

PAR. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*—If thou be mer-  
ciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

ROM. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this  
face;—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?<sup>5</sup>  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
A grave? O, no; a lantern,<sup>6</sup> slaughter'd youth,

quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiseration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the same word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of these words, "*I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. to depart,*" is in my apprehension the true one. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — or did I dream it so? Here the quarto 1597 not inelegantly subjoins:

“ But I will satisfy thy last request,  
“ For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.”

A following addition, however, obliged our author to omit these lines, though perhaps he has not substituted better in their room. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *A grave? O, no; a lantern,*] A lantern may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and sometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful lantern at Ely Minster.

For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence<sup>7</sup> full of light.  
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.<sup>8</sup>

[*Laying Paris in the Monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death,  
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
 A lightning before death: O, how may I

The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's  
*Siege of Edinbrough Castle*:

“ This lofty feat and lantern of that land,

“ Like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er eu'ry streete.”

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 12th chapter  
 of the 35th Book of Pliny's *Natural History*: “ —hence came  
 the *louters* and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *presence* —] A *presence* is a publick room. JOHNSON.

A *presence* means a publick room, which is at times the *pre-  
 sence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in *The Two Noble Gentle-  
 men*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a  
 duke,—

“ His chamber hung with nobles, like a *presence*.”

M. MASON.

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620: “ — the king sent  
 for the wounded man into the *presence*.” MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton  
 in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

“ The darkeſt dungeon which ſpite can deviſe

“ To throw this carcaſe in, her glorious eyes

“ Can make as lightſome as the faireſt chamber

“ In Paris Louvre.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *by a dead man interr'd.*] Romeo being now deter-  
 mined to put an end to his life, confiders himſelf as already dead.

MALONE.

Till I read the preceding note, I ſuppoſed Romeo meant, that  
 he placed Paris by the ſide of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and  
 buried in the ſame monument. The idea, however, of a man's  
 receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like ſome of  
 thoſe miſerable conceits with which our author too frequently  
 counteracts his own pathos. STEEVENS.

Call this a lightning? <sup>9</sup>—O, my love! my wife!  
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: <sup>1</sup>  
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,

<sup>9</sup> — O, how may I  
 Call this a lightning? ] I think we should read:  
 — O, now may I  
 Call this a lightning? — JOHNSON.

*How* is certainly right and proper, Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how, says he, (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*?  
 RITSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The first copy reads: *But* how, &c. which shows that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatick pieces. So, in the Second Part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

“ I thought it was a *lightning* before death,  
 “ Too sudden to be certain.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th *Iliad*:

“ — since after this he had not long to live,  
 “ This *lightning* flew before his death.”

Again, in his translation of the 18th *Odyffey*:

“ — extend their cheer  
 “ To th' utmost *lightning* that still ushers death.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:*] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. III: “ Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty from her body.” STEEVENS.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks  
 “ Do yet retain some notes of former grace,  
 “ And ugly death sits faire within her face.”

MALONE.

And death's pale flag is not advanced there.<sup>2</sup>—  
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?<sup>3</sup>  
 O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *beauty's ensign yet*

*Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,*

*And death's pale flag &c.]* So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ And nought respecting death (the last of paines)

“ Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *ensign* of his might)

“ Upon his new-got spoil,” &c.

In the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare is less florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only says:

“ ————— ah, dear Juliet,

“ How well thy beauty doth become this grave!”

The speech, as it now stands, is first found in the quarto, 1599.

STEEVENS.

*And death's pale flag is not advanced there.]* An ingenious friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of *Marini*, which bears a very strong resemblance to this:

“ *Morte la 'nsegna sua pallida e bianca*

“ *Vincitrice spiegò su'l volto mio.*”

Rime lugubri, p. 149, edit. Venet. 1605.

TYRWHITT.

<sup>3</sup> *Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?*] So, in Painter's translation, Tom. II. p. 242: “—what greater or more cruel satisfaction canst thou desire to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys owne handes, and buried by thy syde?” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Ah, dear Juliet,*

*Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe*

*That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.]* So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

“ Ah, now, methinks, I see *death dallying seeks*

“ *To entertain itselfe in love's sweete place.*”

MALONE.

*That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.]* Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 463, speaking of the

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?

power of beauty, tells us :—" But of all the tales in this kinde, that is most memorable of Death himselfe, when he should have stroken a sweet young virgin with his dart, hee fell in love with the object."—Burton refers to *Angerianus* ; but I have met with the same story in some other ancient book of which I have forgot the title. STEEVENS.

— *Ah, dear Juliet, &c.*] In the quarto, 1597, the passage runs thus :

" — Ah dear Juliet,  
" How well thy beauty doth become this grave !  
" O, I believe that unsubstantial death  
" Is amorous, and doth court my love.  
" Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,  
" Set up my everlasting rest  
" With worms that are thy *chamber-maids*.  
" Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on  
" The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge :  
" Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,  
" Thy drugs are swift : thus with a kifs I die." [*Falls.*

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the latter has *arms* instead of *arm*.) the lines appear thus :

" — Ah dear Juliet,  
" Why art thou yet so fair ? *I will believe*  
" *Shall I believe* that unsubstantial death is amorous,  
" And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
" Thee here in dark to be his paramour ;  
" For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
" And never from this palace [*pallat*\* 4°] of dim night  
" [Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm :  
" *Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumblest in.*  
" O true apothecary !  
" Thy drugs are quick : thus with a kifs I die.]  
" Depart again ; here, here, will I remain  
" With worms that are thy chamber-maids : O, here  
" Will I set up my everlasting rest,

\* — *pallat*—] Meaning, perhaps, the *bed* of night. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II :

" Upon uneasy *pallets* stretching thee."

In *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, however, (an old MS. in the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne,) monuments are stiled the "*palaces* of death."

STEEVENS:

For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;  
 And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again; here, here will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest; <sup>5</sup>

“ And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars, &c.  
 “ Come, bitter conduct, come, unfavoury guide!  
 “ Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 “ The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
 “ Here’s to my love. O, true apothecary,  
 “ Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiss I die.”

As the old blundering transcribers or compositors may be fairly supposed, in the present instance, to have given what Shakspeare had rejected, as well as what he designed to appear in his text, the lines within the crotchets are here omitted. Following the example of Mr. Malone, I have also omitted the long notes which, in some former editions, had accompanied this passage.

STEEVENS.

There cannot, I think, be the smallest doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the carelessness or ignorance of the transcriber or compositor. In like manner, in a former scene we have two lines evidently of the same import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 197, n. 1.

In a preceding part of this passage Shakspeare was probably in doubt whether he should write:

————— *I will believe*  
*That unsubstantial death is amorous;*

Or,—

————— *Shall I believe*  
*That unsubstantial death is amorous;*

and having probably erased the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wise compositor printed the rejected words as well as those intended to be retained.

With respect to the line:

*Here’s to thy health, where’er thou tumblest in.*

it is unnecessary to inquire what was intended by it, the passage in which this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much more accurately expressed in its second than in its first exhibition, we have a right to presume that the poet intended it to appear in its second form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *my everlasting rest;*] See a note on scene 5th of the

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!  
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!<sup>6</sup>—  
 Come, bitter conduct,<sup>7</sup> come, unfavoury guide!

preceding Act, p. 212, n. 5. So, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653 :

“ ——— could I *set up my rest*  
 “ That he were lost, or taken prisoner,  
 “ I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest*, is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the same play :

“ *Set up thy rest* ; her marriest thou, or none.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Eyes, look your last!*

*Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you*

*The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss*

*A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*] So, in Daniel's

*Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :

“ Piteful mouth, said he, that living gavest  
 “ The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,  
 “ O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest  
 “ The forrowing farewell of a dying kiss!  
 “ And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,  
 “ Motives of love, born to be matched never,  
 “ Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever!”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last Act of the present tragedy.

*A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*] *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Come bitter conduct,*] Marston also in his *Satires*, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor* :

“ Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former scene in this play :

“ And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.”

See Vol. IV. p. 166, n. 3. MALONE.



Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
 Here's to my love!—*[Drinks.]* O, true apothecary!  
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

*[Dies.]*

*Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar  
 LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

*FRI.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-  
 night  
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves?<sup>8</sup>—Who's  
 there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?<sup>9</sup>

*BAL.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows  
 you well.

*FRI.* Blifs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
 To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,  
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

*BAL.* It doth so, holy fir; and there's my master,  
 One that you love.

*FRI.* Who is it?

<sup>8</sup> —how oft to-night

*Have my old feet stumbled at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

“For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,  
 “Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”

Again, in *King Richard III.* Hastings, going to execution, says:  
 “Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did *stumble.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Who is it &c.*] This very appropriate question I have re-  
 flected from the quarto 1597.

To *confort*, is to keep company with. So, in Chapman's  
 version of the 23d *Iliad*:

—'Tis the last of all care I shall take,  
 “While I *confort* the careful.” STEEVENS.

*BAL.* Romeo.

*FRI.* How long hath he been there?

*BAL.* Full half an hour.

*FRI.* Go with me to the vault.

*BAL.* I dare not, fir:  
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*FRI.* Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon  
me;  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*BAL.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,<sup>1</sup>  
And that my master slew him.

*FRI.* Romeo?— [*Advances.*  
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*  
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour

<sup>1</sup> *I dreamt my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

Let me add, that this passage appears to have been imitated by Quintus Calaber, XIII. 125:

“ Πότμον ὁμῶς ὀρώωντες ὄνειρασιν.” STEEVENS.

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.<sup>2</sup> [JULIET wakes and stirs.

JUL. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.

FRI. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that  
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;<sup>3</sup>

A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *The lady stirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the stage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

“*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and stirs.

“*Lav.* [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? blest me! Heaven!

“*’Tis very cold, and yet here’s something warm.*

“*Mar. Jun.* *She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.*

“*Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly news,*

“*And tell me how the gods design to treat us.*

“*Lav.* O, I have slept a long ten thousand years.—

“*What have they done with me? I’ll not be us’d thus:*

“*I’ll not wed Sylla; Marius is my husband.*”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— and unnatural sleep;] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;*] Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* translation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the author of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a translation of the original pathetick narrative at the conclusion of the play, in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

And Paris too ; come, I'll dispose of thee  
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :  
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare stay  
 no longer. [Exit.]

JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—  
 What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?  
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—  
 O churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop,<sup>6</sup>  
 To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;  
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
 To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]  
 Thy lips are warm !

1 WATCH. [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

<sup>5</sup> *Stay not to question, for the watch is coming ;*] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide :

“ The weary *watch* discharg'd did hie them home to sleep.”

Again :

“ The *watchmen* of the town the whilst are pass'd by,  
 “ And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb  
 they spy.” MALONE.

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, where the scene lies at Messina, our author has also introduced *Watchmen* ; though without suggestion from any dull poem like that referred to on the present occasion.

See, however, Vol. XIX. p. 241, n. 8, in which Mr. Malone appears to contradict, on the strongest evidence, the present assertion relating to there being *no watch in Italy*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> O churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop,] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The first has—

Ah churl ! drink all, and leave no drop for me !

The other :

O churl ! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,  
 To help me after ? MALONE.

JUL. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.*<sup>7</sup>  
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and  
let me die.<sup>8</sup>

[*Falls on ROMEO's Body, and dies.*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

PAGE. This is the place; there, where the torch  
doth burn.

1 WATCH. The ground is bloody; Search about  
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, who e'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful fight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—

<sup>7</sup> [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's translation of *Pierre Boisfeuau*, Tom. II. p. 244: "Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart." STEEVENS.

It is clear that in this and most other places Shakspeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter describes Romeo's dagger as hanging at *his side*; whereas the poem is silent as to the place where it hung, and our author, governed by the fashion of his own time, supposes it to have hung at Romeo's *back*:

"And then past deadly fear (for life ne had she care,)

"With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*there rust, and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus:

"I, noise? then must I be resolute.

"Oh, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear;

"Rest in my bosom: thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"This is thy *sheath*." STEEVENS.

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;<sup>9</sup>—  
 [Exeunt other Watchmen.  
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;  
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,  
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

2 WATCH. Here's Romeo's man, we found him  
 in the churchyard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince  
 come hither.

*Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.*

3 WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
 and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
 As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 WATCH. A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,  
 That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

<sup>9</sup> *Raise up the Montagues,—some others search ;—*] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored :

“ Raise up the Montagues. Some others, go.

“ We see the ground whercon these woes do lie,

“ But the true ground of all *this* piteous woe

“ We cannot without circumstance descry.” JOHNSON.

It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakspeare, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wished that an apology as sufficient could be offered for this Watchman's quibble between *ground*, the earth, and *ground*, the fundamental cause. STEEVENS.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.*

*CAP.* What should it be, that they so shriek  
abroad? <sup>1</sup>

*LA. CAP.* The people in the street cry—Romeo,  
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

*PRINCE.* What fear is this, which startles in our  
ears? <sup>2</sup>

*1 WATCH.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris  
slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

*PRINCE.* Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder comes.

*1 WATCH.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-  
meo's man;  
With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*CAP.* O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our  
daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ———that they so shriek abroad?] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that is so shriek abroad. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> What fear is this, which startles in our ears?] The old copies read—in your ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house Is empty on the back of Montague,— And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.] The modern editors (contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and



*LA. CAP.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Others.*

*PRINCE.* Come, Montague; for thou art early  
up,<sup>4</sup>

without attention to the disagreeable assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, which was first introduced by Mr. Pope) read:

“ This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! *the sheath*  
“ *Lies* empty on the back of Montague,  
“ *The point* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.”

The quarto, 1597, erroneously,

“ —this dagger hath mistooke;  
“ For (loe) the back is empty of yong Montague,  
“ And *it* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosome.”

If we do not read—*it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—*The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and sheathed in Juliet's bosom.*

Shakspeare quaintly represents the dagger as having mistaken its place, and “*it* mis-sheathed, i. e. “*mis-sheathed itself*” in the bosom of Juliet.

The quarto, 1609, and the folio, 1623, offer the same reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570:

“ Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,  
“ And thy *dagger* handsomly at thy backe.”

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires, no date:

“ See you the huge bum *dagger* at his backe?”

The epithet applied to the dagger, shows at what part of the back it was worn. STEEVENS.

The words, “*for, lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague,*” are to be considered as parenthetical. In a former part of this scene we have a similar construction.

My reading [*is*] is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —for thou art early up, &c.] This speech (as appears

To see thy son and heir more early down.

*MON.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; <sup>5</sup>  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*PRINCE.* Look, and thou shalt see.<sup>6</sup>

*MON.* O thou untaught!<sup>7</sup> what manners is in  
this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

*PRINCE.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a  
while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,

from the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601) has something proverbial in it:

“ In you, i'faith, the proverb's verified,  
“ *You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;*] After this line the quarto, 1597, adds,

“ And young Benvolio is deceased too.”

But this, I suppose, the poet rejected, on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter. STEEVENS.

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting scene. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Look, and thou shalt see.*] These words, as they stand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly suppose that some others have been casually omitted. Perhaps, our author wrote:

*Look in this monument, and thou shalt see.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *O thou untaught! &c.*] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

“ Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:  
“ Who came first to the world, should first depart.  
“ It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;  
“ This dealing is prepos't'rous and o'er-thwart.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ If children pre-decease progenitors,  
“ We are their offspring, and they none of ours.”

MALONE.

And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;

And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death : Mean time forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*FRI.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*PRINCE.* Then say at once what thou dost know  
in this.

*FRI.* I will be brief,<sup>8</sup> for my short date of  
breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.<sup>9</sup>

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :  
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;

<sup>8</sup> *I will be brief,*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet.*

MALONE.

In this poem (which is subjoined to the present edition of the play) the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick scaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance, as I have already observed, is introduced in *Hamlet.* See Vol. XVIII. p. 383, n. 2. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *my short date of breath*

*Is not so long as is a tedious tale.*] So, in the 91st Psalm :  
“ — when thou art angry, all our days are gone ; we bring  
our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.” MALONE.

For whom, and, not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
 You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—  
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
 To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;  
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
 To rid her from this second marriage,  
 Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.  
 Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her  
 The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,  
 That he should hither come as this dire night,  
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.  
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
 Was slaid by accident; and yesternight  
 Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,  
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;  
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time  
 Of her awakening,) here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
 She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience:  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.  
 All this I know; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,  
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

*PRINCE.* We still have known thee for a holy  
 man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

*BAL.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death;  
And then in post he came from Mantua,  
To this same place, to this same monument.  
This letter he early bid me give his father;  
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
If I departed not, and left him there.

*PRINCE.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*PAGE.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's  
grave;  
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:  
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;  
And, by and by, my master drew on him;  
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*PRINCE.* This letter doth make good the friar's  
words,  
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:  
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: <sup>1</sup>—all are punish'd.

<sup>1</sup> *Have lost a brace of kinsmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in Act III. sc. iv. and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth Act, describes him as "a gentleman of princely parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo says:

"—Let me peruse this face;

"*Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.*" MALONE

CAP. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

MON. But I can give thee more :  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;  
That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

CAP. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

PRINCE. A glooming peace<sup>2</sup> this morning with  
it brings ;  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head :  
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;  
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :<sup>3</sup>

*A brace of kinsmen :—*] The sportsman's term—*brace*, which on the present occasion is seriously employed, is in general applied to men in contempt. Thus, Prospero in *The Tempest*, addressing himself to Sebastian and Antonio, says :—

“ But you, my *brace* of lords, were I so minded,  
“ I here &c.—” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *A glooming peace &c.*] The modern editions read—*gloomy* ; but *glooming*, which is an old reading, may be the true one. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603 :

“ Through dreadful shades of ever-*glooming* night.”

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser ; and I meet with it likewise in the play of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661 :

“ If either he gaspeth or *gloometh*.” STEEVENS.

*Gloomy* is the reading of the old copy in 1597 ; for which *glooming* was substituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :*] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence ; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law ? EDWARDS'S MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage ; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders ;

For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.<sup>4</sup> [Exeunt.<sup>5</sup>

the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— [*Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his Satires, 1598, says:

“Luscus, what’s play’d to-day?—faith, now I know  
“I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow  
“Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.” STEEVENS.

*For never was a story of more woe,*

*Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.*] These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

“——among the monuments that in Verona been,  
“There is no monument wore worthy of the fight,  
“Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> This play is one of the most pleasing of our author’s performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to the poet.* Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio’s wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not



precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.\** JOHNSON.

\* This quotation is also found in the Preface to Dryden's Fables: "Just *John Littlewit* in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit." STEEVENS.

THE  
TRAGICALL HYSTORY  
OF  
ROMEUS AND JULIET.

CONTAYNING IN IT  
A RARE EXAMPLE OF TRUE CONSTANCIE;  
WITH THE  
SUBTILL COUNSELS AND PRACTICES 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 lycking tong  
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight  
The lookers on ; or, when one dogge doth shake  
With mooled 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 tossed barke ;—

Right so my muse

Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth  
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,  
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,  
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle  
May better shape. The eldest of them loe  
I offer to the stake ; my youthfull woorke,  
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe :  
The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,  
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight,  
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,  
Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might ;  
And shall geve rules of chaste and honest lyfe.  
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,  
Or rather not reprove the laughing game  
Of this my muse.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

LOVE hath inflamed twayne by sodayn fight,  
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre ;  
They wed in shrift, by counsell of a frier ;  
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.  
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight :  
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,  
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.  
A banisht man, he scapes by secreet flight :  
New marriage is offred to his wyfe :  
She drinkes 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 drinkes his bane ; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,  
When she awakes, her selfe, alas ! she sleath.

# ROMEUS AND JULIET.\*

---

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 fertyle soyle,  
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.

\* In a preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet* I observed that it was founded on *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almost as rare as a manuscript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and shall give it a place here as a proper supplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the Death of Maister Arthur Brooke drownde 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 *Julyet 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 serue,
- “ Amid the seas unluckie youth was drownd,
- “ More speedie death than such one did deserve.”

The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death ; being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giuletta*. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story :

“ As you yourself have seen, when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath, in the fair spring of my youth I devoted myself to the profession of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for some years I served in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the course of my private service, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accustomed, when upon any expedition on horseback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced soldier, but of a gay and lively disposition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love ; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the most amusing novels, especially such as treated of love, and this he did with more

The fruitfull hilles above, the pleafant vales belowe,  
The filver freamer with chanel depe, that through the town doth  
flow ;

The ftore of fpringes that ferve for ufe, and eke for eafe,  
And other moc commodities, which profit may and pleafe ;  
Eke many certayne fignes of thinges betyde of olde,  
To fyll the houngrny eyes of thofe that curioufly beholde ;  
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the reft  
Of Lombard townes, or at the leaft, compared with the beft.  
In which whyle Efcalus as prince alone did raygne,  
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,  
Alas ! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,  
Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able fourth to  
tell.

Within my trembling hande my penne doth fhake for feare,  
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth ftand my heare.  
But fith shee doeth commaunde, whose heft I muft obeye,  
In moorning verfe a woful chauce to tell I will affaye.  
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Mufes with your art,  
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retournd to fmart :  
Help eke, ye fifters three, my ikilleffe pen tindyte,  
For you it caufd, which I alas ! unable am to wryte.

grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradifca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my fervants, travelling, perhaps impelled by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely folitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly abforbed in thought, and riding at a diftance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who gueffed my thoughts, thus addreffed me: ‘ Will you then for ever live this melancholy life, becaufe a cruel and difdainful fair one does not love you ? though I now fpeak againft myfelf, yet, fince advice is eafier to give than to follow, I muft tell you, mafter of mine, that, befides its being difgraceful in a man of your profefion to remain long in the chains of love, almoft all the ends to which he condufts us are fo replete with mifery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in testimony of what I fay, if it fo pleafe you, I could relate a tranfaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way lefs folitary and lefs difagreeable to us ; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were condufted to a miferable and piteous death.—And now, upon my making him a fign of my willingness to liften, he thus began.”

The phrafe, in the beginning of this paffage, *when heaven had not as yet levelled againft me its whole wrath*, will be beft explained by fome account of the author, extracted from Crefcimbeni, *Iftoria della Volgar Poesia*, T. V. p. 91: “ Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian army ; but, fighting againft the Germans in Friuli, was fo wounded, that he remained for a time wholly difabled, and afterwards lame and weak during his life ; on which account, quitting the profefion of arms, he betook himfelf to letters,” &c. MALONE.

There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did plac  
 Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race ;  
 Lovd of the common forte, lovde 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 Capulet, and thother Mountague.  
 A wonted use it is, that men of likely forte,  
 (I wot not by what furye forsd) envye each others porte.  
 So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,  
 And then of grudging envies 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 they deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling stryfe,  
 Did bathed in bloud of smarting woundes,—it reved breth and lyfe.  
 No legend lye I tell ; scarce yet their eyes be drye,  
 That did behold the grisly sight 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 ;  
 But both his words and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne,  
 So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buyfy payne.  
 When frendly sage advise ne gentyll words avayle,  
 By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he  
 quayle ;

In hope that when he had the wasting flame suppressd,  
 In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boord within  
 their breast.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,  
 And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,  
 One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,  
 Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,  
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne,  
 That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,  
 Hath found a mayde so fayre (he founde so foul his happe)  
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,  
 That from his owne affayres his thought she did remove ;  
 Onely he 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 spede, himselfe the lover went ;  
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,  
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.  
 But she that from her youth was fostred evermore  
 With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wifdomes skiltfull  
 lore,

By aunswere did cutte off thaffections of his love,  
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move :  
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)  
 That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke ;  
 And yet how much she did with constant minde retyre,  
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by de-  
 syre,

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 chaunge of place might chaunge 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 dif-  
 dayne ?

What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,  
 But she the path wherein I treade with speddy flight doth shunne.  
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be ;  
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.  
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight ;  
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,  
 This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,  
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded.”

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,  
 A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his brest so depe,  
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best,  
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorrow and unrest,  
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night ;  
 So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, 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 be ronne,  
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne.  
 His kyndred and ayles do wonder what he ayles,  
 And eche of them in frendly wyfe his heavy hap bewayles.  
 But one among the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,  
 Farre more than he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,  
 Gan sharply him rebuke ; such love to him he bare,  
 That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.  
 “ What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage  
 Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine age,  
 In seeking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,  
 Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,  
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unpotted truth,  
 Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe ?



Now, for our friendships sake, and for thy health, I pray  
That thou hencefoorth become thine owne ;—O give no more  
away

Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate :  
In that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thy self to hate.  
For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne ;  
Or els (what bootest thee to sue ?) Loves court she hath for-  
sworne.

Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace :  
What man is better ihapd than thou ? who hath a sweeter  
face ?

By painfull studies meane great learning hast thou wonne,  
Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.  
What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,  
Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart,  
As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vice,  
When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise ?  
What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe ?  
Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.  
Wherefore my counsell is, that thou hencefoorth beginne  
To knowe and flye the crroure which to long thou livedst in.  
Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,  
That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.  
But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,  
Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.  
Choose out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,  
Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterue.  
But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle  
As yelds in haruest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.  
Ere long the townish dames together will resort,  
Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,  
With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,  
That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."

The yong mans listning eare receivd the holsome sounde,  
And reasons truth y-planted so, within his heade had grounde ;  
That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,  
And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did  
freate.

To his approved friend 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 wont to mete ;  
Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,  
For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.  
How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne !  
But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.

For ere the moone could thrife her wasted hornes renew,  
False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischief new to  
brew.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,  
And now the feson doth invite to banquet townish dames.  
And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn  
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.  
No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,  
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne,  
But Capilet himfelfe hath byd unto his feaft,  
Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geaft.  
Yong damfels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,  
Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to serche out.  
But not a Montagew would enter at his gate.  
(For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)  
Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,  
The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.  
When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,  
All did unmaske; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes;  
But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forfooke  
The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers 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 sightly shape, and bewties spotles hewe;  
With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,  
That ladies, thought the fayrest dames, were fowle in his re-  
spect.

And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,  
How he durst put himfelfe in throng among so many foes:  
Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede,  
And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.  
The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,  
Yet they suppress the styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe:  
Perhaps toffend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth;  
Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreadyng the princes  
wroth;

Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage  
Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.  
They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre deede,  
They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God  
speede.

So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,  
And they also behelding him their change 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 judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in natures  
frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,  
(Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape)  
Whom erst he never sawe; of all she pleasde him most;  
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee bolde  
Of perfet shapes renowne and beauties founding prayse,  
Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.  
And whilst he fixed on her his partiall perced eye,  
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,  
Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:  
The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene,  
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,  
So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.  
This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,  
That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery  
heate.

When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,  
Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,  
He doubtfull ikasely knew what countenance to keepe;  
In Lethies flood 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 tunloofe his bondes doth the poore foole devise,  
But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngruy eyes;  
Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empysonde  
baite:

How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte!  
So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,  
That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.  
Whilst Juliet, for so this gentle damself hight,  
From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her sight,  
At last her floting eyes were ancored fast on him,  
Who for her sake dyd banish health and freedome 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 rast:  
Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,  
Till now he listd not assaulte her yong and tender hart.  
His whetted arrow loofde, so touchde 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 eye unto the strong, of force, must yield, at length.  
 The pomps now of the feast her heart gyns to despyse ;  
 And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.  
 When theyr new smitten hearts had fed on loving gleames,  
 Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr  
 beames,

Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,  
 That frendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it  
 grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,  
 And eche of them had fought the meane to end the warre by  
 speach,

Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.  
 With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her fourth to  
 daunce ;

She quit herselfe so well and with so trim a grace  
 That she the cheefe prase wan that night from all Verona race :  
 The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,  
 Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng donne.  
 Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,  
 And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.

At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,  
 And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;  
 A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,  
 For he was courteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.  
 Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,  
 Such was emong the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.  
 With friendly gripe he ceas'd fayre Juliets snowish hand :  
 A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his swathing band,  
 That frosen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,  
 As were his handes, though nere so neere the fire he did them  
 hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,  
 Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.  
 For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,  
 And well he wist the lovd him best, unless she list to fayne.  
 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 had stopped quite his tong,  
 Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.  
 But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe  
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,  
 That vehment love was cause why so his tong did stay,  
 And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach him  
 faye,

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 chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt :  
 That geves you worthy cause my cumming here to bleisse ?

Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this ;

Fyrst ruthfully she look'd, then say'd with smyling chere :

“ Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and  
 feere,

Mercutio's yfy hande had all to-frosen myne,  
 And of thy goodnes thou agayne had warmed it with thyne.”

Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replee :

“ If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,

That by my being here some service I have donne

That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.

O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,

Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished hart's desire !

For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,

To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :

As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye

His faultles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.

But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,

Affure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,

Compard to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,

As from your bewties pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade ;

Which have to set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,

That lo ! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward 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 hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,

When laysureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer  
 make :

“ You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours ;

My honour sav'd, prest tobey your will, while life endures.”

Lo ! here the lucky lot that fild true lovers finde,

Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.

A happy life is love, if God graunt from above  
 That hart with hart by even waight do make 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 careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,  
 Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him en-  
 charnted so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,  
 Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.  
 Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,  
 That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.  
 Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,  
 That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing  
 game.

And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,  
 Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest :  
 Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde ;  
 Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were  
 harde.

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,  
 And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.  
 Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,  
 He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde ;  
 And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,  
 Though hap should sweure that guerdonles the wretched wight  
 should serve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine ;  
 For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,  
 To learne his name that intertaind her in so gentle wise ;  
 Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.  
 An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her care gan rounde :  
 (This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,  
 With slender nedel taught her sow, 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 namd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame:—  
 “ And tell me who is he with vyfor in his hand,  
 That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand.”  
 His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montagewe,  
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the fryse which both your hous-  
 holds rewe.

The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,  
 And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.



What hap have I, quoth she, to love my fathers foe?  
 What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wysh my woe?  
 But though her grevous paynes distraind her tender hart,  
 Yet with an outward shew of joye she cloked inward finart;  
 And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly tooke,  
 That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her looke.  
 Then at her mothers heft to chamber she her hyed,  
 So wel she faynde, mother ne nor the hidden harme descride.  
 But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,  
 Not half a wynke of quyete slepe could harber in her hed;  
 For loe, an hgy heape of divers thoughtes arise,  
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.  
 And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes,  
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes,  
 And now she lyketh her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,  
 And now eche houre within her head a thousand fansyes frames.  
 Sometime in mynde to stop amynd her course begonne,  
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to ronne.  
 Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought;  
 The fight was feerse, continuyng long by their contrary thought.  
 In tourning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,  
 Then standeth doubtful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,  
 How so her fansies cease, her teares did never blin,  
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.  
 " Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in foottill snare!  
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with care!  
 Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,  
 By srayng thus from raisons lore, that reve thy wonted rest?  
 What if his futtel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,  
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?  
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,  
 As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?  
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood servd her lust;  
 And toornd their honor into shame, that did to slightly trust.  
 What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?  
 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus  
 blamd?

A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,  
 In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainely written are.  
 Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,  
 By futtel sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to woorke at  
 length.

So shall I seeke to find my fathers foe, his game;  
 So (I desylde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,  
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill  
 Of my dispraysse, that with the noyse Verona shall the fill.



Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becomeme,  
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow toombe."  
 Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust  
 Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.  
 "No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,  
 Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,  
 That where such 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 faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;  
 And fraight again it flashed forth, and spred in eyther cheeke.  
 His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce  
 His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed to rehearse.  
 What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?  
 The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?  
 And whilst I talke with him, himself he hath exylde  
 Out of himself, as seemed me; ne was I sure begylde.  
 Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,  
 But Natures hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.  
 What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil?  
 These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,  
 Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,  
 So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.  
 For so perchance this new alliance may procure  
 Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure."

Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like!  
 And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke!  
 Weake arguments are stronge, our fantasies streight to frame  
 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.  
 The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,  
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre  
 Had payd his borrowed light, and Phæbus spred in skies  
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.  
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,  
 Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.  
 And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,  
 And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,  
 His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.  
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her  
 eye

His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,  
 But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy  
 Y-fowered not the sweete ; if love were free from jelosy !  
 But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,  
 When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.  
 In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,  
 That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.  
 In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,  
 From which, except he warely walke, men may his love de-  
 scrye ;

For lo ! it fronted full upon her leaning place,  
 Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerfull friendly face,  
 And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,  
 He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by  
 daye ;

But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spread,  
 Well-armde he walketh forth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dread.  
 Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde ?  
 He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.  
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne ;  
 And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye flaine.  
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—  
 Her Romeus pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.  
 Eche daye 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 anon 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 wo she  
 wrang.

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,  
 His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.  
 Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more :  
 His care was great, hers twife as great was, all the time before ;  
 For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,  
 In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.  
 For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,  
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced  
 weare.

Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred ;  
 While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.  
 When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,  
 By happy hope of sight againe he feedes his fainting hart.  
 What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye ?  
 What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joy ?  
 His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove ;  
 Ne, for 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 voice, y-broke with fobs, thus is her tale be-  
 gonne :

“ 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 wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.  
 In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,  
 With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloody  
 knyfe.

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare ?  
 And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more  
 deare.”

“ Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)  
 Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.  
 They may in spyte of foes draw fourth my lively threed ;  
 And they also (who so sayth nay) asonder may it shreed.  
 But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,  
 Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it coulede 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 sight,  
 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, your honor, serve and please,  
 Till dedly panges 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 Juliets ruthfull brest ;  
 In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest :  
 Her bosome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),  
 With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne :  
 “ Ah my dere 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  
 endures,

But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part  
 (Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.

But these things overpast, if of your health and myne  
 You have respect, or pity ought my teer-y-weeping eye,  
 In few unfained words your hidden mynd unfold,  
 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 ende and marke which your desyre hath  
 found,

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 fathers house forsake.  
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute  
 You thinke in rypest yeres to plucke my maydenhoods dainty  
 frute,

You are begylde ; and now your Juliet you beseekes  
 To cease your sute, and suffer her to live among her likes." *Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,*  
 And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,  
 Was filld with greater joy then can my pen expresse,  
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse.\*  
 And then with joynd hands, heaved up into the skies,  
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down  
 he cries,

If he have other thought but as his Lady 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.

\* ——— *the hearers 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. 285, l. 23 :

" If any man be *here*, whom love hath clad with care,  
 " To him I speak ; if thou wilt speed," &c. MALONE.

In former days, when the faculty of reading was by no means so general as at present, it must have been no unfrequent practice for those who did not possess this accomplishment to gratify their curiosity by listening while some better educated person read aloud. It is, I think, scarcely probable, that a poem of the length of this *Tragicall Hystory* should be *sung or recited in the streets* : And Sir John Maundevile, at the close of his work, intreats " alle the *Rederes and HERERES* of his boke, zif it plesse hem that thei wolde preyen to God," &c.—p. 363, 8vo. edit. 1727. By *hereres of his boke* he unquestionably intended *hearers* in the sense I have suggested. — HOLT WHITE.

He is my gostly fyre, and oft he hath me taught  
 What I should doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have  
 fought.

And at this self same houre, I plyte you here my faith,  
 I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he sayth."  
 She was contented well; els favour found he none  
 That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woords alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,  
 For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.  
 Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,  
 But doctor of divinetie proceded he in schoole.  
 The secrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;  
 By magicks arte most men supposed that he could wonders  
 woorke.

Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skils to know,  
 If on no harmful deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;  
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,  
 But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.  
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne  
 The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence  
 ronne,

To thrive themselfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;  
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.  
 And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,  
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of  
 neede.

Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,  
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.  
 Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste,  
 The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;  
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,  
 As earst you heard, by ikilful love found out his harmes redresse.  
 To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayeth he till the morrowe;  
 To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.  
 How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,  
 And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd ad-  
 vauce;

Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,  
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,  
 That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,  
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him  
 breath.

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly fyre  
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes desyre.  
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,  
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,

And from the sponfall rites he readeth him refrayne,  
 Perhaps he shall be bet advise within a weeke or twayne.  
 Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,  
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.  
 As well the father might have counfeld him to stay  
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the  
 waye,

As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,  
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.  
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last;  
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,  
 Of both the housholds 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 end so great an enterpriſe.  
 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 want his onely hartes delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare;  
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.  
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap  
 Into the friers brest;—but where shall Juliet unwrap  
 The secrets of her hart? to whom shall she unfold  
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care to 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 saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.  
 Not easly she made the froward nurce to bowe,  
 But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne  
 vowe

To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest;  
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of him she doth desyre  
 To know the meane of marriage, by counfell 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 mothers eyes!  
 An easy thing it is with cloke of holines  
 To mock 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 shent.  
 I know her mother will in no case say her nay ;  
 I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saturday.  
 And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well ;  
 And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.  
 A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong ;  
 Lord 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 forsooth,  
 Then I had been to have a kisse of some old lecher's mouth.  
 And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,  
 And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.  
 For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,  
 The message 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  
 lyes.

Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,  
 And gave them her ;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.  
 In seven yeres twice tolde she had not bowd so lowe  
 Her crooked knees, as now they bowe : she 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 takes her leave, and home she hyes with spedy pace ;  
 The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling  
 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 speche, and of his counsell wise :—  
 And still with many prayses more she heaved him to the skies.



Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought ;  
 But of our marriage, say atonce, 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 (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.  
 Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,  
 Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.  
 "There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,  
 Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.  
 For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,  
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endles 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 diswade,  
 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 desert.  
 Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke, "  
 There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.  
 Of Romeus these two do fitte and chat awhyle,  
 And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.  
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,  
 And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterdag, she got.  
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know  
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.  
 The Saterdag betimes, in sober weed y-clad,  
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.  
 With her the nurse 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 alters step, where she devoutly prayes,  
 And thereupon her tender knees the very lady stayes;  
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certain truth to know,  
 If frier Lawrence laysure had to heare her shrift, or no.  
 Out of his thriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;  
 The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth  
 neere.

Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,  
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.  
 Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,  
 Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be  
 sayde.

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne  
 The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.  
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,  
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungd her yong mistrusting  
 mayde?

I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,  
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.  
 Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn;  
 He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.  
 But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,  
 And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.  
 Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,  
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay,  
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,  
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe de-  
 light.

And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,  
 For now the rest of all her parts hath found her straying hart.  
 Both theyr confessions fyrst the fryer hath heard them make,  
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:  
 Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,  
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondeh here,  
 Twixt you it is agreed, that you shal be his wyfe,  
 And he your spoufe 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 harts request.  
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,  
 When in the praye of wedlocks state some skilfull talke was past.  
 When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,  
 His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew;  
 How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,  
 What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—  
 The words pronouncd were which holy church of olde  
 Appoynted bath for mariage, and she a ring of golde

Received of Romeus ; and then they both arose.  
 To whom 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.  
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to parte 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 fathers house,  
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the spouse ;  
 Contented both, and yet both uncontented still,  
 Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.  
 The painful souldiour, fore y-bet with wery warre,  
 The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from  
 farre,

The ploughman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,  
 Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,  
 Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace ;  
 Not pleasurd with the found so much, but, when the warres do  
 cease,

Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth :  
 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 keepe within their  
 brest ;

But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne  
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.  
 The news of ended warre these two have heard with joy,  
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.  
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,  
 Thy stearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betoft ;  
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,  
 Art come in sight of quiet haven ; and, now the wrackfull  
 barre

Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort  
 Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long desyred port.  
 God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,  
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight !  
 God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,  
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.

A fervant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,  
That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him  
trust.

His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of olde ;  
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.  
Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,  
To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.  
The bryde to fend the nurse at twilight fayleth not,  
To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got,  
And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,  
For, whether Fortune smile 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 Juliets face.  
How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,  
Let other judge that wonted are lyke passions to assay :  
For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere :  
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)  
The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,  
Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over-  
hyde.

Thappointed howre is comme ; he, clad in rich arraye,  
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 leapt 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 spoufe 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 quarriers, the auncient nurse is prest,  
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,  
That she at pleasure might behold her husbands bewty bright.  
A carchef white as snow 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 faint his lady is ;  
She fets a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his :  
And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,  
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.  
These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,  
And she unto herselfe againe returned home at last.

Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,  
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.  
 O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,  
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine  
 Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny  
 The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.  
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,  
 And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.  
 But now what is decreed by fatall destiny,  
 I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.  
 Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,  
 In that the Gods have granted me to claspe thee in mine armes.  
 The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,  
 When he unto his ladies 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 fayne) I may thee well assure;  
 The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,  
 More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.  
 Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deathes away,  
 But life prolonged was by hope of this 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 behinde our backe the cursed care to cast.  
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,  
 Where we with pleasure may content our discontented mynde,  
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,  
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.  
 And, for the time to come, let be our busy care  
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;  
 Left envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,  
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."  
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,  
 But forth in hast the old nurce stept, and so her aunswere stayde.  
 Who takes no time (quoth she) when time well offred is,  
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.  
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,  
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.  
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,  
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of others wayled woe,

Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)  
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.  
 Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,  
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they  
 went,

Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to rest)  
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.  
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in;  
 O that I might have found the like! I wish it for no sin,  
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,  
 As heretofore I have displayd their 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 proofe no certain truth can I unhappy write,  
 But what I gesse by likelihood, that dare I to endyte.  
 The blindfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,  
 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes down with head-  
 long sway,

Begynneth now to turn to these her smyling face;  
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes grace.  
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,  
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.  
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,  
 If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they forth the night, in sport, in joly game;  
 The hastines of Phœbus steeds in great despyte they blame.  
 And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,  
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,  
 And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place:  
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers parts  
 embrace.

The marriage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,  
 The nigh approche of days retoorne these sely soles diseasd.  
 And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,  
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty mornings crime,  
 With friendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,  
 And every other night, to come, a solemne othe he makes,  
 By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre:  
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.  
 But who is he that can his present state assure?  
 And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure?  
 So wavering fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge;  
 And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her change:  
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,  
 Although not aye, perchaunce, 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 chaunge of thinges doth make it seeme the  
 more.

Of this unlucky forte our Romens is one,  
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.  
 And joyfull Juliet another lease must toorne ;  
 As woont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,  
 But winters blast with speddy foote doth bring the fall agayne.  
 Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,  
 By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.  
 She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled gayne,  
 But now, for pleasures usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those housholds so agree,  
 But that some sparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee ;  
 Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,  
 Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.  
 At holieft times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;  
 The morrowe after Easter-day the mischief new begonne.  
 A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)  
 Within the walles, by Purfers gate, a band of Montagewes.  
 The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,  
 Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,  
 Our Juliets unkles sonne, that cleped was Tibalt ;  
 He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.  
 They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,  
 So lowde he cryde with strayed voyce and mouth out-stretched  
 large :

“ Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,  
 That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may speake.  
 Now once for all let us their swelling pryde affwage ;  
 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 than to live with shame, with prayse did choosē  
 to dye.

The words that Tybalt used to styrre his folke to yre,  
 Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.  
 With lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend ;  
 To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.



This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,  
That whether part had got the woorst, full doubtfull were the  
thought.

The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,  
And parts are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hye.  
Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him ;  
And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym :  
His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,  
And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his  
cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde ;  
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doubtful  
wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, and shylde to shylde set fast,  
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agaft.  
And whilst this noyse is rise in every townesmans eare,  
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus  
heare.

With spedye 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 ou eyther side the  
streate.

Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,  
And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.  
Gods farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele,  
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.  
But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,  
That through theyr 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 sward, 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 sward shall serve thee for a shylde.

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 tuikes doth whet ;  
 Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,  
 His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage ;—  
 Such seemed Romeus in every others fight,  
 When he him slope, of wrong receavde tavenge himself by fight.  
 Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the ikye,  
 That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to  
 flye ;

So met these two, and whyle they change a blow or twayne,  
 Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt  
 slayne.

Loe here the end of those that styrre a dedly fryfe !  
 Who thyrsteth after others death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.  
 The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,  
 The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.  
 The townemen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force ;  
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheles corce  
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne  
 May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath their kinsman  
 slayne.

The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt ;  
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.  
 The prince doth pause, and then geves sentence in a while,  
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.  
 His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong ;  
 His friends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.  
 Both households straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,  
 Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrrd fryfe.  
 This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,  
 From side to side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.  
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,  
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme  
 He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,  
 To helpe his friends, and serve the state ; which hope within a  
 howre

Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,  
 More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his  
 death.

And other forme bewaile, but ladies most of all,  
 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gyllt that is so late befall,  
 Without his falt, unto the feely Romeus ;  
 For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,  
 From heavenly bewties light and his well shap'd parts,  
 The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull  
 harts,

Shall you be banish'd quite, and tyll he do retooerne,  
 What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne ?  
 This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,  
 Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face  
 (Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,  
 And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seers sight)  
 A certain charme was graved by Natures secret arte,  
 That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.  
 So every one doth wish to beare a parte of payne,  
 That he releas'd of exyle might straight retooerne againe.  
 But how doth moorne among the moorners Juliet !  
 How doth she bathe her brest in teares ! what depe sighes doth  
 she fet !

How doth she tear her heare ! her weede how doth she rent !  
 How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment !  
 How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well !  
 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.  
 For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,  
 With wretched sorrows cruell sound she fills the empty ayre ;  
 And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,  
 And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.  
 The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs rebounde,  
 And from the hard refounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.  
 Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,  
 That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and  
 flowre.

But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,  
 Unto her chaumber there she hide ; there, overcharged with  
 woe,

Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,  
 And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,  
 That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)  
 But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.  
 Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side  
 Did cast her restless eye, at length the window she espide,  
 Through which she had with joye seen Romeus many a time,  
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to  
 clyme.

She cryde, O curfed windowe ! acurft be every pane,  
Through which, alas ! to fone I raught the caufe of life and  
bane,

If by thy meane I have fome flight delight receaved,  
Or els fuch fading pleafure as by Fortune ftraight was reaved,  
Hafth thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous  
Of heaped greefe and lafting care, and sorrowes dolorous ?  
That thefe my tender parts, which nedeful ftrengh do lacke  
To bear fo great unweldy lode upon fo weake a backe,  
Oppreffed with waight of cares and with thefe sorrowes rife,  
At length muft open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe ;  
That fo my wery fprite may fomme where els unlode  
His deadly loade, and free from thrall may feeke els where  
abode ;

For pleafant quiet eafe and for affured reft,  
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrefed ?  
O Romeus, when firft we both acquainted were,  
When to thy painted promifes I lent my liftning eare,  
Which to the brinckes you fild with many a folemne othe,  
And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,  
I thought you rather would continue our good will,  
And feek tappeafe our fathers strife, which daily groweth fill.  
I little wend you would have fought occafion how  
By fuch an heynous aet to breake the peace and eke your vowe ;  
Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipsed is,  
And I unhappy, hufbands, of cumforte robde and bliffe.  
But if you did fo much the blood of Capels thyrft,  
Why have you often spared myne ? myne might have quencht  
it fyrft.

Synce that fo many times and in fo fecret place.  
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds  
face,

My doubtful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to ftand  
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloudy hand.  
What ! feemde the conquest which you got of me fo fmall ?  
What ! feemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made  
your thrall ?

But that you muft increafe it with that kinfmans blood,  
Which for his woorth and love to me, moft in my favour ftood ?  
Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and feeke an other whyle  
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.  
And, where I comme, fee that you thonne to fhew your face,  
For your excufe within my hart fhall finde no refing place.  
And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,  
Will fo the reft of wery life with many teares lament,

That soon my joyeles 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 fore,  
Restraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in  
store ;

And then as still she was, as if in fownd she lay,  
And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feeble voyce gan say :

“ Ah cruell murdering tong, murderer of others fame,  
How durst thou once attempt to touch the honor of his name ?  
Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erved prayse ;  
For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.  
Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,  
Since he is gytles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt ?  
Whether shall he, alas ! poore banishd man, now flye ?  
What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye ?  
Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,  
That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.  
Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,  
Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,  
In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,  
So to revenge the crimes she did commit against thy truth.”  
These said, she could no more ; her senses all gan fayle,  
And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assayle ;  
Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath :  
Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present  
death.

The nurse that knew no cause why she absented her,  
Did doute lest that somme sodayn greefe too much tormented her.  
Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,  
Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought ;  
Where she with piteous eye her nurse-child did beholde,  
Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.  
The nurse supposde that she had payde to death her det,  
And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryde to Juliet :  
Ah ! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death !  
Alas ! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath ?  
But while she handled her, and chafed every part,  
She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,  
So that a thousand times she cald upon her name ;  
There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the 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 throte.

At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,  
And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she  
spyces.

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 sorowes streffe,  
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 canst not easely see  
The lawfull cause I have to forow and to moorne,  
Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once for-  
lorne.”

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.  
Tybalt your frend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares  
To call him backe agayne ? thinke you that he your crying  
heares ?

You shall perceive the falt, if it be justly tryde,  
Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.  
Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,  
To suffer him selfe causeles to be outraged of his foe,  
To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve ?  
Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,



And that there is good hope that he, within a while,  
 With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.  
 How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,  
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.  
 With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,  
 Without your fault, 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 comme  
 He mindes to do ; which knowne by me, you shall know all and  
 somme.

But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,  
 Straight would I hie where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence  
 cell.

Butt if you gyn est sones, as erst you did, to moorne,  
 Whereto goe I ? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.  
 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, ronne to untimely death.  
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppressse,  
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.  
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,  
 Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne."

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest  
 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her  
 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 reflles ffeedes do ronne ;  
 So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,  
 And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,  
 What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.



When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,  
 And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,  
 He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,  
 And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might  
 gyve,

He sought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,  
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.  
 In doutfull happe aye best a trusty friend is tryde ;  
 The frendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his friend 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  
 harme.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre friends to bestowe,  
 There now he hideth Romeus, whilst forth he goth to knowe  
 Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne  
 Is published by trumpets 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 stelth  
 Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise  
 Of their affayres in tyme 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 proclaynde 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 waltreth 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 deth, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,  
 Synce nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of greefe re-  
 move,

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering staves,  
 Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decays.

But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise  
With cunning hand to woork 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 speddy wrongs redresse,  
That shall bewayle my cruell death and pity her distresse."  
Therewith a cloude of sighes he breathd into the skies,  
And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swowlen  
eyes.

These things the auncient fryer with sorrow saw and heard,  
Of such beginning eke the end the wiseman greatly feard.  
But lo! he was so weake by reason of his age,  
That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.  
His wife and friendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,  
For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,  
That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,  
So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.  
With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,  
With wofull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.  
And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,  
With voyce with plaint made horce, with sobs, and with a falt-  
ring tong,

Renewd with novel mone the dolors 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 warely shonne :  
By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,  
And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.  
Loves troubles hasten long, the joyes he gives are short ;  
He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest 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 flewe 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 after raging fits appeased was his rage,  
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,  
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,  
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye:  
 " Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;  
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.  
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chafed,  
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:  
 So that I stode in doute, this howre at the least,  
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.  
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres  
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harmes re-  
 dres.

As when the winter flawes with dredful noyse arise,  
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,  
 So that the broofed barke in cruell seas betoft,  
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,  
 The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,  
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle;  
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,  
 In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,  
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,  
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;  
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,  
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,  
 The roder smitten of, and over-boord 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 chaunges that do chaunce,  
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.  
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;  
 Now put in 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 twaine.  
 As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,  
 As to indevor helping thinges by study to increase.

The prayse of trew fredom in wifdomes bondage lyes,  
He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his words  
be wife.

Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd ;  
If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou  
finde.

Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,  
But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.  
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,  
But wisdom in 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 reasons help to master witles will.  
A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt disease,  
But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.  
The world is alway full of chaunces and of change,  
Wherefore the change of chaunce must not seem to a wise man  
straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,  
But all her chaunges cannot change a steady constant mynd.  
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,  
And sorow seke to set himsele in banishd pleasures place,  
Yet may thy marred state be mended in a while,  
And the estsones 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 thyselfe, then I can thee advise.  
Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede  
A wisemans wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.  
I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,  
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.  
Affections foggy mist thy febled sight doth blynd ;  
But if that reasons beames againe might shine into thy mynd,  
If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,  
I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighing, and thy  
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 thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his sight,  
 He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely harts delight.  
 So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in ;  
 To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.  
 Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment  
 Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament  
 That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,  
 Enforfd to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart :  
 And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feele,  
 Thou dost complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning  
 wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banyshment,  
 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 chafe thee hence into exile,  
 With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.  
 Admit thou shouldst abyde abrode a year or twayne,  
 Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greevous payne ?  
 Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,  
 They are not banisht Mantua, where safely thou mayst be.  
 Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,  
 And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.  
 Yea, but this while, alas ! thy Juliet must thou misse,  
 The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.  
 Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,  
 And in thy brest inclosed bearst her tender frendly hart.  
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,  
 With thought of passed joyes content thy uncontented minde ;  
 So shall the mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,  
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.  
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,  
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the 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 greefes and others like were happily overpast,  
 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last !

From whence thou art now false, that, rayfed up agayne,  
 With greater joy a greater while in pleasure mayst thou raigne.  
 Compare the present while with times y-past before,  
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in  
 store.

The whilst, this little wrong receive thou patiently,  
 And what of force must needs 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.  
 To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,  
 But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,  
 His sighs are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares.  
 As blackest cloudes are chafed by winters nimble wynde,  
 So have his reasons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.  
 As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,  
 So banisht hope returneth hope to banish his despayre.  
 Now his affections veale removed from his eyes,  
 He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him  
 wife.

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 Lawrences skill.  
 The governor is now right carefull of his charge,  
 To whom he doth wisely disoorse of his affayres at large.  
 He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,  
 (Both mindeful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)  
 How he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne  
 The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in  
 The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may  
 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 hym at his appoynted howre  
 To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,  
 And there with holefome woordes to salve her sorowes smart,  
 And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.

The old mans woords have filld with joy our Romeus brest,  
 And eke the old wyves talke hath set our Juliets hart at rest.  
 Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day ?  
 Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to assay ;



For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espie  
 Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the skie,  
 To cleare the shadowde earth by clearnes 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 fraight 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 hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell ;  
 With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,  
 In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before.

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,  
 The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest ;  
 When restles Romeus and restles Juliet  
 In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.  
 And from the windowes 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 stood 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 cheekes downe fall  
 Theyr trickling teares, as chrifall cleare, but bitterer far then  
 gall.

Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,  
 Did kisse his love, and wifely 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  
 fraight.

O wondrous change ! even with the twinkling of an eye  
 Whom erst herselfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,  
 The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,  
 And while she treads, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,  
 More sorow doth she shape within an howers space,  
 Than pleasure in an hundred yeares ; so geyson is her grace.  
 The prooffe whereof in me, alas ! too playne apperes,  
 Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feceres,



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 soveraign 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, alack! too soone my blisse is over blowne,  
 And upside downe my purpose and my enterpryse are throwne.  
 And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave  
 (O graunt it God!) from daungers dread that I may suretie have.  
 For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,  
 (So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.  
 Which thing I have thought good to set before your eyes,  
 And to exhort you now to proove yourselfe a woman wise;  
 That patiently you beare my absent long abod,  
 For what above by fatall dome decreed is, that God—"  
 And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,  
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish tears besprent,  
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speeche he stayde,  
 These selfe same woordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she  
 saide:

"Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart,  
 So farre removed from ruth, so farre from thinking on my smart,  
 To leave me thus alone, thou cause of my distresse,  
 Beseged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse;  
 That every howre now and moment in a day  
 A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe  
 away?"

Yet such is my mishap, O cruell destinye!  
 That still I lyve, and with for death, but yet can never dye.  
 So that just cause I have to thinke, as seemeth me,  
 That froward Fortune did of late with cruel Death agree,  
 To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,  
 And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.  
 And thou, the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,  
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill,  
 Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)  
 To cast me off, 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 friendship 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 myself a foe,  
 Disdayneth me, his stedfast friend, and skornes my friendship so.

Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two things choose the one,  
 Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,  
 Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,  
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,  
 Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,  
 Where so thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.  
 So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,  
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,  
 So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,  
 Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may  
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,  
 And in distres to beare with thee the half of thine annoye.  
 Wherefore, in humble fort, Romeus, I make request,  
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,  
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart;  
 Receve me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart:  
 Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.  
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,  
 Art thou all counsellese? 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,  
 yes.

Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can  
 By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?  
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?  
 Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.  
 What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,  
 Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, sometime up to the skyes  
 you blew?

My teares, my friendship and my pleasures donne of olde,  
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd  
 behold

The wildnes of her looke, her cooller pale and ded,  
 The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;  
 And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,  
 And kist her with a loving kyffe, and thus to her he spake:

Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,  
 For whom, even now, thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,  
 Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to sec,  
 And for the servant friendships sake that thou dost owe to mee,  
 At once these fantasies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,  
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about  
 To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,  
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore teach every wight to  
 shonne.

For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)  
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.  
 For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,  
 And in his rage so narrowly he will pursue us both,  
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,  
 And vainely seeke a lurking 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 went to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath;  
 If thou be bent to obey the love of reasons skill,  
 And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebell will,  
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine own delight,  
 (Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of  
 fight,)

Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,  
 So shall I safely live abrode, and safe torne from exile:  
 So shall no slanders blot thy spotles life distayne,  
 So shall thy kinsmen be 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 winters blast.  
 For Fortune chaungeth more then fickle fantasie;  
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.  
 Her hafty ronning wheele is of a restless coorse,  
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the  
 woorse,

And those that are beneth the heaveth up agayne:  
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.  
 Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,  
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,  
 That of my wandring race ended shal be the toyle,  
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.  
 But if I be condemned to wander still in thrall,  
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.  
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,  
 From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;  
 Not in mans weede disguyfd, or as one scarcely knowne,  
 But as my wife and only feere, in garment of thyne owne.  
 Wherefore repress at once the passions of thy hart,  
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy  
 smart.

For of this one thyng thou mayft well affured bee,  
That nothing els but onely death fhall funder me from thee."  
The reasons that he made did feeme of fo great waight,  
And had with her fuch force, that ſhe to him gan aunfwere  
ſtraight :

“ Deere Syr, nought els wiſh I but to obey your will ;  
But ſure where ſo you go, your hart with me fhall tarry ſtill,  
As ſigne and certaine pledge, tyll here I ſhall you ſee,  
Of all the powre that over you yourſelfe did graunt to me ;  
And in his ſtead take myne, the gage of my good will.—  
One promeſſe crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill ;  
Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,  
The tydings of your health, and howe your doutfull caſe ſhall  
ſtand.

And all the 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 breaſt,  
When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the  
heft.

Thus theſe two lovers paſſe away 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 ;  
Whoſe courſe appoynted is with ſpedy race to ronne,  
A meſſenger of dawning daye, and of the ryſing ſonne.  
Then freſh Aurora with her pale and ſilver glade  
Did cleare the ſkies, and from the earth had chaſed ougly ſhade.  
When thou ne lookeſt wide, ne cloſely doſt thou winke,  
When Phæbus from our hemiſphere in weſterne wave doth ſinke,  
What cooler then the heavens do ſhew unto thine eyes,  
The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſterne ſkies.  
As yet he ſawe no day, ne could he call it night,  
With equall force decreaſing darke fought with increaſing light.  
Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to ſolde,  
With frendly kiſſe, and ruthfully ſhe gan her knight beholde.  
With ſolemne othe they both theyr forrowfull 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 forrow, and of dread,  
The clearnes of theyr gladſome harts hath wholly overſpread.  
When golden-creſted Phæbus boſteth him in ikye,  
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 fore.  
 The wery watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,  
 The warders, and the skowtes were charged their place and  
 course to kepe,  
 And Verone gates awide the porters had fet 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 woordes of comfort to his old afflicted fyre;  
 And straight, in mynde to sojourn there, a lodging doth he hyre,  
 And with the nobler fort he doth himselfe acquaynt,  
 And he of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his  
 playnt.

He practiseth by frends for pardon of exile;  
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorrowes 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 fyndes no place of joy,  
 But every thing occasion gives of sorrowe and annoy.  
 For when in toorning ikies the heavens lamps are light,  
 And from the other hemisphere fayr Phœbus chafeth night,  
 When every man and beast hath rest from paynefull toyle,  
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.  
 Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,  
 And then his sighs the chamber fill, and out aloud he cries  
 Against the restles starres in rolling ikies that raunge,  
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.  
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,  
 He thinketh Titans restles steedes of refines do stay;  
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,  
 Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and wandered farre about.  
 While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he spendeth,  
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he  
 endeth.

Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?  
 In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone:  
 For if his feeser 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, wheile others do rejoyce,  
 The melodye of musicke doth styrre up his mourning voyce.  
 But if in secet place he walke some where alone,  
 The place itfelfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.  
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to feathered fowles and trees,  
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what so beside he sees.  
 To them he sheweth his smart, as though they reason had,  
 Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him  
 glad.

And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,  
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw  
 light.

And as the night and day theyr course do enterchaunge,  
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could  
 Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne  
 she would;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes 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 geare,  
 The carefull mother marks; then of her helth afrayde,  
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde:  
 "Deere daughter if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,  
 I stand in doute that over-soone your sorrowes will make short  
 Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more  
 Than our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth there-  
 fore

Your greefe and payne, yourfelfe on joy your thought to set,  
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death forget.  
 Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent,  
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament;  
 You cannot call him backe with teares and sbrikinges shrill:  
 It is a salt thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will."  
 The seely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,  
 No longer could she hide her harme, but answered thus agayne,  
 With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded:  
 "Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed;  
 Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,  
 That empty quite and moystureless I gesse it now to be.  
 So that my payned hart by condnytes of the eyne  
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping  
 bryne.

The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,  
 And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace she warely  
 hent.



But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,  
Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted  
forrow,

All meanes she sought of her and household folk to know  
The certain roote whercon her greefe and bootelss mone doth  
growe.

But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labour lore,  
Wherefore without all measure 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 this childe did fare.  
And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde:  
“ Syr, if you mark 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 change.  
Not only she forbearcs her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,  
But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.  
No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart  
So much, as in the chamber close to shut her selfe apart:  
Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,  
That much in daunger stands her lyfe, except some help she  
finde.

But, out alas! I see not how it may be founde,  
Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus  
abounde.

For though with busy care I have employde my wit,  
And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,  
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;  
She hideth close within her brest her secret sorowes roote.  
This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose  
Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly foes.  
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;  
Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this change in her hath  
wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe  
She shed the last of Tybalts teares; which words amafsd me so  
That I then could not geffe what thing els might her greeve:  
But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve  
The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne  
Is grudging envies faint disease; perchance 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 dispaying doth she weare herselfe away with woe.



Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth ;  
 For why ? a brickle thing is glasse, and frayle is ikillelse youth.  
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of marriage,  
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age :  
 So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,  
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest.”  
 Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,  
 And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straigtway aunswered he.  
 “ Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these things ere this,  
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse  
 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 seek you to learne, if she in any part  
 Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart ;  
 Left we have more respect to honor and to welth,  
 Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth :  
 Whom I doo 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 pleasaunt aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,  
 And Capilet, the maydens fyre, within a day or twayne,  
 Conferreth with his frendes for marriage of his daughter,  
 And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that fought  
 her ;

Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,  
 As also well brought up, and wise ; her fathers onely heyre.  
 Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desyre,  
 Who county Paris cleeped was ; an earle he had to fyre.  
 Of all the futers hym the father lyketh best,  
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,  
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,  
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuaude 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 she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,  
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet ; to her she telles, apart,  
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather  
 Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.

The person of the man, the features of his face,  
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely  
grace,

With curious woordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,  
And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the  
lyes.

She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,  
Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.

When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,  
Whereto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,  
Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,  
With horses wilde her tender partes 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 to yelde me up at pleasure of another,  
Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.  
Doo what you list ; but yet of this assure you still,  
If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.  
For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose  
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to  
loose,

Then graunt that he 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 murtheresse of my lyfe,  
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,  
Ne ought, to love : wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you  
pray,

To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore ;  
Cease all your troubles for my sake, and care for me no more ;  
But suffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,  
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.  
For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,  
You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.”

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke  
Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke  
Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,  
And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and  
handes.

And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she fought ;  
She telles him all ; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.  
The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,  
Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no  
leysure ;

Ne on her tears or plaint at all to have remorse,  
 But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.  
 The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,  
 And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet,  
 Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,  
 Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter stood 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 asswage,  
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage  
 (Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens 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 Romaine youth of parentes stood 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 powre of lyfe and sodayn death.  
 What if those good men should agayne receive the living breth?  
 In how straight bondes would they the stubborne body bynde?  
 What weapons would they seeke for thee? what torments would  
 they fynde,

To chasten, if they saw the lewdness of thy life,  
 Thy great unthankfulness to me, and shameful sturdy stryfe?  
 Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,  
 That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee  
 One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,  
 And for his many vertues sake a man of great renowne.  
 Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,  
 So rich ere long he shal be left, his fathers welth is such,  
 Such is the noblenes and honor of the race  
 From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case  
 The dainty foole and stubborne gyrl; for want of skill  
 Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.  
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,  
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,  
 Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,  
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent  
 To Countie Paris sute, and promise to agree  
 To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,

Not only will I geve all that I have away  
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obey,  
 But also to so close and to so hard a gayle  
 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle  
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,  
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve  
 thee breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,  
 And thinke not that I speake in sporthe, or mynde to break my  
 vowe.

For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave  
 My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,  
 Ere thou go hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,  
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy dutie how to  
 knowe ;

And what revenge of olde the angry fyres did fynde  
 Agaynst theyre children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe un-  
 kinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away ;  
 Ne for his daughters 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 scene the fury of her fyre,  
 Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styre his  
 yre.

Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,  
 Where she was wonted to unlode the sorrows of her hart.  
 There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,  
 As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous booteles weeping.  
 The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,  
 Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.  
 So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,  
 The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.  
 Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,  
 And to saint Frauncis church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.  
 The fryer forth is calde ; she prayes him heare her shrift ;  
 Devotion is in so young yeres a rare and pretious gyft.  
 When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,  
 In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she  
 feeles,

With sighes and salted teares her shriving doth beginne,  
 For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.  
 Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,  
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes  
 perforce.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe  
 The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe;  
 Her parentes promise erst to Counte Paris past,  
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:  
 "Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;  
 For since I know I may not be the wedded wife of twaine,  
 (For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)  
 My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my jorney take,  
 With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,  
 The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.  
 This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife  
 Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.  
 So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,  
 And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I  
 Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my friend."

When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,  
 Her gasping here and there, her feerce and staring looke,  
 Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.  
 Whereat the fryer astonde, and gaitfully afrayde  
 Left she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he  
 sayde:

"Ah! Lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake?  
 I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.  
 Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,  
 Whilſt I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes  
 cease.

Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,  
 And for thassaults of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,  
 So holefome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,  
 That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."  
 His wordes have 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 haste is to the chaumber gone;  
 Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse;  
 The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.  
 His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne  
 To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn  
 The chefest cause that she unknown to father or to mother,  
 Nor five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.  
 An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred  
 His retiles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.  
 Even of itselfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;  
 The execution eke he demes so much more daungorous,  
 That to a womans grace he must him selfe comnit,  
 That yong is, simple and unaware, for waighly affayres unfit.

For, if she 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 hast returnde where woful Juliet was ;  
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,  
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.  
 Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day ;  
 “ On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,  
 I must geve my consent ; but, as I do remember,  
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September.”  
 “ Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,  
 For loe ! sainct Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,  
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together,  
 Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.  
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,  
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne  
 owne.

For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,  
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart :  
 I knowe that by desert his frendship I have wonne,  
 And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.  
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he  
 Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me  
 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 friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,  
 And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde ;  
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels  
 founde.

Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,  
 Not to the nurse thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.  
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy life,  
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.  
 Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne  
 As every where is spred of me, but 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 geit,  
 I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,  
 But, in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,  
 Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,



I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,  
 And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.  
 But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn ;  
 Beside the great contentednes my sprete abyded in,  
 That by the pleasant thought of pailed thinges doth grow,  
 One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly  
 know :

What force the stoncs, 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 beyling in my brest,  
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly  
 rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I  
 Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,  
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the waye I knowe,  
 Of certain rootes and savory 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 leeche would say, that he is slayne by  
 death.

One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this ;  
 The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is ;  
 But paineles as a man that thinketh nought at all,  
 Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall ;  
 From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,  
 Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh :  
 And thence (theeffect once wrought) againe it doth restore  
 Him that receaved 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 thyfelfe from heele unto the head ;  
 For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest  
 The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.  
 Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye ;  
 And on the marriage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,  
 Fill it with water full up to the very brim,  
 Then drink it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne  
 and lym

A 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 kinfmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne  
 chaunce ;

The corps then will they bring to grave in this churcheyarde,  
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparde,  
 Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,  
 (Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my  
 daughter,

Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight ;  
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.  
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,  
 Then may'ft 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 hest fulfill.  
 Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,  
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should  
 sinke,

Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,  
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.  
 Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart  
 To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,

To come to him on whom my life doth wholly stay,  
 That is my onely harts delight, and so he shall be aye."  
 Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye  
 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.  
 God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,  
 That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,  
 And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre;  
 And as with stately gate she passed through the streate,  
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would  
 meete,

In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet dyd hold,  
 In mynde also, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;  
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with her wonted chere,  
 As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,  
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:  
 "Madame, at sainct Frauncis church 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 fore diseasde  
 By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde;  
 To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,  
 And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe:  
 Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my fyre,  
 By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre;  
 But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore  
 Made me another woman now than I had been before.  
 By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,  
 That, though I sought, no sure defence my searching thought  
 could finde.

So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,  
 And promist to be ordered by the fryers praysed skill.  
 Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,  
 The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,  
 Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,  
 Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill.  
 Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,  
 To go unto my lord and fyre, withouten long delay;  
 Of hym 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 ikilfull best,  
 And that I will, God lendeth lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest

To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,  
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,  
 Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole allent,  
 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 if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,  
 Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape."  
 The simple mother was rapt into great delight;  
 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight  
 With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,  
 Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face  
 She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;  
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded  
 fryer.

With hands and eyes heaved-up he thanks God in his hart,  
 And then he sayth: " This is not, wyfe, the fryers first defart;  
 Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,  
 By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious lore.  
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde  
 But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.  
 Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)  
 But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!  
 So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,  
 So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve."

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,  
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;  
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his feast,  
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.  
 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 foorth when Paris comes in place:  
 Which she as cunningly could fet forth to the shew,  
 As cunning craftyman 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 stole 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 fute 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 sort,  
 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 the brydall day the parentes did prepare  
 Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,  
 That they which did behold the same the night before,  
 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wish for any more.  
 Nothing did seeme to deere ; the deereft things were bought ;  
 And, as the written story sayth, in dede there wanted nought,  
 That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke ;  
 But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke ;  
 Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tride,  
 The secret counsell of her hart the nurce-childe seekes to hyde.  
 For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not sticke to lye,  
 She thought no sinne with shew of truth to blear her nurces eye.  
 In chaumber secretly the tale she gan renew,  
 That at the doore she told her dame, as though it had been trew.  
 The flattring nurce dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,  
 And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.  
 She setteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,  
 And eke she prayseth much to her the second marriage ;  
 And County Paris now she prayseth ten times more,  
 By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus prayse before.  
 Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne ;  
 What shall it boote her all her lyfe to languishe still and mourne.  
 The pleasures past before she must account as gayne ;  
 But if he doe 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 thall she be sped of any townish dame,  
 Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.  
 These words and like the nurce did speake, in hope to please,  
 But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde diseafe ;  
 But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,  
 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.  
 But when the bryde perceived her howre aproched nere,  
 She fought, the best she could, to fayne, and temperd so her  
 cheere,

That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse  
 Her inward woe ; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.

Unto her chaumber doth the penfive wight repayre,  
 And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the stayre.  
 In Juliets chaumber was her wonted use to lye ;  
 Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye,

As soone as she began her pallet to unfold,  
 Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,  
 Doth gently pray her seeke her lodging some where els ;  
 And, lest the crafty should suspect, a ready reason tellez,  
 " Dere frend, quoth she, you knowe, tomorow is the day  
 Of new contract ; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray  
 Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,  
 And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,  
 That they so synle upon the doinges of tomorow,  
 That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow :  
 Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,  
 But see that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,  
 For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre ;"  
 And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her desyre.  
 For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute ;  
 She little knew the clofe attempt her nurce-child went about.

The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut clofe,  
 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 stoode 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  
 The 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 depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne ?  
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,  
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde ;  
 Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines  
 Hath put me to this sodayne plonge, 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 worke at all?  
 And then my craft descryde as open as the day,  
 The peoples tale and laughing flocke shall I remayne for aye.  
 And what know I, quoth she, if serpentes odious,  
 And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,  
 That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,  
 And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are  
 found,

Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—  
 Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,  
 Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store  
 Of carcases, not yet consumed, and bones that long before  
 Intombd were, where I my sleping place shall have,  
 Where all my-ancestors do rest, my kindreds common grave?  
 Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,  
 Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stified in the tombe?”

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too  
 long,

The force of her ymaging anon doth waxe so strong,  
 That she surmisde she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,  
 A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;  
 Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before  
 Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded  
 fore.

And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde  
 That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,  
 All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,  
 But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;  
 Her daynty tender partes gan shever all for dred,  
 Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.  
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,  
 A sweate as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender  
 skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:  
 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she  
 feares,

A thousand bodies dead have 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 encreased ay,  
 Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,  
 Hinder the execution of the purposde 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 Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,  
And from the East in open skies his gliftring rayes dispred,  
The nurce unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,  
And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her  
slepe ;

Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,  
“ Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by.”  
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,  
She thinks to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.  
If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,  
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders found,  
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make  
The sleeping wight before the time by any meanes awake ;  
So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald ;  
Wherewith the feely carefull nurce was wondrously apalde.  
She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,  
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble  
colde ;

Neither at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth ;  
Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death,  
Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,  
With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake  
she can,

At last with much adoe, “ Dead (quoth she) is my childe ;”  
Now, “ Out, alas,” the mother cryde ;—and as a tiger wilde,  
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gone out of her den to pray,  
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away ;  
So raging forth she ran unto her Juliets bed,  
And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.  
Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breth,  
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death :  
“ Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,  
Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,  
Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,  
Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.  
Whereto stay I, alas ! since Juliet is gone ?  
Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone ?  
Alacke, dere chyld, my teares for thee shall never cease ;  
Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase :  
Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,  
That dedly panges, when they assayle, shall not augment my  
smart.”

Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would braft ;  
And while she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,



The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,  
 And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,  
 Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,  
 For by theyr presence there they fought to honor so the feast;  
 But when the heavy news the byden geastes did heare,  
 So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count'nance  
 and theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,  
 That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.  
 But more than all the rest the fathers hart was so  
 Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,  
 That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,  
 Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd 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 forowes wrought.  
 If ever there hath been a lamentable day,  
 A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,  
 The same was it in which through Veron town was spred  
 The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.  
 For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,  
 That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint be-  
 hold,

That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy;  
 So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.  
 For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,  
 With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayses grew,  
 She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,  
 That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,  
 She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,  
 Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemonde.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,  
 Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,  
 A frier of his house, (there never was a better,  
 He trusted him even as himselfe) to whom he gave a letter,  
 In which he written had of every thing at length,  
 That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength;  
 The next night after that, he willeth him to comme  
 To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,  
 For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,  
 And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;  
 Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,  
 (Till sickell Fortune favour him,) disguysde in mans aray.

This letter 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 becaufe in Italy it is a wonted gyfe  
 That friers in the towne should feldome walke alone,  
 But of their covent aye should be accompanide with one  
 Of his profefion, fraight a houfe he fyndeth out,  
 In mynd to take some fryer with him, to walke the towne about.  
 But entred once, he might not iffue out agayne,  
 For that a brother of the houfe a day before or twayne  
 Dyed of the plague, a ficknes which they greatly feare and hate;  
 So were the brethren charged to keepe within their covent gate,  
 Bard of theyr fellowfhip that in the towne do wonne ;  
 The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers houfe to  
 fhonne,  
 Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should  
 renew ;  
 Whereof, as you fhall fhortly heare, a mifcheefe great there  
 grewe.

The fryer by this restraint, befet with dred and forow,  
 Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe ;  
 And then he thought in time to fend to Romeus.  
 But whilst at Mantua, where he was, thefe doinges framed thus,  
 The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly bufied  
 About her obfequies, to fee theyr darling buried.  
 Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,  
 And now to forow is retornde the joy of every one ;  
 And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they  
 change,

And Hymene into a dyrge ;—alas ! it feemeth fraunge :  
 Inftede of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,  
 And whom they should fee married, they follow to the grave.  
 The feaft that should have been of pleasure and of joy,  
 Hath every difh and cup fild full of forow and annoy.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,  
 That all the beft of every stocke are earthed in the grave ;  
 For every houfhold, if it be of any fame ;  
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the houf-  
 holdes name ;

Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,  
 They are beftowde ; els in the fame no other corps may lye.  
 The Capilets her corps in fuch a one did lay,  
 Where Tybalt flaine of Romeus was layde the other day.  
 An other use there is, that whofoever dyes,  
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,  
 In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding fheet.  
 So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man did  
 meete

His maisters wife ; the fight with sorowe fraight 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 maister most,  
 Alas ! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post ;  
 And in his house he found his maister Romeus,  
 Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him  
 thus :

“ Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,  
 That sure, except with constancy you seeke yourselfe to arme,  
 I feare that fraight you will breathe out your latter breath,  
 And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccaseion 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 unrest,  
 In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest ;  
 And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde,  
 Within the tombe of Capilets :”—and herewithall he stayde.  
 This sodayne message sounde, sent forth with fighes and teares,  
 Our Romeus received too soone with open listening eares ;  
 And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,  
 That loe, his sprite annoyed fore with torment and with smart,  
 Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,  
 And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce:  
 But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,  
 This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende ;  
 That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,  
 That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his  
 death :

Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,  
 And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.  
 Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,  
 Lest that the staynes of dried teares might on his cheekes be  
 seene,

And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,  
 Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,  
 Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abroad ;  
 His servant, at the maisters 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 fate unbufied 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 friendship could be got, with money could be  
 bought;

For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell  
 To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.  
 Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,  
 And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart:  
 "Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,  
 So that, before I part from hence, thou fraight deliver me  
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre  
 Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."  
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent  
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.  
 In haste he poyson fought, and closely he it bounde,  
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde:  
 "Fayr syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,  
 And more there is than you shall nede; for halfe of that is there  
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than halfe an howre  
 To kill the strongest man alive; such is the poysons power."

Then Romeus, somwhat 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 comme,  
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,  
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.  
 Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take;  
 Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd  
 make:

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,  
 But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull masters will.  
 Would God, he had herein broken his masters hest!  
 Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest!  
 But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought  
 Provoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,  
 And in few lines he did of all his love dyscourse,  
 How by the friers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,  
 The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night  
 And many moe he did enjoy his happy harts delight;  
 Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe thould 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 comme,  
 With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets toomme.  
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,  
 And fraight 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 comme not nere while I abyde beneath,  
 Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprife,  
 Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.  
 Take there a letter, which, as soon as he shall ryse,  
 Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes ;  
 Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,  
 Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,  
 Obediently a little way withdrewe 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 erst was blyst ;  
 He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyft ;  
 And in his folded armes full straighly he her plight,  
 But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight :  
 His fearfull handes he layde upon her stomach colde,  
 And them on diverse parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.  
 But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,  
 Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought ;  
 Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,  
 And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning  
 hart—

“ Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,  
 From which, for wordes unworthines thy worthy goft did passe,  
 What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde  
 Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy friendly fyde ?  
 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  
 wife,

And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,  
 His tender hart began to faynt, preft with the venoms force ;  
 Which little and little gan to overcome his hart,  
 And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,

He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,  
 Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.  
 To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he :  
 " Ah cofin 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 quēched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,  
 But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,  
 What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyrest thou  
 To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee  
 now ?

Who rest by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,  
 The same with his owne hand, thou seeist, dost poyson himselse  
 to death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,  
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselse he layeth by."  
 These sayd, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,  
 And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to fayle,  
 Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,—  
 " Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendest long agoe  
 Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe  
 Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,  
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde ;  
 Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde !  
 For well enough I know, this body is but clay,  
 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay."  
 Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force  
 His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corse,  
 That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,  
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,  
 Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,  
 And so the long imprisoned soule hath freedome wonne at  
 length.

Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,  
 Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy  
 corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,  
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken ;  
 But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,  
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,  
 Out of Saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,  
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.  
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,  
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight ;  
 Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,  
 When of his masters 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 fill increast.”  
 Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde  
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;  
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceive,  
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce death  
 dyd reve.  
 But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,  
 An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe; \*

\* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeas'd to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows:

“ So favourable was fortune to this his last purpose, that on the evening of the day subsequent to the lady's funeral, undiscovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night; and now perceiving that all was silent, he betook himself to the monastery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where these monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though since, for what reason I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino; yet is it certain that their former mansion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himself. Near the walls of this church, on the outside, were at that time certain buildings, such as we usually see adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient sepulcher of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damsel had been deposited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of superior strength, by force raised the stone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpose, having so prop'd it that it could not be fastned down contrary to his desire, he entered, and reclosed the entrance.

“ The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after closing the vault, he drew forth and opened; and there, amidst the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence suddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleased the Heavens, were to my eyes the brightest lights! O lips, by me a thousand times so sweetly kissed, and from whence were heard the words of wisdom! O beauteous breast, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I see, do I speak, do I live? Alas, my miserable lady, whither hast thou been conducted by that love, whose will it now is that this narrow space shall both destroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promised not, nor that desire which first inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I support you? and so saying, he covered with kisses her eyes, her lips, her breast, bursting every instant into more abundant lamentation; in the midst of which he cried, O, ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life still more short by crushing me in your ruin? But since death is at all times in our power, it is daftardly to desire it, and not to snatch it: and, with these words, he drew forth from his sleeve the vial of deadly poison, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what destiny



And much amazed to see in tombe so great a light,  
She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sp̄rite that walkd by night,

conducts me to die in the midst of my enemies, of those by me slain, and in their sepulcher; but since, O my soul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his bosom; when embracing the beloved maid, and strongly straining her to his breast, he cried,—O thou beauteous body, the utmost limit of all my desires, if, after the soul is departed, any sentiment yet remains in you, or, if that soul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be displeasing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the least I should die with you fadly and secretly;—and holding the body traitly embraced, he awaited death.

“The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damsel the cold and powerful effects of the powder should have been overcome, and when she should awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, she awoke in his arms, and, starting into life, after a heavy sigh, she cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kissed? and, believing it was the Friar Lorenzo, she exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you safely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he said, Do you not know me, O my sweet lady? see you not that I am your wretched spouse, secretly and alone come from Mantua to perish by you? Julietta, seeing herself in the monument, and perceiving that she was in the arms of one who called himself Romeo, was well nigh out of her senses, and pushing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, she instantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thousand kisses, saying, What folly has excited you, with such imminent danger, to enter here? Was it not sufficient to have understood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I should shortly have been with you? The unhappy youth, then perceiving his fatal mistake, thus began: O miserable lot! O wretched Romeo! O, by far the most afflicted of all lovers! On this subject never have I received your letters! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there close by her, taken the poison, which, as most subtle, he already felt, had sent forth death through all his limbs.

“The unfortunate damsel hearing this, remained so overpowered with grief, that she could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruise her innocent breast; and at length to Romeo, who already lay supine, kissing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than ashes, and trembling all over, she thus spoke: Must you then, O, lord of my heart, must you then die in my presence, and through my means! and will the heavens permit that I should survive you, though but for a moment? Wretched me! O, that I could at least transfer my life to you, and die alone!—to which, with a languid voice, the youth replied: If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my best hope! by these I conjure you, that after my death, life should not be displeasing to you, if for no other reason, at least that you may think on him, who, penetrated with passion, for your sake, and before your dear eyes, now perishes! To this the damsel answered: If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real? It only grieves me that here, in your presence, I have not the means of death, and, inasmuch as I survive you, I detest myself! yet still will I hope

But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :  
 “ What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ? ”

that ere long, as I have been the cause, so shall I be the companion of your death : And, having with difficulty spoken these words, she fainted, and, again returning to life, busied herself in sad endeavours to gather with her sweet lips the extreme breath of her dearest lover, who now hastily approached his end.

“ In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damsel had drunk the potion, as also that upon a supposition of her death she had been buried ; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder should cease to operate, taking with him a trusty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault ; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, seeing a light within, he was greatly surpris'd, and imagin'd that, by some means or other, the damsel had contriv'd to convey with her a lamp into the tomb ; and that now, having awaked, she wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which she was surrounded, or perhaps from the apprehension of being for ever immured in this dismal place ; and having, with the assistance of his companion, speedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all dishevel'd, and sadly grieving, had rais'd herself so far as to be seated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus address'd himself : Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I should have left you to die here inclos'd ? and she, seeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, answer'd : Far from it ; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive !—alas, for the love of God, away, and close the sepulcher, that I may here perish,—or rather reach me a knife, that piercing my breast, I may rid myself of my woes ! O, my father, my father ! is it thus you have sent me the letter ? are these my hopes of happy marriage ? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo ? behold him here in my bosom already dead !—and, pointing to him, she recounted all that had pass'd. The friar, hearing these things, stood as one bereft of sense, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to pass from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he call'd to him, saying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me ? speak to me at least ! cast your eyes a moment upon me ! O, Romeo, behold your dearest Julietta, who beseeches you to look at her. Why at the least will you not answer her in whose dear bosom you lie ? At the beloved name of his mistress, Romeo rais'd a little his languid eyes, weigh'd down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, reclos'd them ; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convuls'd, and heaving a short sigh, he expired.

“ The miserable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus address'd the young damsel :—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do ?—to which she instantly replied,—here inclos'd will I die. Say not so, daughter, said he ; come forth from hence ; for, though I know not well how to dispose of you, the means can not be wanting of shutting yourself up in some holy monastery, where you may continually offer your supplications to God, as well for yourself as for your deceased husband, if he should need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and so saying she pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that so our bodies may for ever remain united in this sepulcher : and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying should be discovered, by the love

And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare  
 Left if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,  
 In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,  
 And with his fingar shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and  
 colde;

And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde  
 This sodain great mischaunce; and sayth, that he will soone  
 provyde

In some religious house for her a quiet place,  
 Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase  
 She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,  
 And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.  
 But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye  
 On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,  
 Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,  
 And out they gushe;—with cruell hand she tare her golden  
 heares.

But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,  
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sicknes furious rage,  
 Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,  
 And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did em-  
 brace,

As though with fighes, 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 pleafant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde  
 Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,

already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miserable parents that they should make no difficulty of suffering those whom love has consumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the same tomb;—then turning to the prostrate body of Romeo, whose head she had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully closed his eyes, and bathing his cold visage with tears,—lord of my heart, said she, without you what should I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itself, which alone could possibly have separated you from me, should not now be able to part us!—and having thus spoken, reflecting upon the horror of her destiny, and calling to mind the loss of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, she suppressed her respiration, and for a long space holding in her breath, at length sent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body.”

For the foregoing faithful and elegant translation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a most dear and valued friend, whose knowledge of the Italian language is so much superior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the task has been executed by another. MALONE.

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 wons to fray the stoutest with his sight?  
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart  
In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?  
Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee  
The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy sure of thee.  
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew  
My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, againe thus to renewe:  
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode  
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have  
trode?

Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought  
To fynd my painfull passions salve, I myff the thing I fought;  
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,  
That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.  
Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe!  
For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme  
Of the most perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,  
That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others;  
Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,  
Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay  
wrang."

And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,  
The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone;  
For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,  
And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stoode in feare.  
When Juliet saw herselfe left in the vaulte alone,  
That freely she might woorke her will, for let or stay was none,  
Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,  
The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes;  
Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,  
That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint by love;  
And then, past deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had she care)  
With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.  
"O welcome death, quoth she, end of unhappines,  
That also art beginning of assured happines,  
Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,  
Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;

For straight my parting sprite, out of this carcas fled,  
 At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite emong so many ded.  
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,  
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,  
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,  
 That cauld alas ! thy violent death, although unwillingly ;  
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her goft,  
 To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to  
 bofte

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 ladies dedly smart !  
 She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,  
 And from her corps the sprite doth flye ;—what should I say ?  
 she dyes.

The watchmen of the towne the whilst are passed by,  
 And through the gates the candle light within the tomb they  
 spye ;

Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,  
 That with prepared instruments had opend wide the tombe,  
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,  
 Which, by their science ayde abuse, do stand them oft in sted.  
 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 deathes assuredly they knew :  
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,  
 That at the length hidden they found the murtherers ;—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 seene 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 that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,  
 (Like as the murders brute abroad through all the towne was  
 blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corfes that were founde  
 Should be fet forth upon a stage hie rayfed from the grounde,  
 Right in the felfe fame fourme, shewde forth to all mens fight,  
 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 fo 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 murther hath been donne, and who the murther-  
 ers are ;

For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,  
 And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.  
 The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,  
 The judges 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 among you, set togyther,  
 So that, affection set aside, by wisdom he consider  
 My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,  
 And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,  
 But that, amased much, doth wonder at this change,  
 So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and strange.  
 For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,  
 Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,  
 And with the worldes vaine thinges myselve I did acquaint,  
 Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt  
 With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,  
 Ne is there any stander by can make me gyilty blushe ;  
 Although before the face of God I doe confesse  
 Myselfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.  
 When readiest I am and likeliest to make  
 My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake ;  
 When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,  
 Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,  
 And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke,  
 Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth  
 thinke,



Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne  
downe,

In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.

The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,  
(And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong sur-  
mise)

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 mans ungyilty mynde.

Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,  
You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time :  
As though all howres alike had not been made above !  
Did Christ not say, the day had twelve ? whereby he sought to  
prove,

That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,  
But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad ;  
Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,  
Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path alyde.

As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,  
As now I deeme, I nede not seeke to make ye understand  
To what use yron first was made, when it began ;  
How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.  
The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,  
That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll.  
Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know  
That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they  
flowe,

Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,  
Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the  
cryme :

No one of these hath powre, ne powre 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 devyse.  
But God I prayse, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,  
And from remorses pricking sting I joy that I am free :



I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,  
Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should  
spare.

But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,  
And pluck out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,  
Which might perchappes henceforth increasing more and more,  
Within your conscience also increase your carelesse fore,  
I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym;  
(And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attesteth him,  
Whose mighty hande doth welde them in their violent fway,  
And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)  
That I will make a short and eke a true dyscoursie  
Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and sourse  
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 did yelde them selfe to cruell death:  
Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,  
And of theyr promyst frendshippes fayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,  
Even from the first, of Romeus and Juliets amours;  
How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,  
And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death  
might lose;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,  
Under confessions cloke, to him themselfe they have adrest;  
And how with solemne othes they have protested both,  
That they in hart are married by promise and by othe;  
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,  
They shal be forst by earnest love in sinneful state to live:  
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode  
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest,  
good,

And all things peysed well, it seemed meet to bee  
(For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree);  
Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryfe  
Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,  
Thinking to woorke a worke well-pleasing in Gods sight,  
In secrect shrift he wedded them; and they the selfe same night  
Made up the mariage in house of Capilet,  
As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.  
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,  
And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;  
And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,  
And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne;

And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,  
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound  
 Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd 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 that the lady should, wery of lyving breath,  
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her feely soule by  
 death:

Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure,  
 A certain 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 kindreds  
 tombe.

He thinks with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterve,  
 Supposing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carvde,  
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,  
 Desyrous to accompany her lover after death;  
 And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,  
 And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that  
 they heard.

And for the prooffe of this his tale, he doth desyer  
 The 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 fathers hand.  
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same  
 That erst the skilfull fryer said; and eke the wretches name

That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,  
 The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plaine have tolde.  
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,  
 That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr  
 eyes :

So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,  
 That in the prease there was not one that stode at all in  
 doute.

The wyfer fort, to counsell called by Escalus,  
 Here 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 masters best,  
 In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest :  
 Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,  
 And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his  
 cote.

But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded fyre,  
 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre ?  
 Because that many time he woorthily did serve  
 The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,  
 He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame  
 Did seem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.  
 But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,  
 Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth  
 his age ;

Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye :  
 Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.  
 The straungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,  
 The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,  
 That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage  
 Has emptied quite ; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could  
 asswage,

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 side above were set, and eke beneath,  
 Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.

And even at this day the tombe is to be seene; \*  
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,  
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,  
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble bar, at  
the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill the xix  
day of November, An. do. 1562.

\* Breval says, in his *Travels*, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide  
shewed him an old building, then converted into a house for orphans, in which  
the tomb of these unhappy lovers had been; but it was then destroyed.

MADONE.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.\*

\* COMEDY OF ERRORS.] Shakspeare might have taken the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument hereafter quoted is as follows :

“ Two twinne borne fonnnes a Sicill marchant had,  
“ Menechmus one, and Soficles the other ;  
“ The first his father lost, a little lad ;  
“ The grandfire namde the latter like his brother :  
“ This (growne a man) long travell took to seeke  
“ His brother, and to Epidamnum came,  
“ Where th’ other dwelt inricht, and him so like,  
“ That citizens there take him for the same :  
“ Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,  
“ Much pleasant error, ere they meet together.”

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakspeare founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing Cross.

At the beginning of an address *Ad Lectorem*, prefixed to the errata of Decker’s *Satiromastix*, &c. 1602, is the following passage, which apparently alludes to the title of the comedy before us :

“ In steed of the Trumpets founding thrice before the play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short *Comedy of Errors*, and where the greatest enter, to give them instead of a hisse, a gentle correction.”

STEEVENS.

I suspect this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

I am possibly singular in thinking that Shakspeare was not under the slightest obligation, in forming this comedy, to Warner’s translation of the *Menæchmi*. The additions of *Erotus* and *Sereptus*, which do not occur in that translation, and he could never invent, are, alone, a sufficient inducement to believe that he was no way indebted to it. But a further and more convincing proof is, that he has not a name, line, or word, from the old play, nor any one incident but what must, of course, be common to every translation. Sir William Blackstone, I observe, suspects “ this and all other plays where much rhyme is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare’s more early productions.” But I much doubt whether any of these “ long hobbling verses” have the honour of proceeding from his pen ; and, in fact, the superior elegance and harmony of his language is no less distinguishable in his earliest than his latest production. The truth is, if any inference can

be drawn from the most striking dissimilarity of style, a tissue as different as silk and worsted, that this comedy, though boasting the embellishments of our author's genius, in additional words, lines, speeches, and scenes, was not originally his, but proceeded from some inferior playwright, who was capable of reading the *Menæchmi* without the help of a translation, or, at least, did not make use of Warner's. And this I take to have been the case, not only with the three Parts of *King Henry VI.* (though not, perhaps, exactly in the way, or to the extent, maintained by a late editor,) but with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *King Richard II.* in all which pieces Shakspeare's new work is as apparent as the brightest touches of Titian would be on the poorest performance of the veriest canvass-spoiler that ever handled a brush. The originals of these plays were never printed, and may be thought to have been put into his hands by the manager, for the purpose of alteration and improvement, which we find to have been an ordinary practice of the theatre in his time. We are therefore no longer to look upon the above "pleasant and fine conceited comedie," as entitled to a situation among the "*six plays on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure,*" &c. of which I should hope to see a new and improved edition. RITSON.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1593. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.





# COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.*

*ÆGE.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

*DUKE.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,  
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:  
Nay, more,  
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen  
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
Again, If any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,

To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
 Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*ÆGE.* Yet this my comfort; when your words  
 are done,  
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

*DUKE.* Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home;  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*ÆGE.* A heavier task could not have been im-  
 pos'd,  
 Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:  
 Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.  
 In Syracuse was I born; and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,

\* *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life, (says he,) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, [*wrought by nature,*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

The real meaning of this passage is much less abstruse than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection*. Ægeon came to Ephesus in search of his son, and tells his story, in order to show that his death was in consequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. MASON.

And by me too,<sup>2</sup> had not our hap been bad.  
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd,  
 By prosperous voyages I often made  
 To Epidamnum, till my factor's death ;  
 And he (great care of goods at random left)<sup>3</sup>  
 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :  
 From whom my absence was not six months old,  
 Before herself (almost at fainting, under  
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,)  
 Had made provision for her following me,  
 And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.  
 There she had not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
 That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,  
 A poor mean woman<sup>4</sup> was delivered  
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike :  
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
 Made daily motions for our home return :

<sup>2</sup> *And by me too,*] *Too*, which is not found in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to complete the metre. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *And he (great care of goods at random left)*] Surely we should read—

*And the great care of goods at random left  
 Drew me &c.*

The text, as exhibited in the old copy, can scarcely be reconciled to grammar. MALONE.

A parenthesis makes the present reading clear :

*And he (great care of goods at random left)  
 Drew me &c.* M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *A poor mean woman*—] *Poor* is not in the old copy. It was inserted, for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon.  
We came aboard :  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragick instance of our harm :  
But longer did we not retain much hope ;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was,—for other means was none.—  
The sailors fought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :  
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,  
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;  
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :  
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*DUKE.* Nay, forward, old man, do not break  
off so;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*ÆGE.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!  
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
Which being violently borne upon,<sup>5</sup>  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;  
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.  
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
And in our fight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought:  
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
Gave helpful welcome<sup>6</sup> to their shipwreck'd guests;  
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
And therefore homeward did they bend their  
course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blifs;  
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

<sup>5</sup> ——— borne upon,] The original copy reads—borne up. The additional syllable was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONÉ.

<sup>6</sup> Gave helpful welcome—] Old copy—healthful welcome. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

“And gave the tongue a helpful welcome.” MALONÉ.

*DUKE.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest  
for,  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now?<sup>7</sup>

*ÆGE.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,<sup>8</sup>  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother; and importun'd me,  
That his attendant, (for his case was like,<sup>9</sup>  
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.  
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,<sup>1</sup>  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unfought,

<sup>7</sup> — and thee, till now.] The first copy erroneously reads—  
and they. The correction was made in the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,] Shakspeare has  
here been guilty of a little forgetfulness. Ægeon had said, page  
352, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken  
care of:

“ My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,  
“ Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.”

He himself did the same by the other; and then each, fixing  
their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at  
either end of the mast. M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> — for his case was like,] The original copy has—*so* his.  
The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,] In the northern  
parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully,*  
*perfectly, completely.* So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — This is *clean* kam.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ *Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves.”

The reader will likewise find it in the 77th Psalm.

STEEVENS.



Or that, or any place that harbours men.  
 But here must end the story of my life;  
 And happy were I in my timely death,  
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

DUKE. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
 mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
 But to our honour's great disparagement,  
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day;  
 To seek thy help<sup>2</sup> by beneficial help:  
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
 And live; if not,<sup>3</sup> then thou art doom'd to die:—  
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

GAOL. I will, my lord.

<sup>2</sup> — help—] Mr. Pope and some other modern editors read—To seek thy *life*, &c. But the jingle has much of Shakspeare's manner. MALONE.

To seek thy *life*, can hardly be the true reading, for, in ancient language, it signifies a *base endeavour to take life away*. Thus, Antonio says of Shylock,—

“He seeks my life.”

I believe, therefore, the word—*help*, was accidentally repeated by the compositor, and that our author wrote,—

To seek thy help by beneficial means. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — if not,] Old copy—no. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

*ÆGE.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Ægeon* wend,<sup>4</sup>  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse,  
and a Merchant.*

*MER.* Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.  
This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.<sup>5</sup>  
There is your money that I had to keep.

*ANT. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time :  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn ;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

<sup>4</sup> — wend,] i. e. go. An obsolete word. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ And back to Athens shall the lovers wend.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — ere the weary sun set in the west.] So, in *King John* :

“ — the feeble and day-wearied sun.”

Again, in *King Richard III* :

“ The weary sun hath made a golden set.” STEEVENS.

*DRO. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit DRO. S.*

*ANT. S.* A trusty villain,<sup>6</sup> fir; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

*MER.* I am invited, fir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;<sup>7</sup>  
My present business calls me from you now.

*ANT. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*MER.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.  
[*Exit Merchant.*

*ANT. S.* He that commends me to mine own  
content,  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;

<sup>6</sup> *A trusty villain,*] i. e. servant. DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> *And afterwards consort you till bed-time;*] We should read, I believe,—

*And afterwards consort with you till bed-time.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Mercutio, thou *consort'st* with Romeo.” MALONE.

There is no need of emendation. The old reading is supported by the following passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II. sc. i:

“Sweet health and fair desires *consort* your grace.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Thou wretched boy, that didst *consort* him here—.”

STEEVENS.

Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
 So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—  
 What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

*DRO. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too  
 late :

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;  
 The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,  
 My mistress made it one upon my cheek :  
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;  
 The meat is cold, because you come not home ;  
 You come not home, because you have no stomach ;  
 You have no stomach, having broke your fast ;  
 But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
 Are penitent for your default to-day.

*ANT. S.* Stop in your wind, fir ; tell me this,  
 I pray ;

Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

*DRO. E.* O,—fix-pence, that I had o'Wednesday  
 last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;—  
 The saddler had it, fir, I kept it not.

*ANT. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now :  
 Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?  
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
 So great a charge from thine own custody ?

*DRO. E.* I pray you, jest, fir, as you sit at dinner :  
 I from my mistress come to you in post ;  
 If I return, I shall be post indeed ;

For she will score your fault upon my pate.<sup>8</sup>  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your  
clock,<sup>9</sup>

And strike you home without a messenger.

*ANT. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out  
of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*DRO. E.* To me, sir? why you gave no gold to  
me.

*ANT. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your  
foolishness,  
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*DRO. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from  
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

<sup>8</sup> — *I shall be post indeed;*

*For she will score your fault upon my pate.]* Perhaps,  
before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough  
reckoning, concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by  
chalk or notches on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books  
of a trader. So, in *Every Man in his Humour*, Kitely, the  
merchant, making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiari-  
ties used to his wife, Cob answers, “—if I saw any body to  
be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle  
of the warehouse,” &c. STEEVENS.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

“*Hofst.* Out of my doors, knave, thou entereft not my doors;  
I have no *chalk* in my house; my *posts* shall not be guarded  
with a little sing-song.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,]*  
The old copy reads—your *cook*. Mr. Pope made the change.

MALONE.

So, Plautus:

“—me puero uterus erat *solarium*.”

See *Aul. Gell.* L. III. ch. iii. STEEVENS.

*ANT. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;  
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,<sup>1</sup>  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*DRO. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my  
pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.—  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*ANT. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,  
hast thou?

*DRO. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phoenix;  
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,  
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*ANT. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my  
face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, fir knave.

*DRO. E.* What mean you, fir? for God's sake,  
hold your hands;  
Nay, an you will not, fir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit DRO. E.*]

*ANT. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>2</sup> of all my money.

<sup>1</sup> ——— that merry sconce of yours,] *Sconce* is head. So, in *Hamlet*, Act V: "—why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *sconce*?"

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

"————— I say no more,

"But 'tis within this *sconce* to go beyond them."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— o'er-raught—] That is, *over-reached*. JOHNSON.

They say, this town is full of cozenage; <sup>3</sup>  
 As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
 Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,  
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body; <sup>4</sup>

So, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— certain players

“ We o'er-raught on the way.”

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. iii :

“ Having by chance a close advantage view'd,

“ He over-raught him,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *They say, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφεσια ἀ'λεξιφάρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and Ἐφεσια γραμμαῖα, in the same sense. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
 Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,  
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;*]

Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a just characteristick of each of them. Thus, by *nimble jugglers*, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand*: and by *soul-killing witches*, we are informed, the mischief they do is by the assistance of the devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working forcerers*, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Besides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristick. We should read :

*Drug-working forcerers, that change the mind,*  
 and we know, by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *soul-felling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus;



Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like liberties of fin :<sup>5</sup>

Soul-killing *forcerers*, that change the mind,  
Dark-working *witches*, that deform the body;  
This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts.

JOHNSON.

*Dark-working forcerers*, may only mean *forcerers who carry on their operations in the dark*. Thus, says Bolingbroke, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI*:

“ ————— wizards know their times :

“ Deep night, *dark night*, the silent of the night,” &c.

Witches themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. Hence, Sidney, in his *Astrophel and Stella* :

“ No witchcraft is so evill, as which *man's minde destroyeth*.”

The same compound epithet occurs in Christopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester*, 1600 :

“ They charge her, that she did maintaine and feede

“ *Soul-killing* witches, and convers'd with devils.”

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakspeare might have received from the old translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595 : “ For this assure yoursefe, this towne *Epidamnus* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse ; and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, parasites, drunkards, catch-poles, cony-catchers, and sycophants, as it can hold : then for curtizans,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *liberties of fin* :] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

By *liberties of fin*, I believe, Shakspeare means *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity.

Thus, says Ascham, “ I was once in Italie myself ; but I thank God my abode there was but nine daies ; and yet I sawe in that little tyme in one citie (Venice) more *libertie to sinne*, than ever I yet heard tell of in London in nine yeare.”

STEEVENS.

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
 I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;  
 I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*ADR.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
 That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
 Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*LUC.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
 And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
 Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
 A man is master of his liberty:  
 Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
 They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

*ADR.* Why should their liberty than ours be  
 more?

*LUC.* Because their business still lies out o'door.

*ADR.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.<sup>6</sup>

*LUC.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

<sup>6</sup> — *ill.*] This word, which the rhyme seems to countenance, was furnished by the editor of the second folio. The first has—*thus*. MALONE.

*ADR.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*LUC.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.<sup>7</sup>  
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subject, and at their controls :

<sup>7</sup> *Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound ?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense as *leash* ; as does Greene, in his *Mamillia*, 1593 : "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 : "Yet both in *lashe* at length this Cressid leaves." *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578 :

"To thee Cassandra which dost hold my freedom in a  
*lace*."

When the mariner, however, *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewise signified to bestow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So, in the Second Part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630 :

"——— the lazy lowne

"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599 :

"So, now my back has room to reach ; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a rascal." STEEVENS.

I agree with the learned Lady who reads—*leash'd* with woe.

M. MASON.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,<sup>8</sup>  
 Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,  
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
 Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

*ADR.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*LUC.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

*ADR.* But, were you wedded, you would bear  
 some sway.

*LUC.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*ADR.* How if your husband start some other  
 where?<sup>9</sup>

*LUC.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

<sup>8</sup> Men,—*the masters &c.*] The old copy has *Man,—the master &c.* and in the next line—*Lord.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *start some other where?*] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

— *start some other hare?*

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be a good *hare-finder.* JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a *noun.* So, in *King Lear*:

“Thou lovest *here*, a better *where* to find.”

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of Horace's *Satires*, 1567:

“— they ranged in eatche *where*,

“No spoufaires knowne,” &c.

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?* The expression is used again, scene iii:

“— his eye doth homage *otherwhere.*”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I:

“This is not Romeo, he's some *otherwhere.*”

*Otherwhere* signifies—in *other places.* So, in *King Henry VIII.* Act II, sc. ii:

“The king hath sent me *otherwhere.*”

*ADR.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she  
pause; <sup>1</sup>

They can be meek, that have no other cause.<sup>2</sup>  
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet,<sup>3</sup> when we hear it cry;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:  
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience<sup>4</sup> would'st relieve me:  
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.<sup>5</sup>

Again, in Chapman's version of the second Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:

"For we will never go, where lies our good,  
"Nor any other where; till" &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *though she pause*;] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *They can be meek, that have no other cause.*] That is, who have no cause to be otherwise. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity, We bid be quiet, &c.*] Shakspeare has the same sentiment in *Much Ado about Nothing*, where Leonato says—

"———— men  
"Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief  
"Which they themselves not feel."

And again:

"—— 'tis all men's office to speak patience  
"To those that wring under the load of sorrow."

DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> *With urging helpless patience*—] By exhorting me to patience, which affords no help. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"As those poor birds that helpless berries saw."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *fool-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune.

JOHNSON.

*LUC.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—  
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*ADR.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*DRO. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and  
that my two ears can witness.

*ADR.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st  
thou his mind?

*DRO. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:  
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*LUC.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not  
feel his meaning?

*DRO. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too  
well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that  
I could scarce understand them.<sup>6</sup>

*ADR.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?  
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*DRO. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-  
mad.

*ADR.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*DRO. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure,  
he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ——— *that I could scarce understand them.*] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare. It has been already introduced in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ ——— my staff understands me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *a thousand marks in gold:*] The old copy reads—a hundred marks. The correction was made in the second folio.

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:  
 Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:  
 Will you come home? quoth I;<sup>8</sup> My gold, quoth he:  
 Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?  
 The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:  
 My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;  
 I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!<sup>9</sup>

LUC. Quoth who?

DRO. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—  
 So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADR. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him  
 home.

DRO. E. Go back again, and be new beaten  
 home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DRO. E. And he will bless that cross with other  
 beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

ADR. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master  
 home.

DRO. E. Am I so round with you, as you with  
 me,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Will you come home? quoth I;] The word *home*, which the metre requires, but is not in the authentick copy of this play, was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!] I suppose this dissonant line originally stood thus:

I know no mistress; out upon thy mistress! STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Am I so round with you, as you with me,] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical*, applied to himself,



That like a football you do spurn me thus ?  
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :  
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.<sup>2</sup>

[Exit.

*LUC.* Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*ADR.* His company must do his minions grace,  
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.<sup>3</sup>  
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
 From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it :  
 Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?  
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.  
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?  
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state :  
 What ruins are in me, that can be found  
 By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground  
 Of my defeatures :<sup>4</sup> My decayed fair<sup>5</sup>  
 A funny look of his would soon repair :

and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech or action*, spoken of his mistress. So the King, in *Hamlet*, bids the Queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *case me in leather.*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.*] So, in our poet's 47th Sonnet :

“ When that mine eye is famish'd for a look.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Of my defeatures :*] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *My decayed fair*—] Shakspeare uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. *Τὸ με καλὸν*, is a similar expression. In *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read :

“ Demetrius loves your *fair*.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet :

“ Before these bastard signs of *fair* were born.”

But, too unruly deer,<sup>6</sup> he breaks the pale,  
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.<sup>7</sup>

Again, in his 83d Sonnet :

“ And therefore to your *fair* no painting set.”

*Pure* is likewise used as a substantive in *The Shepherd to the Flowers*, a song in *England's Helicon*, 1614 :

“ Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land.”

STEEVENS.

*Fair* is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspeare's time. So, Marston, in one of his Satires :

“ As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*

“ Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air.”

FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *too unruly deer*,] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his Poem on *The Ladies Girdle* :

“ This was my heaven's extremest sphere,

“ The pale that held my lovely *deer*.” JOHNSON.

Shakspeare has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Fondling, faith 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*,

“<sup>24</sup> Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale.”

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *poor I am but his stale*.] The word *stale*, in our author, used as a substantive, means not something offered to *allure* or *attract*, but something *vitiating* with *use*, something of which the best part has been enjoyed and consumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. “ *Stale* to catch these thieves,” in *The Tempest*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his amours. So, in *King John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the Queen says to Matilda :

“ ——— I am made your *stale*,

“ The king, the king your strumpet,” &c.

Again :

“ ——— I knew I was made

“ A *stale* for her obtaining.”

*LUC.* Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

*ADR.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;  
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?  
 Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—  
 Would that alone alone he would detain,<sup>8</sup>  
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,  
 But falshood and corruption doth it shame.<sup>9</sup>

Again, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

“ Was I then chose and wedded for his *stale*,  
 “ To looke and gape for his retireless sayles  
 “ Pufft back and flittering spread to every winde?”

Again, in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence, perhaps, Shakspeare borrowed the expression:

“ He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock.”

STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*, 1592, a *stale* is the confederate of a thief; “ he that faceth the man,” or holds him in discourse. Again, in another place, “ wishing all, of what estate soever, to beware of filthy lust, and such damnable *stales*,” &c. A *stale*, in this last instance, means the pretended wife of a *cross-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *stale* may have here the same meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.

<sup>8</sup> *Would that alone alone he would detain,*] The first copy reads—

*Would that alone a love &c.*

The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,  
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,  
 That others touch, yet often touching will  
 Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,  
 But falshood and corruption doth it shame.*] The sense is

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }  
[*Exeunt.*]

this: "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falshood and corruption." WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath reads thus:

—yet the gold 'bides still,  
That others touch, though often touching will  
Wear gold: and so a man that hath a name,  
By falshood and corruption doth it shame. STEEVENS.

This passage in the original copy is very corrupt. It reads—

—yet the gold 'bides still  
That others touch; and often touching will  
Where gold; and no man, that hath a name  
By falshood &c.

The word *though* was suggested by Mr. Steevens; all the other emendations by Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton. *Wear* is used as a disyllable. The commentator last mentioned, not perceiving this, reads—and *so* no man, &c. which has been followed, I think improperly, by the subsequent editors.

The observation concerning gold is found in one of the early dramattick pieces, *Damon and Pithias*, 1582:

“———— gold in time does wear away,  
“ And other precious things do fade: friendship does  
ne'er decay.” MALONE.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*ANT. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave  
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
 By computation, and mine host's report,  
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?  
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
 You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?  
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?  
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,  
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*DRO. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a  
 word?

*ANT. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour  
 since.

*DRO. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
 Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*ANT. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's re-  
 ceipt;  
 And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;  
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*DRO. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me,

*ANT. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [Beating him.]

*DRO. S.* Hold, fir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*ANT. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes do use you for my fool, and chat with you, Your sauciness will jest upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours.<sup>1</sup> When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport, But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams. If you will jest with me, know my aspect,<sup>2</sup> And fashion your demeanour to my looks, Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

*DRO. S.* Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too;<sup>3</sup> or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, fir, why am I beaten?

*ANT. S.* Dost thou not know?

*DRO. S.* Nothing, fir; but that I am beaten.

<sup>1</sup> *And make a common of my serious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to *common* use, which are thence called *commons*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *know my aspect,*] i. e. study my countenance.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *and insconce it too;*] A *sconce* was a petty fortification. So, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

“Let us to our *sconce*, and you my lord of Mexico.”

Again:

“Ay, firs, *ensconce* you how you can.”

Again:

“And here *ensconce* myself, despite of thee.”

STEEVENS.

*ANT. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*DRO. S.* Ay, fir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

*ANT. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

*DRO. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason?—

Well, fir, I thank you.

*ANT. S.* Thank me, fir? for what?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*ANT. S.* I'll make you amends next,<sup>4</sup> to give you nothing for something. But say, fir, is it dinner-time?

*DRO. S.* No, fir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

*ANT. S.* In good time, fir, what's that?

*DRO. S.* Basting.

*ANT. S.* Well, fir, then 'twill be dry.

*DRO. S.* If it be, fir, I pray you eat none of it.

*ANT. S.* Your reason?

*DRO. S.* Lest it make you cholerick,<sup>5</sup> and purchase me another dry basting.

<sup>4</sup> — next,] Our author probably wrote—next time.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Lest it make you cholerick, &c.] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:



ANT. S. Well, fir, learn to jest in good time;  
There's a time for all things.

DRO. S. I durst have denied that, before you  
were so choleric.

ANT. S. By what rule, fir?

DRO. S. Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain  
bald pate of father Time himself.

ANT. S. Let's hear it.

DRO. S. There's no time for a man to recover his  
hair, that grows bald by nature.

ANT. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?<sup>6</sup>

DRO. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and re-  
cover the lost hair of another man.

ANT. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair,  
being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?<sup>7</sup>

“ I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,  
“ And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
“ For it engenders choler, planteth anger,” &c.

STEEVENS,

<sup>6</sup> — by fine and recovery?] This attempt at pleasantry  
must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney.  
He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Ant. S. *Why is Time &c.*] In former editions:

Ant. S. *Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is,  
so plentiful an excrement?*

Dro. S. *Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and  
what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reasoning, and a contradiction in sense.  
Can hair be supposed a blessing, which Time bestows on beasts  
peculiarly; and yet that he hath scanted them of it too? *Men*  
and *Them*, I observe, are very frequently mistaken, *vice versa*,  
for each other, in the old impressions of our author.

THEOBALD.

The same error is found in the Induction to *King Henry IV.*  
P. II. edit. 1623:

“ Stuffing the ears of *them* with false reports.”

MALONE.

*DRO. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*ANT. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

*DRO. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.<sup>8</sup>

*ANT. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*DRO. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*ANT. S.* For what reason?

*DRO. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*ANT. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*DRO. S.* Sure ones then.

*ANT. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.<sup>9</sup>

*DRO. S.* Certain ones then.

*ANT. S.* Name them.

*DRO. S.* The one, to save the money that he

<sup>8</sup> *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit*, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“—Your women are so hot, I must *lose my hair* in their company, I see.”

“His *hair sheds off*, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *falsē*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

spends in tiring; <sup>1</sup> the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*ANT. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time <sup>2</sup> for all things.

*DRO. S.* Marry, and did, fir; namely, no time <sup>3</sup> to recover hair lost by nature.

*ANT. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*DRO. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*ANT. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us <sup>4</sup> yonder?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*ADR.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow

<sup>1</sup> ——— *that he spends in tiring;*] The old copy reads—in *trying*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *there is no time—*] The old copy reads—*here*, &c. The editor of the second folio made the correction. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *no time &c.*] The first folio has—in no time &c. *In* was rejected by the editor of the second folio. Perhaps the word should rather have been corrected. The author might have written—*e'en* no time, &c. See many instances of this corruption in a note on *All's well that ends well*, Act I. sc. i.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *wafts us—*] i. e. beckons us. So, in *Hamlet*:

“It wafts me still:—go on, I'll follow thee.”

STEEVENS.

That never words were musick to thine ear,<sup>5</sup>  
 That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
 That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,  
 That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,  
 Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd,<sup>6</sup> or carv'd to thee.  
 How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,  
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
 That, undividable, incorporate,  
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;  
 For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall<sup>7</sup>  
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,  
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
 Without addition, or diminishing,  
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.  
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,  
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?  
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,  
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,  
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,  
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,  
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

<sup>5</sup> *That never words were musick to thine ear,*] Imitated by Pope, in his *Epistle from Sappho to Phaon*:

“ My musick then you could for ever hear,  
 “ And all my words were musick to your ear.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *look'd, touch'd,*] The old copy redundantly reads—*or look'd, or touch'd.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *may'st thou fall—*] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *Othello*:

“ Each drop the *falls* would prove a crocodile.”

STEEVENS.

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.  
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;  
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:<sup>8</sup>  
 For, if we two be one, and thou play false,  
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
 Being strumpeted<sup>9</sup> by thy contagion.  
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;  
 I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.<sup>1</sup>

ANT. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know  
 you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
 As strange unto your town, as to your talk;  
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,  
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

<sup>8</sup> *I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;*

*My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:]* Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, show that we should read:

— with the grime of lust:

i. e. the *stain*, *smut*. So, again, in this play,—*A man may go over shoes in the grime of it.* WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *Being strumpeted—]* Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this verb. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

“By this adulteress safely *strumpeted*.”

Again:

“I have *strumpeted* no Agamemnon's queen.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> *I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.]* To *distain* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition a *privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read:

*I live distained*, thou dishonoured.

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained. HEATH.

*LUC.* Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd  
with you :

When were you wont to use my sifter thus?  
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*ANT. S.* By Dromio?

*DRO. S.* By me?

*ADR.* By thee; and this thou didst return from  
him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows  
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*ANT. S.* Did you converse, fir, with this gentle-  
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compáct?

*DRO. S.* I, fir? I never saw her till this time.

*ANT. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very  
words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*DRO. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*ANT. S.* How can she thus then call us by our  
names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

*ADR.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,<sup>2</sup>

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

<sup>2</sup> ——— you are from me exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted.  
The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation,*  
*yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.*

JOHNSON.

Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated*, *parted*; and the  
use of the word in that sense may be supported by a passage in  
Beaumont and Fletcher's *Triumph of Honour*, where Valerius,  
in the character of Mercury, says—

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine :  
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,<sup>4</sup>  
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate :  
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
 Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

ANT. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me for  
 her theme :

What, was I married to her in my dream ?

“ To shew rash vows cannot bind destiny,  
 “ Lady, behold the rocks transported be.  
 “ Hard-hearted Dorigen ! yield, lest for contempt  
 “ They fix you there a rock, whence *they're exempt*.”

Yet I think that Adriana does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong.

M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine ; &c.*] Thus, in Ovid's tale of *Vertumnus and Pomona* :

“ *Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis :*  
 “ *Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit ;*  
 “ *At si fiaret, ait, cœlebs, sine palmite truncus,*  
 “ *Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.*  
 “ *Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo,*  
 “ *Si non nupta foret, terræ acclinata jaceret.*”

STEEVENS.

“ *Lenta, qui, velut affitas*  
 “ *Vitis implicat arbores,*  
 “ *Implicabitur in tuum*  
 “ *Complexum.*” *Catull. 57.*

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. V :

“ — They led the vine  
 “ To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines  
 “ Her marriageable arms.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — stronger *state*,] The old copy has—*stranger*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — idle *moss* ;] i. e. moss that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless. So, in *Othello* :

“ — antres vast and desarts *idle*.” STEEVENS.



Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?  
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?  
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.<sup>6</sup>

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a finner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—  
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — the offer'd fallacy.] The old copy has :

— the free'd fallacy.

Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for—

— the offer'd fallacy.

This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent.

Mr. Pope reads—*favour'd fallacy.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out, in the name of *Nonsense*, the first time he had formally invoked her, to tell him how owls could suck their breath, and pinch them black and blue. He therefore alters owls to *ouphs*, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation. But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the screech-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega* from *strix*, the screech-owl. This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of Ovid :

“Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineïa mensis

“Guttura fraudabant; sed genus inde trahunt.

“Grande caput; stantes oculi; rostra apta rapinæ;

“Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.

“Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,

“Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis.

“Carpere dicuntur luctantia viscera rostris,

“Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.

“Est illis strigibus nomen:—.” *Lib. VI. Fast.*

WARBURTON.

*Ghostly owls accompany elvish ghosts, in Spenser's Shepherd's*

If we obey them not, this will ensue,  
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st  
not?

*Dromio,* thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!<sup>8</sup>

*Calendar for June.* So, in Sheringham's *Disceptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine*, p. 333: "Lares, Lemures, Stryges, Lamiaë, Manes (Gastæ dicti) et similes monstrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are also mentioned in *Cornucopiæ, or Pasquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623, p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darksome night,  
"No oules, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

STEEVENS.

How, it is objected, should Shakspeare know that *striges* or screech-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? The notes of Mr. Tollet and Mr. Steevens, as well as the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605, afford the best answer to this question: "'Soul, I think, I am sure cross'd or witch'd with an owl.'" MALONE.

The epithet *elvis* is not in the *first* folio, but the second has—*elves*, which certainly was meant for *elvis*. STEEVENS.

All the emendations made in the second folio having been merely arbitrary, any other suitable epithet of two syllables may have been the poet's word. Mr. Rowe first introduced—*elvis*.

MALONE.

I am satisfied with the epithet—*elvis*. It was probably inserted in the second folio on some authority which cannot now be ascertained. It occurs again, in *King Richard III*:

"Thou *elvis*-mark'd abortive, rooting hog."

Why should a book, which has often judiciously filled such vacuities, and rectified such errors, as disgrace the folio 1623, be so perpetually distrusted? STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Dromio, thou drone, &c.*] The old copy reads—

*Dromio, thou Dromio, snail, thou slug, thou sot!*

STEEVENS.

This verse is half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: besides, *drone* corresponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.

*DRO. S.* I am transformed, master, am not I? <sup>9</sup>

*ANT. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*DRO. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my  
shape.

*ANT. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*DRO. S.* No, I am an ape.

*LUC.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an afs.

*DRO. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for  
grafs.

'Tis so, I am an afs; else it could never be,  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*ADR.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—  
Come, fir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—  
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,  
And thrive you <sup>1</sup> of a thousand idle pranks:  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—  
Come, sifter:—Dromio, play the porter well.

*ANT. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?  
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

*Drone* is also a term of reproach applied by Shylock to  
Launcelot, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“————— he sleeps by day

“More than the wild cat; *drones* hive not with me.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *am not I?*] Old copy—*am I not?* Corrected by Mr.  
Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *And thrive you—*] That is, I will call you to confession,  
and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*: “—not *shriving* time allow'd.”

STEEVENS.

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*DRO. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*ADR.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your  
pate.

*LUC.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of  
Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

*ANT. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse  
us all;<sup>2</sup>

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:  
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,  
To see the making of her carkanet,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;*] I suppose, the word—*all*, which overloads the measure, without improvement of the sense, might be safely omitted, as an interpolation.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *carkanet,*] Seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So, *Love-lace*, in his poem:

“*The empress spreads her carcanets,*” JOHNSON.

“*Quarquan, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoïselles.*”  
*Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. Thus, in *Partheneia Sacra*, &c. 1633:

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
 But here's a villain, that would face me down  
 He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,  
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;  
 And that I did deny my wife and house:—  
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by  
 this?

*DRO. E.* Say what you will, fir, but I know what  
 I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to  
 show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave  
 were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*ANT. E.* I think, thou art an afs.

*DRO. E.* Marry, so it doth appear  
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.<sup>4</sup>

“ Seeke not vermillion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wrist, rubie *carcanets* on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of feathers in the hand.”

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

“ Nay, I'll be matchless for a *carcanet*,  
 “ Whose pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks  
 “ Shall circle this fair neck to set it forth.”

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's comedy of *The Wits*, 1636:

“ — she sat on a rich Persian quilt  
 “ Threading a *carcanet* of pure round pearl  
 “ Bigger than pigeons eggs.”

Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:

“ ——— the drops  
 “ Shew like a *carcanet* of pearl upon it.”

In the play of *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, the word *carcanet* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Marry, so it doth appear*

*By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.*] Thus all the printed copies; but, certainly, this is cross-purposes in reasoning. It appears, Dromio is an afs by his making no resistance;

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that  
 pas,  
 You would keep from my heels, and beware of an  
 afs.

*ANT. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray  
 God, our cheer  
 May answer my good will, and your good welcome  
 here.

*BAL.* I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your  
 welcome dear.

*ANT. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or  
 fish,  
 A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty  
 dish.

*BAL.* Good meat, fir, is common; that every  
 churl affords.

*ANT. E.* And welcome more common; for that's  
 nothing but words.

*BAL.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a  
 merry feast.

*ANT. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more spar-  
 ing guest:  
 But though my cates be mean, take them in good  
 part;  
 Better cheer may you have, but not with better  
 heart.

because an afs, being kicked, kicks again. Our author never  
 argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald, instead of *doth*, reads—*don't*. MALONE.

I do not think this emendation necessary. He first says, that  
 his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *afs*; but immediately, with  
 a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly  
 observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an  
*afs*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again.

JOHNSON.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

*DRO. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

*DRO. S.* [*Within.*] Mome,<sup>5</sup> malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!<sup>6</sup>

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

*DRO. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

*DRO. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*ANT. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*DRO. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

<sup>5</sup> *Mome,*] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken. From hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. HAWKINS.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

“ Important are th' affairs we have in hand;

“ Hence with that *Mome!*”

“ ——— *Brutus*, forbear the presence.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *patch!*] i. e. fool. Alluding to the parti-coloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— what soldiers, *patch?*”

See notes on *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. sc. ii. and *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.



*ANT. E.* Wherefóre? for my dinner; I have not  
din'd to-day.

*DRO. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come  
again, when you may.

*ANT. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from  
the house I owe? <sup>7</sup>

*DRO. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my  
name is Dromio.

*DRO. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine  
office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle  
blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,  
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,  
or thy name for an afs.

*LUCE.* [*Within.*] What a coil is there! Dromio,  
who are those at the gate?

*DRO. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*LUCE.* Faith no; he comes too late;  
And so tell your master.

*DRO. E.* O Lord, I must laugh:—  
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I fet in my staff?

*LUCE.* Have at you with another: that's,—When?  
can you tell?

*DRO. S.* If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou  
hast answer'd him well.

*ANT. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us  
in, I hope? <sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*I owe?*] i. e. I own, am owner of. So, in *The Four  
Prentices of London*, 1615:

“Who owes that shield?”

“I:—and who owes that?” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*I hope?*] A line either preceding or following this

*LUCE.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*DRO. S.* And you said, no.

*DRO. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was  
blow for blow.

*ANT. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*LUCE.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*DRO. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*LUCE.* Let him knock till it ake.

*ANT. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat  
the door down.

*LUCE.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks  
in the town?

*ADR.* [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that  
keeps all this noise?

*DRO. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with  
unruly boys.

*ANT. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have  
come before.

*ADR.* Your wife, fir knave! go, get you from  
the door.

*DRO. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave  
would go fore.

has, I believe, been lost. Mr. Theobald and the subsequent editors read—I *trou*; but that word, and *hope*, were not likely to be confounded by either the eye or the ear. MALONE.

The text, I believe, is right, and means—I *expect* you'll let us in. To *hope*, in ancient language, has sometimes this signification. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“————— I cannot *hope*

“Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

“Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded.” STEEVENS.

ANG. Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome;  
we would fain have either.

BAL. In debating which was best, we shall part  
with neither.<sup>9</sup>

DRO. E. They stand at the door, master; bid  
them welcome hither.

ANT. E. There is something in the wind, that  
we cannot get in.

DRO. E. You would say so, master, if your gar-  
ments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in  
the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought  
and sold.<sup>1</sup>

ANT. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope  
the gate.

DRO. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break  
your knave's pate.

DRO. E. A man may break a word with you, fir;  
and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not  
behind.

<sup>9</sup> — *we shall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, ver. 9504:

“That no wight with his blisse *parten* shall.”

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt mistakes the sense of this passage. *To part* does not signify to *share* or *divide*, but to *depart* or *go away*; and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> — *bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. “To be *bought and sold* in a company.” See Ray's *Collection*, p. 179, edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

*DRO. S.* It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

*DRO. E.* Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

*DRO. S.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

*ANT. E.* Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

*DRO. E.* A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.<sup>2</sup>

*ANT. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*BAL.* Have patience, fir; O, let it not be so; Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife. Once this,<sup>3</sup>—Your long experience of her wisdom,

<sup>2</sup> — *we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus, in *The Captives*, mentions, and says, that for his part he had—

“ — *tantum upupam.*”

*Upupa* signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Once this,*] This expression appears to me so singular, that I cannot help suspecting the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

*Once this*, may mean, *once for all, at once*. So, in Sydney's *Arcadia*, Book I: “Some perchance loving my estate, others my person. But *once*, I know all of them,” &c. Again, *ibid.*

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
 Plead on her part<sup>4</sup> some cause to you unknown;  
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
 Why at this time the doors are made against you.<sup>5</sup>  
 Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:  
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
 A vulgar comment will be made on it;  
 And that supposed by the common rout<sup>6</sup>  
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:  
 For slander lives upon succession;<sup>7</sup>  
 For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.<sup>8</sup>

B. III: "—She hit him, with his own sword, such a blow upon the waste, that she almost cut him asunder: *once* she sundred his foule from his body, sending it to Proserpina, an angry goddess against ravishers." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *Your long experience of her wisdom,*—

*Plead on her part*—] The old copy reads—*your*, in both places. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *the doors are made against you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

— *the doors are barr'd against you.*

To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *supposed by the common rout*—] For *supposed* I once thought it might be more commodious to substitute *supported*; but there is no need of change: *supposed* is *founded on supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *upon succession*;] *Succession* is often used as a quadrisyllable by our author, and his contemporaries. So, Act IV. sc. i. line 5, *satisfaction* composes half a verse:

"Therefore make present *satisfaction*—." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.*] The adverb *once* is wanting in the first folio. STEEVENS.

*ANT. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth,<sup>9</sup> mean to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,—  
 Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—  
 There will we dine: this woman that I mean,  
 My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;  
 To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,  
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
 For there's the house; that chain will I bestow  
 (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)  
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:  
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*ANG.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

*ANT. E.* Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [Exeunt.

The second folio has *once*; which rather improves the sense, and is not inconsistent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

<sup>9</sup> *And, in despite of mirth,*] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and, therefore, has put *wrath* instead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right, and the meaning is,—I will be merry, even out of spite to mirth, which is now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth has withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. HEATH.

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter* LUCIANA<sup>1</sup> *and* ANTIPHOLUS *of* Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Enter* Luciana—] Here, in the old blundering first folio, we find,—“*Enter Juliana.*” Corrected in the second folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *that you have quite forgot &c.*] In former copies :

*And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?*

This passage has hitherto laboured under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at press, as I take it. This scene for fifty-two lines successively is strictly in alternate rhymes; and this measure is never broken, but in the *second* and *fourth* lines of these two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monosyllable dropt from the tail of the second verse; and I have ventured to supply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendations are—the word—*hate*, supplied at the end of the second line, and, in the fourth, *building* given instead of buildings. STEEVENS.

*Love-springs* are young plants or shoots of love. Thus, in *The Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher:

“The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *springs*  
“That sits alone in sorrow.”



If you did wed my sifter for her wealth,  
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more  
kindness :

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;  
Muffle your false love with some show of blind-  
ness :

See a note on the second scene of the fifth Act of *Coriolanus*, and Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X. p. 44, n. 9, where the meaning of this expression is more fully dilated.

The rhyme which Mr. Theobald would restore, stands thus in the old edition :

—— *shall Antipholus* ——

If, therefore, instead of *ruinate*, we should read *ruinous*, the passage may remain as it was originally written ; and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we should read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakspeare might have found in some quotations from Pliny, B. XXXV. and XXXVII. *Antiphilus* is also one of the heroes in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

*Ruinous* is justified by a passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act V. sc. iv :

“ Left growing *ruinous* the building fall.”

Throughout the first folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhyme is not concerned ; and were the rhyme defective here, such transgressions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS.

The word—*hate*, in the first line, is introduced by Theobald, without authority, and certainly injures the sense of the passage. *Hate* rotting the springs of love, is a strange idea. It appears to me that the true reading is that suggested, though not adopted, by Steevens :

———— *shall, Antipholus,*  
*Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?*  
*Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?*

Which preserves both the sense and the rhyme. M. MASON.

*Antipholis* occurs, I think, but thrice in the original copy. I have therefore adhered to the other spelling. MALONE.

*Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate ?]* So, in our author's 119th Sonnet :

“ And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew —.”

Let not my sifter read it in your eye ;  
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;  
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;  
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger :  
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy faint ;  
 Be secret-false : What need she be acquainted ?  
 What simple thief brags of his own attain<sup>3</sup> ?  
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
 And let her read it in thy looks at board :  
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;  
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.  
 Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,<sup>4</sup>  
 Being compact of credit,<sup>5</sup> that you love us ;  
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;  
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

In support of Mr. Theobald's first emendation, a passage in our author's 10th Sonnet may be produced :

“ — thou art so possess'd with murderous *hate*,  
 “ That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st it not to conspire,  
 “ Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,  
 “ Which to repair should be thy chief desire.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ To *ruinate* proud buildings with thy hours.”

Stowe uses the adjective *ruinate*, in his *Annales*, p. 892 :  
 “ The last year at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate—.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — *his own attain* ?] The old copy has—*attaine*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Alas, poor women ! make us but believe, &c.*] The old copy—*not*. STEEVENS.

From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*) got place in the first copies instead of *but*. And these two monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossessed one another in many other passages of our author's works.

THEOBALD.

<sup>5</sup> *Being compact of credit,*] Means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632.

“ — she's *compact*

“ Merely of blood —.”

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;  
 Comfort my sifter, cheer her, call her wife :  
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,<sup>6</sup>  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.  
*ANT. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,  
 I know not,  
 Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)  
 Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show  
 not,  
 Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.  
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;  
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,  
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,  
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.  
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,  
 To make it wander in an unknown field ?  
 Are you a god ? would you create me new ?  
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.  
 But if that I am I, then well I know,  
 Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;  
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid,<sup>7</sup> with thy note,  
 To drown me in thy sifter's flood<sup>8</sup> of tears ;  
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote :  
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Love is a spirit all compact of fire.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *vain,*] Is light of tongue, not veracious. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *sweet mermaid,*] *Mermaid* is only another name for *syren*. So, in the Index to P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*: “ *Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their songs enchaunements.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *in thy sifter's flood—*] The old copy reads—*sifter*.  
 Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

And as a bed I'll take thee,<sup>9</sup> and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think  
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—  
Let love, being light, be drowned if the sink!<sup>1</sup>

*LUC.* What are you mad, that you do reason so?

*ANT. S.* Not mad, but mated;<sup>2</sup> how, I do not know.

<sup>9</sup> — as a bed I'll take thee,] The old copy reads—as a bud. Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read:

*And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie.*

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

*As a bud I'll take thee, &c.*

i. e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and

“ — phoenix like beneath thine eye

“ Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.”

It is common for Shakspeare to shift hastily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive countenance from the following passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act I. sc. ii:

“ — my bosom as a bed

“ Shall lodge thee.”

Mr. Malone also thinks that *bed* is fully supported by the word—*lie*. STEEVENS.

The second folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

<sup>1</sup> *Let love, being light, be drowned if the sink!*] Mr. Ritson observes, that *Love*, in the present instance, means *Venus*.

Thus, in the old ballad of *The Spanish Lady*:

“ I will spend my days in prayer,

“ *Love* and all her laws defy.” STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Now for the love of *love*, and her soft hours —.”

Again, more appositely, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,

“ Not gross to *sink*, but *light*, and will aspire.”

Venus is here speaking of herself.

Again, *ibidem*:

“ *She's love*, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.”

MALONE.

*LUC.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*ANT. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair fun,  
being by.

*LUC.* Gaze where<sup>3</sup> you should, and that will  
clear your sight.

*ANT. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look  
on night.

*LUC.* Why call you me love? call my sifter so.

*ANT. S.* Thy sifter's sifter.

*LUC.* That's my sifter:

*ANT. S.* No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.<sup>4</sup>

*LUC.* All this my sifter is, or else should be.

*ANT. S.* Call thyself sifter, sweet, for I aim thee:<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Not mad, but mated;*] i. e. confounded. So, in *Macbeth*:  
"My mind she has *mated*, and amaz'd my sight."

STEEVENS.

I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> *Gaze where—*] The old copy reads—*when*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ———*for I aim thee:*] The old copy has—

———*for I am thee.*

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;  
 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife :  
 Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, fir, hold you still ;  
 I'll fetch my sifter, to get her good will.

[*Exit Luc.*]

*Enter, from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,  
 DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*ANT. S.* Why, how now, Dromio ? where run'st  
 thou so fast ?

*DRO. S.* Do you know me, fir ? am I Dromio ?  
 am I your man ? am I myself ?

*ANT. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man,  
 thou art thyself.

*DRO. S.* I am an afs, I am a woman's man, and  
 besides myself.

*ANT. S.* What woman's man ? and how besides  
 thyself ?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, besides myself ; I am due to  
 a woman ; one that claims me, one that haunts me,  
 one that will have me.

*ANT. S.* What claim lays she to thee ?

Some of the modern editors—

—— *I mean thee.*

Perhaps we should read :

—— *for I aim thee.*

He has just told her, that she was his *sweet hope's* aim. So,  
 in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 :

“ —— like Cassius,

“ Sits sadly dumping, *aiming* Cæsar's death.”

Again, in Drayton's *Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy* :

“ I make my changes *aim* one certain end.”

STEEVENS.

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, fuch claim as you would lay to your horfe; and fhe would have me as a beaft: not that, I being a beaft, fhe would have me; but that fhe, being a very beaftly creature, lays claim to me.

*ANT. S.* What is fhe?

*DRO. S.* A very reverent body; ay, fuch a one as a man may not fpeak of, without he fay, fir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is fhe a wondrous fat marriage.

*ANT. S.* How doft thou mean, a fat marriage?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, fhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greafe; and I know not what ufe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if fhe lives till doomsday, fhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*ANT. S.* What complexion is fhe of?

*DRO. S.* Swart,<sup>6</sup> like my fhoe, but her face nothing like fo clean kept; For why? fhe fwets, a man may go over fhoes in the grime of it.

*ANT. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*DRO. S.* No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*ANT. S.* What's her name?

*DRO. S.* Nell, fir;—but her name and three

<sup>6</sup> *Swart,*] i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. Thus, in Milton's *Comus*, v. 436:

“No goblin, or *fwart* fairy of the mine.”

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“And whereas I was black and *fwart* before.”

STEEVENS.



quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.<sup>7</sup>

*ANT. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*DRO. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*ANT. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*DRO. S.* Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

*ANT. S.* Where Scotland?

*DRO. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

*ANT. S.* Where France?

*DRO. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Dro. S. Nell, fir;—but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.]* The old copy reads—her name is three quarters. STEEVENS.

This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy and truly humorous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger, in *The Old Law*, 1656:

“*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

“*Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

“*Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

“*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an *ell*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.]* All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only

*ANT. S.* Where England?

the kitchen wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the first folio reads—*making war against her heir*. And I am very apt to think, this last is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabbed, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* against her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, Queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the Earl of Essex, to the assistance of this Henry of Navarre, it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that *heir*, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir*? The sense which I have given, immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending out conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

The present reading was introduced by the editor of the second folio.

I think, with Sir T. Hanmer, that an equivocation *may* have been intended. It is of little consequence which of the two words is preserved in the text, if the author meant that two senses should be couched under the same term. Dr. Johnson's objection, that "an equivocal term must have senses applicable

*DRO. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*ANT. S.* Where Spain?

*DRO. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

*ANT. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*DRO. S.* O, fir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to be ballast<sup>9</sup> at her nose.

*ANT. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*DRO. S.* O, fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;

to both the subjects to which it is applied," appears to me not so well founded as his observations in general are; for, though a correct writer would observe that rule, our author is very seldom scrupulous in this particular, the terms which he uses in comparison scarcely ever answering exactly on both sides. However, as *hair* affords the clearest and most obvious sense, I have placed it in the text. In *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—

"This your *heire* of France hath blown this vice in me—"

instead of *air*. In *Macbeth*, folio, 1623, *heire* is printed for *hair*:

"Whose horrid image doth unfix my *heire*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, folio, 1623:

"—— His meanest garment is dearer

"In my respect, than all the *heires* above thee."

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— to be ballast—] The modern editors read—ballasted; the old copy—*ballast*, which is right. Thus, in *Hamlet*:

"—— to have the engineer

"*Hoist* with his own petar." i. e. *hoisted*.

STEEVENS.

called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her;<sup>1</sup> told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith,<sup>2</sup> and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

*ANT. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;  
And if the wind blow any way from shore,  
I will not harbour in this town to-night.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.  
If every one know us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*DRO. S.* As from a bear a man would run for  
life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

*ANT. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit  
here;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence,  
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,  
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

<sup>1</sup> — assured to her;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus, in *King John*:

“ For so I did when I was first *assur'd*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, &c.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however, the Oxford editor thinks a *breast made of flint* better security, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

Hath almost made me traitor to myself:  
 But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,<sup>3</sup>  
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*ANG.* Master Antipholus?

*ANT. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*ANG.* I know it well, fir: Lo, here is the chain;  
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:<sup>4</sup>  
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

*ANT. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with  
 this?

*ANG.* What please yourself, fir; I have made it  
 for you.

*ANT. S.* Made it for me, fir! I bespoke it not.

<sup>3</sup> ——— to *self-wrong*.] I have met with other instances of this kind of phraseology. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“But as the unthought-on accident is *guilty*

“To what we wildly do,—”

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*of self-wrong*.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— at the *Porcupine*.] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time.

I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66 of Ascham's works, by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicles in the years 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

The word, although written *Porpentine* in the old editions of Shakspeare, was scarcely so pronounced, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, at least not generally; for in Eliot's *Dictionary*, 1545, and Cooper's *Dictionary*, 1584, it is—“Porkepyne;” and in Huet's *Abececlarium*, 1552—“Porpyn.” See a note on *The Tempest*, A& I. sc. ii. DOUCE.

*ANG.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have :

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

*ANT. S.* I pray you, fir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

*ANG.* You are a merry man, fir ; fare you well.  
[*Exit.*

*ANT. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot  
tell :

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,  
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.  
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay ;  
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The same.*

*Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.*

*MER.* You know, since pentecost the sum is due,  
And since I have not much importun'd you ;  
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want gilders<sup>5</sup> for my voyage :  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*ANG.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me<sup>6</sup> by Antipholus :  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a chain ; at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same :  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*OFF.* That labour may you save ; see where he comes.

*ANT. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house,  
go thou  
And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow

<sup>5</sup> ——— *want gilders—*] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Is growing to me—*] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.



Among my wife and her confederates,<sup>7</sup>  
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—  
 But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;  
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*DRO. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy  
 a rope! [Exit DROMIO.

*ANT. E.* A man is well help up, that trusts to  
 you:

I promised your presence, and the chain;  
 But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:  
 Belike, you thought our love would last too long,  
 If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*ANG.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note,  
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;  
 The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;  
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman:  
 I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
 For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*ANT. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present  
 money;  
 Besides, I have some business in the town:  
 Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
 And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
 Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;  
 Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.<sup>8</sup>

*ANG.* Then you will bring the chain to her your-  
 self?

<sup>7</sup> ——— and her confederates,] The old copy has—their confederates. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.] *I will*, instead of *I shall*, is a Scoticism. DOUCE.

And an Irishism too. REED.

*ANT. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

*ANG.* Well, fir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

*ANT. E.* An if I have not, fir, I hope you have; Or else you may return without your money.

*ANG.* Nay, come, I pray you, fir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*ANT. E.* Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*MER.* The hour steals on; I pray you, fir, despatch.

*ANG.* You hear, how he impórtunes me; the chain—

*ANT. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

*ANG.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

*ANT. E.* Fye! now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*MER.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:  
Good fir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*ANT. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?

*ANG.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.

*ANT. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*ANG.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*ANT. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

*ANG.* You wrong me more, fir, in denying it:  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*MER.* Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

*OFF.* I do; and charge you, in the duke's name,  
to obey me.

*ANG.* This touches me in reputation:—  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*ANT. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'ft.

*ANG.* Here is thy fee; arrest him officer;—  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*OFF.* I do arrest you, fir; you hear the suit.

*ANT. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—  
But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*ANG.* Sir, fir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*DRO. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, fir, bears away: <sup>9</sup> our fraughtage, fir,

<sup>9</sup> *And then, fir, bears away:]* The old copy redundantly reads—

*And then, fir, she bears away.* STEEVENS.

I have convey'd aboard ; and I have bought  
 The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.  
 The ship is in her trim ; the merry wind  
 Blows fair from land : they stay for nought at all,  
 But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*ANT. E.* How now ! a madman ? Why thou peevish sheep,<sup>1</sup>

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me ?

*DRO. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

*ANT. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope ;  
 And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*DRO. S.* You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :<sup>2</sup>

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*ANT. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
 And teach your ears to listen with more heed.  
 To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;  
 Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
 That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
 There is a purse of ducats ; let her send it ;  
 Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *thou peevish sheep,*] *Peevish* is *filly*. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ Desire my man's abode where I did leave him :

“ He's strange and *peevish*.”

See a note on Act I. sc. vii. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon :*] Mr. Malone says that *rope's* is here a disyllable ; the Saxon genitive case ; but a Saxon genitive case accords better with one of Puck's lyrical effusions, [See Vol. IV. p. 343,] than with the vulgar pronunciation of Dromio. I suppose, a word has been casually omitted in the old copy, and that we should read as I have printed. So, above, the same speaker says—

“ And then, *sir*, bears away : our fraughtage, *sir*—.”

STEEVENS.

And that shall bail me : hie thee, slave ; be gone.  
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and Ant. E.]

*DRO. S.* To Adriana ! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowfabel<sup>3</sup> did claim me for her husband :  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter* ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

*ADR.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?  
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no ?  
Look'd he or red, or pale ; or sad, or merrily ?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Where* Dowfabel—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Pastorals :

“ He had, as antique stories tell,

“ A daughter cleaped *Dowfabel*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place—*King Henry IV.* P. I. sc. i :

“ Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,

“ All of one nature, of one substance bred,

“ Did lately meet in the intestine shock

“ And furious close of civil butchery.” WARBURTON.

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second Book of *Paradise Lost* :

*LUC.* First, he denied you had in him no right.

*ADR.* He meant, he did me none; 'the more my spite.

*LUC.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

*ADR.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

*LUC.* Then pleaded I for you.

*ADR.* And what said he?

*LUC.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*ADR.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*LUC.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

*ADR.* Did'st speak him fair?

*LUC.* Have patience, I beseech.

*ADR.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  
He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,<sup>5</sup>  
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
Stigmatical in making,<sup>6</sup> worse in mind.

“As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
“Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
“To battle in the clouds, before each van  
“Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears  
“Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
“From either end of heaven the welkin burns.”

STEEVENS.

The original copy reads—*Oh*, his heart's meteors, &c. The correction was made in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *fere*,] That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

So, in Milton's *Lycidas*: “—ivy never *fere*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Stigmatical in making*,] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition.

JOHNSON.

*LUC.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*ADR.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:  
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;<sup>7</sup>  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do  
curse.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*DRO. S.* Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet  
now, make haste.

*LUC.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*DRO. S.* By running fast.

*ADR.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

*DRO. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than  
hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment<sup>8</sup> hath him,

So, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1635:

“If you spy any man that hath a look,

“*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Far from her nest the lapwing &c.*] This expression seems to be proverbial—I have met with it in many of the old comick writers. Greene, in his second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, says,—“But again to our priggers, who, as before I said, cry with the lapwing farthest from the nest, and from their place of residence where their most abode is.”

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says—“he withdraweth men, lapwing-like, from his nest, as much as might be.”

See this passage yet more amply explained in a note on *Measure for Measure*, Vol. VI. p. 221, n. 8. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — an everlasting garment—] The sergeants, in those days, were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an everlasting garment: and in pursuance of



One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;  
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;<sup>9</sup>  
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;  
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands  
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;<sup>1</sup>

this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the fergeant, in the next scene, the " Picture of old Adam ;" that is, of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad : " — What, have you got the picture of old *Adam new apparelled* ?"

So, in *The Woman-Hater*, Pandar says,—“ Were it not for my smooth citizen, I'd quit this transitory trade, get me an *everlasting* robe, and turn fergeant.” M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> *A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;*] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas ? we should read, a *fiend*, a *fury*, &c. THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

So, Milton :

“ No goblin, or swart *fairy* of the mine,

“ Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.” MALONE.

It is true that there is a species of malevolent and mischievous Fairies ; but *Fairy*, as it here stands, is generical.

T. WARTON.

<sup>1</sup> *A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, &c. of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands ;*] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the same expression in *King Richard II.* Act V. sc. vi :

“ Even such they say as stand in *narrow lanes*.”

GREY.

The preceding rhyme forbids us to read—*lanes*. *Lands*, I believe, in the present instance, mean, what we now call *landing-places* at the water-side.

A *shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 :

“ — fear none but these same *shoulder-clappers*.”

STEEVENS.

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;<sup>2</sup>

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.<sup>3</sup>

*Narrow lands* is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhyme points out, but the sense; for as a *creek* is a narrow water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring shore, so a *narrow-land* is an outlet or tongue of the shore that runs into the water. Besides, *narrow Lanes* and *Alleys* are synonymous. HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;*] To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word counter, which means the wrong way in the chace, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer.

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression—*Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. sc. iv: “Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry-foot over Moorfields to London this morning,” &c.

To draw dry-foot, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed. GREY.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*:

“A hunting, Sir Oliver, and dry-foot too!”

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

“I care not for dry-foot hunting.” STEEVENS.

A hound that draws dry-foot, means what is usually called a *blood-hound*, trained to follow men by the scent. The expression occurs in an Irish Statute of the 10th of William III. for preservation of the game, which enacts, that all persons licensed for making and training up of setting dogs, shall, in every two years, during the continuance of their licence, be compelled to train up, teach, and make, one or more hounds, to hunt on dry-foot. The practice of keeping blood-hounds was long continued in Ireland, and they were found of great use in detecting murderers and robbers. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— poor souls to hell.] Hell was the cant term for an

*ADR.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*DRO. S.* I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.<sup>4</sup>

obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in *The Counter-Rat*, a poem, 1658:

“ In Wood-street's-hole, or Poultry's hell.”

The dark place into which a tailor throws his shreds, is still in possession of this title. So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ Taylors——'tis known

“ They scorn thy hell, having better of their own.”

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had “ paid the uttermost farthing.” STEEVENS.

An account of the local situation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83, as the Commons passed through it to *King William and Queen Mary's Coronation*, and gave directions concerning it. In *Queen Elizabeth's time* the office of *Clerk of the Treasury* was situated there, as I find in *Sir James Dyer's Reports*, fol. 245, A, where mention is made of “ one *Christopher Hole* Secondary del *Treasurie*, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le office del *Clerke del Treasurie* al HELL.”

This I take to be the *Treasury* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, of which *Sir James Dyer* was *Chief Justice*, and which is now kept immediately under the *Court of Exchequer*. The *Office* of the *Tally-Court* of the *Chamberlain of the Exchequer* is still there, and tallies for many centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at *Lincoln's Inn*. These, therefore, belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*. Other rooms are turned into coal cellars.—There is a *pump* still standing of excellent water, called *HELL Pump*:—And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT.

<sup>4</sup> ——— on the case.] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

Dromio, I believe, is still quibbling. His master's case was touched by the shoulder-clapper. See p. 424: “ —in a case of leather,” &c. MALONE.

*ADR.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

*DRO. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in <sup>5</sup> a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

*ADR.* Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit LUCIANA.*

That he, <sup>6</sup> unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band? <sup>7</sup>

*DRO. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

<sup>5</sup> *But he's in*—] The old copy reads—*But is in*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *That he,*] The original copy has—*Thus he*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *was he arrested on a band?*] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read—*bond*.—A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, I believe, the humour of the passage turns.

Ben Jonson, personifying the instruments of the law, says—

“ — Statute, and *band*, and wax shall go with me.”

Again, without personification:

“ See here your mortgage, statute, *band*, and wax.”

Again, in *Histrionastix*, 1610:

“ ——— tye fast your lands

“ In statute staple, or these merchant's *bands*.”

STEEVENS.

*Band* is used in the sense which is couched under the words, “ a stronger thing,” in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Sometimes her arms infold him, like a *band*.”

See Minshew's *Dictionary*, 1617, in v: “ *BAND* or Obligation.” In the same column is found—“ A *BAND* or thong to tie withal.” Also—“ A *BAND* for the neck, because it serves to *bind* about the neck.” These sufficiently explain the equivoque.

MALONE.

*ADR.* What, the chain ?

*DRO. S.* No, no, the bell : 'tis time, that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*ADR.* The hours come back ! that did I never hear.

*DRO. S.* O yes, If any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

*ADR.* As if time were in debt ! how fondly dost thou reason ?

*DRO. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : Have you not heard men say, That time comes stealing on by night and day ?

If he be in debt,<sup>8</sup> and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

*Enter LUCIANA.*

*ADR.* Go, Dromio ; there's the money, bear it straight ;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sifter ; I am press'd down with conceit ;<sup>9</sup>

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>8</sup> *If he be in debt,]* The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt.

STEEVENS.

For the emendation now made I am answerable. Mr. Rowe reads—If *time*, &c. but *I* could not have been confounded by the ear with *time*, though it might with *he*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *conceit ;]* i. e. fanciful conception. So, in *King Lear* :

“ — I know not how *conceit* may rob

“ The treasury of life.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*The same.**Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

*ANT. S.* There's not a man I meet, but doth  
salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;  
And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me ;  
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes ;  
Some offer me commodities to buy :  
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,  
And ſhow'd me filks that he had bought for me,  
And, therewithal, took meaſure of my body.  
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*DRO. S.* Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for :  
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new  
apparelled ?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled ?*] A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipped out here, by ſome accident in copying, or at the preſs ; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this : Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him : he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholus, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize—

*ANT. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

*DRO. S.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal; he that came behind you, fir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*ANT. S.* I understand thee not.

*DRO. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, fir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'resists them; he, fir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.<sup>2</sup>

— *What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparelled?*

For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer called old Adam new apparelled? The allusion is to Adam, in his state of innocence, going naked; and immediately after the fall, being clothed in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparelled: and, in like manner, the Sergeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's-skin, as the author humorously a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's drefs are common among our old writers. So, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

“The register of all varieties

“Since *leathern Adam*, to this younger hour.”

Again, in Philip Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 8vo. 1583: “Did the Lorde clothe our first parents in *leather*, as not hauing any thyng more precious to attire them withall,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — *he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.*] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length.



ANT. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon, which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces, when they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion: no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not famed for much execution. In a word, Shakspeare wrote:—

— a Maurice-pike.

i. e. a pikeman of Prince Maurice's army. He was the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest of a musket to do exploits* with a *pike*. The *rest of a pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in first principles. "*More-spikes* (says Langley, in his translation of Polydore Virgil,) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in Reynard's *Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high.

*Morris pikes*, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since, the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's *Legacy*, p. 48. TOLLET.

*DRO. S.* Ay, fir, the fergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

*ANT. S.* Well, fir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*DRO. S.* Why, fir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the fergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*ANT. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

The mention of *morris-pikes* is frequent among our old writers. So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626:

“Of the French were beaten down

“*Morris-pikes* and bowmen,” &c.

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816: “—they entered the gallies again with *moris pikes* and fought,” &c. STEEVENS.

There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the *Morris-Pike* was used in the *Morris-dance*. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish-pike*, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's *History of the English Army*, Vol. I. p. 135.

DOUCE.

The phrase—*he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, “he that trusts”—*is confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon: “Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when Princes *set up their REST* upon the battle.” Again, Clarendon: “they therefore resolved to *set up their REST* upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish.” This figure of speech is certainly derived from *the REST* which Dr. Warburton has described, as that was the only kind of *rest* which was ever *set up*. HENLEY.

*Enter a Courtezan.*

*COUR.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :  
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day ?

*ANT. S.* Satan, avoid ! I charge thee tempt me not !

*DRO. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan ?

*ANT. S.* It is the devil.

*DRO. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam ; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench ; and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn ; Come not near her.

*COUR.* Your man and you are marvellous, merry, sir.

Will you go with me ? We'll mend our dinner here.<sup>3</sup>

*DRO. S.* Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> — *We'll mend our dinner here.*] i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.*] The passage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a mistake for *and* :

*Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.*

*Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon meat, and bespeak a long spoon.* RITSON.

In the old copy *you* is accidentally omitted. It was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I believe some other words were passed over by the compositor, perhaps of this import : " If you do expect spoon-meat, *either stay away, or bespeak a long spoon.*"

*ANT. S.* Why, Dromio?

*DRO. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

*ANT. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a forcerefs:  
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*COUR.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;  
And I'll be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

*DRO. S.* Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood,<sup>5</sup> a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,  
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*COUR.* I pray you, fir, my ring, or else the chain;  
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

*ANT. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

*DRO. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

*COUR.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself:

The proverb mentioned afterwards by Dromio, is again alluded to in *The Tempest*. See Vol. IV. p. 87, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — a drop of blood,] So, in *The Witch*, by Middleton, when a spirit descends, Hecate exclaims—

“There's one come downe to fetch his dues,

“A kisse, a coll, a *sip of blood*,” &c. STEEVENS.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
 And for the same he promis'd me a chain;  
 Both one, and other, he denies me now.  
 The reason that I gather he is mad,  
 (Besides this present instance of his rage,)  
 Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,  
 Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
 Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
 On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
 My way is now, to hie home to his house,  
 And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,  
 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
 My ring away: This course I fittest choose;  
 For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.*

*ANT. E.* Fear me not, man, I will not break  
 away;  
 I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
 To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
 My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;  
 And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
 That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:  
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

*Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.  
 How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

*DRO. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.<sup>6</sup>

*ANT. E.* But where's the money?

*DRO. E.* Why, fir, I gave the money for the rope.

*ANT. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*DRO. E.* I'll serve you, fir, five hundred at the rate.

*ANT. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*DRO. E.* To a rope's end, fir; and to that end am I returned.

*ANT. E.* And to that end, fir, I will welcome you. [Beating him.]

*OFF.* Good fir, be patient.

*DRO. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*OFF.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*DRO. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*ANT. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*DRO. E.* I would I were senseless, fir, that I might not feel your blows.

*ANT. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*DRO. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it

<sup>6</sup> — *will pay them all.*] i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "He *pays* you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on." STEEVENS.

by my long ears.<sup>7</sup> I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan,  
with PINCH,<sup>8</sup> and Others.

*ANT. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*DRO. E.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> — by my long ears.] He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — Pinch,] The direction in the old copy is,—"and a schoolmaster called Pinch." In many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England, I mean a cunning man as a schoolmaster; that is, a conjurour," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the Lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem*. But to what purpose, unless our author could show that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophefying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was



*ANT. E.* Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

*COUR.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*ADR.* His incivility confirms no less.—  
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you will demand.

*LUC.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*COUR.* Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

*PINCH.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*ANT. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*PINCH.* I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darknes hie thee straight;  
I conjure thee by all the faints in heaven.

*ANT. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

*ADR.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*ANT. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers?<sup>1</sup>

offended, it was the standing joke of the wife owner to say, *Take heed, fir, my parrot prophesies.* To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says—

“ Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
“ That speak and think contrary clean;  
“ What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
“ When they cry *rope*, and *walk*, *knave*, *walk.*”

WARBURTON.

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“ But come, *respice funem.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——— your customers?] A *customer* is used in *Othello* for a

Did this companion<sup>2</sup> with the saffron face  
 Revel and feast it at my house to day,  
 Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
 And I denied to enter in my house?

*ADR.* O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at  
 home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,  
 Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

*ANT. E.* I din'd at home!<sup>3</sup> Thou villain, what  
 say'st thou?

*DRO. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at  
 home.

*ANT. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut  
 out?

*DRO. E.* Perdy,<sup>4</sup> your doors were lock'd, and  
 you shut out.

*ANT. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?

*DRO. E.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

*ANT. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt,  
 and scorn me?

*DRO. E.* Certes,<sup>5</sup> she did; the kitchen-vestal<sup>6</sup>  
 scorn'd you.

common woman. Here it seems to signify one who visits such  
 women. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *companion*—] A word of contempt, anciently used  
 as we now use—*fellow*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I din'd at home!*] *I* is not found in the old copy. It was  
 inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Perdy,*] A corruption of the common French oath—*Par-*  
*dieu*. Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly*. So, in *The Tempest*:

“For *certes*, these are people of the island.”

STEEVENS.

*ANT. E.* And did not I in rage depart from  
thence?

*DRO. E.* In verity, you did;—my bones bear wit-  
ness,  
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

*ADR.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

*PINCH.* It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*ANT. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to  
arrest me.

*ADR.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*DRO. E.* Money by me? heart and good-will  
you might,  
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

*ANT. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of  
ducats?

*ADR.* He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

*LUC.* And I am witness with her, that she did.

*DRO. E.* God and the rope-maker, bear me wit-  
ness,  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

*PINCH.* Mistress, both man and master is pos-  
sefs'd;  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

*ANT. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth  
to-day,  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

*ADR.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

<sup>6</sup> — kitchen-vestal—] Her charge being like that of the  
vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

*DRO. E.* And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;  
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*ADR.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in  
both.

*ANT. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;  
And art confederate with a damned pack,  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,  
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[*PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. E. and  
DRO. E.*

*ADR.* O, bind him, bind him, let him not come  
near me.

*PINCH.* More company;—the fiend is strong  
within him.

*LUC.* Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he  
looks!

*ANT. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou  
gaoler, thou,  
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

*OFF.* Masters, let him go:  
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

*PINCH.* Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

*ADR.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?<sup>7</sup>  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

*OFF.* He is my prisoner; if I let him go,  
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

<sup>7</sup> — *thou peevish officer?*] This is the second time that,  
in the course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish*.

*ADR.* I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd  
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

*ANT. E.* O most unhappy strumpet!<sup>8</sup>

*DRO. E.* Master, I am here enter'd in bond for  
you.

*ANT. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou  
mad me?

*DRO. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be  
mad,

Good master; cry, the devil.—

*LUC.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

*ADR.* Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with  
me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E.  
and DRO. E.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

*OFF.* One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know  
him?

*ADR.* I know the man: What is the sum he  
owes?

*OFF.* Two hundred ducats.

*ADR.* Say, how grows it due?

*OFF.* Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

*ADR.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it  
not.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— unhappy *strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.*] I suppose, the words—*for me*, which spoil the metre, might safely be omitted. STEEVENS.

*COUR.* When as your husband, all in rage, to-day  
Came to my house, and took away my ring,  
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)  
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

*ADR.* It may be so, but I did never see it :—  
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

*LUC.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

*ADR.* And come with naked swords; let's call  
more help,  
To have them bound again.

*OFF.* Away, they'll kill us.  
[*Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.*]

*ANT. S.* I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

*DRO. S.* She, that would be your wife, now ran  
from you.

*ANT. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff<sup>1</sup>  
from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

*DRO. S.* Faith, stay here this night, they will  
surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair,  
give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle na-  
tion, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that  
claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart  
to stay here still, and turn witch.

*ANT. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;  
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> — our stuff—] i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the Royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter Merchant and ANGELO.*

*ANG.* I am forry, fir, that I have hinder'd you ;  
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,  
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

*MER.* How is the man eſteem'd here in the city ?

*ANG.* Of very reverent reputation, fir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city ;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*MER.* Speak ſoftly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuſe.*

*ANG.* 'Tis ſo ; and that ſelf chain about his neck,  
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.  
Good fir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—  
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble ;  
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,  
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny  
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly :  
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, imprifonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend ;  
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,  
Had hoifted fail, and put to ſea to-day :  
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

*ANT. S.* I think, I had ; I never did deny it.

*MER.* Yes, that you did, fir ; and forſwore it too.



*ANT. S.* Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

*MER.* These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st  
To walk where any honest men resort.

*ANT. S.* Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:  
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

*MER.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.*

*ADR.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is  
mad;—

Some get within him,<sup>2</sup> take his sword away:  
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*DRO. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake, take  
a house.<sup>3</sup>

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Priory.*]

*Enter the Abbess.*

*ABB.* Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you  
hither?

*ADR.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:  
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,  
And bear him home for his recovery.

*ANG.* I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

<sup>2</sup> — get within him,] i. e. close with him, grapple with him. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — take a house.] i. e. go into a house. So, we say— a dog takes the water. STEEVENS.

*MER.* I am forry now, that I did draw on him.

*ABB.* How long hath this possession held the man ?

*ADR.* This week he hath been heavy, four, fad,  
And much, much different from the man he was ;<sup>4</sup>  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*ABB.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at  
sea ?

Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye  
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?  
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

*ADR.* To none of these, except it be the last ;  
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

*ABB.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*ADR.* Why, so I did.

*ABB.* Ay, but not rough enough.

*ADR.* As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

*ABB.* Haply, in private.

*ADR.* And in assemblies too.

*ABB.* Ay, but not enough.

*ADR.* It was the copy<sup>5</sup> of our conference :  
In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;  
At board, he fed not for my urging it ;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

<sup>4</sup> *And much, much different from the man he was ;*] Thus the second folio. The first impairs the metre by omitting to repeat the word—*much*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — *the copy*—] i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting copies for boys. STEEVENS.

In company, I often glanced it ;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

*ABB.* And thereof came it, that the man was  
mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.  
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing :  
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.  
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-  
ings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;  
And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?  
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :  
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;<sup>6</sup>)

<sup>6</sup> *But moody and dull melancholy,*

(*Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair*;) Shakspeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have, therefore, put it into hooks, as spurious.

WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that some disyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written :

*Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
But moody [moping] and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ?  
And at their heels a huge infectious troop—* HEATH.

It has been observed to me that Mr. Capell reads :

*But moody and dull melancholy, kins-*  
*woman to grim and comfortless despair ;*

Yet, though the Roman language may allow of such transfers from the end of one verse to the beginning of the next, the custom is unknown to English poetry, unless it be of the burlesque kind. It is too like Homer Travesty :

“ — On this, Agam—

“ memnon began to curse and damn.” STEEVENS.

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop<sup>7</sup>  
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?  
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest  
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:  
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits  
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

*LUC.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—  
 Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

*ADR.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
 Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

*ABB.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*ADR.* Then, let your servants bring my husband  
 forth.

*ABB.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,  
 And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

*ADR.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
 And will have no attorney but myself;

*Kinsman* means no more than *near relation*. Many words  
 are used by Shakspere with much greater latitude.

Nor is this the only instance of such a confusion of genders.  
 In *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia says—

“ — but now I was the *lord*

“ Of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants,

“ *Queen* o'er myself.” RITSON.

<sup>7</sup> *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop—*] I have no  
 doubt the emendation proposed by Mr. Heath [“ *their heels*”]  
 is right. In the English manuscripts of our author's time the  
 pronouns were generally expressed by abbreviations. In this  
 very play we have already met *their* for *her*, which has been  
 rightly amended:

“ Among my wife and *their* confederates —.”

ACT IV. sc. i. MALONE.

And therefore let me have him home with me.

*ABB.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,  
Till I have used the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again :<sup>8</sup>  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order ;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

*ADR.* I will not hence, and leave my husband  
here ;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.

*ABB.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have  
him. [Exit Abbess.

*LUC.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*ADR.* Come, go ; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

*MER.* By this, I think, the dial points at five :  
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;  
The place of death<sup>9</sup> and sorry execution,<sup>1</sup>  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *a formal man again :*] i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. So, in *Measure for Measure*,—"informal women," for just the contrary.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The place of death—*] The original copy has—*depth*. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *sorry execution,*] So, in *Macbeth* :

"Of *forriest* fancies your companions making."

*Sorry* had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7,283, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition :

ANG. Upon what cause ?

MER. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

ANG. See, where they come ; we will behold his  
death.

LUC. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended ; ÆGEON bare-headed ; with  
the Headsman and other Officers.*

DUKE. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most sacred duke, against the ab-  
befs!

DUKE. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

ADR. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my  
husband,—

“ This Frere, whan he loked had his fill

“ Upon the turments of this *sorry* place.”

Again, in *The Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is  
described :

“ All full of chirking was that *sorry* place.”

Again, in the ancient MS. Romance of *The Sowdon of Baby-  
loyne*, &c :

“ It was done as the kinge cōmaunde

“ His soule was fet to helle

“ To daunse in that *sorry* lande

“ With develes that wer ful felle.” STEEVENS.

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder  
of Duncan :

“ This is a *sorry* fight.” HENLEY.

Mr. Douce is of opinion, that *sorry*, in the text, is put for  
*sorrowful*. STEEVENS.

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
 At your important letters,<sup>2</sup>—this ill day  
 A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;  
 That desperately he hurried through the street,  
 (With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)  
 Doing displeasure to the citizens  
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,  
 Whilst to take order<sup>3</sup> for the wrongs I went,  
 That here and there his fury had committed.  
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,<sup>4</sup>  
 He broke from those that had the guard of him ;

<sup>2</sup> *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
 At your important letters,]* *Important* seems to be used for  
*importunate*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear* :

“ ————— great France

“ My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied.”

Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 :  
 “ —yet won by *importance* accepted his courtesie.”

Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own,  
 seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

The *court of wards* was always considered as a grievous  
 oppression. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of  
*Hycke Scorer* :

“ — these ryche men ben unkinde :

“ Wydowes do curse lordes and gentyllmen,

“ For they contrayne them to marry with their men ;

“ Ye, wheder they wyll or no.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — to take order—] i. e. to take measures. So, in  
*Othello*, A& V :

“ Honest Iago hath ta'en order for it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — by what strong escape,] Though *strong* is not unin-  
 telligible, I suspect we should read—*strange*. The two words  
 are often confounded in the old copies. MALONE.

A *strong escape*, I suppose, means an escape effected by  
*strength* or violence. STEEVENS.



And, with his mad attendant and himself,<sup>5</sup>  
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chafed us away; till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind them: then they fled  
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;  
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.  
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

*DUKE.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my  
 wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save your-  
 self!  
 My master and his man are both broke loose,

<sup>5</sup> *And, with his mad attendant and himself,]* We should  
 read:

— mad *himself*. *WARBURTON.*

We might read:

*And here his mad attendant and himself.*

Yet, as Mr. Ritson observes, the meeting to which Adriana  
 alludes, not having happened before the abbey, we may more  
 properly suppose our author wrote—

*And then his mad attendant and himself.* *STEEVENS.*

I suspect, Shakspeare is himself answerable for this inaccu-  
 racy. *MALONE.*

Beaten the maids a-row,<sup>6</sup> and bound the doctor,  
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of  
fire;<sup>7</sup>

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:  
My master preaches patience to him, while<sup>8</sup>  
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Beaten the maids a-row,*] i. e. successively, one after another. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6,836, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

“A thousand time *a-row* he gan hire kisse.”

Again, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's Epistle from *Penelope to Ulysses*:

“— and drawes with wine

“The Troian tentes *arowe*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, p. 288:

“I shall tell thee *arowe* all that I sawe.”

“Ordine tibi visa omnia exponam.” DOUCE.

<sup>7</sup> *Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but it is rather out of place in an epick poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

“Obvius ambustum torrem Corinæus ab ara

“Corripit, et venienti Ebuso, plagamque ferenti,

“Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,

“Nidoremque ambusta dedit.” Virg. *Æneis*, Lib. XII.

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have seen this method of shaving in the Life of Dion, p. 107, 4to. See North's translation, in which ἀσχεραξες may be translated *brands*. S. W.

North gives it thus—“with a hot burning cole to burne his goodly bush of heare rounde about.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *My master preaches patience to him, while—*] The old copy redundantly reads—*and the while* I have followed Sir Thomas Hanmer, by omitting the unnecessary syllables.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool;*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their

And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*ADR.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are  
here;

And that is false, thou dost report to us.

*SERV.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face,<sup>1</sup> and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within.*  
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

*DUKE.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard  
with halberds.

*ADR.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,  
That he is borne about invisible:

heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

Fools, undoubtedly, were shaved and *nicked* in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the Triplicities of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent 4to. 1598: "Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven and notched on the head, like fooles.*"

See also Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, in v. "*Zuccone*. A shaven pate, a *notted poule*; a *poule-pate*; a gull, a *ninnie.*"

MALONE.

The hair of idiots is still cut close to their heads, to prevent the consequences of uncleanness. RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> To scorch your face,] We should read—*scotch*; i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To *scorch*, I believe, is right. He would have punished her as he had punished the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here ;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

*ANT. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant  
me justice !

Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*ÆGE.* Unless the fear of death doth make me  
dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

*ANT. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman  
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury !  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

*DUKE.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*ANT. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,  
While she, with harlots<sup>2</sup> feasted in my house.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *with harlots*—] Antipholus did not suspect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says to her—Act IV. sc. iv :

“ ——— are these your customers ?

“ Did this companion with the saffron face

“ Revel and feast it at my house to-day ?”

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as

*DUKE.* A grievous fault : Say, woman, didst thou  
so ?

*ADR.* No, my good lord ;—myself, he, and my  
sister,  
To-day did dine together : So befall my soul,  
As this is false, he burdens me withal !

*LUC.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth !

*ANG.* O perjurd woman ! they are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

*ANT. E.* My liege, I am advis'd<sup>3</sup> what I say ;  
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner :

well as to wantons among women. Thus, in *The Fox*, Cor-  
bacchio says to Volpone—

“ — Out harlot ! ”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — for the harlot king

“ Is quite beyond mine arm.”

Again, in the ancient mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512,  
Herod says to Watkin—“ Nay, harlott, abyde styll with my  
knyghts I warne the.”

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 5 vols.  
Svo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6068,  
*King of Harlots* is Chaucer's translation of *Roy des ribaulx*.  
Chaucer uses the word more than once :

“ A sturdy harlot went hem ay behind,

“ That was hir hofst man,” &c.

*Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7336.

Again, in *The Dyers' Play*, among the Chester Collection, in  
the Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the  
stage—

“ Out on ye harlots, whence come ye ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — *I am advis'd*—] i. e. I am not going to speak pre-  
cipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration.

STEEVENS.

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
 Could witness it, for he was with me then ;  
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
 I went to seek him : In the street I met him ;  
 And in his company, that gentleman.  
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,  
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
 Which, God he knows, I saw not : for the which,  
 He did arrest me with an officer.  
 I did obey ; and sent my peasant home  
 For certain ducats : he with none return'd.  
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
 To go in person with me to my house.  
 By the way we met  
 My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
 Of vile confederates ; along with them  
 They brought one Pinch ; a hungry lean-faced vil-  
                                           lain,  
 A meer anatomy, a mountebank,  
 A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller ;  
 A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
 A living dead man :<sup>4</sup> this pernicious slave,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer ;  
 And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
 Cries out, I was possess'd : then altogether  
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence ;

<sup>4</sup> *A living dead man :*] This thought appears to have been borrowed from Sackvil's Induction to *The Mirror for Magistrates* :

“ ——— but as a *lyuing death*,

“ *So ded aliue of life hee drew the breath.*”

STEEVENS.

And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;  
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,  
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech  
 To give me ample satisfaction  
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

*ANG.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with  
 him ;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*DUKE.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

*ANG.* He had, my lord : and when he ran in  
 here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

*MER.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of  
 mine

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,  
 After you first forswore it on the mart,  
 And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;  
 And then you fled into this abbey here,  
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

*ANT. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,  
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :  
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !  
 And this is false, you burden me withal.

*DUKE.* What an intricate impeach is this !  
 I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.  
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been ;  
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :—  
 You say, he dined at home ; the goldsmith here  
 Denies that saying :—Sirrah, what say you ?

*DRO. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Por-  
 cupine.

*COUR.* He did ; and from my finger snatch'd that  
 ring.



*ANT. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

*DUKE.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*COUR.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*DUKE.* Why, this is strange :—Go call the abbess hither ;

I think, you are all mated,<sup>5</sup> or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

*ÆGE.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word ;

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

*DUKE.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

*ÆGE.* Is not your name, fir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

*DRO. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman,  
fir,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords ;  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

*ÆGE.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.

*DRO. E.* Ourselves we do remember, fir, by you ;  
For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, fir?

*ÆGE.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

*ANT. E.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*ÆGE.* Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last ;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed<sup>6</sup> hand

<sup>5</sup> — mated,] See p. 401, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — deformed—] For *deforming*. STEEVENS.

Have written strange defeatures<sup>7</sup> in my face :  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

ANT. E. Neither.

ÆGE. Dromio, nor thou ?

DRO. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

ÆGE. I am sure, thou dost.

DRO. E. Ay, sir ? but I am sure, I do not ; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.<sup>8</sup>

ÆGE. Not know my voice ! O, times extremity !  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— [*strange defeatures*—] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature*. The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features.

JOHNSON.

*Defeatures* are *undoings*, *miscarriages*, *misfortunes*; from *defaire*, Fr. So, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599 :

“ The day before the night of my *defeature*, (i. e. undoing.)

“ He greets me with a casket richly wrought.”

The sense is, I am *deformed*, *undone*, by misery. Misfortune has left its impression on my face. STEEVENS.

*Defeature* is, I think, *alteration of feature*, *marks of deformity*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ ——— to cross the curious workmanship of nature,

“ To mingle beauty with infirmities,

“ And pure perfection with impure *defeature*.”

MALONE.

*Defeatures* are certainly neither more nor less than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits*. Time, says Ægeon, hath placed *new and strange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou dost not know me. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*you are now bound to believe him*.] Dromio is still quibbling on his favourite topick. See p. 453. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— [*my feeble key of untun'd cares ?*] i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief. DOUCE.

Though now this grained face<sup>1</sup> of mine be hid  
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;  
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
 My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
 All these old witnessess (I cannot err,)<sup>2</sup>  
 Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

*ANT. E.* I never saw my father in my life.

*ÆGE.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
 Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

*ANT. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the  
 city,  
 Can witness with me that it is not so;  
 I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*DUKE.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
 Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
 During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:  
 I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

<sup>1</sup> ——— *this grained face*—] i. e. furrowed, like the *grain of wood*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ ——— my *grained* ash.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *All these old witnessess (I cannot err,)]* I believe should be read:

*All these hold witnessess I cannot err.*

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnessess* I believe he means *experienced, accustomed ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ If these be *true spies* that I wear in my head,” &c.

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, sc. ult:

“ But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

“ *Grave witnessess* of true experience,” &c. STEEVENS.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,  
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

*ABB.* Most mighty Duke, behold a man much  
wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*]

*ADR.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive  
me.

*DUKE.* One of these men is Genius to the other ;  
And so of these : Which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit ? Who deciphers them ?

*DRO. S.* I, fir, am Dromio ; command him away.

*DRO. E.* I, fir, am Dromio ; pray, let me stay.

*ANT. S.* Ægeon, art thou not ? or else his ghost ?

*DRO. S.* O, my old master ! who hath bound him  
here ?

*ABB.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty :—  
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man  
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons :  
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia !

*ÆGE.* If I dream not,<sup>3</sup> thou art Æmilia ;

<sup>3</sup> *If I dream not,*] In the old copy, this speech of Ægeon, and the subsequent one of the Abbess, follow the speech of the Duke, beginning with the words—“ Why, here” &c. The transposition was suggested by Mr. Steevens. It scarcely requires any justification. Ægeon's answer to Æmilia's adjuration would necessarily immediately succeed to it. Besides, as Mr. Steevens has observed, as these speeches stand in the old copy, the Duke comments on Æmilia's words before she has uttered them. The slight change now made renders the whole clear. MALONE.

That, however, will scarcely remove the difficulty : the *next*

If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*ABB.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,  
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;  
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:  
What then became of them, I cannot tell;  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*DUKE.* Why, here begins his morning story  
right: <sup>4</sup>

These two Antipholus's, these two so like,  
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance, <sup>5</sup>—  
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, <sup>6</sup>—  
These are the parents to these children, <sup>7</sup>

speech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one should precede the Duke's; or there is possibly a line lost. RITSON.

If this be the right reading, it is, as Steevens justly remarks, one of Shakspeare's oversights, as the Abbess had not hinted at her shipwreck. But possibly we should read—

“ Besides *his* urging of her wreck at sea.” M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> *Why, here begins his morning story right:*] “ The morning story” is what Ægeon tells the Duke in the first scene of this play. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>5</sup> — *semblance,*] *Semblance* (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) is here a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — *of her wreck at sea,*] I suspect that a line following this has been lost; the import of which was, that *These circumstances all concurred to prove*—that These were the parents, &c. The line which I suppose to have been lost, and the following one, beginning perhaps with the same word, the omission might have been occasioned by the compositor's eye glancing from one to the other. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *children,*] This plural is here used as a trisyllable. So, in Chapman's version of the sixteenth *Iliad*:

“ Abhor'd Chimæra; and such bane now caught his  
*childeren.*”

Again, in the fourth *Iliad*:

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

*ANT. S.* No, fir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*DUKE.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

*ANT. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

*DRO. E.* And I with him.

*ANT. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*ADR.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*ANT. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*ADR.* And are not you my husband?

*ANT. E.* No, I say nay to that.

*ANT. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,  
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;  
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

*ANG.* That is the chain, fir, which you had of me.

*ANT. S.* I think it be, fir; I deny it not.

*ANT. E.* And you, fir, for this chain arrested me.

*ANG.* I think I did, fir; I deny it not.

*ADR.* I sent you money, fir, to be your bail,  
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*DRO. E.* No, none by me.

*ANT. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

“————— sometimes *childeren*

“ May with discretion plant themselves against their fathers' wills.”

Again, in the sixth *Iliad*:

“ Yet had he one surviv'd to him of those three *childeren*.” STEEVENS.

And Dromio my man did bring them me :  
I see, we still did meet each other's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

*ANT. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*DUKE.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

*COUR.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*ANT. E.* There, take it ; and much thanks for  
my good cheer.

*ABB.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the  
pains

To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes :—  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathized one day's error  
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.—  
Twenty-five years<sup>8</sup> have I but gone in travail

<sup>8</sup> *Twenty-five years*—] In former editions :

*Thirty-three years.*

'Tis impossible the poet should be so forgetful, as to design this number here ; and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly ; and thence the mistake might arise. *Ægeon*, in the first scene of the first Act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother :

“ My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

“ At eighteen years became inquisitive

“ After his brother ;” &c.

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where *Ægeon*, mistakenly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage, in the fifth Act :

“ *Æg.* But *seven* years since, in Syracuse bay,

“ Thou know'st we parted ;——.”

So that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.



Of you, my fons; nor, till this present hour,<sup>9</sup>  
 My heavy burdens are delivered :—  
 The duke, my husband, and my children both,  
 And you the calendars of their nativity,  
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ;<sup>1</sup>  
 After so long grief, such nativity !<sup>2</sup>

*DUKE.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.  
 [*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, ALGEON, Courtezan,*  
*Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

*DRO. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from  
 shipboard ?

<sup>9</sup> — nor, till this present hour,] The old copy reads—  
 and till——. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.  
*Burden*, in the next line, was corrected by the editor of the  
 second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and go with me ;] We should read :  
 — and gaude with me ;

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration. *The Revival*  
 offers to read, more plausibly, I think :  
 — joy with me.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced  
 by the following passage in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 :—  
 " I have good cause to set the cocke on the hope, and make  
*gaudy* chere."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. xi :

" Let's have one other *gaudy* night."

In the novel of M. Alberto, of Bologna, the author adviseth  
 gentlewomen " to beware how they contrive their holyday  
 talke, by waste wordes issuing forth their delicate mouths in  
 carping, *gauding*, and jesting at young gentlemen, and specialle  
 old men," &c. *Palace of Pleasure*, 1582, Vol. I. fol. 60.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> After so long grief, such nativity !] We should surely  
 read :

*After so long grief, such festivity.*

*Nativity* lying so near, and the termination being the same  
 of both words, the mistake was easy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has just said, that to her,  
 her fons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

*ANT. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

*DRO. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, fir, in the Centaur.

*ANT. S.* He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:  
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANTIPHOLUS S. and E. ADR. and LUC.*]

*DRO. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*DRO. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*DRO. S.* Not I, fir; you are my elder.

*DRO. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?

*DRO. S.* We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

*DRO. E.* Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*<sup>3</sup>]

<sup>3</sup> On a careful revision of the foregoing scenes, I do not hesitate to pronounce them the composition of two very unequal writers. Shakspeare had undoubtedly a share in them; but that the entire play was no work of his, is an opinion which (as Benedick says) "fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake." Thus, as we are informed by Aulus Gellius, lib. III. cap. 3, some plays were absolutely ascribed to Plautus, which in truth had only been (*retractatæ et expolitæ*) retouched and polished by him.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the subject appears to have been reluctantly dismissed, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

The long doggerel verses that Shakspeare has attributed in this play to the two Dromios, are written in that kind of metre which was usually attributed, by the dramatick poets before his time, in their comick pieces, to some of their inferior characters; and this circumstance is one of many that authorize us to place the preceding comedy, as well as *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, (where the same kind of versification is likewise found,) among our author's earliest productions; composed probably at a time when he was imperceptibly infected with the prevailing mode, and before he had completely learned "to deviate boldly from the common track." As these early pieces are now not easily met with, I shall subjoin a few extracts from some of them:—

LIKE WILL TO LIKE.

1568.

- "*Royst.* If your name to me you will declare and shoue,  
 "You may in this matter my minde the sooner knowe.  
 "*Tof.* Few wordes are best among freends, this is true,  
 "Wherefore I shall briefly show my name unto you.  
 "Tom Tospot it is, it need not to be painted,  
 "Wherefore I with Raife Roister must needs be acquainted," &c.

COMMONS CONDITIONS.\*

[About 1570.]

- "*Shift.* By gogs bloud, my maisters, wee were not best  
 longer here to staie,  
 "I thinke was never suche a craftie knave before this daie.  
 [Exeunt Ambo.]

\* This dramatick piece, in its entire state, has not been met with. The only fragment of it known to be existing, is in my possession. STEEVENS.

- “ *Cond.* Are thei all gone? Ha, ha, ha, wel fare old Shift at a neede :
- “ By his woundes had I not devised this, I had hanged indeede.
- “ Tinkers, (qd you) tinke me no tinks; Ile meddle with them no more;
- “ I thinke was never knave so used by a companie of tinkers before.
- “ By your leave Ile bee so bolde as to looke about me and spie,
- “ Least any knaves for my commyng doune in ambush doe lie.
- “ By your licence I minde not to preache longer in this tree,
- “ My tinkerly slaves are packed hence, as farre as I maie see.” &c.

## PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

1578.

- “ The wind is yl blows no man’s gaine; for cold I neede not care,
- “ Here is nine and twentie futes of apparel for my share;
- “ And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case,
- “ As neither gentleman nor other Lord Promos sheweth any grace;
- “ But I marvel much, poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone,
- “ They were wont to stave a day or two, now scarce an after-noone.” &c.

## THE THREE LADIES OF LONDON.

1584.

- “ You think I am going to market to buy rost meate, do ye not?
- “ I thought so, but you are deceived, for I wot what I wot:
- “ I am neither going to the butchers, to buy veale, mutton, or beefe.
- “ But I am going to a bloodsucker, and who is it? faith Usurie, that theefe.”

## THE COBLER’S PROPHECY.

1594.

- “ Quoth Nicenefs to Newfangle, thou art such a Jacke,
- “ That thou devisest fortie fashions for my ladie’s backe.
- “ And thou, quoth he, art so posselst with everie frantick toy,
- “ That following of my ladie’s humour thou dost make her coy.

- “ For once a day for fashion-sake my lady must be sicke,  
“ No meat but mutton, or at most the pinion of a chicke :  
“ To-day her owne haire best becomes, which yellow is as gold,  
“ A periwig is better for to-morrow, blacke to behold :  
“ To-day in pumps and cheveril gloves to walk she will be hold,  
“ To-morrow cuffs and countenance, for feare of catching cold :  
“ Now is she barefast to be scene, straight on her muffler goes ;  
“ Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight nussed to the nose.”

See also *Gammer Gurton's Needle, Damon and Pythias, &c.*

MALONE.

END OF VOL. XX.

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