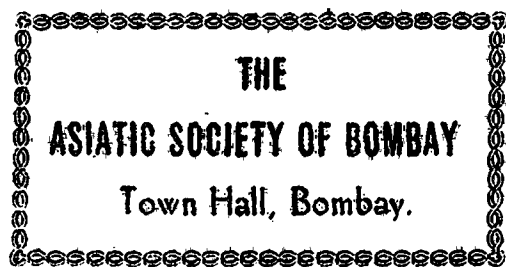




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*THE WORKS*

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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THE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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## PREFACE.

I. THE first edition of ROMEO AND JULIET was published in 1597, with the following title:

AN | EXCELLENT | conceited Tragedie | OF | Romeo and Iuliet, | As it hath been often (with great applause) | plaid publicly, by the right Ho-nourable the L. of *Hunsdon* | his Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed by Iohn Danter. | 1597. |

After Sig. D, a smaller type is used for the rest of the play, and the running title is changed from 'The most excellent Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet' to 'The excellent Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet.'

The text of this first Quarto differs so widely from that of later and more perfect editions, that it is impossible to record the results of a collation in foot-notes: we have therefore reprinted it. When we refer to it in the notes, it is designated as (Q.), the marks of parenthesis being used as in similar cases previously.

An opinion has been entertained by some critics that in this earliest Quarto we have a fairly accurate version of the play as it was at first written; and that in the interval between the publication of the first and second Quartos, the play was revised and recast by its author into the form in which it appears in the edition of 1599. A careful examination of the earlier text will, we think, prove this notion to be untenable. Not to speak of minor errors, it is impossible that Shakespeare should ever have given to the world a composition, containing so many instances of imperfect sense, halting metre, bad grammar, and abrupt dialogue. We believe that the play, as at first written, was substantially the same as that given in the later

editions; and that the defects of the first impression are due, not to the author, but to the writer of the manuscript from which that first impression was printed. That manuscript was, in all probability, obtained from notes taken in short-hand during the representation: a practice which we know to have been common in those days. It is true that the text of (Q<sub>1</sub>) is more accurate on the whole than might have been expected from such an origin; but the short-hand writer may have been a man of unusual intelligence and skill, and may have been present at many representations in order to correct his work; or possibly some of the players may have helped him either from memory, or by lending their parts in manuscript. But the examples of omission and conjectural insertion are too frequent and too palpable to allow of the supposition that the earliest text is derived from a bona fide transcript of the author's MS. The unusual precision of some stage directions in (Q<sub>1</sub>) tends to confirm our view of its origin; a view which is supported by the high authority of M. Tycho Mommsen. The portions of the play omitted in (Q<sub>1</sub>), though necessary to its artistic completeness and to its effect as a poem, are for the most part passages which might be spared without disturbing the consecutive and intelligible development of the action. It is possible therefore that the play as seen by the short-hand writer was curtailed in the representation.

The second Quarto was in all likelihood an edition authorized by Shakespeare and his 'fellows,' and intended to supersede the surreptitious and imperfect edition of 1597. The play so published, we believe, as we have said, to be substantially identical with the play as at first composed; it seems however to have been revised by the author. Here and there a passage appears to have been rewritten. Compare, for example, (Q<sub>1</sub>) Sc. 10, lines 11—30 (p. 169 of the reprint) with the corresponding passages of the later editions, Act II. Sc. 6, lines 16—36. In this place assuredly the change must be attributed to the author; but we know of no other passage of equal length where the same can be affirmed with certainty. The words 'newly corrected, augmented, and amended,' found on the

title-page of the second Quarto, may be accepted as the statement of a fact, when thus confirmed by internal evidence. Otherwise we know that the assertions in title-pages or prefaces of that time are not to be relied on, nor in this case would the words necessarily mean more than that this second edition was more correct and more complete than the first. In fact, the added matter amounts nearly to a quarter of the whole.

The title-page of the second Quarto, Q<sub>2</sub>, is as follows:

THE | MOST EX- | cellent and lamentable | Tragedie, of Romeo |  
and *Juliet*. | *Newly corrected, augmented, and | amended:* | As it  
hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the | right Honour-  
able the Lord Chamberlaine | his Seruants | LONDON. | Printed  
by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to | be sold at  
his shop neare the Exchange. | 1599. |

This is unquestionably our best authority; nevertheless in determining the text, (Q<sub>1</sub>) must in many places be taken into account. For it is certain that Q<sub>2</sub> was not printed from the author's MS., but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text. In passing through his hands, many passages were thus transmuted from poetry to prose. Pope felt this strongly, too strongly indeed, for he adopted the text of the first Quarto in many places where Capell and all subsequent editors have judiciously recurred to the second. Nevertheless there is no editor who has not felt it necessary occasionally to call in the aid of the first. We think that M. Tycho Mommsen rates the authority of the second Quarto too highly. Any rare form of word or strange construction found in this edition alone, and corrected in all that follow, may more probably be assigned to the transcriber (or in some cases to the printer) than to Shakespeare, whose language is singularly free from archaisms and provincialisms.

The third Quarto, Q<sub>3</sub>, was published in 1609, with the following title-page:

THE | MOST EX- | CELLENT AND | Lamentable Tragedie, of | *Rc-*  
*mco and Juliet*. | As it hath beene sundrie times publiquely Acted, |

by the KINGS Maiesties Seruants | at the Globe. | Newly corrected, augmented, and | amended: | LONDON | Printed for IOHN SMETHVVICK, and are to be sold | at his Shop in Saint *Dunstanes* Church-yard, | in Fleetestreete vnder the Dvall | 1609 | .

It was printed from  $Q_2$ , from which it differs by a few corrections, and more frequently by additional errors.

The next Quarto has no date.

Its title-page bears for the first time the name of the author. After the word 'GLOBE' and in a separate line we find the words: 'Written by W. *Shake-speare*.' Otherwise, except in some slight variations of type and spelling, the title-page of the undated Quarto does not differ from that of  $Q_3$ . It was also printed '*for Iohn Smethwicke*,' without the mention of the printer's name.

Though this edition has no date, internal evidence conclusively proves that it was printed from  $Q_3$  and that the Quarto of 1637 was printed from it. We therefore call it  $Q_4$ .

It contains some very important corrections of the text, none however that an intelligent reader might not make conjecturally and without reference to any other authority. Indeed had the corrector been able to refer to any such authority, he would not have left so many obviously corrupt passages untouched.

The title-page of the fifth Quarto, our  $Q_5$ , is substantially identical with that of  $Q_4$ , except that it is said to be printed 'by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*,' and dated, 1637.

It is printed, as we have said, from  $Q_4$ . The punctuation has been carefully regulated throughout, and the spelling in many cases made uniform.

The symbol  $Qq$  signifies the agreement of  $Q_2$ ,  $Q_3$ ,  $Q_4$ , and  $Q_5$ .

The text of the first Folio is taken from that of the third Quarto. As usual there are a number of changes, some accidental, some deliberate, but all generally for the worse, excepting the changes in punctuation and in the stage-directions. The punctuation, as a rule, is more correct, and the stage-directions are more complete, in the Folio.

The text of the second Folio is printed of course from the first. In this play there are found in it a considerable number of conjectural emendations, not generally happy, and perhaps more than the usual number of errors.

A careful study of the text of *Romeo and Juliet* will show how little we can rely upon having the true text, as Shakespeare wrote it, in those plays for which the Folio is our earliest authority.

M. Tycho Mommsen published in 1859 a reprint of the first and second Quartos on opposite pages, and in the footnotes a collation of the remaining Quartos (not quite complete in the case of the fourth and fifth), the four Folios, Rowe's first edition, and the new readings of Mr Collier's MS. corrector. The volume is preceded by learned and valuable 'Prolegomena,' and the collation, which we have tested, is done with great care and accuracy. If our collation, so far as it occupies the same ground, may claim to be not less accurate, it must be remembered, first, that we have not endeavoured to record every minute variation of typography, but only such as were in our judgement significant or otherwise noteworthy; secondly, that we have had in all cases the original editions to refer to; and thirdly, that we have had the advantage of comparing our collation with his, and, wherever we found a discrepancy, verifying by a reference to the old copies.

Of the many alterations of *Romeo and Juliet* we have only had occasion to quote Otway's *Caius Marius*.

2. TIMON OF ATHENS was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. It is called *The Life of Tymon of Athens*; in the running titles, *Timon of Athens*; and occupies twenty-one pages, from 80 to 98 inclusive, 81 and 82 being numbered twice over. After 98 the next page is filled with *The Actors Names*, and the following page is blank. The next page, the first of *Julius Cæsar*, is numbered 109, and instead of beginning as it should signature *ii*, the signature is *kk*. From this it may be inferred that for some reason the printing of *Julius Cæsar* was commenced before that of *Timon* was finished. It

may be that the manuscript of *Timon* was imperfect, and that the printing was stayed till it could be completed by some playwright engaged for the purpose. This would account for the manifest imperfections at the close of the play. But it is difficult to conceive how the printer came to miscalculate so widely the space required to be left.

The well-known carelessness of the printers of the Folio in respect of metre will not suffice to account for the deficiencies of *Timon*. The original play, on which Shakespeare worked, must have been written, for the most part, either in prose or in very irregular verse.

3. JULIUS CÆSAR was published for the first time in the Folio of 1623. It is more correctly printed than any other play, and may perhaps have been (as the preface falsely implied that all were) printed from the original manuscript of the author.

The references to Jennens in the notes are to his edition of *Julius Cæsar*, 'collated with the old and modern editions', and published in 1774.

4. MACBETH, which follows next in order, was also printed for the first time in that volume. Except that it is divided into scenes as well as acts, it is one of the worst printed of all the plays, especially as regards the metre, and not a few passages are hopelessly corrupt.

'Davenant's version,' quoted in our notes, was published in 1673. Jennen's edition was printed in 1773. The edition of Macbeth by Harry Rowe is attributed to Dr A. Hunter, and as such we have quoted it. Of this we may remark that it is not always quite certain whether the editor is in jest or earnest. 'Shakespeare restored' by Mr Hastings Elwin is an edition of *Macbeth* with introduction and notes, which was anonymously and privately printed at Norwich in 1853.

W. G. C.

W. A. W.







ROMEO AND JULIET.

VOL. VII.

B

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.

MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.  
CAPULET, }

An old man, of the Capulet family.

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 LAURENCE, a Franciscan.

FRIAR JOHN, of the same order.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.  
GREGORY, }

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.

ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.

JULIET, daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards,  
Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona: Mantua.*

<sup>1</sup> DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. First given, imperfectly, by Rowe.

THE TRAGEDY OF  
 ROMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chor.* 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 5  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventured 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, 10  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

PROLOGUE. *Enter* Chorus. *Chor.*] Ff and Rowe.  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>). The Prologue. *Corus.* Q<sub>2</sub>. The 8. *Do*] Pope. *Doth* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 Prologue. *Chorus.* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. om. Ff. 14. *here*] *heare* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 1—14. *Two...mend.*] Omitted in

## ACT I.

SCENE I. *Verona. A public place.*

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers.*

*Sam.* Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

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

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

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar. 5

*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 to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away. 10

*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.* 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push 15

ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus. Scæna Prima. Ff. Omitted in Qq.

Verona. A public Place.] Capell. A Street in Verona. Rowe, of the...bucklers.] with...bucklers, of...Capulet. QqFf. See note (1).

1. *on*] Qq. *A F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. a F<sub>4</sub>. o'* Capell.

3-5. *Sam. I...draw. Gre. Ay... collar.*] Omitted by Pope.

3. *an*] Theobald, and Qq. *if* Ff.

4. *out o' the*] *out o' th* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *out o' th'* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *out of* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *out of the* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

9, 10. *To.....away.*] As prose first by Pope. Two lines, the first ending *stand*: in QqFf.

11. *A...stand*:] Prose by Pope. One line in QqFf.

11, 12. *I...Montague's*] As prose in Q<sub>2</sub>. One line in the rest.

13. *a weak slave*] *weake slave* F<sub>2</sub>. *weak slave* F<sub>3</sub>. *weak, slave* F<sub>4</sub>.

15. *'Tis true*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *Tis true* Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *True* Ff.

15, 16. *weaker vessels*] *weakest vessels* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *weakest* Warburton.

Montague's men from the wall and thrust his maids to the wall.

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

20

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

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense that feel it.

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

*Gre.* 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy fool; here comes two of the house of Montagues.

30

*Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel; I will back thee.

*Gre.* How! turn thy back and run? 35

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry; I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

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

40

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

19. *us*] *not us* Martley conj.  
 22. *cruel*] *cruell* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *civill* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*civill* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *civill* F<sub>2</sub>. *civil* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 23. *I will cut*] Qq. *and cut* Ff.  
 24. *maids?*] Ff. *maids*. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*maidcs*. Q<sub>4</sub>. *maids!* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 25. *their*] *the* Warburton, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
 27. *in*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om.  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.  
 28, 29. *Me...flesh*] Prose in Qq.

Two lines, the first ending *stand*: in Ff.

31. *comes two of*] Malone, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *comes of* QqFf.

32. *house of*] Qq. *house of the Fl*. Enter...] Rowe. Enter two other servingmen. QqFf. Transferred to follow line 42 by Dyce.

35. *run?*] *run*. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

37. *thee!*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *thee*. The rest.

42. *a*] om. Q<sub>2</sub>.

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 45

*Sam.* [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir? 50

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

*Sam.* But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir. 55

*Enter BENVOLIO.*

*Gre.* [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better': here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. 60 [*They fight.*]

*Ben.* Part, fools! [*Beating down their weapons.*]  
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death. 65

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

46. [*Aside.....*] First marked by Capell.

of] on Q<sub>5</sub>.

51. *sir! no,*] *sir, no* Qq. *sir? no* Ff.

52. *But if*] Qq. *If* Ff.

54. *better.*] Qq. *better?* Ff.

55. *Enter...*] Transferred to line 61 by Dyce.

56. [*Aside...*] First marked by

Capell.

58. *sir*] Qq. om. Ff.

61. *swashing*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *washing* Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

62, 63. *Part.. do.*] As verse first by Capell. Prose in QqFf.

62. [*Beating...weapons.*] Capell. om. QqFf.

64, 65. *What...death.*] Divided as in Qq. Prose in Ff.



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.* 70

*Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens  
and Peace-officers, with clubs.*

*First Off.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat  
them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter old CAPULET in his gown, and LADY CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a  
sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say! Old Montague is come, 75  
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter old 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 ESCALUS, with his train.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—

80

68. *drawn*] *drawne* Qq. *draw* Ff. *crutch* (bis)] FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *crouch*  
70. *thee*] *the* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
[*They fight.*] *Fight.* Ff. om. 75. *My sword*] *A sword* F<sub>4</sub>.  
Qq. Enter...] *Capell*, substantially. 76. and *Lady Montague.*] Rowe.  
Enter three or four Citizens with *Clubs* or *partysons*. Qq (partisans Q<sub>5</sub>). and his wife. QqFf.  
Enter three or four Citizens with *Clubs*. Ff. 77. *Capulet!*—*Hold*] *Capulet.*  
71. *First Off.*] *Offi.* QqFf. Cit. *Hold* Ff. *Capulet, hold* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*Steevens*, 1 Cit. *Malone.* *Capulet: hold* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*Down...*] *Citizens. Down...* *let me go*] *let go* S. Walker  
Edd. conj. conj.  
72. and *Lady Capulet.*] Rowe. 78. *La. Mon.*] Rowe. M. *Wife,*  
and his wife. QqFf. 2. Qq. 2. *Wife.* Ff.  
74. *La. Cap.*] Rowe. *Wife.* QqFf. *one*] Qq. *a* Ff.  
*Escalus,*] Edd. *Eskales,* QqFf.  
80. *steel,*—] *steel*— Rowe. *steete,*  
or *steel,* QqFf.

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 mistemper'd weapons to the ground, 85  
 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 90  
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,  
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:  
 If ever you disturb our streets again,  
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. 95  
 For this time, all the rest depart away:  
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town, our common judgement-place. 100  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and  
 Benvolio.*]

*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: 105

84. *torture, from...hands]* *torture*  
*from those bloudie hands, Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*  
*(bloudy Q<sub>3</sub>, bloody F<sub>4</sub>). torture, from*  
*those bloody hands, Q<sub>4</sub>.*

*those]* *these F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*  
 85. *mistemper'd]* *Ff Q<sub>5</sub>. mis-*  
*temper'd Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.*

87. *brawls]* *brawles Qq. broyles*  
*Ff.*

*airy]* *angry Collier MS.*

90. *made]* *make F<sub>2</sub>.*

*Verona's]* *Verona's Q<sub>2</sub>.*

91. *grave beseeching]* *grave-beseem-*  
*ing S. Walker conj.*

*ornaments]* *ornament F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.*

92, 93. *To wield...hate]* Put in the  
 margin by Pope.

93. *Canker'd...hate]* Omitted by  
 Hanmer.

*part your]* *party our Q<sub>4</sub>.*

99. *farther]* *Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. further Q<sub>5</sub>.*  
*Fathers Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. Father's F<sub>4</sub>.*

101. [*Exeunt.....]* *Exeunt, QqFf.*  
*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*  
*Rowe.*

102. SCENE II. Pope.

*Mon.]* *QqFf. M: wife. (Q<sub>1</sub>).*  
*La. Moun. Rowe.*

I drew to part them : in the instant came  
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared ;  
 Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,  
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,  
 Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn : 110  
 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. 115

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun  
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,  
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;  
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore  
 That westward rooteth from the city's side, 120  
 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,  
 Which then most sought where most might not be found, 125  
 Being one too many by my weary self,  
 Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,

109. *swung*] *swuong* Q<sub>2</sub>. *swong*  
 The rest.

110. *Who...scorn*] Omitted by Pope.  
*hiss'd*] *kiss'd* Rowe (ed. 2).

111. *thrusts*] *thrust* Q<sub>4</sub>.

113. *who...part*] Omitted by Pope.

114. *La. Mon.*] Rowe. Wife. Qq  
 Ff.

*saw.....to-day?*] Omitted by  
 Pope.

115. *I am*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *am I* The rest.

118. *drave*] *drive* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*drave...abroad*] *drew me from*  
*company* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *drew me to walk*  
*abroad* Theobald. *drew me from*  
*canopy* Warburton conj. (withdrawn).

119. *sycamore*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *syramour* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *sycamour* Ff.

120. *the city's*] Malone, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*this citie* Q<sub>2</sub>. *this city* The rest. *the*  
*city* Warburton. *this city* Capell. *the*  
*city* Steevens.

125. *Which...found*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *Which*  
*...sought, where...found* The rest.  
*That most are busied, when they're*  
*most alone* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

126. *Being...self*] Omitted in (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Pope.

127. *humour*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *humor* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*honour* The rest.

*his*] *him* Theobald (Thirlby  
 conj.).

128. *shunn'd*] FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *shunned* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

*who*] *what* Seymour conj.

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, 130  
 Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:  
 But'all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
 Should in the farthest east begin to draw  
 The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
 Away from light steals home my heavy son, 135  
 And private in his chamber pens himself,  
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out  
 And makes himself an artificial night:  
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,  
 Unless good counsel may the cause remove, 140  
*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?  
*Mon.* I neither know it nor can learn of him.  
*Ben.* Have you importuned him by any means?  
*Mon.* Both by myself and many other friends:  
 But he, his own affections' counsellor, 145  
 Is to himself—I will not say how true—  
 But to himself so secret and so close,  
 So far from sounding and discovery,  
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,  
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air, 150  
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
 Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
 We would as willingly give cure as know.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Ben.* See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;  
 I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. 155  
*Mon.* I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
 To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt* Montague and Lady.

130. *morning's*] *mornings* QqF<sub>1</sub>  
 F<sub>2</sub>. *morning* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

131. *Adding...sighs*] Omitted by  
 Pope.

133. *Should*] *Does* Seymour conj.

139. *portentous*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *porten-*  
*dous* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *protendous* Q<sub>4</sub>.

142. *learn*] *learn it* Rowe.

144. *other*] *others* F<sub>1</sub>.

145. *his*] *is* Q<sub>2</sub>.

148. *discovery,*] After this Johnson  
 conjectures that some lines are lost.

151. *sun*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald).  
*same* QqFf.

153. *Enter* Romeo.] QqFf. *Enter*  
 Romeo, at a distance. Capell. Trans-  
 ferred by Dyce to follow line 157.

157. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. *Exeunt.*  
 QqFf.

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin:

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast? 160

*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? 165

*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! 170

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! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create! 175

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. 180

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.

159. *struck*] Rowe. *strooke* QqF<sub>1</sub>

F<sub>2</sub>. *strook* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Ay*] *Ah* Rowe.

160. *hence*] *henec* F<sub>1</sub>.

163. *In love?*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *In love*. The rest.

164. *Out—*] Rowe. *Out*. QqFf.

165. *Of love?*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *Of love*. The rest.

170. *see...will*] *set pathways to our will* Staunton conj.

*will*] *ill* Hanmer.

175. *create*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *created*  
The rest.

177. *well-seeming*] *welseeing* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
F<sub>1</sub>.

183. *Why, such is*] *Why such is*,  
*merely*, Seymour conj. *Why such*,  
*Benvolio, is* Collier (Collier MS.).  
*Why, such, Benvolio, such is* Momm-

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;  
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest 185  
 With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown  
 Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
 Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs ;  
 Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;  
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears: 190  
 What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
 A choking gall and a preserving sweet.  
 Farewell, my coz.  
*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; 195  
 This is not Romeo, he's some other where.  
*Ben.* Tell me in sadness, who is that 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: 200  
 Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!  
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.  
*Ben.* I aim'd so near when I supposed you loved.

sen conj. *Why, gentle cousin, such is* (ed. 2).  
 Keightley.

*Why...transgression*] Omitted  
 by Pope.

184. *mine*] *my* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

185. *it*] *them* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

187. *to too*] *too too* Q<sub>2</sub>.

188. *raised*] *rais'd* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*made* QqFf.

189. *purged*] *urg'd* Singer, ed. 1  
 (Johnson conj.). *puff'd* Collier (Col-  
 lier MS.).

*sparkling*] *sparling* F<sub>4</sub>.

190. Before or after this line John-  
 son conjectured that a line is omitted.

*lovers*] *lovers* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.  
*loving* QqFf.

After this Keightley marks  
 a line omitted.

193. *coz*] *cousin* Pope. Cox Rowe

*I will*] *I'll* Pope.

194. *An*] Hanmer. *And* QqFf.

195. *Tut*] *But* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

197. *who is that*] *who she is* Pope.  
*whom she is* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Boswell.

198, 199. *Groan...who*] As in Han-  
 mer. One line in QqFf.

199. *But.....who*] *But pry'thee tell*  
*me sadly who she is* Seymour conj.  
*But sadly tell me, truly tell me who or*  
*But sadly tell me, gentle cousin, who*  
 Taylor conj. MS. *But...who she is*  
 you love Keightley.

200. *Bid.....make*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *A*  
*sicke man in sadnesse makes* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.  
*A sicke man in good sadnesse makes*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

201. *Ah, word*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. *A*  
*word* QqF<sub>1</sub>. *O, word* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. 205

*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,  
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.  
She will not stay the siege of loving terms, 210  
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:  
O, she is rich in beauty, only poor  
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste? 215

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;  
For beauty, starved with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.  
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,  
To merit bliss by making me despair: 220  
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow  
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

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

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes; 225  
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way  
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:  
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

204. *mark-man*] *marks-man* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.      216. *makes*] *make* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.
206. *Will*] QqFf. *But* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.      217. *starved*] *starv'd* F<sub>4</sub>. *sterv'd*
209. *From...unharm'd*] 'Gainst...  
encharm'd Grant White conj.      The rest.      219. *is too*] *is to* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*unharm'd*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *un-*  
*charm'd* QqFf. *encharm'd* Collier      *wise, wisely too*] QqF<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
(Collier MS.).      *wisewi: sely too* F<sub>1</sub>. *wise wisely too*  
211. *bide*] QqF<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *bid* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.      F<sub>2</sub>. *wise; too wisely* Hammer.
212. *ope*] *open* F<sub>1</sub>.      225. *Ben.*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>Ff. Ro. Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.
- saint-seducing*] *saint-scucing*  
F<sub>2</sub>.      226, 227. 'Tis...more] As in Pope.  
214. *she*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>.      One line in QqFf.  
*with.....store*] *with her dies*  
*beauty's store* Theobald. *with her dies*  
*beauty store* Keightley.      227. *in question*] *to question* Keight-  
ley.
228. *These*] *Those* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.
229. *put*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *puts* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget 230  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
 What doth her beauty serve but as a note  
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?  
 Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget. 235  
*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A street.*

*Enter* CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
 In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;  
 And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long. 5  
 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 10  
 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.  
 The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,

230. *stricken*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *strooken*  
 The rest.

233. *What*] *How* Seymour conj.  
*serve but as*] *serve for, but*  
 Seymour conj.

234. *fuir?*] Pope. *faire.* or *fair.*  
 QqFf.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE III,  
 Pope.

A street.] Capell.  
*Enter.....*] *Enter* Capulet, Countie  
 Paris, and the Clowne. QqFf.

1. *But*] Q<sub>2</sub>. om. Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *And* Q<sub>4</sub>  
 Q<sub>5</sub>.

1, 2. *I, In penalty alike*] *I, alike*

*In penalty* S. Walker conj.

2. *I think,*] om. Pope.

3. *as we*] om. Taylor conj. MS.,  
 reading *I think...peace*, as one line.

12. *happy*] *married* Seymour conj.

13. *made*] *married* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Singer  
 (ed. 2).

14. *The earth*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Earth* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *Earth up* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*The earth hath swallow'd*  
*Earth hath up-swallow'd* Seymour  
 conj.

*swallow'd*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *swallowed* The  
 rest.

*s'he*] *her* Hanmer.



She is the hopeful lady of my earth : 15  
 But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart ;  
 My will to her consent is but a part ;  
 An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast, 20  
 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 : 25  
 Such comfort as do lusty young men feel  
 When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
 Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
 Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see, 30  
 And like her most whose merit most shall be :  
 Which on more view, of many mine being one  
 May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
 Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about  
 Through fair Verona ; find those persons out 35  
 Whose names are written there and to them say,

15. *She is...earth*] Omitted by (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Pope. *She is the hope and stay of my  
 full years* Johnson conj.  
*She is*] Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Shees*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *Shee's* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*earth*] *fee* Keightley.  
 18. *An*] Capell. *And* QqFf. *If*  
 Rowe (ed. 2).  
*agree*] *agreed* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 19. *fair according*] *fair-according*  
 Nicholson conj.  
 23. *One*] *Once* Rowe.  
*most welcome*] *o' th' welcome*  
 Hanmer.  
*makes*] *make* Capell conj.  
 25. *make...heaven light*] *make...  
 heaven's light* Theobald. *make...even  
 light* Warburton. *mask...heaven's light*  
 Jackson conj.  
 26. *young men*] *women* Johnson

conj.  
 29. *female*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *fennell*  
 QqF<sub>1</sub>.  
 32. *Which on more*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Which  
 one more* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *Such amongst* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Steevens. *Within your* Johnson conj.  
*On which more* Capell. *Search among*  
 Steevens conj. *Whilst on more* Dyce,  
 ed. 2 (Mason conj.). *Which one,* ~~of~~  
 Jackson conj.  
*Which...view, of*] *Such, amongst  
 few; of* Badham conj. *Which one may  
 vie with* Bullock conj. *Which one  
 more, few or Id.* conj. (withdrawn).  
*view; of many*] *view, of  
 many,* Q<sub>2</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *view, of many,*  
 Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *view of many,* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 33. *May*] *My* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 36. [Gives a paper. Malone.

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

*Serv.* Find them out whose names are written here!  
It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his  
yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil 40  
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.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning, 45  
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:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die. 50

*Rom.* Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

*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, 55  
Whipt and tormented and—God-den, good fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' god-den. I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learned it without book: but,  
I pray, can you read any thing you see? 60

37. [*Exeunt...*] Rowe. Exit. Qq Ff.

38, 39. *written here!* It] *written here?* It Rowe. *written. Here it* QqF<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub> *written. Heere it* F<sub>1</sub> *written. Heert it* F<sub>2</sub>. *written here!* [turns and twists the notes about.] *Here* [tapping his head] *it* Nicholson conj.

42. *persons*] *persons out* Capell. *here writ*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *heere writ* Q<sub>4</sub>. *writ* Ff.

43, 44. *I...learned*] Put in parenthesis in QqFf.

45. *out*] *out*, Q<sub>2</sub>.

46. *One*] *On* Q<sub>2</sub>.

47. *help*] *help'd* Pope.

48. *desperate*] *desparate* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *cures*] *cure* Pope.

49. *thy eye*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *the eye* The rest.

56. *and—God-den*] *and—Good-e'en* Rowe. *and Godden* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *and Good-e'en* F<sub>4</sub>.

57. *God gi' god-den*] *Godgigoden* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *God gi' Good-e'en* F<sub>4</sub>.

59, 60. *Perhaps...see?*] Prose in Pope. Two lines in QqFf.

59. *learned*] Qq. *learn'd* Ff.

*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 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: whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither?

*Serv.* To supper; to our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry!

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,

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.

63. [*Reads.*] He reads the Letter.

Qq<sup>1</sup>Ff. He reads the list. Johnson.

64—70. *Signior...Helena.*] As nine lines of verse, Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).

64. *daughters*] Qq. *daughter* Ff. *County*] Count Rowe.

65. *Anselme*] Qq F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>. *Anselm* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *Anselmo* Dyce, ed. 2 (Capell conj.).

68. *Livia*] *Livio* Rowe (ed. 2). *gentle Livia* Capell conj. and *Livia* Dyce, ed. 2 (Courtenay conj.).

69. *lively*] *lovely* Rowe.

71. [giving back the Note. Capell.

72. *Up*] *To sup* Staunton conj.

73, 74. *Whither?* *Serv.* *To...supper; to* Theobald (Warburton). *Whither to supper?* *Ser:* *To* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Whither to supper?* *Ser.* *To* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Whither to supper.* *Ser.?* *To* Q<sub>3</sub>. *Whither to supper.* *Ser.* *To* Q<sub>4</sub>. *Whither? to supper?* *Ser.* *To* Ff Q<sub>5</sub>.

74. *To supper*] om. Capell.

80. *crush*] *crash* Hanmer.

81. [*Exit.*] Ff. om. Qq.

82. *Capulet's*] *Cupalets* F<sub>2</sub>.

83. *lovest*] F<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>5</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *loves* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> Q<sub>4</sub> F<sub>1</sub>.

87. *thee*] *the* Q<sub>3</sub>.

*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, 90  
 Transparent heretics, 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 poised with herself in either eye: 95  
 But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
 Your lady's love against some other maid  
 That I will show you shining at this feast,  
 And she shall scant show well that now seems best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, 100  
 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 maidenhead at twelve year old,

89. *fires*] Pope. *fire* (Q<sub>1</sub>)QqFf. Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *shews* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 90. *these*] *those* Hanmer. 100. *sight*] *light* Anon. conj.  
 92. *love!*] F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *love*, (Q<sub>1</sub>) 101. [*Exeunt.*] Pope (ed. 2). om.  
 Q<sub>2</sub>. *love?* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *love:* F<sub>1</sub>. QqFf.  
 94. *Tut*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *Tut Tut* F<sub>2</sub>. SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE II.  
*Tut, tut* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Rowe. SCENE IV. Pope.  
 96. *that*] *those* Rowe. A room...] Capell. Capulet's  
*scales*] *scale* S. Walker conj. House. Rowe.  
 (withdrawn). Lady Capulet] Rowe. Capulets  
 97. *lady's love*] *lady-love* Theobald. Wife. QqFf.  
*lady and love* Keightley. 1, 8, 13, 16. *La. Cap.*] Rowe.  
 99. *she shall scant show well*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Wife. QqFf.  
 Qq. *she shew scant shell, well*, F<sub>1</sub>. 2-4. *Now... Juliet!*] As verse first  
*shes shew scant, well*, F<sub>2</sub>. *she'll* by Johnson. Prose in QqFf. The  
*shew scant well*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *she will shew* Nurse's speeches are printed in italics  
*scant well*, Rowe (ed. 2). in Qq.  
*seems*] *seemes* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>2</sub>. *shewes* 2. *year*] *yeeres* Q<sub>5</sub>. *years* F<sub>4</sub>.

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

*Enter JULIET.*

*Ful.* How now! who calls? 5

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Ful.* 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's hear our counsel. 10  
 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 be it spoken, I have but four,—  
 She is not fourteen. How long is it now 15  
 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; 20  
 She was too good for me:—but, as I said,  
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;

3. *bade her come,*] *bad her come,* Q<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *had her, come,* Q<sub>4</sub>. *had her: come,* Q<sub>5</sub>.

5—7. *How...will?*] As in QqFf. Two lines, the first ending *here*, in Capell.

7. *What is your will?*] om. Seymour conj.

8—11. *This...age.*] As verse first by Capell. Prose in QqFf.

10. *thou's]* *thou'se* QqFf. *thous'* Rowe. *thou shalt* Pope. *our]* *my* F<sub>4</sub>.

11. *know'st]* Q<sub>5</sub>. *knowest* The rest.

13—16. *I'll...Lammas-tide?*] Ar-

ranged as in Steevens (1793). *I'll ..fourteen* as prose, *How...tide?* as one line, in Qq. Four lines, ending *teeth,....spoken,....fourteen, Lammas-tide?* in Ff. Three lines, ending *teeth,....four,....Lammas-tide?* in Capell.

13. *of my]* *o' my* Capell.

14. *teen]* *teeth* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

15. *She is]* Steevens (1793). *Shees* or *Shee's* or *She's* QqFf. *is it]* *is't* Capell.

17—49. *Even... 'Ay.'*] As verse first by Capell. Prose in QqFf.

17, 18. *in]* *i'* Capell.

18. *shall]* *stal* Q<sub>2</sub>.

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.  
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it— 25  
 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:—but, as I said, 30  
 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. 35  
 And since that time it is eleven years;  
 For then she could stand high-lone; 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! 40  
 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 holidame,  
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said 'Ay.' 45  
 To see now how a jest shall come about!  
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
 I never should forget it: 'Wilt thou not, Jule?' quoth he;  
 And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said 'Ay.'  
*La. Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace. 50

23. *That*] *then* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 26. *of the year*] *in the year* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
 F<sub>4</sub>.  
 33. *with*] *wi'* Capell.  
 36. *eleven*] F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *a leauen*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>). *a leuen* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *a' eleuen* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*years*] *years* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
 37. *she could*] *could Juliet* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*high-lone*] *high lone* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *hy-*  
*lone* Q<sub>2</sub>. *a lone* Q<sub>3</sub>. *alone* The rest.  
*by the*] (Q<sub>1</sub>). *byth* Q<sub>2</sub>. *bi'th*  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *bi' th'* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *byth'* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 40. *with*] om. Rowe (ed. 1).  
 44. *Jule*] *Juliet* (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>4</sub>. *Juliet* F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>. *Julé* Hanmer. *Juli'* Capell.  
 47. *an*] Pope. *and* QqF<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. &  
 F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *if* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*should*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *shall* The  
 rest.  
 48. *Jule*] *Juliet* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Juliet* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*Julé* Hanmer.  
 50, 64, 70, 78, 80, 97. *La. Cap.*  
 Rowe. Old La. QqFf.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying, and say 'Ay:'  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon it brow  
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;  
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly: 55  
'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said 'Ay.'

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

*Nurse.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace! 60  
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:  
An 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, 65  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Ful.* It is an honour that I dream not of.

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

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger than you 70  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,  
Are made already mothers. By my count,  
I was your mother much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love. 75

51—58. *Yes,.....'Ay.'*] As verse  
first by Capell. Prose in QqFf.

53. *upon]* on Q<sub>5</sub>.

*it]* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *its* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

55. *perilous]* *par'lous* Capell.

58. *Jule]* *Julet* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Juliet* F<sub>4</sub>.

*Jule*, Hanmer. *Juli'* Capell.

59. *stint thou]* *stent thou* F<sub>3</sub>. *stint*  
*thee* F<sub>4</sub>.

*thee,]* *the* F<sub>2</sub>.

60—63. *Peace.....wish.]* As verse  
first by Pope. Prose in QqFf.

60. *to]* F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *too* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>  
F<sub>1</sub>.

61. *wast]* *wert* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *was* F<sub>2</sub>.

62. *An]* Pope. *and* QqFf.

64. *Marry, that 'marry']* *And that*  
*same marriage* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

65. *Juliet]* *Julet* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

66. *disposition]* Ff. *dispositions* Qq.

67. *It is]* 'Tis F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

67, 68. *honour]* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*houre* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *hour* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

68, 69. *An....teat.]* As verse first  
by Pope. Prose in QqFf.

68. *thine]* om. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

69. *I would say]* *I would say that*  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *I'd say* Pope.

*wisdom]* *thy wisdom* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

71. *Verona]* *Varona* F<sub>2</sub>.

72. *mothers. By]* Ff. *mothers by*  
Qq.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man  
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentleman? 80  
This night you shall behold him at our feast:  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content; 85  
And what obscured in this fair volume lies  
Find written in the margent of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him, only lacks a cover;  
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride 90  
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:  
So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
By having him making yourself no less. 95

*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:  
But no more deep will I endart mine eye  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly. 100

*Enter a Servingman.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,  
you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in

76, 77. *A man...wax.*] As verse  
first in Pope. Prose in QqFf.

77. *world—*] F<sub>4</sub>. *world.* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *world,* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Q<sub>5</sub>.

80—96. *La. Cap. What...men.*] Omitted by Pope, following (Q<sub>1</sub>).

82. *Paris'*] *Paris's* F<sub>4</sub>.

84. *married*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *severall* The  
rest.

90. *sea*] *shell* Rann (Mason conj.).

91. *fair within*] *faire, within* Q<sub>2</sub>.

92. *many's*] *many* Q<sub>5</sub>.

96. *bigger: women*] Ff. *bigger*  
*women* Qq.

99. *endart*] *engage* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *ingage*  
Pope.

100. *it*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om.  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

*Enter a Servingman.*] Ff.  
*Enter Serving.* Qq. *Enter Clowne.*  
(Q<sub>1</sub>).



the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee. [*Exit Servingman.*] Juliet,  
the county stays. 105

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

SCENE IV. *A street.*

*Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six other Maskers,*  
*and Torch-bearers.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?  
Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:  
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, 5  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance:  
But, let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone. 10

*Rom.* Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

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

104. *straight*] om. Pope.  
105—106. *La. Cap. We...days.*  
Omitted by Pope.  
105. *La. Cap.*] Rowe. Mo. QqFf.  
[*Exit Servingman.*] *Exit. Ff,*  
after line 105. om. Qq.  
SCENE IV.] Steevens. SCENE V.  
Pope. ACT II. SCENE I. Capell.  
A street.] Capell. A street  
before Capulet's house. Theobald.  
*Mercutio,*] *Mercurio,* Q4.  
and] om. QqFf.  
*Torch-bearers.*] *Torchbearers,*  
and drums. Theobald. *Torch-bearers,*  
and Drummers. Hanmer. *Torch-*  
*bearers,* and others. Steevens.  
1. *Rom.*] *Ben.* Capell conj.  
3. *Ben.*] *Mer.* Capell conj.  
6. *crow-keeper*] *cow-keeper* Pope,  
ed. 2 (Theobald conj. withdrawn).  
7, 8. *Nor no...entrance:*] Inserted  
by Pope from (Q1). Omitted in Qq  
Ff.  
7. *Nor no*] (Q1). *Nor a* Pope.  
8. *for*] *'fore* Hanmer.  
*entrance*] (Q1). *enterance* Pope.  
12. *Being.....light.*] Omitted by  
Pope.  
13. *Mer.*] *Ben.* Capell conj.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes  
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead 15  
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover; 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, 20  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

*Mer.* And, to sink in it, should you burthen love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, 25  
Too rude, too boisterous, 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:  
A visor for a visor! what care I 30  
What curious eye doth quote deformities?  
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 35  
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

15. *soul*] *soule* Qq. *soule* F<sub>1</sub>. *sole*  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

17—28. *Mer.* *You.....love down.*] Omitted by (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

19. *enpierced*] *enpearced* QqF<sub>1</sub>. *im-  
pearced* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *impierced* F<sub>4</sub>. *em-  
pierced* S. Walker conj.

20. *so bound,*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *to bound:*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *to bond:* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *so bound.* Q<sub>5</sub>.

22. *burthen*] *birthen* Q<sub>2</sub>.

23. *Mer.*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *Mercu.* Q<sub>4</sub>. Ho-  
ratio. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. Hora. Ff.

*should you*] *you should* Capell  
conj.

*love;*] *love?* Steevens, 1773  
(Heath conj.).

26. *and*] om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

28. *beat love*] *love beat* Rowe.

29. *Give...]* *Mer.* *Give...* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
Pope.

*in:*] *in?* [Pulling off his Mask.  
Theobald. *in?* [Putting on his Mask.  
Johnson. *in.* [taking one from an  
Att. Capell.

30. *visor!*] *visor!* [throwing it  
away. Capell.

31. *quote*] *coate* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *cote* Q<sub>2</sub>.

33, 34. *Ben.* *Come...legs.*] Omitted  
by (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

34. *betake*] *betakes* Q<sub>3</sub>.

38. *candle-holder*] *candle lighter*  
Rowe.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word: 40  
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day. 45  
Take our good meaning, for our judgement sits  
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

*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. 50

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

*Mer.* O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.  
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

39—49. *The game...ask?*] Put in the margin by Pope.

39. *done*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *dum* Q<sub>2</sub>. *dun* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

41. *mire*] *mire*. Ff.

42. *Of this sir-reverence love*] Singer, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Or save you reverence love* Qq. *Or save your reverence love* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Or, save your reverence, love* F<sub>4</sub>. *O! save your reverence, love* Johnson conj. *Of this (save reverence) love* Malone and Rann. *Of this (sir-reverence) love* Dyce (ed. 1).

*stick'st*] Capell. *stickst* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *stickest* The rest.

43. *the*] *thine* Theobald.

44. *Nay*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

*sir, in delay*] *sir in delay* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *sir in delay, (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>*. *sir I delay, F<sub>1</sub>*. *sir I, delay, F<sub>2</sub>*. *sir I, delay, F<sub>3</sub>*. *sir, I delay, F<sub>4</sub>*. *sir, we delay*. Rowe.

45. *We...day*] Capell. *We burne*

*our lights by night, like Lampes by day* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day* Qq (*wast* Q<sub>3</sub>). *We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day* Ff. *We burn our lights by light, and lamps, by day* Theobald. *We waste our lights in vain, like lights by day* Johnson. *We waste our lights in vain, light lights by day* Nicholson conj.

46. *sits*] *fits* Rowe. *hits* Collier MS.

47. *our five*] Malone (Wilbraham conj.). *our fine* QqFf.

53. After this line Keightley inserts from (Q<sub>1</sub>), Ben. *Queen Mab! what's she?*

54—91. *She is...bodes:*] As verse by Pope, following (Q<sub>1</sub>). Prose in QqFf.

54. *fairies'*] Steevens. *fairies* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Fairies* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>Ff (*Fayries* F<sub>3</sub>). *Fairis* Q<sub>4</sub>. *Fancy's* Theobald (Warburton). *fairy* Warton conj.

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone 55  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little atomics  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers; 60  
 Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 Her collars, of the moonshine's watery 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 65  
 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 o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night 70  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;  
 O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, 75  
 Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:

55. *In shape no*] *In shade; no*  
 Warburton conj.

*an*] om. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

57. *atomics*] Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *Atomi*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>). *ottamie* Q<sub>2</sub>.

58. *Athwart*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *over* Qq  
 Ff,

59. *made of long*] *are made of* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Seymour conj.

61. *Her traces*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *her trace*  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *The traces* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

*spider's*] *spider* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

62. *Her collars*] *The collars* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Pope.

*collars*] *coullers* F<sub>1</sub>.

63. *film*] *filme* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Philome*  
 QqF<sub>1</sub>. *filmes* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

64. *waggoner,*] *waggoner's* Sey-  
 mour conj.

66. *Prick'd*] *Pickt* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Pick'd*  
 Collier MS.

*lazy finger*] *Lazie-finger* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*Lazy finger* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*maid*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *man* Qq  
 F<sub>1</sub>. *woman* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *milkmaid* Col-  
 lier MS.

67—69. *Her...coachmakers*] Trans-  
 ferred to follow line 58, Lettsom  
 conj.

69. *o' mind*] Capell. *amind* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*a mind* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *of mind* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

72. *O'er*] Hanmer. *O're* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *On*  
 QqFf.

*O'er...straight;*] om. Seymour  
 conj.

*courtiers'*] *Countries* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*counties'* Tyrwhitt conj.

*court'sies*] *cursies* QqFf.

73. *dream*] *dreamt* F<sub>1</sub>.

74. *on*] *one* Q<sub>2</sub>.

76. *breaths*] Rowe. *breathes* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*breath* QqFf.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail  
 Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep, 80  
 Then he dreams of another benefice:  
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon 85  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,  
 And being thus frightened swears a prayer of two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night  
 And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, 90  
 Which once untangled much misfortune bodes:  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage:  
 This is she—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace! 95  
 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 100

77. *Sometime*] *sometimes* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*courtier's*] *lawyer's* Pope, from  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>). *taylor's* Theobald conj. *coun-*  
*sellor's* Collier MS.  
*courtier's nose*] *lawyer's lip*  
 Seymour conj.

78. *dreams*] *dreame* Q<sub>3</sub>.

79, 82. *sometime*] *sometimes* Rowe.

79. *a*] om. F<sub>1</sub>.

80. *a parson's nose*] *a parson* Pope  
 (ed. 1). *the parson* Pope (ed. 2).

*parson's*] *Persons* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*a*] Capell. *a* QqF<sub>1</sub>. *he* F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

81. *he dreams*] *dreams he* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Pope.

85. *Of healths*] *Of delves* Thirlby  
 conj. *Trenches* Keightley conj.

86. *ear*] *eare* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *eares* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>. *ears* F<sub>4</sub>.

90. *bakes*] *cakes* Pope. *makes*  
 Collier MS.

*elf-locks*] *Elklocks* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

91. *untangled*] *entangled* F<sub>3</sub>. *in-*  
*tangled* F<sub>4</sub>.

*misfortune*] *misfortunes* Rowe.

95. *This*] *This, this* Hanmer. *And*  
*this* Capell.

*she—*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *she*. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.  
*shee*. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *she that...* Keightley.

100. *inconstant*] *unconstant* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
 F<sub>4</sub>.

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*Ben.* This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;  
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

105

*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 closed in my breast,  
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

110

*Ben.* Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A hall in Capulet's house.*

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servingmen, with napkins.*

*First Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take  
away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

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

103. *his face*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *his side*  
QqFf. *his tide* Collier MS. *aside*  
Anon. conj.

107. *yet*] *is* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *still* Rowe.

110. *breast*] *breath* Collier MS.

112. *steerage*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *stirrage*  
The rest

112, 113. *course...sail*] *fate...course*  
Capell conj.

113. *sail*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens. *sute* Qq  
Ff. *fate* Anon. conj.

114. [*Exeunt.*] Drum. *Exeunt.*  
Capell. They march about the Stage,  
and *Exeunt.* Theobald. om: QqFf.

SCENE V.] Steevens. SCENE VI.  
Hanmer. Pope continues the scene.  
ACT II. SCENE II. Capell.

A hall...] Theobald.

Musicians waiting.] Capell.

Enter...] They march about  
the Stage, and Servingmen come forth  
with Napkins. Enter Romeo. Qq.  
They march.....their napkins. Enter  
Servant. Ff.

1, 5, 10. First Serv.] 1 Ser. Rowe.  
Ser. QqFf.

1, 2. *Where's.....trencher!*] Prose  
in Pope. Two lines in QqFf.

3. Sec. Serv.] 2 Ser. Rowe. 1. Qq  
Ff.

3, 4. *When...thing.*] Two lines in  
Q<sub>2</sub>. Prose in the rest.

3. *lie*] *ye* Rowe (ed. 1).

*all*] Qq. om. Ff.

*First Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. Antony, and Potpan!

*Sec. Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

*First Serv.* You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

*Third Serv.* We cannot be here and there too. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

*Enter* CAPULET, *with* JULIET *and others of his house, meeting the*  
Guests *and* Maskers.

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes  
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you: 15  
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 ye now?  
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day  
That I have worn a visor, and could tell 20  
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

5. *joint-stools*] Rowe. *ioynstooles*  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *join-stooles* Q<sub>5</sub>. *joyn-*  
*stooles* F<sub>3</sub>. *joyn-stools* F<sub>4</sub>.

6. *court-cupboard*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *court-*  
*cubbert* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *court-cubbord* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

7. *lovest*] Ff. *loves* Qq.

8. *Nell.*] Theobald. *Nell*, QqFf.

*Antony*] *Authonie* F<sub>2</sub>.

*Antony, and Potpan!*] *Antony!*

*Potpan!* Capell. *Antony Potpan!*  
Dyce (ed. 2).

9. *Sec. Serv.*] 2 Ser. Rowe. 2. Qq  
Ff. 3. S. Capell (corrected in MS.).

10. *and*] om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

12. *Third Serv.*] 3. Qq. 1. Ff.  
2 Ser. Rowe.

12, 13. *We...all.*] Prose in Pope.  
Two lines in QqFf.

13. [*They retire behind.*] Malone.  
*Exeunt.* QqFf. om. Capell.

*Enter...*] *Enter* all the guests and  
gentlewomen to the Maskers. QqFf.

14. SCENE VI. Pope. SCENE VII.  
Hanmer.

*Welcome, gentlemen*] *Gentle-*  
*men, welcome* Hanmer. *You're wel-*  
*come, gentlemen* Lettsom conj.

*Welcome...toes*] As in Qq. Two  
lines in Ff.

*their toes*] *your feet* Pope.

15. *will have a bout*] Capell. *will*  
*have about* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *will walke about* Qq  
Ff. *we'll have a bout* Pope.

16. *Ah ha, my*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *Ah*  
*my* QqF<sub>1</sub>. *Ah me*, F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Ah me,*  
*my* Rowe.

18. *She,*] om. Pope. Transferred  
to the end of line 17 by Stevens.

19. *Welcome*] *You're welcome* Lett-  
som conj.

*gentlemen*] *all gentlemen* Pope.  
*you too, gentlemen* Capell.

[*Enter other guests.* Nicholson  
conj.

*I have*] *I've* Pope.

Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:  
 You are welcome, gentlemen! Come, musicians, play:  
 A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up, 25  
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.  
 Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;  
 For you and I are past our dancing days:  
 How long is't now since last yourself and I 30  
 Were in a mask?

*Sec. Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

*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. 35

*Sec. Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;  
 His son is thirty.

*Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* [*To a Servingman*] What lady's that, which  
 doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight? 40

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night

23,\* 24. *You are...girls*] Omitted  
 by Pope.

23. *gentlemen! Come,*] *gentlemen*  
*come, Q<sub>2</sub>.*

[Enter more guests. Nicholson  
 conj.]

24. *A hall, a hall!*] *A ball, a ball.*  
 Johnson.

*a hall*] *hall F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

[*Music.....*] *QqFf* (after line  
 23). *Musick. Dance forming. Capell*  
 (after line 23).

25. *you*] *ye F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

31. *mask*] *make Q<sub>5</sub>.*

*By'r lady*] *F<sub>4</sub>.* *Berlady* The  
 rest.

32. *Cap.*] *Capell. i. Capu. QqFf.*

33. *Lucentio,*] (*Q<sub>1</sub>*)*F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.* *Lu-*  
*centio: Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.* *Lucientio, Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.* *Lu-*  
*centio. F<sub>2</sub>.*

37. *Cap.*] *i. Capu. Qq. 3. Cap. Ff.*

38. *two*] *2. Q<sub>2</sub>.* *three (Q<sub>1</sub>).*

[Juliet is taken out. Capell.

After this line Keightley inserts from  
 (*Q<sub>1</sub>*), *Good youths, i' faith! Oh,*  
*youth's a jolly thing!*

39. [*To a Servingman.*] *to a Ser-*  
*vant. Capell. om. QqFf.*

*lady's*] *ladies Q<sub>2</sub>.* *ladie is Q<sub>3</sub>*  
*Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.* *lady is F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

41. [*Company dance. Capell.*

43. *It seems she*] (*Q<sub>1</sub>*)*QqF<sub>1</sub>.* *Her*  
*beauty F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*



Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;  
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! 45  
 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 blessed my rude hand.  
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! 50  
 For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.  
 Fetch me my rapier, boy. What dares the slave  
 Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
 To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? 55  
 Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,  
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

*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, 60  
 To scorn at our solemnity this night.

*Cap.* Young Romeo is it?

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

*Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
 He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
 And, to say truth, Verona brags of him 65  
 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, 70  
 Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,

44. *Like*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *As* QqF<sub>1</sub>.

46. *snowy*] *snowe* Q<sub>4</sub>.

49. *blessed*] *happy* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

51. *For I ne'er*] *For I nere* Qq  
 (*ne'er* Q<sub>5</sub>). *For I never* Ff. *I never*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

53. *What dares*] *what? dares* Q<sub>5</sub>.

54. *hither*] *hether* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

*antic*] *antick* Rowe. *antique*  
 QqFf.

57. *it*] *in* F<sub>2</sub>.

58. *Why.....so?*] *As* in Qq. Two  
 lines in Ff.

62. *Romeo is it?*] Ff. *Romeo is*  
*it.* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *Romeo, is it?* Q<sub>5</sub>. *Ro-*  
*meo, is't?* Pope.

*'Tis he*] om. Pope.

*villain*] *villian* F<sub>2</sub>.

64. *He*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Rowe. *A* QqFf.

67. *this*] Qq. *the* Ff.

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

*Cap.* He shall be endured:  
What, goodman boy! I say, he shall: go to; 75  
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.

*Cap.* Go to, go to; 80  
You are a saucy boy: is't so, indeed?  
This trick may chance to scathe you, I know what:  
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.

Well said, my hearts! You are a princ Cox; go:  
Be quiet, or—More light, more light! For shame! 85  
I'll make you quiet. What, cheerly, my hearts!

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitterest gall. [Exit. 90

*Rom.* [To Juliet] If I profane with my unworhiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

72. *for*] of Rowe.

75—82. *What...know what:*] Put  
in the margin by Pope.

76. *Am...go to.*] *Go to. Am...you?*  
Collier MS.

78. *my guests!*] Theobald. *my*  
*guests:* Qq. *the guests:* Ff.

79. *set*] *set* a Q4Q5.

81. *is't*] *'tis* F2F3F4.

83, 84. *You.....go:*] Omitted by  
Pope.

85. *or—More...shame!*] *or—More*  
*.....light.—For shame!* Knight. *or*  
*(more...shame)* Q5. *or more...light for*  
*shame,* Q2Q3Q4F1. *or more light, for*  
*shame,* F2F3F4. *or more light, for*  
*shame;* Rowe.

90. *Now seeming*] *Now-seeming*  
Lettsom conj.

*bitterest*] *bittrest* Q2. *bitter*  
The rest.

[Exit.] om. F2F3F4.

[Dance ends. Juliet retires to  
her Seat. Capell.

91. [To Juliet] Rowe. drawing up  
to her, and taking her Hand. Capell.  
*unworhiest*] *unworthy* (Q1)

Pope.

92. *fine*] Theobald (Warburton).  
*sin* Q2Q3Ff. *sinne* (Q1)Q4Q5.  
*is this*] *be this* Hanmer.

93. *two*] to F1.  
*ready*] (Q1)F2Q5F3F4. *'did*  
*ready* Q2Q3Q4F1 (*readie* Q2).

*Ful.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much, 95  
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

*Ful.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer. 100

*Rom.* O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Ful.* 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 thine my sin is purged. 105

[*Kissing her.*]

*Ful.* 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.

*Ful.* You kiss by the book.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor, 110

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you, he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet? 115

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

95. *Good...much,*] One line in Qq.

Two in Ff.

97. *hands that*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *hands, that*  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *hands, the* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*hands—the* Rowe.

*hands do*] *hand, doe* F<sub>2</sub>. *hand,*  
*do* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

103—108. *Saints...book.*] Put in  
the margin by Pope.

103. *Saints...sake.*] One line in Qq.  
Two in Ff.

*though*] *yet* Pope.

104. *prayer's effect I take*] Capell.  
*prayers effect I take* (Q<sub>1</sub>)QqF<sub>1</sub>. *prayers*  
*effect doe take* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

105. *thine*] *yours* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.

[*Kissing her.*] Rowe.

106. *that they have*] *that late they*

Pope.

108. *sin*] *kiss* Capell.

[*Kissing her again.* Capell.  
*by the*] (Q<sub>1</sub>). *both* Qq. *by th'*

F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *by th'* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

110. [To<sup>h</sup>er *Nurse.* Pope.

113. *talk'd*] *talkt* (Q<sub>1</sub>)QqF<sub>1</sub>. *talke*

F<sub>2</sub>. *talk* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

115. *chinks*] *chincke* Rowe (ed. 2).  
*chink* Pope.

*Capulet*] *Mountague* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

*Capulet* Q<sub>3</sub>.

116. *debt*] *thrall* (Q<sub>1</sub>). See note

(11).

*Ben.* Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

*Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

120

Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.* 125

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

*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?

130

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name. If he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague,  
The only son of your great enemy.

135

*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 140

118. [Going. Collier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

120. [Maskers excuse themselves with a Bow. Capell.

123. *on then,*] *on, then,* Dyce. *on, then* QqFf.

124. [to his Cousin. Capell.

125. [Exeunt.....Nurse.] Malone. Exeunt. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om. QqF<sub>1</sub>. Company retire. Capell.

126. *Come...gentleman?*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.

*yond*] *yond'* F<sub>4</sub>. *you* Pope.

128. *of*] *of the* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

129. *Marry...be*] *That as I think is* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

*be*] *to be* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

130. *there*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *here* Qq Ff.

133. *wedding*] *wedded* F<sub>1</sub>.

135. *your*] *our* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

137. *unknown*] *unknow* F<sub>2</sub>.

139. [Going and returning. Collier (ed. 2).

140. *this...this*] Ff. *tis...tis* Qq. *learn'd*] *learne* F<sub>1</sub>.

*even*] *e'en* Pope.

Of one I danced withal. [*One calls within 'Juliet.'*  
*Nurse.* Anon, anon!  
 Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

## PROLOGUE.

*Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.* Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
 And young affection gapes to be his heir;  
 That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,  
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.  
 Now Romeo is beloved and loves again, 5  
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,  
 But to his foe supposed 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; 10  
 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,  
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *A lane by the wall of Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter ROMEO, alone.*

*Rom.* Can I go forward when my heart is here?

142. *all are]* *are all* Q<sub>4</sub>.

ACT II. PROLOGUE. *Enter Chorus.*

*Chor.] Edd. Chorus. QqFf. ACT II.*

SCENE I. *Chorus. Rowe. Enter Chorus. Theobald.*

1. *in]* *on* Pope.

3. *for which]* *which* Steevens (1793).

*groan'd for]* *groan'd* Q<sub>5</sub>. *groan'd sore* Rowe.

4. *match'd]* *match* Q<sub>2</sub>.

14. *Tempering]* *Tempring* Qq. *Temp'ring* F<sub>1</sub>. *Temp'ting* F<sub>2</sub>. *Temp'ting* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

[*Exit.*] *Theobald. om. QqFf.*

SCENE I.] *Edd. SCENE II. Rowe. ACT II. Theobald. ACT II. SCENE I. Hanmer. SCENE III. Capell.*

*A lane...]* *Edd. The Street. Rowe. Wall of Capulet's Garden.*

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*]

*Enter* BENVOLIO *with* MERCUTIO.

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

*Mer.* He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n 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 'ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove';  
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim

Capell. An open Place, adjoining Capulet's garden. Malone.

2. *thy*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *my* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*centre*] center QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *centour*  
F<sub>2</sub>. *centor* F<sub>3</sub>.

[He...it.] Steevens (1793). om.  
QqFf. Exit. Rowe. Leaps the Wall.  
Capell. He climbs the wall, and leaps down. Malone.

3. *my*] *why*, Capell.  
*cousin Romeo*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *cozen*  
*Romeo, Romeo* QqFf.

3, 4. *He.....bed.*] As in Ff. One line in Qq.

6. *Nay...too.*] Given to Mercutio by (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub> and Rowe. Continued to Benvolio in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

7. *Romeo!*] Capell. *Romeo*. Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*Romeo*, Q<sub>5</sub>. *Mer. Romeo*, Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*Mer. Romeo* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Why, Romeo!*  
Pope. *Hear, Romeo!* Mommsen, conj.  
*humours!...lover!*] *humour's-*  
*mudman! passion-lover* Singer (ed. 2).

8. *sigh*] *fight* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

9. *one rhyme*] *one rime* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>  
F<sub>1</sub>. *on rime* Q<sub>2</sub>. *one time* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*one ryme* Q<sub>5</sub>.

10. *Cry but 'ay me!'*] *Crie but ay*  
*me*, Q<sub>2</sub>. *Cry but ay me*, Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Cry*  
*me but ay me*, F<sub>1</sub>. *Cry me but ayme*,  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Cry me but aim*, F<sub>4</sub>. *Cry but*  
*Ah me!* Theobald (ed. 2).

*pronounce*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *prouaunt*,  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *Prouant*, F<sub>1</sub>. *Couply* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*couple* Rowe.

*dove*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *day* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
Ff. *die* Q<sub>4</sub>. *dye* Q<sub>5</sub>.

11. *gossip*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *goship*  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*word*] *wor* F<sub>2</sub>.

12. *for*] to Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*heir*] *heire* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *her* Q<sub>2</sub>  
Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

13. *Adam Cupid*] Steevens, 1778  
(Upton conj.). *Abraham: Cupid* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *Abraham Cupid* Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid !  
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ; 15  
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg and quivering thigh,  
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us !

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand. 25  
 Till she had laid it and conjured 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 these trees, 30  
 To be consorted with the humorous night:  
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit 35  
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.  
 O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were  
 An open et cetera, thou a poperin pear !

*auburn Cupid* Dyce, ed. 1 (Theobald conj.). *abram Cupid* Dyce conj.

*trim*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens *true* Qq Ff. See note (III).

13, 14. *Young...maid*] "*Young Abraham*"—"*Cupid...maid*" Hunter conj.

15. *he stirreth*] *he striveth* Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*stirreth* Steevens (1793).

*moveth*] *moves* Hanmer.

16. *and*] om. F<sub>1</sub>.

17. *thee*] *the* Q<sub>3</sub>.

22. *An*] *An'* Theobald (ed. 2).  
*And* QqFf.

24, 28. *mistress'*] *mistress's* F<sub>4</sub>.

25. *there*] om. F<sub>1</sub>.

27, 28. *That...name*] As in Capell.  
 Two lines, the first ending *spight*, in QqFf.

28. *Is fair and honest*] *is Honest and fair* Pope, reading *That...is* as one line.

*and in*] in Q<sub>2</sub>.

30. *these*] *those* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.

35. *that*] *such* Capell.

36. *As*] *Which* Rowe.

*medlars*] *medless* Q<sub>4</sub>.

37. *O,...O,*] *Ah,...ah,* Capell.

37, 38. *O, Romeo...pear*] Omitted by Pope.

38. *open et cetera, thou*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. *open, or thou* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *open* &

Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed;  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:  
 Come, shall we go?

40

*Ben.* Go then, for 'tis in vain  
 To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.**Enter* ROMEO.*Rom.* He jests at scars 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,

5

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, 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; O, it is my love!

10

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

15

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

*catena, and thou Q<sub>4</sub>. open and catena,  
 and thou Q<sub>5</sub>. open—or thou Rowe.  
 open—, and thou Capell.*

40. *too*] to Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

41, 42. *Go...found.*] Arranged as  
 by Pope. Two lines, the first ending  
*here, in QqFf.*

42. [*Exeunt.*] Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>. Exit. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

SCENE II.] Hanmer. SCENE III.  
 Rowe. SCENE IV. Capell.

Capulet's orchard.] A garden.

Rowe. Capulet's garden. Theobald.

Enter Romeo.] Rowe. om. QqFf.

See note (iv).

1. [Juliet...] Rowe (after line 3).  
 Enter Juliet, above. Capell.

6. *art*] at Q<sub>4</sub>.

8. *sick*] *pale* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Dyce (ed. 2).  
*white* Collier (Collier MS.).

10, 11. *It is...were*] As in Johnson.  
 One line in QqFf. Omitted in (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Pope.

11. *were*] is Seymour conj.15. *in all*] of all Rowe.16. *do*] to Q<sub>2</sub>.



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 eyes in heaven 20  
 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,  
 That I might touch that cheek!

*Ful.* Ay me!

*Rom.* She speaks: 25

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heaven  
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes  
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him, 30  
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Ful.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name;  
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love, 35  
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

*Ful.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.  
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot, 40

20. *eyes*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *eye* QqFf.  
 22. *were*] *was* Seymour conj.  
 25. *Ay*] *Ah* Rowe.  
 27. *night*] *sight* Theobald.  
 28. *of*] *from* Rowe.  
 29. *white-upturned*] Theobald (ed.  
 2). *white upturned* QqFf.  
 31. *lazy-pacing*] Pope. *lasie pacing*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>). *lazie puffing* QqFf (*lazy* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
 F<sub>4</sub>). *lazy passing* Collier conj.  
 33. *Romeo?*] *Montague?* Anon.  
 conj.  
 37. [*Aside*] Rowe.  
*hear*] *here* F<sub>2</sub>.

39. *Thou.....Montague*] QqFf.  
 Omitted in (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *Thou'rt not  
 thy self so, though a Mountague* Han-  
 mer. *Thou art thyself, then not a  
 Montague* Johnson conj. *Thou art  
 thyself though, not a Montague* Ma-  
 lone. *Thou art thyself, although a  
 Montague* or *Thou art thyself, though  
 yet a Montague* Ritson conj. *Thou  
 art thyself, thought not a Montague*  
 Jackson conj. *Thou art thyself, thou;  
 not a Montague* Anon. conj.

40. *nor hand*] *not hand* F<sub>4</sub>.

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose  
 By any other name 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 thy name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself.

45

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:  
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;  
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

50

*Ful.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,  
 So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.* By a name  
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:  
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
 Because it is an enemy to thee;  
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

55

*Ful.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
 Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:  
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

60

*Rom.* Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

41, 42. *nor any...name!*] Malone.  
*nor any other part.* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *O be  
 some other name Belonging to a man.*  
 QqFf.

42. *Belonging to a*] 'Longing to  
 Steevens conj. 'Longing t' a S. Walker  
 conj. *Belonging* Taylor conj. MS.

43. *What's in a name?* (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>. *Whats  
 in a name* Q<sub>2</sub>. *What's in a name* Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*What? in a names* F<sub>1</sub>.

44. *name*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *word* Qq  
 Ff.

45. *were*] *wene* Q<sub>2</sub>.

47. *title. Romeo,*] *title: Romeo* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*title; Romeo, F<sub>4</sub> title, Romeo* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
 Q<sub>4</sub>. *title Romeo* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *title Romeo, F<sub>1</sub>*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*doff*] QqFf. *part* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *quit*  
 Pope.

48. *thy name*] QqFf. *that name*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>) Rowe.

49. [raising his Voice, and show-  
 ing himself. Capell. Starting forward.  
 Collier (Collier MS.).

52. *night*] *nigh* F<sub>2</sub>.

53, 54. *By...am:]* As in Ff. One  
 line in Qq.

58. *yet not*] QqFf. *not yet* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Capell.

59. *thy...uttering*] QqFf. *that...  
 utterance* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. *that...uttering*  
 Pope.

61. *maid...dislike*] QqFf. *saint...  
 displease* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *saint...dislike*

*Jul.* How camest 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.

65

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these  
walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

70

*Rom.* Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye  
Than twenty of their swords: 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 eyes;  
And but thou love me, let them find me here:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

75

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;

80

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 farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

85

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek  
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Theobald. *maid...mislike* Anon. conj.

F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

62. *How...wherefore?*] As in Qq.

83. *vast shore wash'd*] *vast shore*

Two lines in Ff.

*washt* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *vast shore, washt* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

65. *kinsmen*] *kismen* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*vast shore washeth* Q<sub>2</sub>. *vast shore*

66. *With...walls*] As in Qq. Two  
lines in Ff.

*washet* Q<sub>3</sub>. *vast-shore-washet* F<sub>1</sub>. *vast-*

69. *let*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *stop* QqFf.

*shore: washd* F<sub>2</sub>. *vast-shore: wash'd*

75. *eyes*] QqFf. *sight* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.

F<sub>3</sub>. *vast shore, wash'd* F<sub>4</sub>.

76. *And*] *An* Anon. conj.

*farthest*] QqFf. *furthest* (Q<sub>1</sub>)

80. *love*] *Love's* Keightley.

Steevens (1793).

*that*] *who* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.

84. *would*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *should* Qq

*prompt*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *promp*  
QqF<sub>1</sub>.

Ff.

82. *pilot*] *Pylat* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Pylot* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>

85. *know'st*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *knowst* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

*knowest* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff.

*on*] *one* F<sub>3</sub>.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
 What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!  
 Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say 'Ay,'  
 And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,  
 Thou mayst prove false: at lovers' perjuries,  
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou overheard'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,—

*Ful.* O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

89. *compliment*] *complement* QqF<sub>1</sub>.  
*complements* (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

90. *love me? I*] Qq. *Love? I* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*Love? O I* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Love? O, I* F<sub>4</sub>.

92. *mays*] *maist* Q<sub>5</sub>. *maiest* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *maye* t F<sub>3</sub>. *may'st* F<sub>4</sub>.

*false: at...perjuries,*] *false: at*  
*...perjuries* F<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *false at...perjuries.*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>. *false, at...perjuries* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *false;*  
*at...perjuries* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *false at...perju-*  
*ries* F<sub>2</sub>.

93. *laughs*] *laught* F<sub>1</sub>.

95. *think'st*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *thinkest* The  
 rest. *think* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

99. *mayst*] *maist* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *maiest*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *mayest* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

'*haviour*] Rowe. *haviour* (Q<sub>2</sub>)  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *behaviour* QqF<sub>1</sub> (*behavior*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>).

101. *more cunning*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.  
*coying* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *more coying* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*more coyning* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

104. *true love's*] *true loves* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Ff  
 Q<sub>5</sub>. *truloue* Q<sub>2</sub>. *trueloue* Q<sub>3</sub>. *true*  
*loue* Q<sub>4</sub>.

107. *blessed*] (Q<sub>2</sub>)Qq. om. Ff.  
*swear*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. *vow*

QqFf.

108. *tops,—*] *tops—* Rowe. *tops.*

QqFf.

109. *inconstant*] *unconstant* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

110. *circled*] *circle* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*Jul.* Do not swear at all ;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love— 115

*Jul.* Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night :  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be  
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night ! 120  
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 ? 125

*Jul.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :  
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,  
love? 130

*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. 135  
I hear some noise within ; dear love, adieu !

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse ! Sweet Montague, be true.

115. *heart's dear*] *true heart's* (Q<sub>1</sub>) *lightens*, The rest.  
Pope. 121. *breath,*] *breath*. F<sub>2</sub>.  
*love—*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *love*. QqF<sub>1</sub>. 127. *for mine*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *of mine* F<sub>2</sub>  
116. *swear: although...thee,*] *swear* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
—*although...thee*, Rowe. *swear, al-* 130. *Wouldst.....love?*] As in Qq.  
*though.....thee*: Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *swear,* Two lines in Ff.  
*although...thee*, Q<sub>5</sub>. *swear although* 136. [*Nurse calls within.*] Rowe.  
*...thee*, F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *swear although* *Cals within*. Ff (*Calls* F<sub>4</sub>). Omitted  
118. *sudden*] *sodden* F<sub>2</sub>; in Qq.  
120. *lightens.*] Rowe. *lightens*: Q<sub>5</sub>.

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[Exit.

*Rom.* O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
 11 Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

140

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Ful.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.  
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
 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.

145

*Nurse.* [Within] Madam!

*Ful.* I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
 I do beseech thee—

150

*Nurse.* [Within] Madam!

*Ful.* By and by, I come:—  
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
 To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Ful.* A thousand times good night! [Exit.

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. 155  
 Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,  
 But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.

138. [Exit.] Rowe. Omitted in QqFf.

139. *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe.

141. *flattering-sweet*] Theobald. *flattering sweet* QqFf.

*Re-enter Juliet, above.*] Rowe.

Enter. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om. QqF<sub>1</sub>.

142. *Three...indeed.*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.

146. *rite*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *right* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *rights* Q<sub>4</sub>. *rites* Q<sub>5</sub>.

148. *my lord*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Ff. *my L.* Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. *my Love* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

149, 151. Nurse [Within.] Capell.

Within: Ff. om. Qq, *Madam* being put in the margin.

150. *mean'st*] Pope. *meanst* Q<sub>5</sub>. *meanest* The rest.

152. *suit*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *sute* Q<sub>4</sub>. *strife* Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. See note (v).

153. *soul,—*] Theobald. *soule.* Qq F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *soul.* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

154. [Exit.] Ff. om. Qq.

155. *light*] *sight* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

157. *toward*] Qq. *towards* Ff.

[Retiring slowly.] Malone. retires slowly. Capell, after line 156.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*Ful.* Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud; 160  
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.  
Romeo!

*Rom.* It is my soul that calls upon my name: 165  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

*Ful.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My dear?

*Ful.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* At the hour of nine.

*Ful.* I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then. 170  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Ful.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, 175  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Ful.* 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:

Re-enter...] Malone. Enter *Madame.* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. *My Niece.* Q<sub>2</sub>  
Juliet againe. QqFf. Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *My sweete.* F<sub>2</sub>. *My sweet.* F<sub>3</sub>  
159. *tassel-gentle*] Hanmer. *Tassel* F<sub>4</sub>. *My novice?* Jackson conj. *My—*  
*gentle* QqFf. Nurse. [Within.] *Madam.* Knight.  
160. *not*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>. *At what*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *What*  
162. *tongue*] *voice* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Collier. QqFf.  
162, 163. *than mine* With] Q<sub>5</sub>. *o']* Theobald. *a* QqFf.  
*then myne* With Q<sub>4</sub>. *then* With Q<sub>2</sub> 169. *At*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *By* QqFf.  
Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *then* with *The* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *than* 170. *years*] *yeare* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*with* *The* F<sub>4</sub>. 173. *I shall...stand*] *I shall forget*  
163. *Romeo's name*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens. *still, to have thee stand* Capell. *I'll*  
*Romeo* QqFf. *still forget, to have thee still stand*  
164. *Romeo!*] Edd. from (Q<sub>1</sub>). Rann.  
om. QqFf. *forget, to*] Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. *forget to*  
165. *my soul*] *my love* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
[returns to the Window. Capell. *thee*] *the* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
168. *My dear?*] *My Deere.* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. 176. *home*] *name* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, 180  
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
 So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would I were thy bird.

*Ful.* Sweet, so would I:  
 Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
 Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow 185  
 That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit.*]

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
 breast!

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
 Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,  
 His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.* 190]

SCENE III. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

*Fri. L.* The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning  
 night,  
 Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
 And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:

178. *farther*] Qq. *further* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Ff. *cell* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
 179. *Who...her*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *That* SCENE III.] Hanmer. SCENE IV  
 ...*his* QqFf. *That...her* Pope. Rowe. SCENE V. Capell.  
 a) om. Q<sub>4</sub>. Friar Laurence's cell.] Malone.  
 181. *silk thread plucks it back* A Monastery. Rowe. Fields near a  
*again*] Pope. *silke thred puls it backe* Convent. Capell.  
*again* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *silken thred plucks it* Enter.....] Rowe. Enter Frier  
*backe againe* QqF<sub>1</sub> (*thread*, Q<sub>2</sub>). *silken* alone with a basket. QqFf. Enter  
*thred plucks it againe* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Frier Francis. (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
 182. *loving-jealous*] Theobald. 1—4. *The...wheels*:] Omitted in  
*loving jealous* QqFf. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. See note (vi).  
 185—190. *Good night...tell.*] See  
 note (vi). 2. *Chequering*] *Checking* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 186. [*Exit.*] Pope. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> after 3. *flecked darkness*] Steevens, from  
 line 186. om. QqF<sub>1</sub>. (Q<sub>1</sub>). *fleckeld darknesse* Qq. *fleckled*  
 189. *father's cell*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *flecker'd* Pope.  
*Friers close cell* QqF<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Frics close* *flecker'd darkness* Capell.  
 4. *path...fiery*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Boswell. *path,*



Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye, 5  
 The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
 With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb: 10  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different.  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies 15  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,  
 But to the earth some special good doth give;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: 20  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:  
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part, 25  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still

and Titans burning QqF<sub>1</sub>. path-way  
 made by Titan's Pope.

7. up-fill] fill up Pope.

8. baleful] haleful Brae conj.

precious-juiced] Pope. precious  
 juiced QqFf.

9. mother is] mother in Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

13. virtues] vertures Q<sub>4</sub>.

16. herbs, plants] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.

plants, hearbes QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. plaints,  
 hearbs F<sub>2</sub>. herbs, stems or herbs,  
 flowers Theobald conj.

18. to] to't Hanmer.

20. from...stumbling] to vice, and  
 stumbles (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. from's true birth  
 stumbling Hanmer.

22. sometime's by action] Capell.  
 sometimes by action (Q<sub>1</sub>). sometime by

action QqFf. sometime by action's  
 Theobald.

23. small] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. weake Qq  
 Ff.

24. medicine] medic'nal Warbur-  
 ton. med'cine's Capell conj.

25. smelt, with that part] Ff. smelt  
 with that part, Qq. smelt, with that  
 sense Pope. smelt, with that act Col-  
 lier (Collier MS.). smelt to, with that  
 Anon. conj., from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

26. slays] staves Q<sub>2</sub>.

senses] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. senses Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>

F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. sence Q<sub>3</sub>.

27. opposed] oppos'd F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

kings] kinds Rowe (ed. 2).

foes (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. kin Warburton. things  
 Anon. conj.

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

30

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father.

*Fri. L.* 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,

35

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 :

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure

Thou art up-roused by some distemperature ;

40

Or if not so, then here I hit it right,

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true ; the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri. L.* God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;

45

I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

*Fri. L.* 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,

50

That's by me wounded : both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies :

30. Enter Romeo.] Pope. QqFf  
 after line 22.

31. Benedicite] Benedicite Q<sub>2</sub>. Be-  
 nedecite F<sub>1</sub>. Continued to Romeo by  
 Rann (Anon. conj. Gent. Mag. LX.  
 681).

32. sweet] soon (Q<sub>1</sub>) Boswell.  
 saluteth me] (Q<sub>1</sub>)QqF<sub>1</sub>. salute  
 thine F<sub>2</sub>. salute them F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. salutes  
 mine ear Rowe.

33. distemper'd] Q<sub>5</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. distem-

pered The rest.

36. lodges] QqF<sub>1</sub>. lodgeth (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

37. unbruised] unbusied Collier  
 MS.

40. by some] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. with some  
 QqFf.

51. wounded: both] Ff. wounded,  
 both (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. wounded both, Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 wounded; both Q<sub>3</sub>.

I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,  
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri. L.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ; 55  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*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 combined, save what thou must combine 60  
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 to-day.

*Fri. L.* Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here ! 65  
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline ! 70  
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 mine ancient ears ;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit 75  
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 changed ? pronounce this sentence then :  
Women may fall when there's no strength in men. 80

*Rom.* Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri. L.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri. L.* Not in a grave,

55. *and*] Qq. *rest* Ff.

58. *daughter*] *daunger* F<sub>2</sub>.

63. *thee*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

65. *Saint*] F<sub>4</sub>. S. The rest.

66. *that*] *whom* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

69. *Jesu Maria*] *Holy Saint Fran-*  
*cis* Johnson.

70. *sallow*] *fallow* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

71. *thrown*] *throne* Q<sub>4</sub>.

74. *ring yet*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *yet ring-*  
*ing* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *yet ring* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*mine*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *my* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff.

75. *cheek*] *check* F<sub>3</sub>.

79. *this*] *this* : Q<sub>5</sub>.

*sentence*] *sallence* F<sub>2</sub>.

To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now 85  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;

11 The other did not so.

*Fri. L.* O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be; 90

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

*Fri. L.* 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. 5

84. *in, another*] in an other Q<sub>2</sub>.  
in another F<sub>2</sub>.

85. *thce*] the F<sub>2</sub>.  
*chide not: she whom I*] *chide*  
*not, she whom I* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *chide me*  
*not, her I* QqFf.

88. *and could*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *that*  
*could* QqFf.

89. *go*] and *goe* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

92. *households' rancour*] Capell.  
*housholds rancor* Qq. *houshold*  
*rancor* F<sub>1</sub>. *household rancord* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*household-rancour* F<sub>4</sub>.

SCENE IV.] Hammer. SCENE V.  
Rowe. ACT III. SCENE I. Capell.

A street.] Capell. The street.  
Rowe.

1. *Where*] *Why, where* Capell,  
reading as verse, and ending the lines  
*be?...father's;...man.*

*devil*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *deule* Q<sub>2</sub>. *dev'le*  
Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *deu le* F<sub>1</sub>. *deuile* F<sub>2</sub>. *dev'll*  
Q<sub>5</sub>.

1—3. Prose in QqFf. Verse in  
Steevens.

4. *Ah*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. *Why* QqFf.  
*Ay* Capell.

4, 5. *Ah...mad*] Verse in (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq.  
Prose in Ff.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman to 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. 10

*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 thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt? 15

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hai! 20 25

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good

- 6, 7. *Tybalt...house*] Verse in (Q<sub>1</sub>) *prick'd songs* Johnson.  
Theobald. Prose in QqFf. 21. *rests...rest*] Malone, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
6. *kinsman*] *kisman* Q<sub>2</sub>. *he rests, his minum rests* Q<sub>2</sub>. *he rests*  
*to*] of (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *his minum rests* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *he rests his*  
14. *shot*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *runne* or *minum* Ff. *rests his minum* Rowe  
*run* QqFf. (ed. 2).  
*thorough*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *through* 22. *very*] *wery* F<sub>2</sub>.  
QqFf. *duellist*] F<sub>4</sub>. *dualist* The rest.  
17. *Ben.*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Ff. Ro. or Rom. Qq. 25. *the hai!*] *the Hay*. QqFf. *the,*  
17, 18. *Why.....you. O*] Capell. *hay!*— Theobald. *the—hay!* Capell.  
from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Why.....Tybalt?* Mer. 27. *affecting*] *affected* Pope.  
*More...cats. Oh* QqFf. *Why...Ty-* 27, 28. *fantasticoes*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.  
*balt?* Mer. *More...cats? Oh* Theobald. *phantacies* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *phantasies*  
*Why....Tybalt more....cats?* Mer. O Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
Rann. 28. *tuners*] *turners* Rowe.  
18. *prince*] *the prince* Johnson *accents*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub> *accent* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
(1771). *he's*] *he is* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. Q<sub>4</sub>Ff.  
20. *prick-song*] *pricksongs* F<sub>4</sub>. *By Jesu*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *Jesu* Ff.  
om. Johnson.

blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!' Why, is  
not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be 30  
thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers,  
these perdona-mi's, who stand so much on the new form  
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their  
bones, their bones!

## Enter ROMEO.

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo. 35

*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 40  
harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.  
Signior Romeo, bon jour! there's a French salutation to your  
French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit  
did I give you? 45

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

*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. 50

*Rom.* Meaning, to court'sy.

32. *perdona-mi's*] Edd. (Globe ed.).  
*pardona' mees* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *pardoumees* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*pardons mees* Q<sub>2</sub>. *pardou mees* Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*pardou-mee's* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *pardou-me's* F<sub>3</sub>  
F<sub>4</sub>. *pardounez-moy's* Theobald.

33. *they*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>.

34. *bones, their bones*] Qq Ff.  
*bon's, their bon's* Theobald. *buon's,*  
*their buon's* Anon. conj.

Enter Romeo.] QqFf. Trans-  
ferred by Dyce to follow *purpose*,  
line 41.

35. *Here comes Romeo*] Once only  
in (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

38. *Petrarch*] *Petrach* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*was but*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *was* QqFf.

40. *hildings*] *hildings* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

41. *so, but not*] *so: but now* Han-  
mer (Warburton).

42. *bon jour*] *Bonieur* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *Bon*  
*ieur* Q<sub>3</sub>.

43. *slop*] *slop* Pope.

*You gave...night*] Put in the  
margin by Pope.

44—92. *What counterfeit.....no*  
*longer*] Put in the margin by Pope.

47. *good*] Qq. om. Ff.

48. *courtesy*] *coursie* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

51. *court'sy*] *courtesie* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*cursie* QqF<sub>1</sub>.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said: 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, solely singular for the singleness!

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

*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; 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 for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

53. *courteous*] *curtuous* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 58. *Well said*:] Capell, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*Sure wit* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Sure wit*, The rest.  
*Sure wit*—Rowe. *Sir wit*, Anon.  
 conj. *Sheer wit*! Malone conj.  
 60. *solely*] *solie* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *soly* Qq.  
*sole*—Ff. *sole* Dyce (ed. 1).  
 61, 62. *O...singleness*] One line in  
 Qq. Two in Ff.  
 63. *wits faint*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *wits faints*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *wit faints* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *wits*  
*fail* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens.  
 64, 65. *Switch...match*] One line  
 in Qq. Two in Ff.  
 64. *Switch...switch*] Pope. *Swits*  
*...swits* QqFf. *Switches.....switches*  
 Anon. conj.

*or I'll*] *or—I'll* Johnson. *for*  
*I* Capell.  
 66. *thy wits*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *our*  
*wits* QqFf.  
*I have*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *I am*  
 QqFf.  
 66, 67. *wild-goose*] *wild goats* Grey  
 conj.  
 70. *Thou wast*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *Thou wert*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Thou was* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 74, 75. *Thy...sauce*] One line in  
 Qq. Two in Ff.  
 74. *bitter sweeting*] Qq. *bitter-*  
*sweeting* Ff.  
 76. *well*] *thou well* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*in to*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *into* Ff.

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheveril, 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. 80

*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 drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole. 85

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou wouldst 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. 90

*Rom.* Here's goodly gear!

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt and a smock. 95

*Nurse.* Peter!

*Peter.* Anon?

*Nurse.* My fan, Peter.

*Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two. 100

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

80. *thee*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*a broad*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *abroad* Ff.  
*broad* Rowe (ed. 2). *abroad*, Farmer  
 conj. *abroad*— Collier.

81. *now*] om. Rowe (ed. 2).

82. *art thou sociable*] *thou art sociable* Rowe (ed. 2).

85. *hide*] *hid* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*bauble*] F<sub>4</sub>. *bable* The rest.

91. *for*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)QqF<sub>4</sub>. or F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

93. *Enter...*] *Enter Nurse and her man.* QqFf (after *longer*, line 92).

94. *Mer.* *A sail, a sail!*] *Mer.* *A*

*sail, a sail, a sail!* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *A sayle, a sayle.* QqFf (continued to Romeo).

95. *Ben.*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *Mer.* QqFf.

99. *Good*] *Do good* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

99, 100. *Good...face*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff, and elsewhere.

100. *fairer of the two*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *fairer face* QqFf.

102. *gentlewoman*] *gentlewomen* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

103. *Is it*] *It is* F<sub>2</sub>. *Is is* Rowe (ed. 1).



*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of  
the dial is now upon the prick of noon. 105

*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 110  
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 sought  
him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well. 115

*Mer.* Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith;  
wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with  
you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to some supper. 120

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie,  
that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.* 125

An old hare hoar,

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. 130

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner  
thither.

104. *you*] *ye* Q<sub>2</sub>.

107. *himself*] *for himself* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Col-  
lier.

109. *well said*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *said* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *sad* F<sub>4</sub>.

110. *quoth a'*] *quath a* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*quatha* F<sub>1</sub>. *quotha* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Gentlemen*] *Gentleman* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

111. *the*] om. (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

118. *If you*] *If thou* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

120. *indite*] *endite* QqF<sub>1</sub>. *invite*

(Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *envite* F<sub>2</sub>.

*some*] om. (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.

122—130. Rom. *What.....spent*]

Put in the margin by Pope.

124. [*Sings.*] Singing. Capell. om\*  
QqFf. He walkes by them, and  
sings. (Q<sub>1</sub>).

125—130. *An old...spent.*] As in  
Capell. Two lines in QqFf. Four  
in (Q<sub>1</sub>) Collier.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] 'lady, lady, lady.' [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.* 135

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

*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. 140

*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. [*Turning to Peter*] And thou must stand by too, 145 and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Peter.* 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. 150

*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, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill 155

134. [*singing*] Dyce (Farmer conj.).  
 135. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt.* Qq. *Exit.* Mercutio, Benvolio. Ff.  
 136. *Marry, farewell!* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. om. QqFf.  
 137. *ropery*] *roguery* F<sub>4</sub>. *roperipe* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
 138. *hear*] *here* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 140. *to*] *too* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 141. *An*] Pope. *And* QqFf.  
 142. *an*] Pope. & F<sub>1</sub>. *and* The rest.  
 144. *his*] *her* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*flirt-gills*] *flurt-gills* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*flurt-gills* Q<sub>2</sub>. *flurt gils* Q<sub>3</sub>. *flurt-gils* Ff. *gil-flurts* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*skains-mates*] F<sub>4</sub>. *skaines mates* (Q<sub>1</sub>)QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *skains mates* F<sub>3</sub>. *scurvy mates* S. Walker conj. *stews-mates* Bubier conj.  
 145. [*Turning to Peter.*] Edd. She turns to Peter her man. (Q<sub>1</sub>). om. QqFf. To her man. Rowe.  
 153, 154. *bade...badé*] *bad...bad* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *bid...bid* QqFf.  
 155. *into a*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Theobald. *in a* QqFf. *into* Rowe (ed. 2).  
 157. *gentlewoman*] *gentlewomen* F<sub>2</sub>.

thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak  
dealing. 160

*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 165  
mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which,  
as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise  
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon; 170  
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell  
Be shrived and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say you shall.

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. 175

*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;  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy in the secret night. 180  
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:  
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

*Nurse.* Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, 185

159. *weak*] *wicked* Collier (Collier MS.).

161. *Rom.*] Nur. F<sub>1</sub>.

*Nurse.*] om. Rowe.

162. *thee*—] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *thee*. QqF<sub>1</sub>.  
*unto*] onto F<sub>2</sub>.

166. *me.*] *mee*. Q<sub>5</sub>. *me?* or *mee?*

The rest.

168. *a*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>.

169, 170. *Bid...afternoon;*] Edd.  
One line in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. Prose in Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
Capell ends the first line at *shrift*,  
reading as verse.

171. *Laurence'*] *Lawrence* QqFf.  
*Lawrence's* Rowe.

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176. *stay*] Qq. *stay thou* Ff.

*nurse, behind...wall:] nurse:*

*behind...wall* Anon. conj.

178. *thee*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*tackled*] *tackling* Q<sub>5</sub>.

181. *quit*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *quite* The rest.

182. *Farewell...mistress.*] Omitted  
by Pope, Theobald, Hamner, War-  
burton, and Johnson.

*mistress*] *mistress, nurse* Mart-  
ley conj.

184. *say'st*] *sayest* Pope.

185, 186. *Is.....away?*] Verse by  
Rowe. Prose in QqFf.

185. *hear*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *here* Qq. *heare* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

11 *Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—  
Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing—O, there is  
a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife 190  
aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief 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 versal world.  
Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 195

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for  
the—No; I know it begins with some other letter—and  
she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rose-  
mary, that it would do you good to hear it. 200

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*] Peter!

*Pet.* Anon!

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before, and apace.

[*Exeunt.*]

186. *away?*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *away.* The rest. (Tyrwhitt conj.).
187. *I warrant*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *War-*  
*rant* QqF<sub>1</sub>.  
*man's*] Rowe. *mans* Qq.  
*man* Ff.
- 188—204. As verse by Capell.
191. *lief*] *leeve* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*liefe* Q<sub>5</sub>. *live* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*see a*] a see F<sub>1</sub>.
192. *I anger*] *I do anger* Capell.  
*anger her*] *angerer* Q<sub>4</sub>.
194. *versal*] *varsal* Hanmer.
197. *Ah,*] Rowe. *A* QqFf.  
*dog's name;*] *dog, name* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*dog's*; or *dog's letter*, Farmer conj.
- 197, 198. *R is for the—No;*] Edd.  
(Ritson conj.). *R. is for the no*, Q<sub>2</sub>  
Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. *R. is for the no*. Q<sub>5</sub>. *R. is*  
*for thee?* *No*; Theobald (Warburton).  
*R. is not for thee*, Hanmer. *R is for*  
*the nounce*; Steevens, 1773 (Johnson  
conj.). *R for thee?* *no*; Capell. *R is*  
*for the dog.* *No*; Steevens, 1778
198. *some*] *no* Rowe.
200. *that it would*] 'Twould Ca-  
pell.
201. *lady.*] *lady—* Pope.
202. *Ay*] *I* QqFf. om. Rowe.  
*times.* [*Exit Romeo*] *Peter!*  
Dyce. *times Peter.* Q<sub>2</sub>. *times Peter?*  
Q<sub>3</sub>. *times Peter?* Q<sub>4</sub>. *times. Peter?*  
Ff. *times. Peter.* Q<sub>5</sub>. *times. Peter,*—  
Theobald.  
[*Exit Romeo.*] Rowe after  
line 201. om. QqFf.
203. *Anon!*] *Anon.* QqFf. *Anon?*  
Theobald.
204. *Peter...apace.*] Edd. *Peter,*  
*take my fan, and go before.* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Stee-  
vens. *Before and apace.* QqFf (*Be-*  
*fore*, F<sub>4</sub>). *Take my fan, and go before.*  
Pope. *Before; and walk apace* Capell.  
[*Exeunt.*] Rowe. Ex. omnes.  
(Q<sub>1</sub>). *Exit.* Qq. *Exit Nurse and*  
*Peter.* Ff (Ex. F<sub>4</sub>).

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.**Enter JULIET.*

*Ful.* The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;  
 In half an hour she promised to return.  
 Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.  
 O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams  
 Driving back shadows over luring 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 would 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.

5

10

15

SCENE V.] Hanmer. SCENE VI.  
 Rowe. ACT III. SCENE II. Capell.  
 Capulet's orchard.] Capulet's  
 House. Rowe. Capulet's Garden.  
 Capell.

2. *promised*] *promis'd* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 4. *heralds*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>. *heraulds* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *herauld* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *heraid* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 5. *glide*] F<sub>4</sub>. *glides* The rest.  
*sun's beams*] *sun-beams* Rowe.  
 6. *back*] *black* Collier MS.  
*luring*] *loring* QqFf.  
 7. *nimble-pinion'd*] Pope inserted  
 the hyphen.  
 8. *wind-swift*] Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *wind swift*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>. *winde swift* Q<sub>4</sub>. *winde-swift* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 11. *Is three*] Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Is there*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>. *I three* Ff. *Ay three* Rowe. *Are*

*three* Hanmer.*yet*] *and yet* Rowe.

13. *She would be as*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *She'ld*  
*be as* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *She would be* Anon.  
 conj.

15. *And his to me:*] *And his to me*  
*would send her back again.* Seymour  
 conj. *And his to me would bandy her*  
*again* Keightley.

15, 16. *And...dead*] Arranged as  
 in Rowe. See note (VII).

16. *many feign*] *marry, feign*  
 Johnson. *marry, seem* Keightley.  
*marry, fare* Grant White. *tarry,*  
*faith,* Bullock conj. *move, i'faith,* Dyce  
 conj.

17. *pale*] *dull* Keightley (Collier  
 MS.).

Enter Nurse, with 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. 20

*Ful.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st  
thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am a-weary; give me leave awhile. 25

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunce have I had!

*Ful.* 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? 30

*Ful.* 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; 35

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you know  
'not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face

17. Enter Nurse, with Peter.] FfQ<sub>5</sub>.  
Theobald. Enter Nurse. QqFf. 25. 'give me leave] let me rest (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
18. O God] O good Johnson. Pope.  
O honey nurse] om. Pope. 26. jaunce] iaunce Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. jaunt  
20. [Exit Peter.] Theobald. om. The rest.  
QqFf. had] om. Q<sub>2</sub>.  
21. Now...sad?] One line in Qq. 28. thee] the F<sub>2</sub>.  
Two in Ff. good, good] good F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
look'st] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. lookest Q<sub>2</sub> 29. Jesu] om. Johnson.  
Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. looks F<sub>2</sub>. looks F<sub>3</sub>. 29—34. Jesu.....excuse.] Give me  
22—24. Though...face.] Omitted some Aqua vita. Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
by (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. 30. that] Qq F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>. how F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
22. news be] F<sub>4</sub>. news be Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. 35. Is] Jul. Is Pope.  
news, be Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. news, be F<sub>3</sub>. 38—44. Well...home?] As verse  
23. shamest] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. sham'st Q<sub>4</sub> by Capell.

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?

*Ful.* No, no: but all this did I know before. 45

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—ah, my back, my back!

Beshrew your heart for sending me about, 50

To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

*Ful.* 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 55  
virtuous,—Where is your mother?

*Ful.* Where is my mother! why, she is within;  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
Where is your mother?'

*Nurse.* O God's lady dear! 60

Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

40. *better than any*] *no better than*  
*another* Warburton conj.

*leg excels*] Qq. *legs excels* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *legs excell* F<sub>4</sub>.

41. *a body*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *body* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*a bawdy* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *a bawdie* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*baw-dy* Rowe. *bo-dy* Pope.

43. *I'll*] I F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*gentle as a*] Qq. *gentle a* Ff.

45. *this*] *this this* F<sub>1</sub>.

49. *My back...side,—*] *My back!*—  
*o' t' other side,—* Lloyd conj.

*o' t' other*] *a tother* QqFf.

*ah*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *a* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *o* F<sub>1</sub>.  
O F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

51. *jauncing*] *jaunsing* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

*jaunting* The rest.

52. *not well*] Qq. *so well* F<sub>1</sub>. *so*  
*ill* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

54—56. *Your...mother?*] Prose by  
Edd. Three lines, ending *gentleman*,  
*...handsome, ...mother?* in QqFf. Cap-  
pell ends the second line at *warrant*:  
Steevens at *handsome*, and.

57, 58. *Where.....repliest!*] As in  
Rowe. Two lines, the first ending  
*be?*, in Qq. Three, ending *mother?*  
*...be?...repliest*, in Ff.

60. *your mother*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *my mother*  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*O...dear!*] Omitted by John-  
son.

*Ful.* Here's such a coil! come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day? 65

*Ful.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;  
There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,  
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news. 70

Hie you to church; I must another way,  
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love  
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:  
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;  
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night. 75

Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*Ful.* Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO.

*Fri. L.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act  
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight: 5  
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.

67. *hie*] Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *high* The rest. Friar Laurence's cell.] Capell.  
[*Laurence'*] *Laurence* QqFf. The Monastery. Rowe.  
*Laurence's* Rowe. Enter Friar Laurence.....] Rowe.  
70. *They'll.....any*] *They'll be in*  
*scarlet straitway at my* Hanmer. Enter Friar... QqFf.  
*They'll be in scarlet straight at my*  
next S. Walker conj. *They will be*  
*straight in scarlet at my* Keightley. 7. *love-devouring*] Hyphen omitted  
in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*death do what he*] *death, do what*  
*thou* Seymour conj.  
8. *enough I*] *inough.* I F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*enough.* I F<sub>3</sub>.
- SCENE VI.] Hanmer. SCENE VII.  
Rowe. ACT III. SCENE III. Capell.



*Fri. L.* These violent delights have violent ends  
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder 10  
 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 as tardy as too slow. 15

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot  
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.  
 A lover may bestride the gossamer  
 That idles in the wanton summer air,  
 And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri. L.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more 25  
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
 This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
 Unfold the imagined happiness that both  
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words, 30  
 Brags of his substance, not of ornament:  
 They are but beggars that can count their worth;  
 But my true love is grown to such excess,  
 I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

10. *triumph*] *triumph*: F<sub>1</sub>.

11. *kiss*] *meet* Pope.

12. *loathsome*] *lothsomnesse* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*his*] *its* Rowe (ed. 2).

18, 19. *gossamer*...*idles*] *gossamour*  
 ...*idles* F<sub>4</sub>. *gossamours*.....*idles* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*gossamours*.....*idles* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *gossamours*...  
*idles* Malone.

23. *else is*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *else in* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.  
 F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *else are* Rowe.

24. *Rom.*] *Fri.* F<sub>1</sub>.

27. *music's*] *musicke* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

33. *such*] *such* *such* F<sub>1</sub>.

34. *sum up sum of half my*] Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>. *summe up some of halfe my* Q<sub>4</sub>  
 Q<sub>5</sub>. *sum up some of halfe my* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*sum up one half of my* Pope. *sum up*  
*sums of half my* Johnson. *sum up*  
*half my sum of* Capell. *sum the sum*  
*of half my* Anon. conj. ap. Rann.

*Fri. L.* 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.

35

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
 The day is hot, 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.

5

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

10

*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. 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

15

37. [Exeunt.] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om. QqF<sub>1</sub>.  
 ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Qq  
 Ff. ACT III. SCENE IV. Capell.

A public place.] Capell. The  
 street. Rowe.

Enter...] Capell. Enter Mercutio,  
 Benvolio, and men. QqFf.

2. Capulets] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>Ff. Capels are  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>). Capels Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

3. And, if] An if S. Walker conj.  
 3, 4. And...stirring] As in Rowe.  
 Prose in QqFf.

5. those] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>4</sub>. these QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

8. of the] of a Rowe.

it] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. him QqFf.

14. to] Pope. too QqFf.

15. an] Pope. and QqFf.

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 riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

*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!

*Enter TYBALT and others.*

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. 35  
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 shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion. 40

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without giving?

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

*Mer.* Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but dis-

28. *from*] *for* Q<sub>5</sub>.

29. *An*] Capell. *And* QqFf. *If* Pope.

32. *Enter...*] Capell. *Enter* Tybalt, Petruchio, and others. QqFf. Transferred by Collier to follow line 33, by Dyce to follow line 34.

33. *come the Capulets*] F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *comes a Capolet* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *comes the Capulets* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

37. *us?*] *us*, Q<sub>2</sub>.

39. *an*] Capell. *and* QqFf. *if* Pope.

40. *will*] *shall* Q<sub>5</sub>.

42. *consort'st*] Ff. *consortest* Qq. *consorts* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

*Romeo,—*] *Romeo—* Rowe. *Romeo*. QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Romeo*, F<sub>2</sub>.

43. *an*] Capell. & Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *and* The rest. *if* Pope.

1 cords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you 45  
dance. 'Zounds, consort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. 50

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; 55  
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the love I bear thee 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 60  
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 injured thee, 65  
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! 70  
Alla stoccata carries it away. [Draws.

46. 'Zounds,] Zounds Qq. Come Ff.  
[Laying his Hand on his Sword.  
Rowe.

49. Or] QqFf. And Capell.

55. before] first Pope.

57. love] QqFf. hate (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

59. that] om. Capell.

60. excuse] exceed Collier MS.

61. villain am I none] villaine I  
am none Q<sub>5</sub>. Omitted in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

62. know'st] knowest Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

63. injuries] iniures F<sub>2</sub>.

65. injured] iniuried Q<sub>2</sub>.

66. love] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. lov'd Ff.

devise] devise, Q<sub>5</sub>. devise: Q<sub>2</sub>  
Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. devise; F<sub>4</sub>.

69. mine] Q<sub>2</sub>. my The rest.

70. calm, dishonourable,] calme  
dishonourable, Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

71. Alla stoccata] Knight. Alla  
stucatho QqF<sub>1</sub>. Allastucatho F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
Ah! la Stoccata Theobald. Ha! la

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What wouldst thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of cats, 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? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out. 75

*Tyb.* I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up. 80

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

'Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets: 85

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio and flies with his followers.*]

*Mer.* I am hurt;

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.

*stoccata* Hanmer. *A la stoccata* Capell.

*carries it away.*] *carry it away!*

Lettsom conj.

*it is* F<sub>2</sub>.

[*Draws.*] Capell. om. QqFf.

72. *you rat-catcher,*] *you, rat-catcher* Rowe.

*will*] *come, will* Hanmer.

73. *wouldst*] Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>5</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *woulds* The rest.

76. *me hereafter,*] *me, hereafter* Rowe.

*dry-beat*] Hyphened first in Rowe.

77. *pilcher*] *pilche* Warburton. *pitcher* Singer conj. *pitch, sir,* Staunton conj.

79. [*Drawing.*] Rowe. om. QqFf.

81. [*They fight.*] Capell. *Mer.*

and Tyb. fight. Rowe. om. QqFf.

82. [*draws and runs between.* Capell.

82—86. *Draw...good Mercutio!*] Arranged as in QqFf. Capell ends the lines *Benvolio;...shame,...Mercutio...bandying...good Mercutio.*

84. [*striving to part them.* Capell.

85. *Forbid this*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *Forbid* Q<sub>3</sub> Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Forbidden* Ff.

85, 86. *in Verona streets: Hold, Tybalt!*] *Here in Verona:—Tybalt;—* Seymour conj.

85. *Verona*] *Verona's* Q<sub>5</sub>.

86. [*Tybalt...*] Edd. (Globe ed.). Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio, in and flies. (Q<sub>1</sub>). Away Tybalt. Qq. Exit Tybalt. Ff.

87. *o' both your*] Dyce. *a both* Qq. *a both the* F<sub>1</sub>. *of both the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *on your* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *o' both the* Capell.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. 90  
[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. 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 arithmetic! Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm. 95

*Rom.* I thought all for the best. 100

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, And soundly too: your houses!

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally, 105  
 My very friend, hath got 'this 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, 110  
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

90. [Exit Page.] Capell. om. QqFf. to your houses. Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. soundly to your  
 95. o' both] Capell. a both QqF<sub>1</sub>. houses— Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. soundly too your  
 of both F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. on both Johnson. houses. F<sub>2</sub>. soundly too, your houses.  
 96. 'Zounds] Q<sub>5</sub>. sounds Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. soundly too. Plague o' your  
 What Ff. houses! Theobald.  
 98. devil] Rowe. deule Q<sub>2</sub>. dev'le [Exeunt.....] Ex. Mer. Ben.  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. dev'll Q<sub>5</sub>. dev'l F<sub>3</sub>. Rowe. Exit. QqFf. Exeunt. (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
 div'l F<sub>4</sub>. 105. SCENE II. Pope.  
 102. o' both] F<sub>4</sub>. a both The rest. 106. got this] Q<sub>2</sub>. tane this (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
 on both Johnson. gott his Q<sub>3</sub>. got his Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
 103, 104. I have it...houses] Arranged 107. reputation] reputation's S.  
 as by Dyce. One line in QqFf. Walker conj.  
 103. have it] ha't Capell. 109. kinsman] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. cozen  
 104. soundly too: your houses!] Q<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. cozin Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. cousin Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 soundly too—your houses. Rowe. 111. Re-enter...] Re-enter...hastily.  
 soundly, to your houses. Q<sub>2</sub>. soundly Capell. Enter... QqFf.

*Re-enter* BENVOLIO.

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead !  
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth depend ; 115  
This but begins the woe others must end.

*Re-enter* TYBALT.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain !  
Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now ! 120  
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again  
That late thou gavest 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. 125

*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 :  
Stand not amazed : the prince will doom thee death 130  
If thou art taken : hence, be gone, away !

*Rom.* O, I am fortune's fool !

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay ?

*[Exit Romeo.]*

112. *Mercutio's*] F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Mercutio is* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *Mercutio's is* F<sub>1</sub>.

115. *more*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *no* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *noe* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*doth*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>7</sub>. *doe* F<sub>2</sub>. *do* F<sub>3</sub>. *does* F<sub>4</sub>.

116. *begins the woe*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *begins, the wo* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *begins, the woe* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *begins the woe,* F<sub>4</sub>.

116. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...* (Q<sub>2</sub>)F<sub>6</sub>. Omitted in Q<sub>4</sub>. Transferred

by Dyce to follow line 120.

118. *Alive, in triumph!*] Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *He gon in triumph* Q<sub>2</sub>. *He gon in triumph* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *He gon in triumph,* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *He gone in triumph,* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Again? in triumph?* Capell.

120. *fire-eyed*] Pope from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *fier end* Q<sub>2</sub>. *fier and* Q<sub>3</sub>. *fire and* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *fire, and* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

125. *Either*] Or (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

*Enter Citizens, &c.*

*First Cit.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

*First Cit.* Up, sir, go with me ; 135  
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, 140  
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!  
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt  
Of my dear kinsman! Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. 145  
O cousin, cousin!

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;  
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal 150

132. *Enter Citizens, &c.] Enter Citizens, Officers, &c. Capell. Enter Citizens. QqFf.*

133. SCENE III. Pope.

133, 135. *First Cit.] 1 Cit. Malone. Citti. or Citi. or Cit. QqFf. 1. O. Capell.*

135. *Up] You Collier MS.*

136. *name] names F<sub>1</sub>.*

*Enter.....] Capell, substantially. Enter Prince, olde Mountague, Capulet, their wives and all. QqFf.*

137. *vile] wild F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.*

138. *all] (Q<sub>1</sub>)FfQ<sub>5</sub>. all: Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.*

141, 172. *kinsman] kisman Q<sub>2</sub>.*

142. *La. Cap.] Rowe. Capu. Wi.*

*or Cap. Wi. QqFf (and elsewhere).*

143. *O prince!...husband! O,] O Prince, O Cozen, husband, O QqFf. Unhappy sight! alas Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).*

*Prince, O—cousin—husband—O—Johnson. O prince!—O husband!—O, Capell, corrected to O cousin!—husband!—O, in Notes and MS. Unhappy sight! ah me, Malone, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).*

146. *O cousin, cousin!] Omitted by (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.*

147. *Benvolio] om. Collier MS.*

*bloody] Qq. om. Ff.*

149. *bid] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. bad Q<sub>5</sub>. bad] Malone.*



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 ; 155  
 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 sends  
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity  
 Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud, 160  
 ' 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 : 165  
 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 ; 170  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*La. Cap.* He is a kinsman to the Montague,  
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life. 175  
 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 ; 180  
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,

152. *bow'd*] Ff. *bowed* Qq.

153. *take*] *make* Capell conj.

154. *Tybalt*] *Tybalts* F<sub>1</sub>.

160. *it*] *it home* Collier (Collier MS.).

162. *agile*] *agill* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *aged*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *able* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

167. *entertain'd*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>. *enter-*  
*tained* Q<sub>2</sub>. *entertayn'd* Q<sub>4</sub>. *entertained*  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

168. *And*] *An* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*to't*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *toote* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *too't*

Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

170. *and*] *to* Rowe.

172. *Montague*] *Mountagues* Q<sub>5</sub>.

179. *owe?*] Q<sub>3</sub>. *ove*. The rest.

180. *Mon.*] *Moun*. Q<sub>4</sub>. *Mou*. Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*Capu*. Q<sub>2</sub>. *Cap*. Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *La. Cap*.  
*Rowe*. *La. Mont*. *Theobald*.

The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And for that offence

Immediately we do exile him hence :

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,

My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ; 185

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 :

Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste, 190

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. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' lodging : such a waggoner  
As Phaethon would whip you to the west,  
And bring in cloudy night immediately.  
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink, and Romeo

5

184. *I have...proceeding*] *I had no interest in your heats preceding* Johnson conj.

*hate's*] Knight. *hates* Capell. *hates* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *hearts* QqFf. *heats* Hammer. *hearts* Johnson.

188. *I will*] *It will* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

189. *out*] Qq. *our* Ff. *for* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

191. *he's*] Theobald. *he is* QqFf. *his*] the Q<sub>5</sub>.

193. *but*] not F<sub>1</sub>.

[*Exeunt.*] Ff. *Exeunt omnes.* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Exit.* Qq.

SCENE II.] Rowe. SCENE IV. Pope. SCENE V. Capell.

Capulet's orchard.] Capulet's Garden. Capell. An Apartment in

Capulet's House. Rowe.

*Enter Juliet.*] *Enter Juliet alone.* QqFf.

2. *Towards*] QqF<sub>1</sub>. *Toward* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *To* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

*lodging*] *mansion* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

3. *Phaethon*] *Phaeton* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Phaeton* The rest.

6. *runaway's*] *runnawayes* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *run-awayes* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *run-awaies* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *run-aways* F<sub>4</sub>. *th'* *Run-away's* Theobald (Warburton). *rumour's* Hudson (Heath conj.). *run-away* so quoted by Blackstone. *Renomy's* Mason conj. *unawares* Knight, ed. 1, and Collier, ed. 1 (Jackson conj.). *Luna's* Mitford conj. *runagates* Muir-

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.  
 Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
 By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night. Come, civil night, 10  
 Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
 Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks  
 With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold 15  
 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.  
 Come, gentle night, come, loving, black-brow'd night, 20  
 Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 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. 25  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child that hath new robes 30

son conj. *rumourers'* Singer (ed. 2).  
*rumourous* Singer conj. (withdrawn).  
*Cynthia's* S. Walker conj. *enemies'* Col-  
 lier, ed. 2 (Collier MS.). *rude day's*  
 Dyce. *soon day's* or *roving* Dyce conj.  
*run-aways'* Staunton. *sunmy day's*  
 Clarke conj. (*sun away*) or *unwary*  
 or *runagate* or *run-astay* Taylor MS.  
 conj. *noonday's* Anon. ap. Grant  
 White conj. *yonder* Leo conj. *run-*  
*abouts'* Keightley. *Titan's* Bullock  
 conj. *sun-awake's* Brady conj. *wary*  
*our'* Anon. conj. *ribalds'* Anon. conj.  
*Uranus'* Anon. conj. *roaming* Anon.  
 conj.

*wink,*] *wEEP* So quoted by Knight.

7. *Leap*] *Leapt* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*unseen.*] Rowe. *unscene:* Q<sub>5</sub>.

*unscene,* or *unseen,* The rest.

8. *rites*] F<sub>4</sub>. *rights* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

9. *By*] Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *And by* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

*if love be*] *of love* to Q<sub>4</sub>. *of love*  
 too Q<sub>5</sub>.

11. *sober-suited*] Hyphen inserted  
 in F<sub>4</sub>.

13. *maidenhoods*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *maiden-*  
*heads* The rest.

14. *bating*] Steevens. *baying* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *baiting* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

15. *grown*] Rowe. *grow* QqFf.

16. *Think*] *Thinks* Rowe.

19. *new snow on*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *new*  
*snow upon* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *snow upon* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

21. *he*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *I* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

24. *will be*] *shall be* Q<sub>5</sub>.

And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,  
 And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks  
 But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

*Enter Nurse, with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords  
 That Romeo bid thee fetch?

*Nurse.*

Ay, ay, the cords.

35

*[Throws them down.]*

*Ful.* Ay 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.

*Ful.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.*

Romeo can,

40

Though heaven cannot. O Romeo, Romeo!  
 Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!

*Ful.* 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,'  
 And that bare vowel 'I' shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting-eye of cockatrice:

45

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:

50

33. *Romeo's name*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Romcos*,  
*name* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Romeos name* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

*Enter...*] QqFf, after line 31.

*Enter Nurse at a distance. Capell*,  
 after line 31. Transferred by Dyce.

34. 35. *the cords...fetch*] As in  
 Hamner. One line in QqFf.

35. *[Throws...]* Throwing... Ca-  
 pell. om. QqFf.

36. *Ay]* Ah Hamner.

*Ay...hands?]* One line in Qq.

Two in Ff.

37. *Ah]* Pope. *A* QqFf.

*welady]* *welady* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

*weraday* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*he's dead]* Thrice in Qq. Twice

in Ff.

39. *he's gone]* *hees is gone* Q<sub>3</sub>.

43. *What...thus?]* One line in Qq.  
 Two in Ff.

45, 46. *'I'...'I'] ay...ay* Rowe.

47. *death-darting]* *death arting* Q<sub>2</sub>.

48—51. *I...woe.]* Omitted by Pope.

48, 49. Johnson would transpose  
 these lines, reading *shot* in the second.

48. *an I,]* Q<sub>5</sub>. *an I.* The rest.

48—50. *an I...'I'...'I'] an Ay...*  
*Ay...Ay* Rowe.

49. *shut]* Capell. *shot* QqFf.

*make thee]* Steevens, 1778

(Johnson conj.). *makes thee* QqF<sub>1</sub>.  
*makes the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—  
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast :  
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;  
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood, 55  
All in gore blood : I swooned at the sight.

*Ful.* 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! 60

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !  
O courteous Tybalt ! honest gentleman !  
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

*Ful.* What storm is this that blows so contrary ?  
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead ? 65  
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord ?  
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. 70

*Ful.* O God ! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood ?

*Nurse.* It did, it did ; alas the day, it did !

*Ful.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face !  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave ?

51. *Brief sounds*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Briefe sounds*  
Q<sub>5</sub>. *Briefe, sounds,* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*Brief, sounds* F<sub>3</sub>.

of] FFQ<sub>5</sub>. om. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. or  
Collier (Collier MS.).

55. *bedaub'd*] *bedawde* Q<sub>4</sub>. *bedeau'd*  
Q<sub>5</sub>.

56. *swooned*] (Q<sub>1</sub>). *swooned* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*swooned* F<sub>4</sub>. *sounded* The rest.

57. *O.....once!*] One line in Qq.  
Two in Ff.

*bankrupt*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *bankrout* or  
*bankrout* The rest.

59. *to*] *too* Q<sub>2</sub>.

60. *one*] *on* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

*bier*] Rowe. *beere* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *beere*  
Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *beer* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

62. *gentleman*] *gentlemen* F<sub>2</sub>.

64. *blows*] *bowes* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

[starting up. Capell.

66. *dear-loved*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *dearest*  
QqFf.

*dearer*] *dearest* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

67. *Then*] *The* F<sub>4</sub>.

*dreadful trumpet*] *let the trum-*  
*pet* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

69. *gone*] *dead* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

71. *O God!*] As in Qq. As a  
separate line in Ff.

*did*] Nur. *Did* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

72. Nurse.] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Omitted  
in the rest.

73, 74. Jul. *O serpent...Did*] F<sub>2</sub>

- Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical! 75  
 " Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravening lamb!  
 Despised substance of divinest show!  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
 A damned saint, an honourable villain!  
 O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, 80  
 When thou didst 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, 85  
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,  
 All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.  
 Ah, where's my man? give me some aqua vitæ:  
 These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
 Shame come to Romeo!
- Ful.* Blister'd be thy tongue 90  
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
 Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;  
 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! 95
- Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd your  
 cousin?
- Ful.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Nur. *O serpent*.....Iv. *Did*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

76. *Dove-feather'd raven*] Theo-  
 bald. *Ravenous dovefeatherd Raven*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *Ravenous dove, featherd*  
*Raven* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*wolvis-ravening lamb*] As in  
 Qq. A separate line in Ff.

76—79. *Dove-feather'd...villain!*  
 Put in the margin by Pope.

77—79. *Despised...villain!*] Omit-  
 ted by Hammer.

77. *Despised*] *Detested* Long MS.

79. *damned*] Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *dimme*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *dimme* F<sub>1</sub>.

*villain*] *vallaine* F<sub>2</sub>.

81. *bower*] *power* Q<sub>4</sub>. *pour* Q<sub>5</sub>.

85—87. *There's...dissemblers*] As  
 in Capell (following Pope). Two lines,  
 the first ending *men*, in QqFf.

87. *All.....dissemblers*] *All, all*  
*forsworn;...and all dissemblers* Pope.  
*All are forsworn, all false, all are dis-*  
*semblers* Seymour conj. *All naught, all*  
*forsworn, all dissemblers* Anon. conj.

90. *Blister'd*] *Blistered* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

95. *at him*] Qq. *him* F<sub>1</sub>. *him so*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

96. *Will...cousin?*] One line in  
 Qq. Two in Ff.

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?  
 But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin? 100  
 That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
 Back, foolish tears, 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; 105  
 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, 110  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romëo banished;'  
 That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there: 115  
 Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship  
 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 moved? 120  
 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, 125  
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

104. *you] your* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 106. *Tybalt's] Tibalt* or *Tybalt* Ff.  
*slain] QqF<sub>1</sub>. kil'd* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*kill'd* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 108. *word there was] Q<sub>2</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*  
*words there was* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *words there*  
*were* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 109. *murder'd] murdered* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 117. *rank'd] wrankt* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
 118. *follow'd] Q<sub>5</sub>. followed* The  
 rest.  
 120. *Which...moved?] Omitted by*  
 Pope.  
*modern] moderate* Long MS.  
 121. *with] which* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*rear-ward] rear-word* Collier  
 conj.  
 122. *banished: to] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. banished*  
*to* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *banished, to* F<sub>4</sub>.

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse  
 ' Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Ful.* Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be  
 spent, 130

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords: poor ropes, you are beguiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed;

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed. 135

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. 140

*Ful.* 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.

*Fri. L.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
 man:

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity...

128. *corse*] Q<sub>4</sub>. *course* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *coarse*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>)FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

130. *tears*:] *teares*: or *tears*: Q<sub>3</sub>  
 Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. *teares?* Q<sub>2</sub>. *teares*, Q<sub>5</sub>.

132—137. *Take.....maidenhead!*  
 Omitted by Pope.

132. *ropes*] *rops* F<sub>2</sub>.

133. *I;*] *I*, Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *I* The rest.

134. *a]* *an* F<sub>4</sub>.

135. *maiden-widowed*] The hyphen  
 inserted by Rowe.

136. *cords*] *cordes* Q<sub>2</sub>. *cord* The  
 rest.

140. *here*] *heare* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

143. [Exeunt.] Rowe. Exit. QqFf.

SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENE V. Pope.

SCENE VI. Capell.

Friar...] Capell. The Monas-  
 tery. Rowe.

Enter Friar Laurence.] Capell.

Enter Frier. (Q<sub>1</sub>). Enter Frier and  
 Romeo. QqFf.

1. *Romeo...man*:] One line in (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Qq. Two in Ff.

*man*:] *man*; [Enter Romeo.  
 Capell.

2. *Affliction*] *Aiffiction* F<sub>3</sub>.



*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, 5  
That I yet know not?

*Fri. L.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

*Fri. L.* A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips, 10  
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. L.* Here from Verona art thou banished: 15  
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 'banished' 20  
Is death mis-term'd: calling death 'banished,'  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe  
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri. L.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince, 25  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 3. Enter Romeo.] (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Dyce.                             | Hanmer. <i>Tartar, hell</i> Warburton.   |
| 4. <i>Father...doom?</i> ] One line in                               | 19. <i>banished</i> ] <i>banish'd</i> Rowe.  |
| Q <sub>1</sub> . Two in Ff.  | <i>banish'd</i> ] <i>blanish't</i> Q <sub>2</sub> . <i>banish-</i>                 |
| 5. <i>acquaintance</i> ] <i>admittance</i> F <sub>4</sub> .          | <i>ed</i> Rowe.  |
| 7. <i>with</i> ] <i>in</i> Rowe.                                     | 20. <i>world's exile</i> ] <i>world exilde</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ).                  |
| 9. <i>What...doom?</i> ] One line in Q <sub>1</sub> .                | <i>world-exil'd</i> Pope.  |
| Two in Ff.   | 20, 21. <i>then...mis-term'd.</i> ] Omitted  |
| 10. <i>gentler</i> ] <i>gentle</i> F <sub>4</sub> .                  | in (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Pope.   |
| <i>vanish'd</i> ] <i>vanisht</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> )Q <sub>1</sub> Ff. | 20. <i>then</i> ] <i>that</i> Theobald.  |
| <i>even'd</i> Warburton. <i>issued</i> Heath conj.                   | <i>banished</i> ] <i>banishment</i> Hanmer.  |
| 14. <i>Much...death</i> ] <i>Than death</i>                          | 21. <i>banished</i> ] <i>banishment</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> )                          |
| <i>itself</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Pope.                                | Pope.  |
| 15. <i>Here</i> ] <i>Hence</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Hanmer.             | 23. <i>smilest</i> ] <i>smil'st</i> Q <sub>5</sub> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> . |
| 17. <i>Verona</i> ] <i>Verona's</i> Eope.                            | 26. <i>rush'd</i> ] <i>push'd</i> Capell conj.                                     |
| 18. <i>torture, hell</i> ] <i>torturing hell</i>                     | and Long MS. <i>brush'd</i> Collier MS.  |

And turn'd that black word death to banishment :  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog 30  
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 35  
In carrion-flies than Romeo; they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished: 40  
This may flies do, but I from this must fly  
They are free men, but I am banished:  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, 45  
But 'banished' to kill me? — 'Banished'?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, 50  
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

*Fri. L.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

*Rom.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

28. *This*] *That* Rowe. *lings attends* F<sub>1</sub>. *Howlings attend* F<sub>2</sub>  
*dear*] *meere* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *meer* Pope. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.
32. *Live*] *Lives* Rowe. 50. *sin-absolver*] Ff. *sin* (or *sinne*)  
37. *blessing*] *blessings* F<sub>4</sub>. *absolver* Qq.
38. *Who*] *Which* Pope. 51. 'banished'] *banishment* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
38—46. *Who... 'banished'?*] Put in Pope.  
the margin by Pope. See note (VIII). 52. *Thou.....word*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone.  
39. *as*] *and* Rowe (ed. 2). *Then fond mad man, heare me a little*  
40—43. *But.....death?*] See note *speake* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *Thou...a little speake*  
(IX). *Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Then fond mad man, heare*  
44. *sharp-ground*] Hyphen inserted *me speake* F<sub>1</sub>. *Fond mad man, heare*  
in F<sub>4</sub>. *sharpi ground* F<sub>2</sub>. *me speake* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> (*mad-man* F<sub>4</sub>).  
48. *Howling attends*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *How-*

*Fri. L.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished. 55

*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. 60

*Fri. L.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have no  
eyes?

*Fri. L.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Knocking within.* 70

*Fri. L.* Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans  
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

*Fri. L.* Hark, how they knock! Who's there? Romeo,  
arise;

54. *thee] the* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*keep off that] beare off this* (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*bear off that* Pope.

60. *more.] more:* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *more—*  
Rowe.

61. *madmen] mad man* Q<sub>2</sub>.

62. *How...eyes?] One line in* Qq.  
Two in Ff.

*that] Q*<sub>2</sub>. om. Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.  
*wise men] Qq. wisemen* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*wise-men* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

63. *dispute] (Q*<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *dispaire* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>. *despair* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

64. *thou] y* F<sub>1</sub>. *thō* F<sub>2</sub>.

65. *Wert thou as young] If thou*  
*wert young* Seymour conj.  
*as I, Juliet thy] (Q*<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *as*  
*Juliet my* Ff.

66. *murdered] muredred* (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>.

68. *Then...hair] One line in* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
Rowe. Two in QqFf.

*mightst.....mightst] (Q*<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*mightest.....mightst* Q<sub>2</sub>. *mightest.....*  
*mightest* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *might'st.....*  
*might'st* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. (*mlgh't* F<sub>4</sub>).

70. [*Knocking within.*] Throw-  
ing himself on the ground. Knock  
within. Rowe. Enter Nurse, and  
knocke. Q<sub>2</sub>. Enter Nurse, and  
knocke. Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. Nurse knocks. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

71. *Arise.....thyself] One line in*  
Qq. Two in Ff.

72—74. *Rom. Not I.....arise;]*  
Omitted by Pope.

72. *Not I] As in* Qq. In a separ-  
ate line in Ff.

73. [*Knocking.*] They knocke. Q<sub>2</sub>  
Q<sub>3</sub>. Knocke. Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

74. *Hark...arise] One line in* Qq.  
Two in Ff.

*Who's] whose* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up; [*Knocking.* 75  
 Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,  
 What simpleness 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. L.* Welcome, then. 80

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
 Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?  
*Fri. L.* There on the ground, with his own tears made  
 drunk.  
*Nurse.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
 Just in her case!  
*Fr. L.* O woeful sympathy! 85  
 Piteous predicament!  
*Nurse.* Even so lies she,  
 Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.  
 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? 90

75. [*Knocking.*] Sludknock. Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 Slud knock. Q<sub>3</sub>. Knocke againe. Q<sub>4</sub>  
 Q<sub>5</sub>. Knocke. Ff.

77. *simpleness*] *wilfulness* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
 Pope.

[*Knocking.*] Knocke. QqFf.

78. *Who...will?*] One line in Qq.  
 Two in Ff.

79. *Nurse* [*Within*] Rowe. Nur.  
 QqFf.

*Let...errand*] One line in Qq.  
 Two in Ff.

*errand*] *errant* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

80. *Enter Nurse.*] As in Rowe.  
 Inserted after line 78 in QqFf.

82. *Where is?*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Rowe. *Wheres*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *Where's* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Wher's*

F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

83. *There.....drunk*] One line in  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. Two in QqFf.

84. *mistress'*] Pope. *mistresse* or  
*mistress* QqFf. *mistress's* Rowe.  
*case*] *cause* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

85, 86. *O woeful.....predicament*]  
 Given to 'Friar' by Steevens (Farmer  
 conj.). Continued to 'Nurse' in Qq  
 Ff.

86. *lies*] *liles* F<sub>2</sub>.

88, 89. *Stand up...stand;*] Omit-  
 ted by Pope.

88. *an you*] Rowe (ed. 2). *and*  
*you* QqFf.

90, 91. *an O?* Rom. *Nurse*] *an—*  
 Rom. *Oh nurse* Hanmer.

*Rom.* Nurse!

*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death's the end of all.

*Rom.* Spakest 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 95  
With blood removed but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, 100  
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 cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman. O, tell me, friar, tell me, 105  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

*Fri. L.* Hold thy desperate hand:  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote 110  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!

92. *Well, death's*] (*Q*<sub>1</sub>) Malone.  
*deaths* *Q*<sub>2</sub>*Q*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>1</sub>*F*<sub>2</sub>*F*<sub>3</sub>. *death's* *Q*<sub>4</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>.  
*death is* *Q*<sub>5</sub>.

93. *Spakest*] *Q*<sub>2</sub>*Q*<sub>3</sub>*Q*<sub>4</sub>. *Spak'st* *Q*<sub>5</sub>.  
*Speak'st* *Ff.*

*is it*] *ist* *Q*<sub>5</sub>. *is't* *F*<sub>4</sub>.

94. *she not*] (*Q*<sub>1</sub>)*Q*<sub>5</sub>. *not she* *Q*<sub>2</sub>  
*Q*<sub>3</sub>*Q*<sub>4</sub>*Ff.*

95. *I have*] *have I* Rowe (ed. 2).  
*childhood*] *child-head* *Q*<sub>5</sub>.

97. *doth*] *does* *F*<sub>4</sub>.

98. *conceal'd*] *conceal'd* Warburton.  
*our cancell'd*] *our cancell'd* (*Q*<sub>1</sub>)  
*Q*<sub>4</sub>. *our conceal'd* *Ff.*

101. *calls...cries*] *cries...calls* (*Q*<sub>1</sub>)  
Pope.

*on*] *om.* *F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>.

102, 103. *As if...gun*] As in Rowe.  
One line in (*Q*<sub>1</sub>)*Q*<sub>4</sub>*Ff.*

103. *deadly*] *dead* *F*<sub>1</sub>.

105. *Murder'd*] *Murdered* *F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>.  
*O*] *om.* Pope.

106. *anatomy*] *anotomy* *F*<sub>2</sub>.

108. [*Drawing his sword.*] Theo-  
bald. *om.* *Q*<sub>4</sub>*Ff.* He offers to stab  
himself, and Nurse snatches the dag-  
ger away. (*Q*<sub>1</sub>).

*hand:*] *hand.* [*wresting the*  
*Dagger from him.* Capell.]

110. *denote*] (*Q*<sub>1</sub>)*Q*<sub>4</sub>*F*<sub>1</sub>*Q*<sub>5</sub>. *deuôte*  
*Q*<sub>2</sub>*Q*<sub>3</sub>. *doe note* *F*<sub>2</sub>. *do note* *F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>.

112, 113. *Unseemly...both!*] Omit-  
ted by Pope.

Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both !  
 'Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order,  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd. 115  
 Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?  
 And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,  
 By doing damned hate upon thyself ?  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth ?  
 Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet 120  
 In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.  
 Fie, fie, thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit ;  
 Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And usest none in that true use indeed  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit : 125  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man ;  
 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, 130  
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
 Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.  
 What, rouse thee, man ! thy Juliet is alive, 135  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;  
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :  
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy : 140

113. Or] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens. And Qq  
 Ff. An Warburton.  
*both*] *groth* Warburton (? for  
*growth*).

117. lady...lives,] F<sub>4</sub>. lady, that  
 in thy life lies, QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. lady too,  
 that lives in thee? (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

118—134. By doing.....defence]  
 Omitted in (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

119. rail'st] raylest Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

120, 121. do meet In thee at once]  
 so meet, In thee atone Warburton.

121. lose] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. loose The rest.

123. Which] Who Rowe (ed. 2).

a] an Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

127. Digressing] Digressing Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

132. in a] in the Capell (corrected  
 in Errata).

133. a-fire] Dyce. afire Collier.  
 a fier Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. a fire Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. on fire Q<sub>5</sub>.

138. slew'st.....too] (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 slewest Tibalt, there art thou happie  
 Qq. slew'st...happie F<sub>1</sub>. slew'st Ty-  
 balt; there thou'rt happy too Pope.

139. becomes] Qq. became Ff.

140. turns] turnes Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. turne  
 Q<sub>3</sub>. turn'd Ff.

A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. 145  
 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 150  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince and call thee back  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.  
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady, 155  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
 Romeo is coming.

*Nurse.* O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night  
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! 160  
 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.*]

*Rom.* How well my comfort is revived by this! 165

*Fri.* Go hence; good night; and here stands all your  
 staff:

141. *of blessings*] *of blessing* Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.  
*or blessing* F<sub>1</sub>.

*lights*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>. *light* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
 FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

143. *misbehaved and*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*mishaped and* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *mishaped and*  
 F<sub>1</sub>. *mis-shaped and* a F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *mis-*  
*shapen and* a F<sub>4</sub>. *mis-hav'd and* a  
 Rowe.

144. *pout'st upon*] *pouts upon* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*putst upon* Q<sub>5</sub>. *puts up* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *put-*  
*test up* Ff. *frownst upon* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *poutest*  
*up* Nicholson conj.

152. *the prince*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *thy prince*

159. *all the night*] Qq. *all night*  
 Ff. *all night long* Pope.

160. *learning*] *learaing* Q<sub>4</sub>.

163. *Here sir*] *Here is* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Collier  
 (ed. 2).

*bid*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *bids* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

164. [*Exit.*] Capell, after *good*  
*night*, line 166. om. QqFf. *Exit*  
*Nurse.* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

166—168. *Go hence...hence:*] Omit-  
 ted in (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

166. *Go hence*] As in Qq. In a  
 separate line in Ff.

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguised 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.

170

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :  
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 175SCENE IV. *A room in Capulet's house.**Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

*Cap.* Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily  
That we have had no time to move our daughter!  
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
And so did I. Well, we were born to die:  
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night:  
I promise you, but for your company,  
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

5

*Par.* These 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 to her heaviness.

10

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled

168. *disguised*] *disguise* Q<sub>2</sub>.175. *Farewell*] om. Pope.SCENE IV.] Rowe. SCENE VI.  
Pope. SCENE VII. Capell.A room...] Capell. Capulet's  
House. Rowe.Enter...] Rowe. Enter old Capu-  
let, his wife and Paris. QqFf.2. *had*] om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.6, 7. *I promise...ago*] Omitted by  
Pope.7. *a-bed*] Rowe (ed. 2). *a bed* Qq

Ff.

8. *time*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Rowe. *times* QqFf.  
*woo*] *woe* Q<sub>4</sub>.10, 11. *I will...heaviness*] Omitted  
in (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.11. *she's mew'd*] Theobald. *shees  
mewed* Q<sub>2</sub>. *she is mewed* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.  
*she is mew'd* Rowe.12. [calling him back. Capell.  
*desperate*] *separate* Hanmer  
(Warburton).13. *be*] *me* Q<sub>2</sub>.



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 soon;

O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl.

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

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 very late,

That we may call it early by and by:

Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

14. *nay...not*] *nay, I not doubt it* Hamner.

16. *here of*] Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *here, of* Q<sub>2</sub> F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub> *hereof*, Q<sub>3</sub>. *here with* Q<sub>5</sub>. *there with* Keightley.

17. *next—*] Rowe. *next*, QqFf.

17, 19. *Wednesday*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Wensday* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *Wensday* F<sub>2</sub>.

20—22. *O' Thursday...haste?*] *On Thursday let it be: you shall be marry'd.* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

20. *O'...o'*] Capell. *A...a* QqFf. *On...o'* Theobald.

23. *We'll keep*] *Well, keep* Q<sub>2</sub>.

23. *there*] *there's* Rowe.

29. *My lord*] *As in* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *In a separate line in* Ff.

30. *o'*] Capell. *a* QqFf. *on* Pope.

31. [To Lady Capulet. Rowe.

34, 35. *Afore...so very very late... by*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Dyce. *Afore...so very late... by* Qq (in one line). *Afore...so late...by* Ff (in one line). Omitted by Pope. *'Fore me...so very late...by* Theobald (ending the lines *we...night*). *'Fore me...so late...by* Johnson (ending the first line at call). *Now, afore...so very late...by* Capell, ending line 34 at late.

35. *it*] *in* F<sub>1</sub>.

36. *Good night*] *Goodnight* F<sub>2</sub>.

[*Exeunt.*] Qq Ff. *Exeunt, severally.* Theobald.

SCENE V. *Capulet's orchard.*

*Enter* ROMEO and JULIET, above, at the window.

*Ful.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:  
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.

*Ful.* Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:  
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;  
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

SCENE V.] ROWE. SCENE VII. POPE.  
ACT IV. SCENE I. CAPPELL.

Capulet's orchard.] The Garden. Rowe. Juliet's Chamber looking to the Garden. Theobald. Anti-room of Juliet's Chamber. Capell.

Enter.....above, at the window.] Enter...aloft. QqFf. Enter.....at the window. (Q<sub>1</sub>). Enter.....above, at a Window; a Ladder of Ropes set. Rowe.

1. *it...day:*] Omitted in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.
4. *yond*] QqFf. *yon* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Warburton.
6. *of the*] of F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.
9. *jocund*] F<sub>4</sub>. *iocond* Q<sub>2</sub>. *iocond* or *jocond* The rest.

10. *mountain*] *mountaines* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub> F<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>:

12. *Yond*] *Yon* (Q<sub>1</sub>)F<sub>4</sub>.  
*it, I*] *it well* Pope. *it* Johnson.

13. *sun*] *fen* or *fens* Anon. conj.  
*exhales*] *exhale* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

16. *Therefore...gone.*] *Then stay a while, thou need'st not go so soon* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

*stay yet; thou*] *stay yet, thou* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *stay yet thou* F<sub>4</sub>. *stay, yet thou* Rowe.

*need'st not to be*] *needest not be* Q<sub>5</sub>.

17—23. *Let me...to go.*] Put, with line 16, in the margin by Pope, giving in the text the corresponding lines of (Q<sub>1</sub>).

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20  
 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:  
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.  
 How is't, my soul? let's talk: it is not day. 25  
*Ful.* It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.  
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;  
 This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30  
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;  
 O, now I would they had changed voices too!  
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.  
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows. 35  
*Rom.* More light and light: more dark and dark our  
 woes!

*Enter NURSE, to the chamber.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Ful.* Nurse?

*Nurse.* Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:  
 The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.* 40

*Ful.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

19. *yon*] QqFf.  
*the*] *the the* Q<sub>2</sub>.
20. *brow*] *bow* Collier (Collier MS.  
 and Singer MS.).
21. *the*] om. F<sub>1</sub>.
22. *heaven*] *heavens* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.
23. *care...will*] *will...care* John-  
 son conj.
25. *How.....soul?*] *What says my  
 love?* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.  
*talk:*] *talke* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *talke*, or  
*talk* The rest.
31. *loathed*] *loaded* Warburton (a  
 misprint).  
*change*] *chang'd* Rowe (ed. 2).
32. *would they had*] *wot they have*  
 Hanmer. *wot they had* Warburton (a  
 misprint for *have*).
- 33, 34. *Since...day.*] Omitted by Pope.
34. *hence*] *up* Johnson.
35. *light it*] Qq. *itli ght* F<sub>1</sub>. *it  
 light* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.
36. *Rom. More...woes!*] Omitted  
 by (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope, who inserts instead l. 42,  
*Farewell...descend.*  
*light: more*] *light, more* QqFf.  
*light?*—*More* Theobald.
- Enter...chamber.*] Edd. *Enter*  
*Madame* and *Nurse.* QqFf. *Enter*  
*Nurse.* Rowe. *Enter Nurse, to the  
 door.* Capell.
38. *Nurse?*] Theobald. *Nurse.* QqFf.
40. [*Exit.*] *Exit Nurse.* Theobald.  
 om. QqFf.
41. *Then...out!*] Omitted by Pope.  
 [*opening it.* Capell.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Descends.*]

*Ful.* Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!  
I must hear from thee every day in 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!

45

*Rom.* Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

50

*Ful.* O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Ful.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul.  
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:  
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

55

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*]

*Ful.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:  
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

60

42. *Rom. Farewell.....descend*] Transferred to follow line 35 by Pope. [*Descends.*] Romeo descends. Theobald. He goeth downe. (Q<sub>1</sub>). om. QqFf. Kisses her, and goes out of it. Capell.

43. *my.....friend*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Boswell. *love, Lord, ay husband, friend* QqF<sub>1</sub>. *Love, Lord ah Husband, Friend* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *my love! my lord! my friend* Malone. *love, lord! my husband, friend* Grant White conj.

44. *day in the hour*] *hour in the day* Collier (Collier MS.).

[Romeo comes down by the Ladder into the Garden. Rowe.

48, 49. *Farewell...opportunity*] As in QqFf. One line in Pope.

51. *think'st*] *thinkst* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *think-*

*est* The rest.

53. *our time*] *our times* Q<sub>2</sub>. *the time* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

54. *Jul.*] Ro. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

55. *thee, now*] Pope. *thee now*, Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. *thee now* Q<sub>5</sub>.

*below*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *so love* Qq

Ff.

56. [Romeo descends. Pope.

57. *look'st*] *lookest* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

58. *my*] *mine* Rowe (ed. 2).

59. [*Exit.*] *Exeunt*. Rowe (ed. 2).

60. SCENE VI. Juliet's Chamber. Enter Juliet. Rowe. SCENE VIII. Pope.

62. *renown'd*] *renowmd* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *renown'd* Q<sub>4</sub>.

64. La. Cap. [within]] L. C. [within. Capell. La. or Lad. QqFf.

*La. Cap.* [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Ful.* Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother! 65

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

*Enter* LADY CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet!

*Ful.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? 70

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore have done: some grief shows much of love,

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Ful.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend 75  
Which you weep for.

*Ful.* 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.

*Ful.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romco. 80

*Ful.* [*Aside*] Villain and he be many miles asunder.  
God pardon him! 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.

65. *it is*] Qq. *is it* Ff.

*mother!*] *mother.* Qq. *mother?* Ff.

66. *Is...early?*] Omitted by Pope.

67. *procures*] *provokes* Hanmer.

*hither*] *either* Q<sub>3</sub>. *hether* Q<sub>4</sub>.

*Enter* Lady Capulet.] Capell.

*Enter* Mother. QqFf (after line 64).

68. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

71—73. *An if...wit.*] Omitted by (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

71. *An*] Theobald. *And* QqFf.  
*couldst.....couldst*] *wouldst...*  
*couldst* Collier MS.

75. *La. Cap.*] Rowe. *La.* or *Lad.*  
QqFf (and elsewhere).

75—77. *La. Cap. So...friend.*] Omitted by Pope.

76. *weep*] *do weep* Theobald.

*Feeling*] *But feeling* or *In feeling* Mommsen conj.

79. *slaughter'd*] *slaughtered* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub> Q<sub>5</sub>.

80. *same*] om. Hanmer.

81. [*Aside*] Hanmer.

*be*] *are* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

82—104. *God...girl.*] See note (x).

82. *pardon*] *padon* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*him*] Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

*with all*] *withall* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

84. *murderer*] Q<sub>2</sub>. om. Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands: 85  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:  
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram 90  
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. 95  
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 named, and cannot come to him, 100  
To wreak the love, I bore my cousin  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

*La. Cap.* Find thou 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 needy time: 105  
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. 110

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

90. *Shall...dram*] *That shall be-  
stow on him so sure a draught* Stee-  
vens, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

*unaccustom'd*] *accustom'd* Q<sub>4</sub>.

94. *him—dead—*] Theobald. *him.*  
*Dead* Qq<sup>ff</sup>. *him—Dead* Rowe.

95. *vex'd*] *vest* Johnson.

97. *I would*] *I'd so* Anon. apud  
Rann conj.

101. *love*] *tender love* Anon. conj.  
*bore*] *ever bore* Lettson conj.  
*bore unto* Anon. conj.

*cousin*] QqP<sub>1</sub>. *cousin, Tybalt*  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *slaughter'd cousin* Theobald.

*murder'd cousin* Malone conj.

102. *slaughter'd*] *slaughtered* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

103. *La. Cap.*] Rowe. Mo. Qq<sup>ff</sup>  
(and elsewhere).

104. *tidings*] *tidings* Q<sub>4</sub>.

105. *needy*] *needful* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

106. *I beseech*] Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *be-  
seach* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

110. *expect'st*] Rowe (ed. 2). *ex-  
pects* Qq<sup>ff</sup>.

*look'd*] F<sub>4</sub>. *lookt* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*looke* F<sub>2</sub>.

114. *that*] Qq. *this* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>6</sub>.

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride. 115

*Ful.* 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, 120  
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. 125

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son  
It rains downright.  
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body 130  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

114. *County*] *Count of Rowe* (ed. 2). after line 123.  
*Saint*] *St. F*<sub>4</sub>. 126—128. *When.....downright.*]
115. *happily*] *happly* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. Omitted by Pope.  
*there*] Q<sub>4</sub>. om. Ff. 126. *air*] *ayre* Q<sub>4</sub>. *aire* Q<sub>5</sub>. *earth*  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.
116. *Saint*] *S.* Q<sub>2</sub>. *dew*] *daew* F<sub>1</sub>.
119. *should*] *must* Q<sub>5</sub>. 128, 129. *It...tears?*] As in Ff.  
*woo*] Q<sub>4</sub>. *wooe* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. One line in Q<sub>4</sub>.
- woe* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. 130. *showering?* *In.....body*] Q<sub>5</sub>.  
121. *I swear,*] Omitted by Pope, *showring in...body?* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *showr-*  
from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *ing: In...body?* Q<sub>4</sub>.
123. *These.....indeed!*] Given to 131. *Thou counterfeit'st a*] Q<sub>5</sub>.  
Lady Capulet by Collier (Collier *Thou countefaits. A* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Thou coun-*  
MS.). *terfaits. A* Q<sub>3</sub>. *Thou counterfeit's, a*  
124. *La. Cap.*] *Mer.* Q<sub>4</sub>. Q<sub>4</sub>. *Thou counterfeit's a* F<sub>1</sub>. *Thou*  
125. *your*] *you* F<sub>2</sub>. *counterfeits a* F<sub>2</sub>. *Thy counterfeit's a*  
*Enter...]* Enter Capulet, at F<sub>3</sub>. *Thy Counterfeit's a* F<sub>4</sub>.  
a Distance; Nurse following. Capell,

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, 135  
 Without a sudden calm will overset  
 Thy tempest-tossed body. How now, wife !  
 Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir ; but she will none, she gives you  
 thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave ! 140

*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,  
 Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought  
 So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ? 145

*Ful.* 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, how ! how, how ! chop-logic ! What is this ?  
 'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you not ;' 150  
 And yet 'not proud : ' mistress minion, you,  
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,

133. *is*] om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 135. *Who*] *Which* Pope.  
*thy*] Qq. *the* Ff.  
 137. *wife*] *wise* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
 138. *deliver'd*] Rowe (ed. 2). *deli-*  
*vered* QqFf.  
 139. *Ay, sir*] Arranged as in Qq.  
 In a separate line in Ff.  
*gives*] *give* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*thanks.*] *thankes*. Q<sub>5</sub>. *thanks?*  
 F<sub>4</sub>. *thankes*, Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *thanks*, F<sub>3</sub>.  
 142. *How*] *How?* Q<sub>5</sub>. *How* Q<sub>2</sub>  
 Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *How*, Ff.  
 145. *bridegroom*] *Bride* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
 146. *Not...that you have*] As in Qq.  
 Two lines in Ff.  
 147. *hate*] Qq. *have* Ff.  
 148. *that is meant*] *that's meant*  
 in Q<sub>5</sub>.

149. *How...this?*] As one line in  
 Qq. Two in Ff. Omitted in (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

*How, how ! how, how !*] Ca-  
 pell...*How, how, howhow*, Q<sub>2</sub>. *How*  
*now, how now*, Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *How now?*  
*How now?* FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

*chop-logic*] Steevens (1793).  
*chop logicke* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *chopt lodgick* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
 Q<sub>4</sub>. *chopt logicke* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *chopt logick*  
 Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *chop logick* Theobald.

150, 151. '*I thank.....proud:*' *yet*  
*not proud,....And yet, I thank you,*  
*Lettsom conj.*

151. *And...you,*] Qq. Omitted in  
 Ff.

*proud:*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *proud* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*mistress*] *why, mistress* Theo-  
 bald. *come, mistress* Anon. conj.

153. *fettle*](Q<sub>1</sub>)QqF<sub>1</sub>. *scittle* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.



Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. 155

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow-face!

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch! 160

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

That God had lent us but this only child, 165

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 bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue, 170  
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O, God ye god-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. 175

156, 157. *Out ..tallow-face*] Omitted by Pope.

156. *green-sickness*] Hyphenated in F<sub>4</sub>.

157. *You*] *Out you* F<sub>4</sub>.

*tallow-face*] Hyphenated in F<sub>4</sub>.

160, 170, 173, 176. *Cap.*] Fa. Qq Ff.

161. *thee*] the F<sub>2</sub>.

*o'*] Theobald. *a* QqFf.

164. *itch. Wife,*] *itch: Wife,* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*itch, wife,* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *itch, wife:* Ff.

165. *lent*] *sent* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

167. *curse*] *crose* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *cross* Grant  
White conj.

169. *to blame*] *too blame* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

171. *gossips,*] Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *gossips* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*gossip,* Ff.

172. *Cap. O, God ye god-den.*] *Cap. O, God-ye-good-den?* Capell. *Cap:*

*Oh goddegodden.* (Q<sub>1</sub>). Fa. *O Godige-*

*den.* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Father, & Godigeden,* Q<sub>2</sub>

Q<sub>3</sub> (as part of the Nurse's speech).

*Father, O Godigoden,* F<sub>1</sub>. *O Godigo-*

*den,* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *O God gi' good'en* F<sub>4</sub>.

173. *Nurse.*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. om. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

*Peace*] *Peace, peace* Theobald.

*mumbling*] *old mumbling*

Seymour conj.

174. *gossip's*] *goships* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*bowl*] *bowles* F<sub>1</sub>.

*Cap.* 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: and having now provided  
 A gentleman of noble parentage, 180  
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
 Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man;  
 And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender, 185  
 To answer 'Ill not wed; I cannot love,  
 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. 190  
 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 in the streets,  
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good: 195  
 Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

*Ful.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

176—178. *God's bread...company]* QqFf. *God's...work and play...company* Rowe (ed. 2). *God's...mad: day, night, late, early, At home, abroad; alone, in company, Waking or sleeping,* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). Malone, reading *early, late,* follows Pope. *As God's my friend! it makes me mad: Day, night, hundreds of times, at work at play, Alone, in company* Bullock conj.

176, 177. Johnson reads *It makes* .....play as one line, omitting *God's bread and time.*

177. *tide] ride* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*time]* om. Keightley, reading *God's...provided* as three lines, ending *tide, ...care...provided.*

180. *noble] princely* (Q<sub>1</sub>). Capell.

181. *demesnes] demean* F<sub>4</sub>. *de-meanes* The rest.

*train'd]* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *allied* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *liand* Q<sub>2</sub>. *'liand'd* Capell conj. *lined* or *loin'd* Mommsen conj.

183. *Proportion'd]* *Proportioned* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

*thought would] heart could* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell.

185. *fortune's]* Theobald. *fortunes* QqFf.

188. *an]* Capell. *and* QqFf. *if* Pope.

192, 193. *An]* Capell. *And* QqFf. *If* Pope.

193. *starve] strave* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*in the] i' th'* Pope.

195. *never] ever* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

Delay this marriage for a month, a week ; 200  
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:  
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

*Ful.* O God !—O nurse, how shall this be prevented? 205  
 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 210  
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
 Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* Faith, here it is.  
 Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to nothing,  
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ; 215  
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
 Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
 I think it best you married with the county.  
 O, he's a lovely gentleman!  
 Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam, 220  
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
 Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were 225  
 As living here and you no use of him.

202. *dim*] *dun* Johnson (1771).  
 205. *O God*] As in Qq. In a separate line in Ff.  
 206—209. *My...me*] Omitted by Pope.  
 210. *Alack, alack,*] *Hlacke, alacke* F<sub>1</sub>. *Alack!* Hanmer.  
 212, 213. *What...nurse.*] Omitted by Pope.  
 213, 214. *Faith...nothing*] As in Ff. One line in Qq. Capell ends the first line at *Romeo*, reading 'tis and banished.  
 214. *and*] om. Pope.  
 216. *by*] *my* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
 218. *county*] *count* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 219. *O, he's*] *Oh, 'faith, he is* Hanmer.  
*gentleman!*] *gentleman! Romeo!* Capell. *gentleman in sooth!* Keightley. *lovely gentleman!* Anon. conj.  
 221. *green*] *keen* Hanmer.  
 222. *beshrew*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *beshrow* The rest.  
 226. *here*] *hence* Hanmer. *there* Anon. conj.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too; else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

230

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence's cell,  
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit. 235

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! 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 praised 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.

240

[Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's cell.*

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS.

*Fri. L.* 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.

*Fri. L.* You say you do not know the lady's mind:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 227. <i>Speakest</i> ] <i>Speakst</i> Q <sub>2</sub> .  | conj. <i>wrinkled</i> Id. conj. (withdrawn).  |
| 228. <i>And...else...both</i> ] Q <sub>2</sub> . <i>And...<br/>or else...both</i> Q <sub>3</sub> Q <sub>4</sub> Q <sub>5</sub> . <i>And...Or else<br/>...both</i> Ff (to, F <sub>4</sub> ), as two lines. | 237. <i>Is it</i> ] <i>It is</i> F <sub>1</sub> .   |
| <i>from</i> ] om. Capell conj.  | 241. <i>henceforth</i> ] <i>henceforth</i> F <sub>1</sub> F <sub>2</sub> .                                    |
| <i>too</i> ] om. Hanmer.  | 243. [Exit.] Qq. Exeunt. Ff.  |
| <i>beshrew</i> ] (Q <sub>1</sub> )QqFf.   | ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. QqFf.   |
| 230. <i>What?</i> ] <i>To what?</i> Hanmer.   | Friar Laurence's cell.] Capell.   |
| <i>What say you?</i> Dyce conj.   | The Monastery. Rowe.  |
| 234. <i>absolv'd</i> ] <i>absolu'd</i> Q <sub>2</sub> .   | Enter...] Rowe. Enter Friar and<br>Countie Paris. QqFf (Count F <sub>2</sub> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> ). |
| 235. [Exit.] om. Q <sub>2</sub> Q <sub>3</sub> F <sub>1</sub> . She<br>lookes after Nurse. (Q <sub>1</sub> ).   | 3. <i>nothing</i> ] <i>something</i> Collier conj.  |
| 236. <i>wicked</i> ] <i>wither'd</i> S. Walker  | <i>slow to slack his</i> ] <i>slacke to slow<br/>his</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ). <i>slow to back</i> Johnson conj. |
|   | <i>slack</i> ,— <i>too slow's his</i> Jackson conj.   |

Uneven is the course; I like it not. 5

*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, 10  
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. 15

*Fri. L.* [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be  
slow'd.

Look, sir, heré comes the lady toward 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. 20

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri. L.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him. 25

*Par.* So will ye, 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 abused with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that; 30

For it was bad enough before their spite.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 5. <i>is</i> ] in Warburton.  | 16. [ <i>Aside</i> ] Theobald. om. QqFf.                      |
| 7. <i>talk'd</i> ] <i>talkt</i> Q <sub>5</sub> . <i>talke</i> Q <sub>2</sub> Q <sub>3</sub> Q <sub>4</sub>                | 17. <i>toward</i> ] Q <sub>2</sub> . <i>towards</i> The rest. |
| F <sub>1</sub> F <sub>2</sub> Q <sub>5</sub> . <i>talk</i> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> .                                | 18. <i>Happily met</i> ] <i>Welcome my love</i>               |
| 10. <i>doth</i> ] (Q <sub>1</sub> )Q <sub>3</sub> Q <sub>4</sub> F <sub>1</sub> F <sub>2</sub> Q <sub>5</sub> . <i>do</i> | (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Pope.                                       |
| Q <sub>2</sub> . <i>should</i> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> .  | <i>my wife</i> ] <i>my life</i> Johnson conj.                 |
| <i>sway</i> ] <i>way</i> Collier MS.  | 23. <i>I should</i> ] <i>were to</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Pope.  |
| 15. <i>haste</i> .] Q <sub>2</sub> . <i>hast</i> . (Q <sub>1</sub> ). <i>hast?</i>  | 26. <i>ye</i> ] <i>you</i> Capell.                            |
| or <i>haste?</i> The rest.  | 28. <i>Being</i> ] <i>Benig</i> F <sub>1</sub> .              |

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

*Ful.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it. 35

*Ful.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri. L.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone. 40

*Par.* God shield I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye :

Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*]

*Ful.* O, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help! 45

*Fri. L.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits :  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.

*Ful.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, 50  
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; 55

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's seal'd,

33. *no*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*slander...a truth*] *wrong, sir,*  
*that is but a truth* Capell, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*wrong, sir, that that is a truth* Jack-  
son conj.

*a truth*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)QqF<sub>1</sub>. *truth* F<sub>2</sub>  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *but truth* Rowe.

34. *spake, I spake*] *speak, I speak*  
F<sub>4</sub>.

*my*] *thy* F<sub>1</sub>.  
40. *we*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Qq. *you* F<sub>1</sub>. *I* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
F<sub>4</sub>.

41. *God shield I*] Q<sub>4</sub>. *Godshield,*  
*I* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Godsheild*: I F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *God*  
*shield*: I F<sub>3</sub>. *God shield, I* F<sub>4</sub>.

42, 43. *Juliet...kiss.*] *Juliet fare-*

*wel, and keep this holy kiss.* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

43. [*Exit.*] Qq. *Exit Paris.* Ff.

44. *O,*] *Go* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

45. *cure*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>. *care* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>  
Ff.

46. *Ah*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *O* QqFf.

*thy*] *your* Pope.

47. *It...wits*] Omitted by Pope.

*strains*] *streames* F<sub>1</sub>.

49. *county*] *count* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

50. *hear'st*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *hearest* The rest.

54. *with this*] *with' his* F<sub>1</sub>. *with'*  
*this* F<sub>2</sub>.

56. *Romeo's*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *Romeos* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>

Q<sub>4</sub>. *Romeo* Ff.

Shall be the label to another deed,  
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time, 60  
 Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring. 65  
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fr. L.* Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent. 70  
 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 copes with death himself to 'scape from it; 75  
 And, if thou darest, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears; 80  
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

60. *long-experienced*] *long-expe-*  
*rien'd* Pope. *long experienst* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*long experien'st* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *long expe-*  
*tiens't* F<sub>1</sub>. *long experien't* Q<sub>5</sub>. *long*  
*experien'd* F<sub>4</sub>.

63. *umpire*] *umpeere* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

64. *thy*] *my* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

66. *Be...die*] *Speak not, be brief;*  
*for I desire to die* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *Speak*  
*now, be brief; for I desire to die* Han-

69. *an*] om. S. Walker conj.

72. *of will*] *or will* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.  
*slay*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *stay* Q<sub>2</sub>

Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *lay* F<sub>2</sub>.

73. *is it*] *it is* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

75. *copes*] *coopst* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *coop'st*

Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *coop'st* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *cop'st* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*copes* Hamner.

*from*] *fro* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*it*] *it*. (Q<sub>1</sub>) Qq. *it*: Ff.

76. *And, if*] *An if* Delius conj.

78. *off*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *of* The rest.  
*yonder*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *any* QqFf.

79, 80. *Or walk...bears*] *Or chain*  
*me to some steepy mountain's top* *Where*  
*roaring bears and savage lions roam*  
 Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Or chain.....top*  
*Where savage bears and roaring lions*  
 roam Johnson conj.

81. *shut*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *hide* QqFf.

82. *O'er-cover'd*] *Orecovered* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*Orecovered* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Ore covered* Q<sub>4</sub>  
 Q<sub>5</sub>. *Ore-covered* F<sub>3</sub>. *O're-covered* F<sub>4</sub>.

With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls ;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ; 85  
 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. L.* Hold, then ; go home, be merry, give consent  
 To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow ; 90  
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :  
 Take thou this vial, being then in bed,  
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off :  
 When presently through all thy veins shall run 95  
 A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse  
 Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall, 100  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
 Each part, deprived of supple government,  
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :  
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours, 105  
 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 :

- '83. *reeky*] *reekie* Qq. *reckie* F<sub>1</sub>. QqFf.  
*reeky* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. 96, 97. *for...surcease*] *which shall*  
*yellow*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>Ff. *yeolow* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *seize Each vital spirit; for no pulse*  
*yealow* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *shall keep His nat'ral progress, but*  
*chapless*] *chapels* Q<sub>2</sub>. *chappels* *surcease to beat* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.  
Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. 98. *breath*] *breast* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
85. *shroud*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *grave* Ff. 99. *fade*] *fade*: Q<sub>2</sub>.  
Omitted in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *tomb* Malone conj. 100. *To paly*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *Too paly* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
86. *told*] *nam'd* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *Too many* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *To many* F<sub>1</sub>. *To*  
88. *unstain'd*] *unstained* F<sub>1</sub>. *mealy* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
89—93. *Hold.....bed*] For these *thy*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *the* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff.  
lines Pope substitutes three lines *Hold*  
...*vial* from (Q<sub>1</sub>). 101. *shuts*] *shut* F<sub>1</sub>.  
90. *Wednesday*] Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *wendsday* 102, 103. *Each part...like death*  
Q<sub>2</sub>. *wensday* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. Omitted by Pope.  
92. *thy nurse*] *the nurse* Q<sub>2</sub>. 104. *borrow'd*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *borrowed* The  
94. *distilled*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *distilling* rest.  
108. *thee*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>.



Then, as the manner of our country is,  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier  
 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, and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
 If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear  
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*Ful.* Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

*Fri. L.* 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.

*Ful.* 'Love give me strength! and strength shall help  
 afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and two Servingmen.

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.

[*Exit First Servant.*]

110. *In] Is* Q<sub>2</sub>. *fear] care* F<sub>7</sub>.  
*uncover'd] uncovered* Q<sub>2</sub>. [Taking the vial. Pope.  
*bier] Hanmer. beere, Be borne* 125. *Love...afford] One line in* Qq.  
*to buriall in thy kindreds grave: QqFf.* Two in Ff.  
*(beer...born F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>).* See note (IX). 126. [*Exeunt.]* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Exit.* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
 111. *shalt] shall* Q<sub>2</sub>. Ff. om. Rowe.  
 115, 116. *and...waking] Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.*  
*an...walking* Q<sub>2</sub>. Omitted in Ff.  
 118. *And...shame] Omitted by Pope.*  
 119. *inconstant] inconstant* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*toy] ioy* Q<sub>4</sub>. *joy* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 121. *Give...not me] Give me, oh*  
*give me, tell not me* Pope. *Give me,*  
*oh give me, tell me not* Theobald. *O,*  
*give 't me, give 't me! tell not me* Lett-  
 som conj. I. [*Exit...*] to a Servant, who goes  
 out. Capell. om. QqFf.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

*Sec. Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so? 5

*Sec. Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, be gone. [Exit Sec. Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. 10

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 with merry look. 15

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, 20

To beg your pardon: pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county; go tell him of this:  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

2. *twenty*] *dainty* Jackson conj.  
3, 6. *Sec. Serv.*] *Ser.* QqFf. I.S.  
Capell. 2. *Serv.* Malone.  
3—9. *Sec. Serv.* *You...gone.*] Put  
in the margin by Pope.  
9. [Exit...] Exit Servant. Capell.  
om. QqFf.  
9—11. *Go.....Laurence?*] As in  
Theobald. Two lines, the first end-  
ing *time* in Qq. Prose in Ff.  
14. *self-will'd*] *selfwield* Q<sub>2</sub>. *selfe*  
*wilde* Q<sub>3</sub>. *selfe-will'd* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *selfe-*

*wild* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *self-wild* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
15. *Sec.....look.*] One line in Qq.  
Two, the first ending *shrift*, in Ff.  
*shrift.....look*] *her confession*  
Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
16. *How...gadding?*] One line in  
Qq. Two in Ff.  
17. *me*] om. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
19. *enjoin'd*] *injoin'd* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
21. *To beg*] *And beg* Pope.  
23. *county*] *count* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell, 25.  
And gave him what becomed love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well: stand up;  
'This is as't should be. Let me see the county;  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. 30  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

*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? 35

*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.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision:  
'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* 'Tush, I will stir about, 40  
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 45  
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*]

26. *becomed*] Ff. *becomd* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. Qq. Two in Ff.  
*becommed* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub> *becoming* Rowe. *to-morrow.*] *to-Morrow?* Rowe

29. *as't*] *ast* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. (ed. 2).

30. *hither*] *hether* Q<sub>3</sub>. [*Exeunt...Nurse.*] Ff. *Exeunt.*

31. *reverend holy*] *holy reverent* (Q<sub>1</sub>). Qq.

*holy reverend* Q<sub>5</sub>. 38. *provision*] *privision* Q<sub>5</sub>.

32. *to him*] *to hymn* Warburton 45. *him up*] Ff. *up him* Qq.

conj. *unto* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens conj. 46. *heart is*] *heart's* Pope.

36. *there is*] *there's* F<sub>1</sub>. 47. [*Exeunt.*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Exit. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

37. *Go...to-morrow.*] One line in *Exeunt* Father and Mother. Ff.

SCENE III. *Juliet's chamber.**Enter* JULIET and Nurse.

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best : but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state;  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

5

*Enter* LADY CAPULET.*La. Cap.* What, are you busy, ho? need you 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.

10

*La. Cap.* Good night :  
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

*[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Farewell! 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 :  
I'll call them back again to comfort me.  
Nurse!—What should she do here?  
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

15

SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENE IV. Capell.

Juliet's chamber.] Rowe.  
5. *know'st*] FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *knowest* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
Q<sub>4</sub>

Enter Lady Capulet.] Rowe.  
Enter Mother. QqFf.

6, 12. *La. Cap.*] Mo. QqFf.

6. *ho? need you*] *do you need* (Q<sub>1</sub>)  
Pope.

8. *behoeful*] F<sub>4</sub>. *behoefefull* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *behoovefull* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *behoove-  
full* F<sub>3</sub>.13. [*Exeunt*.....Nurse.] Capell.  
*Exeunt.* QqFf.14. *Farewell!*] As in Qq. As a  
separate line in Ff.16. *life*] Qq. *five* Ff.17. *again*] om. F<sub>4</sub>18. *Nurse!*—] Hammer. *Nurse*—  
Rowe. *Nurse*; Q<sub>5</sub>. *Nurse*, The rest.

Come, vial

20

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?

No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

25

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

30

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?

35

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,

Where for this many hundred years the bones

40

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;

Alack, alack, is it not like that I

45

20, 21. *Come, vial! What*] As in Hammer. In the same line in QqFf. *Come, phial, come!* Keightley, reading *Nurse...come!* as two lines, the first ending scene.

20. *vial*] F<sub>4</sub>. *viall* Q<sub>2</sub>. *viall* The rest.

22. *Shall...morning*] *Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count Pope,* from (Q<sub>1</sub>):

*then*] om. F<sub>4</sub>.

23. *it. Lie*] *it:—knife, lie* Lettson conj. from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

[*Laying...*] Johnson. Point-

ing to a Dagger. Rowe. om. QqFf.

29. *a holy*] *an holy* Q<sub>5</sub>. *man.*] *man: I will not entertain so bad a thought.* (Q<sub>2</sub>) Steevens.

32. *Come*] *Comes* Pope.

33. *stifled*] *stiffled* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

34. *mouth*] *month* Rowe.

35. *And.....comes?*] Omitted by Pope.

*die*] *be* Theobald.

36. *is it*] *it is* Rowe.

38. *Together*] *Together* Q<sub>2</sub>.

40. *this*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *these* The rest.

45. *Alack, alack*] *Alas, alas!* Pope.

So early waking, what with loathsome smells  
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals hearing them run mad:  
 O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears?  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

50

55

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*]

SCENE IV. *Hall in Capulet's house.*

*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.

47. *shrieks*] F<sub>4</sub>. *shrikes* The rest. *here's drink! Romeo, I drink to thee.*  
*mandrakes'* Malone (Capell's Johnson. *Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I*  
 Errata). *mandrakes* QqFf. *mandrake's drink to thee.* Knight (Stratford Ed.).  
 Johnson. See note (XI).

49. *O, if I wake*] Hanmer. *O if I walke* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *Or if I wake* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*Or if I walke* F<sub>2</sub>. *Or if I walk* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
*I come, this do*] *Romeo, here's drink* Nicholson conj.

50. *Environed*] *Inviron'd* F<sub>4</sub>. *Invironed* The rest.  
 51. *joints*] *ioynes* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
 53. *great kinsman's*] *great-kinsman's* Delius conj.

56, 57. *that...point*] Omitted by Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
 SCENE IV.] Rowe. SCENE V. Capell.

57. *a*] Qq. *my* F<sub>1</sub>. *his* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*stay!*] *stay* *Romeo*,— or *stay*,—  
*Romeo*, Nicholson conj.

58. *Romeo, ...thee*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. *Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.* QqFf, substantially,  
 (Rome, Romeo, Romeo, F<sub>2</sub>). *Romeo*,  
 Hall...] A Hall. Rowe. Capulet's Hall. Theobald.  
 Lady Capulet] Rowe. Lady of the house, QqFf.  
 1. *Hold,*] As in Qq. A separate line in Ff.  
 2. [Exit Nurse. Singer.

*Enter* CAPULET.

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,  
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:  
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:  
Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* 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 in your time;  
But I will watch you from such watching now.

*[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]*

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

*Enter three or four Servingmen, with spits, and logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,  
What's there?

*First Serv.* Things for the cook, sir, but I know not  
what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. *[Exit First Serv.]* Sir-  
rah, fetch drier logs:  
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

*Sec. Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,  
And never trouble Peter for the matter.

*Enter Capulet.]* Rowe. Enter  
old Capulet. QqFf. Enter Capulet,  
hastily. Capell.

3. *Come...crow'd]* One line in Qq.  
Two in Ff.

*crow'd]* Ff. *crowed* Qq.

4. *rung]* *roong* Q<sub>2</sub>. *roung* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*o'clock]* Theobald. *a clock* QqFf.

6. *Nurse.]* La. Cap. Singer.

*Go]* *Go, go* Theobald.

6, 7. *go, Get]* *go.*—[To Cap.] *Get*  
Hunter conj.

9. *what!]* om. F<sub>4</sub>.

10. *lesser]* Q<sub>2</sub>. *lesse* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*a lesse* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *a less* F<sub>4</sub>.

12. *[Exeunt.....]* Exit Lady and  
Nurse. QqFf. Exit Lady Capulet.

Singer.

13, 14. *A.....there?]* Arranged as  
by Capell. One line in Qq. Two,  
the second beginning *Now*, in Ff.

13. *jealous-hood]* Hyphen inserted  
in F<sub>4</sub>.

*Servingmen]* om. QqFf.

14. *What's] whats* F<sub>2</sub>. *what's* F<sub>3</sub>  
F<sub>4</sub>. *what is* Qq. *what* F<sub>1</sub>.

15. *First Ser.]* 1. S. Capell. Fel.  
QqFf. Ser. Rowe.

16. *haste. [Exit...]* *haste. [Exit*  
Ser. Capell. *haste* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *haste, Ff.*  
*haste;* Q<sub>5</sub>.

18. *Sec. Ser.]* 2. S. Capell. Fel.  
QqFf. Ser. Rowe.

5

10

15

*Cap.* Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! 20  
 Thou shalt be logger-head. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*] Good faith,  
 'tis day:  
 The county will be here with music straight,  
 For so he said he would. [*Music within*] I hear him near.  
 Nurse! Wife! What, ho! What, nurse, I say!

*Re-enter Nurse.*

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up; 25  
 I'll go and chat with Paris: hie, make haste,  
 Make haste: the bridegroom he is come already:  
 Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! fast, I war-  
 rant her, she:  
 Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!  
 Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!  
 What, not a word? you take your pennyworths now;  
 Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, 5  
 The County Paris hath set up his rest  
 That you shall rest but little. God forgive me,

21. [*Exit Sec. Serv.*] Edd. Exit.  
 Capell (after line 19). om. QqFf.

*faith*] Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *father*  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

23. [*Music within.*] Capell, after  
 line 22. Play Musicke. (after line 21)  
 QqFf. Play Musick. (after line 23)  
 Hanmer.

24. *Re-enter Nurse.*] Dyce. Enter  
 Nurse. QqFf.

27. *Make...already:*] Omitted by  
 Rowe and Pope.

27, 28. *Make...say.*] As in Ff. One  
 line in Qq.

28. [*Exeunt.*] Capell. Ex. Capulet  
 and Nurse, severally. Theobald. Exit

Capulet. Rowe. Omitted in QqFf.

SCENE V.] Pope. SCENE VI. Ca-  
 pell.

Juliet's Chamber.] Juliet's Cham-  
 ber, Juliet on a bed. Theobald. Scene  
 draws and discovers Juliet on a Bed.  
 Rowe. Anti-room of Juliet's Cham-  
 ber. Door of the Chamber open, and  
 Juliet upon her Bed. Capell.

Enter Nurse.] Hanmer. *Re-enter*  
 Nurse. Theobald. om. QqFf.

1. *she*] om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

4. *pennyworths*] *penniworth* Q<sub>5</sub>.

7. *shall*] *should* Rowe.

*little. God...me,*] *little:...me* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*little,...me.* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *little,...me:* Ff.



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;  
 He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?

[*Undraws the curtains.*]

What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!  
 I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!  
 Alas, alas! Help, help! my lady's dead!  
 O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
 Some aqua-vitæ, ho! My lord! my lady!

*Enter LADY CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* ... O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What is the matter?

*Nurse.* ... Look, look! O heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me, O me! My child, my only life,  
 Revive, look up, or I will die with thee.  
 Help, help! call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceased, 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...

9. *needs must*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *must needs*  
 The rest.

[goes towards the Bed. Capell.

11. *fright*] *ferret* Long MS.

[Undraws the curtains.] Capell.

13. *wake*] *awake* Rowe.

[shaking her. Capell.

15. *well-a-day*] *wereaday* Q<sub>2</sub>. *wel-*

*aday* Q<sub>3</sub>. *wary day* Anon. conj.

16. Enter Lady Capulet.] Enter  
 Mother. (Q.) Ff. Omitted in Qq.

18. *Look, look*] *Look* Pope.

21. Enter Capulet.] Rowe. Enter  
 Father. QqFf.

24. *La. Cap. Alack...dead!*] Omit-  
 ted by Pope.

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* O woeful time! 30

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

*Fri. L.* 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 35

Hath death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's. 40

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage! 45

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

*Nurse.* O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day, most woeful day, 50

29. *all*] om. Rowe.  
*field.*] *field.* *Accursed time!*  
*unfortunate old man!* Pope, from  
(Q<sub>1</sub>).

30—32. *Nurse.* *O...speak.*] Omitted  
by Pope.

32. *Enter...*] *Enter* Frier and the  
Countie, with the Musicians. Q<sub>4</sub>. *Enter*  
.....County, with Musicians. Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*Enter* Frier and the Countie. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

33. *Fri. L.*] *Par.* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Staunton.

35. *thy*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

36. *wife*] *bride*(Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens (1778).  
*see*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om. QqF<sub>1</sub>. See  
note (xii).

37. *deflowered*] Steevens (1793).  
*deflowred* QqF<sub>1</sub>. *deflowred now* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*deflowr'd now* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *deflowered now*  
Johnson.

38—40. *death is my heir...Death's*]  
Omitted by Pope.

40. *all; life, living,*] Collier. *all*  
*life living,* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *all, life, living,*  
Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *all; live leaving,* Capell.

41. *long*] *love* Q<sub>2</sub>.

44. *e'er time*] *time e'er* Rowe (ed. 2).

46. *one poor and*] *one dear and*  
S. Walker conj.

*loving*] *living* Johnson (1771).

48. *catch'd*] *snatch'd* Capell conj.

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 woeful day, O woeful day!

*Par.* Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain! 55  
 Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,  
 By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!  
 O love! O life! not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!  
 Uncomfortable time, why camest thou now 60  
 To murder, murder our solemnity?  
 O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!  
 Dead art thou! Alack, my child is dead;  
 And with my child my joys are buried!

*Fri. L.* Peace, ho, for-shame! confusion's cure lives not 65  
 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. 70

The most you sought was her promotion,  
 For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced:  
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced  
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill, 75  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
 She's not well married that lives married long,  
 But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
 On this fair corse, and, as the custom is, 80  
 In all her best array bear her to church:

51. *behold*] *bedold* Q<sub>2</sub>.

55—64. *Par.* *Beguiled.....buried*] Omitted by Fope.

63. *Dead art thou!*] *Dead art thou!* *dead*; Theobald. *Dead, dead, art thou!* Malone conj.

65—83. See note (XIII).

65. *confusion's cure*] Theobald. *confusions care* Q<sub>2</sub>, *confusions, care* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *confusions: care* Ff. *con-*

*fusions?* *care* Rowe.

*lives*] *lies* Lettson conj.

72. *she*] *that she* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

74. *itself*] *himselſe* Q<sub>5</sub>.

78. *But...young*] Omitted in Johnson (1771).

*dies married*] *dies unmarried*

Theobald conj.

81. *In all*] Capell, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *And in* QqFf. *All in* Rowe.

For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things that we ordained festival,  
Turn from their office to black funeral: 85  
Our instruments to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary. 90

*Fri. L.* Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;  
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare  
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:  
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;  
Move them no more by crossing their high will. 95

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

*First 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. [*Exit.*

*First Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter PETER.*

*Pet.* Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's 100  
ease:' O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

82. *fond*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *some* QqF<sub>1</sub>.  
*us all*] Qq. *all us* Ff.
84. *ordained*] *ordain'd for* Anon.  
conj.
87. *burial*] *funerall* Q<sub>5</sub>.
- 90—95. *And all...will.*] Omitted  
by Pope.
95. [*Exeunt...*] Theobald. *Exeunt*  
manet. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *Exeunt manent Musici.*  
Q<sub>4</sub>. *Exeunt.* Ff. *Exeunt.* Manent  
Musici. Q<sub>5</sub>. They all but the Nurse  
goe forth, casting Rosemary on her  
and shutting the Curtens. *Enter*  
Musitions. (Q<sub>1</sub>).
96. SCENE VI. Pope.  
*First Mus.*] i. M. Capell.  
Musci. Qq. Mu. Ff.
98. *pitiful*] *piteous* Steevens conj.  
[*Exit.*] *Exit Nurse.* Theobald.  
om. QqFf.
99. *First Mus.*] i. M. Capell. Fid.  
Qq. Mu. Ff.  
*by my*] *my my* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
[*Exit omnes.* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Exeunt om-*  
*nes.* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*Enter Peter.*] Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *Enter*  
*Will Kemp.* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Enter Will Kempe.*  
Q<sub>3</sub>. *Enter Servingman.* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Enter*  
*another Servant.* Capell.
100. *Pet.*] Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. *Peter.* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.  
Pe. Q<sub>5</sub>. Ser. Capell.
- 100, 101. *Musicians...ease.*] Prose  
by Pope. Two lines in Qq. Three  
in Ff.
100. *Heart's...Heart's*] *harts...*  
*harts* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *harts...harts* Q<sub>4</sub>.
101. *an you*] Pope. *and you* Qq  
Ff.  
*play*] *why, play* Johnson.  
*Heart's*] *harts* Q<sub>2</sub>.

*First Mus.* Why 'Heart's ease'?

*Pet.* O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe:' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

105

*First Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then?

*First Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you soundly.

*First Mus.* What will you give us?

110

*Pet.* No money, on my faith, but the glee; I will give you the minstrel.

*First 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?

115

*First Mus.* An you re us and fa us, you note us.

*Sec. 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:

120

'When griping grief the heart doth wound  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

102. *First Mus.*] I. M. Capell. Fidler. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. Mu. Ff. Fid. Q<sub>5</sub>.

104. *of woe!* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Omitted in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

104, 105. *O.....comfort me.*] Qq. Omitted in Ff.

106. *First Mus.*] I. M. Capell. Minstrels. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. Mu. Ff. Min. Q<sub>5</sub>.

108. *First Mus.*] I. M. Capell. Minst. Q<sub>2</sub>. Min. Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Mu. Ff, and similarly in 110, 113, 117.

111, 112. *No.....minstrel.*] Prose first by Theobald. Two lines in Qq Ff.

111—115. *but...crotchets:*] Omitted by Pope.

112. *minstrel*] *ministrell* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *minstrel* F<sub>4</sub>.

114. *lay*] *say* Q<sub>4</sub>.

115, 116. *I will...note me?*] Prose in Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. Two lines, the first ending *fa*, in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. Two lines, the first ending *fa you*, in Q<sub>5</sub>.

117. *An*] Pope. *And* Ff.

118, 119. *Pray...your wit.*] Prose in Qq. Two lines in Ff.

120. *Then...wit!*] Given to Peter in Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Continued to *Sec. Mus.* in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

120, 121. *I will...dagger.*] Omitted by Pope.

121. *An iron wit*] *my iron wit* Collier MS.

123—125. *When...sound—*] Verse in (Q<sub>1</sub>). Prose in QqFf.

123. *grief*] Hanmer. *griefe* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *griefes* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *griefs* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

124. *And...oppress,*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. Omitted in QqFf.

Then music with her silver sound'— 125  
 why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'?—  
 What say you, Simon Catling?

*First Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*Pet.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

*Sec. Mus.* I say, 'silver sound,' because musicians 130  
 sound for silver.

*Pet.* Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

*Third Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will  
 say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because 135  
 musicians have no gold for sounding:

'Then music with her silver sound

With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

*First Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

*Sec. Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry 140  
 for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

128. First Mus.] 1. (Q<sub>1</sub>). 1. Mus.  
 Johnson. Minst. Q<sub>2</sub>. Min. Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 Mu. Ff.

129. *Pretty!*] Pope. *Pratie*, (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*Prates*, Q<sub>2</sub>. *Pratest*, Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *Pratee*,  
 Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Pratest?* Rowe. *Thou pratest*:  
 Collier (Collier MS.).

*Rebeck*] Rowe. *Rebick* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
 Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Rebicke* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

132. *Pretty too!*] Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*Prates to*, Q<sub>2</sub>. *Pratest to*, Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*Pratee to*, Q<sub>4</sub>. *Pratee too*: Q<sub>5</sub>. *Prate-*  
*test too*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Thou pratest too*: Col-  
 lier (Collier MS.).

*James Soundpost*] *Samuel*  
*Sound-board* Pope.

134—136. *O...sounding:*] Prose in  
 Pope. Three lines in QqFf.

136. *musicians*] *such fellows as you*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.  
*no gold*] *seldom gold* (Q<sub>1</sub>)

Capell.

137, 138. *Then...redress.*] Omitted  
 by (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope. Two lines by Johnson.  
 One in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. Prose in FfQ<sub>5</sub>.  
*The music...sound Doth lend redress.*  
 Theobald.

138. [*Exit.*] *Exit*, singing. Theo-  
 bald.

139. First Mus.] 1. M. Capell.  
 Min. Qq. Mu. Ff.

140. *him, Jack!*] Hanmer. *him*  
*Iacke*, or *him Jack*, QqFf. *him*.—  
*Jack*, Johnson.

141. [*Exeunt.*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Exit*.  
 The rest.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.**Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:  
 My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,  
 And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit  
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. 5  
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—  
 Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!—  
 And breathed such life with kisses in my lips  
 That I revived and was an emperor.  
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd, 10  
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

*Enter BALTHASAR, booted.*

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? that I ask again; 15  
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

ACT V. SCENE I.] Rowe.

Mantua.] Rowe.

A street.] Capell.

1. *flattering truth of*] QqFf. *flattering eye of* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone. *flattery of* Pope (Otway's version). *flattering ruth of* Warburton. *flattering eye off* Jackson conj. *flattering death of* Collier (Collier MS.). *flattering soother*, Singer conj. *flattering sooth of* Grant White. *flattering signs of* Bailey conj.

3. *lord*] L. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.*in*] on Q<sub>5</sub>.4. *this day an*] Qq. *thisan day an* F<sub>1</sub><sup>11</sup> *this winged* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.7. *dream, that gives*] *dreames that gives* Q<sub>4</sub>. *dreams that give* Q<sub>5</sub>.11. *Enter...*] *Enter Balthasar his man booted.* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Enter Romcos man.* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. *Enter Romeos man Balthazer.* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.15. *fares my Juliet*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens. *doth my Lady Juliet* QqFf. *doth my Juliet* Pope.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill :  
 Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,  
 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, sir.

20

*Rom.* Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!  
 Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
 And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

25

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
 Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceived:  
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

30

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: get thee gone,  
 And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthasar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
 Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift  
 To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!  
 I do remember an apothecary,  
 And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:

35

40

17, 27, 32. *Bal.*] Theobald. Man. QqFf.

18. *Capels'*] Malone. *Capels* Qq Ff. *Capulet's* F<sub>4</sub>. *Capulets'* Warburton,

19. *lives*] *live* F<sub>1</sub>.

23. *Since...sir.*] Omitted by Pope.

24. *Is.....stars!*] One line in Qq. Two in Ff.

*e'en*] in Q<sub>2</sub>. *even* The rest.

*defy you,*] Pope. *defe my* (Q<sub>1</sub>).

*denie you* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *deny you* F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

25. *know'st*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *knowest* The rest.

27. *I...patience:] Pardon me sir, I dare not leave you thus.* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus.* Steevens (1793).

32. *my good*] *good my* Rowe.

*No matter*] *Mo matter* F<sub>1</sub>.

33. [*Exit...*] *Exit* Man. Rowe. *Exit* man, after *lord*, line 32, QqFf.

36. *thoughts*] *thought* Rowe.

38. *a']* a Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. om. F<sub>1</sub>. *he* F<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*which*] *whom* Pope, from (Q<sub>1</sub>).



And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd and other skins  
 Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes, 45  
 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 did need a poison now, 50  
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need,  
 And this same needy man must sell it me.  
 As I remember, this should be the house : 55  
 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 60  
 As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
 That the life-weary taker may fall dead,  
 And that the trunk may be discharged of breath  
 As violently as hasty powder fired  
 Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb. 65

*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 wretchedness,  
 And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,

42. *tortoise*] *tortoyrs* F<sub>1</sub>.  
 45. *beggarly*] *braggartly* Warbur-  
 ton conj.

48. *scatter'd*] Theobald (ed. 2).  
*scattered* QqFf.

50. *An if*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *And if*  
 (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

51. *present*] *persent* F<sub>1</sub>.

57. *Enter Apothecary.*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Ff.  
 Omitted in Qq.

60. *soon-speeding*] F<sub>4</sub>. *soon speed-*  
*ing* F<sub>3</sub>. *soone sprading* Q<sub>5</sub>. *soone*  
*speeding* The rest.

69. *fear'st*] FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *fearst* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, 70  
 Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,  
 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. 75  
*Rom.* I pay thy poverty and not thy will.  
*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
 And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength  
 Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.  
*Rom.* There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls, 80  
 Doing more murder in this loathsome world,  
 Than these poor compounds that thou mayst 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 85  
 To Juliet's grave ; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Friar Laurence's cell.**Enter* FRIAR JOHN.*Fri. J.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother, ho !*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE.*Fri. L.* This same should be the voice of Friar John.

70. *starveth in*] *stareth in* Rowe,  
 ed. 2 (Otway's version). *stare within*  
 Pope. *stayeth in* Jackson conj. *start-*  
*eth in* Anon. conj.

*thy*] *thine* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

71. *Contempt.....back,*] *Upon thy*  
*back hangs ragged misery* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Malone.  
*hangs upon*] *hang on* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*hang upon* Q<sub>5</sub>.

76. *pay*] (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *pray* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

80. *There is*] Qq. *There's* Ff.

*There...souls,*] One line in Qq.  
 Two in Ff.

81. *murder*] *murthers* Q<sub>4</sub>. *murders*  
 Q<sub>5</sub>.

82. *mayst*] *maiest* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *mai'st*  
 Q<sub>4</sub>. *mayest* F<sub>2</sub>. *maist* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

84. *thysel in*] *thee into* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.  
 SCENE II.] Rowe.

Friar Laurence's cell.] Capell.  
 The Monastery near Verona. Rowe.

*Enter* Friar John.] Theobald. *En-*  
*ter* Friar John to Friar Laurence. Qq  
 Ff.

1. *Enter* Friar Laurence.] Omitted  
 by Rowe.

Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*Fri. F.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out, 5  
One of our order, to associate me,  
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, 10  
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*Fri. L.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

*Fri. F.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, 15  
So fearful were they of infection.

*Fri. L.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import, and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; 20  
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*Fri. F.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

*Fri. L.* Now must I to the monument alone;  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake: 25  
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, closed in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.* 30

4. *if his mind*] *if mind* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
7, 8. *Here...sick, And...town,*] *And*  
*.....town, Here.....sick,* Malone conj.  
(withdrawn).  
12. *my*] *may* Q<sub>4</sub>.

13. *bare*] *bore* Pope.  
14. *could*] *cold* Q<sub>4</sub>.  
18. *nice*] *ice* Jackson conj.  
23. *it thee.*] *it.* Hanmer.  
25. *this*] *these* Q<sub>5</sub>.

SCENE III. *A churchyard; 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 yond 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.

5

*Page.* [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*] 10

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers 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:  
The obsequies that I for thee will keep  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

15

[*The Page whistles.*]

SCENE III.] Rowe.

A churchyard;...] A Churchyard, in it, a noble Monument.....  
Rowe. om. QqFf.

Enter...] Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers and sweete water. (Q<sub>1</sub>). Enter Paris and his Page. QqFf. Enter Paris and his Page, with a Light. Rowe.

1. aloof] F<sub>4</sub>. aloofe Qq. aloft F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

3. yond yew-trees] Pope. *this Ew-tree* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *yond young trees* QqFf (*yong* Q<sub>4</sub>).

4. Holding thine] Capell. *Keep- ing thine* (Q<sub>1</sub>). *Holding thy* QqF<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Laying thy* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

8. hear'st] Rowe (ed. 2). *hearest*

QqFf.

10. [*Asidè*] Marked first by Capell.

*stand alone*] *stand along* F<sub>2</sub>. *stay alone* Collier (Collier MS.).

11. [*Retires.*] Capell. Exit. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. om. QqF<sub>1</sub>.

12. [going up to the Tomb. Capell.

12, 13. *strew,—...stones;—*] *strew,—* (*O woe,—...stones!*) Staunton. *strew: O woe,—...stones!* Capell. *strew:—...stones,* QqFf.

13—17. *O woe,—...weep.*] See note (xiv).

14. *dew*] *new* Q<sub>5</sub>.

17. [*The Page whistles.*] The Boy whistles. Rowe. Whistle Boy. QqFf.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
 To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? 20  
 What; with a torch! Muffle me, night, awhile. [*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, 25  
 What'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
 And do not interrupt me in my course.  
 Why I descend into this bed of death  
 Is partly to behold my lady's face,  
 But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger 30  
 A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
 In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I farther shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint 35  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild,  
 More fierce and more inexorable far  
 Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 40

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou  
 that:

Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

19. *way*] *ways* F<sub>1</sub>.

20. *rite*] Pope (ed. 2). *right* QqFf.  
*rites* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope (ed. 1).

21. *Muffle me, night,*] Rowe.  
*muffle me night* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. *night*  
*muffle me* Q<sub>5</sub>.

[*Retires.*] Capell. om. QqFf.  
 Enter...mattock, &c.] Malone,  
 following Capell. Enter Romeo, and  
 Peter. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff. Enter Romeo and  
 Balthasar his man. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

22. SCENE IV. Pope.

*that*] Q<sub>2</sub>Ff. *the* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>.

26. *hear'st*] FfQ<sub>5</sub>. *hearest* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>  
 Q<sub>4</sub>.

34. *farther*] Qq. *further* Ff.

37. *savage-wild*] The hyphen in-  
 serted by Steevens.

40, 43. *Balt.* or *Bal.*] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Pet.*  
 The rest.

40. *you*] *ye* Q<sub>2</sub>.

41. *show me friendship*] *win my*  
*favour* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Pope.

*Bal.* [*Aside*] For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout :  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, 45  
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

[*Opens the tomb.*]

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague 50  
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died,  
And here is come to do some villanous shame  
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !  
Can vengeance be pursued further than death ? 55  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :  
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;  
Fly hence and leave me : think upon these gone ; 60  
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury : O, be gone !  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
For I come hither arm'd against myself : 65  
Stay not, be gone : live, and hereafter say,  
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 43. [ <i>Aside</i> ] Marked first by Capell.  | rushes forward. Capell, after line 54.                  |
| 44. [ <i>Retires.</i> ] Balthasar retires.  | om. QqFf.   |
| Hanmer. Exit. F <sub>2</sub> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> . om. QqF <sub>7</sub> . | 54. <i>unhallow'd</i> ] Pope. <i>unhallowed</i>         |
| 45. <i>detestable maw</i> ] <i>maw detestable</i>                                   | QqFf. <i>unhollowed</i> Rowe (ed. 2).                   |
| Hanmer.   | 56. <i>villain</i> ] <i>vallaine</i> F <sub>1</sub> .   |
| [fixing his Mattock in the  | 59. <i>Good gentle</i> ] <i>Go, gentle</i> Anon.        |
| Tomb. Capell.   | conj.   |
| 48. <i>despite</i> ] <i>requite</i> Keightley conj.                                 | 60. <i>these</i> ] Qq. <i>those</i> Ff.                 |
| [ <i>Opens the tomb.</i> ] Breaking   | 62. <i>Put</i> ] <i>Pull</i> Rowe. <i>Pluck</i> Capell. |
| open the Monument. Rowe, after line   | conj. <i>Heap</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Malone.             |
| 47.   | 66, 67. <i>Stay...away.</i> ] Omitted by                |
| 50. <i>murder'd</i> ] <i>murdred</i> QqFf.  | Pope.   |
| <i>murthered</i> Rowe.  | 67. <i>bid</i> ] <i>bad</i> Q <sub>5</sub> .            |
| 53. [ <i>Comes forward.</i> ] Draws, and  | 68. <i>thy conjurations</i> ] (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Malone. |

And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! 70  
[*They fight.*]

*Page.* O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.  
[*Exit.*]

*Par.* O, I am slain! [*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies.]

*Rom.* In faith, I will. Let me peruse this face:  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris! 75

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?

Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, 80

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, slaughter'd youth;  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes 85

This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*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 90  
Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!

*thy commiration* Q<sub>2</sub>. *thy commiseration* 73. [Dies.] Theobald. om. QqFf.  
Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>. *thy commiseration* Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub> 74. *In...face:] Let me peruse this*  
F<sub>4</sub>. *thy conjuration* Capell. *com-* *face:—In faith I will;—* Seymour  
*miseration* Collier MS. *thy commi-* conj.

*nation* Mommsen conj. 75. *Mercutio's] Mercutius* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>

70. [They fight.] (Q<sub>1</sub>). They Fight, F<sub>3</sub>.

Paris falls. Rowe. om. QqFf. 84. *A grave...youth;]* Omitted by

71. Page.] Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Boy. (Q<sub>1</sub>). om. Pope.

Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. Pet. Ff. Page [without. Han-

mer. 85—91. *and her.....lightning?]*

O Lord, ...watch.] Printed in Omitted by Pope.

italics in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. 87. *Death] Dead* Dyce, ed. 2 (Lett-

*the] thee* Rowe (ed. 1). som conj.).

[Exit.] Exit Page. Capell. om. *lie] be* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

QqFf. [Laying...] Theobald. om. Qq

72. [Falls.] Capell. om. QqFf. Ff.

90. *how] now* Johnson conj.

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks, 95  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.  
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
 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? 100  
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,  
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour? 105  
 For fear of that, I still will 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, 110  
 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! 115  
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!  
 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.* 120

92. *suck'd*] *suck* F<sub>2</sub>. [throwing himself by her.  
 94. *art*] *are* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Capell.  
 100. *thine*] Qq. *thy* Ff. 112. *world-wearied*] Q<sub>3</sub> Q<sub>4</sub> F<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 102, 103. *shall...amorous*] Theo- *world wearied* Q<sub>2</sub>. *worlds wearied*  
 bald. *I will believe, Shall I believe* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *world's wearied* Rowe.  
*that unsubstantial death is amorous*  
 QqFf. *I will believe That...amorous*  
 Pope. 116. [*pours it into a Cup.* Capell.  
 107. *palace*] *pallat* Q<sub>2</sub>. 118. *thy*] *my* Pope.  
*night*] *nigh*. Q<sub>2</sub>. 119. [*Drinks.*] *Drinks the poison.*  
 108. *Depart again*] See note (xv). Theobald. om. QqFf.  
 120. [*Dies.*] Theobald. Kisses  
 her, and expires. Capell. om. QqFf.



*Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, FRIAR LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

*Fri. L.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

*Fri. L.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument. 125

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*Fri. L.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri. L.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour. 130

*Fri. L.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir:

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. L.* Stay, then; I'll go alone: fear comes upon me; 135  
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,  
And that my master slew him.

*Enter...]* Malone, after Capell. *Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crowe, and Spade.* QqFf.

121. *Saint]* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. S. Q<sub>2</sub>. St. Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

*Francis]* *Frances* Q<sub>2</sub>.

122. After this line Steevens, from (Q<sub>1</sub>), inserts *Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?*

123, 128, 129, 130, 131, 137. *Bal.]* Balt. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. Man. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Ff.

126. *I]* om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

127. *Capels']* *Capulet's* F<sub>4</sub>. *Capulets'* Theobald.

128, 129. *It doth.....love.]* As in

Johnson. One line in Qq. Two, the first ending *sir*, in Ff.

129. *that you]* *you dearly* Pope.

134. *intents]* Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *entents* Q<sub>2</sub>

Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

135. *Stay, then;]* *Stay then*, Q<sub>5</sub>. *Stay then* Q<sub>2</sub>. *Stay, then* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff.

*fear comes]* Qq. *feares comes* F<sub>1</sub>. *feares come* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. (*feares* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>).

136. *unlucky]* *unthriftie* Q<sub>2</sub>.

137—139. *As.....him.]* om. Seymour conj.

137. *yew-tree]* Pope. *young tree* Q<sub>2</sub>. *young tree* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

*Fri. L.* Romeo! [*Advances.* 140  
 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 tomb.*  
 Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?  
 And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour 145  
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
 The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*  
*Ful.* 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.* 150  
*Fri. L.* I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest  
 Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:  
 A greater power than we can contradict  
 Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:  
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; 155  
 And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee  
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
 Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.  
*Ful.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 160  
 \* [*Exit Fri. L.*  
 What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's hand?  
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:

139. *Romeo!*] Rowe. *Romeo.* Qq Ff. *Romeo?*— Capell.

[*Advances.*] Malone. leaves him, and goes forward. Capell. om. QqFf.

143. [*Enters...*] enters the Monument. Capell. om. QqFf.

145. *unkind*] *vn kn'd* F<sub>1</sub>. *unkn'd* F<sub>2</sub>.

147. [*Juliet wakes.*] Juliet awaking. Pope. Juliet rises. (Q<sub>1</sub>). Juliet awakes, and looks about her. Capell. om. QqFf.

148. *where is*] Qq. *where's* Ff.

150. [*Noise within.*] Capell. om.

QqFf.

151. *noise. Lady,*] *noise!* *Lady,* Pope. *noyse Lady,* Qq Ff. *noise, Lady,* Rowe.

154. *intents*] *entents* Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

159. *Come...stay*] Omitted by Pope. [*Noise again.* Capell. om.

QqFf.

*no longer stay*] *stay no longer*

Capell.

160. *not away*] *notaway* F<sub>1</sub>.

[*Exit Fri. L.*] Dyce. Exit. QqFf (after line 159). Exit, hastily.

Capell (after line 159).

161. *love's*] *lo:es* F<sub>1</sub>.

O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop  
 To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;  
 Haply some poison yet doth hang on them, 165  
 To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.  
 Thy lips are warm.

*First Watch.* [Within] Lead, boy: which way?

*Jul.* Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[Snatching Romeo's dagger.

This is thy sheath [Stabs herself]; there rust, and let me  
 die. [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. 170

*First Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the  
 churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;

And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,

163. *drunk...left* *drunke...left* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*drinke...left* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff (*lest* F<sub>1</sub>). *drinke*  
*...leave* (Q<sub>1</sub>)Q<sub>5</sub>.

166. *To...restorative.* Omitted by  
 Pope.

[Kisses him.] Capell. om. Qq  
 Ff.

167. *First Watch.* [Within] Capell.  
 Watch. QqFf.

*way?* *way.* Q<sub>2</sub>.

168. *Yea, noise?* As in Qq. In a  
 separate line in Ff.

[Snatching.....] Steevens.  
 taking Romeo's. Capell. Finding a  
 dagger. Pope. om. QqFf.

169. *This is* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *Tis is* Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*'Tis in* Ff.

[Stabs herself] Kills herselfe.  
 Ff (at the end of the line). om. Qq.

She stabs herselfe and falles. (Q<sub>1</sub>).  
*rust* QqFf. *rest* Singen,  
 from (Q<sub>1</sub>).

[Falls...] Malone. throws  
 herself upon her Lover, and expires.  
 Capell.

Enter Watch... Enter Watch,  
 and the Page. Capell, from (Q<sub>1</sub>). En-  
 ter Boy and Watch. QqFf (after  
*warm*, line 167).

170. *Page.* Capell. Watch boy.  
 Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. Boy. Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>Ff.

*This...burn* As in Qq. Two  
 lines in Ff.

171. *First Watch.* I. W. Capell.  
 Watch. QqFf (and elsewhere).

*The...churchyard* As in Qq.  
 Two lines in Ff.

*about the churchyard* the  
*church-yard, about* Hanmer.

172. *whoe'er* whom e'er Pope.  
 [Exeunt some of the Watch.  
 Hanmer. Exeunt some of the Watch,  
 the rest enter the Tomb. Capell.

Who here hath lain this two days buried. 175  
 Go, tell the prince: run to the Capulets:  
 Raise up the Montagues: some others search:  
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;  
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes  
 We cannot without circumstance descry. 180

*Re-enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

*Sec. Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in  
 the churchyard.

*First Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come  
 hither.

*Re-enter FRIAR LAURENCE, and another Watchman.*

*Third 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's side. 185

*First 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 rest?

175. *this*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *these* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>. 182, 186. *First Watch.*] Rowe.  
 177—179. *search...these piteous woes*] Chief. watch. Qq. Con. Ff.  
 go...*this piteous woe* Johnson conj. 182. *come*] comes F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 177. [Exeunt other Watch. Capell. Re-enter...] Enter Friar, and  
 After this S. Walker conjec- another Watchman. QqFf.  
 tures that a line is omitted. 185. *churchyard's*] *churchyards*  
 178—180. *We see...descry.*] Omit- Q<sub>2</sub>. *church-yard* The rest.  
 ted by Pope. 186. *too*] *too too* Q<sub>2</sub>. *too, too* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
 180. Re-enter...] Dyce. Enter... Enter...] Rowe. Enter the  
 Rowe. Enter Romeos man. QqFf. Prince. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>Ff. Enter Prince. Q<sub>5</sub>.  
 181. *Sec. Watch.*] Rowe. Watch. 187. SCENE V. Pope.  
 Qq. Wat. Ff. 188. *morning*] Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *mornings*  
*Here's.....churchyard*] As in Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.  
 Qq. Two lines in Ff.

*Enter* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others.*

*Cap.* What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

*La. Cap.* The people in the street cry Romeo, 190  
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run  
With open outcry toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in our ears?

*First Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;  
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, 195  
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul murder  
comes.

*First Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's  
man,  
With instruments upon them fit to open  
These dead men's tombs. 200

*Cap.* O heavens! O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!  
This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo, his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,  
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

*La. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell 205  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter* MONTAGUE *and others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

*Enter*.....] Capell (substantially).  
*Enter* Capels. Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>. *Enter* Capulet  
and his Wife. Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.

189. *they so shriek] is so shriek* Q<sub>2</sub>.  
*is so shriek'd* Edd. conj.  
*shriek]* F<sub>4</sub>. *shrike* The rest.

190, &c. *La. Cap.]* Rowe. Wife.  
QqFf.

190. *The people]* Pope. *O the people*  
QqFf.

192. *toward] to ward* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
*our] out* F<sub>1</sub>.

193. *our]* Capell (Johnson and  
Heath conj.). *your* QqFf.

194, 198. *First Watch.]* r. W. Ca-  
pell. *Watch.* Qq. Wat. Ff.

197. *Search]* As in Qq. In a sepa-  
rate line in Ff.

198. *slaughter'd]* *Slaughter* Q<sub>2</sub>.

200. *Enter* Capulet and his wife.  
Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.

201. *O heavens!]* As in Qq. In a  
separate line in Ff.

*heavens]* Q<sub>2</sub>. *heaven* The rest.

202—204. *his house...And it]* *the*  
*sheath Lies...* *The point* Pope.

204. *it]* Q<sub>2</sub>. *is* The rest.

*mis-sheathed]* F<sub>4</sub>. *misheathed*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *misshcath'd* Q<sub>2</sub>. *mis-*  
*sheath'd* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>. *mi-sheath'd* Jackson  
conj.

*it mis-sheathed]* *it is mis-*  
*sheath'd* Mommsen conj.

211. *Enter...and others.]* Capell.  
*Enter* Mountague. QqFf.

To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath: 210  
What further woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,  
To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while, 215  
Till we can clear these ambiguities  
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes  
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience. 220

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri. L.* 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 225  
Myself condemned and myself excused.

*Prince.* Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

*Fri. L.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
Is not so long as is a tedious tale. 230  
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined. 235  
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce

208. *more early down]* (Q<sub>1</sub>) Steevens. *now early downe* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>FfQ<sub>5</sub>.  
*now earling downe* Q<sub>2</sub>. *now early fallen* Pope.

210. After this line Ritson would insert, from (Q<sub>1</sub>), *And young Benvolio is deceased too.*

211. *mine]* Q<sub>2</sub>. *my* The rest.

212. *Look]* *Look in this monument* Steevens conj. *Look here* Keightley.  
*Look there* Dyce conj. *Look, look*

Anon. conj.

[showing Romeo. Capell.

213. *is in] in is* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

215. *mouthe]* *moneth* Q<sub>4</sub>.

*outrage]* *ouctry* Collier (Collier MS.).

224. *Doth]* *Doe* Q<sub>5</sub>.

225. *here]* *heare* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

231. *that]* Q<sub>4</sub>Q<sub>5</sub>. *thats* Q<sub>a</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*that's* Ff.

233. *Tyball's]* *Taybalts* F<sub>2</sub>.

To County Paris: then comes she to me,  
 And with wild looks bid me devise some mean  
 To rid her from this second marriage, 240  
 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, 245  
 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 stay'd by accident, and yesternight 250  
 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: 255  
 But when I came, some minute ere the time  
 Of her awaking, 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: 260  
 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 265  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

239. *mean*] *meane* Q<sub>2</sub>. *meanes* The rest.

245. *writ*] *write* Rowe (ed. 2).

246. *as*] *at* Keightley.

247. *borrow'd*] Capell. *borrowed* QqFf.

251. *Return'd*] *Returned* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

252. *hour*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *hower* Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.  
*houre* The rest.

*waking*] *awaking* Rowe (ed. 2).

256. *minute*] *minutes* Hanmer.

257. *awaking*] *awakening* Q<sub>2</sub>. *a waking* F<sub>2</sub>.

259. *entreated her*] *intreat her to* F<sub>4</sub>.

261. *scare*] QqF<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *scarre* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

264—267. *All this...time*] Arranged as by Pope. Three lines, ending *privie: ...fault, ...time*, in QqFf.

265. *Her nurse*] *the nurse* Q<sub>5</sub>.  
*and*] om. Rowe. *but* Pope.

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? 270

*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, 275  
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 raised the watch?  
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave; 280  
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, 285  
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! 290  
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: all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O brother Montague, give me thy hand: 295  
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;

267. *his*] Q<sub>2</sub>. *the* The rest. *its*  
Pope.

269. *a*] *an* F<sub>4</sub>.

270. *in this*] (Q<sub>1</sub>) Capell. *to this*  
QqFf.

271. *Bal.*] Q<sub>5</sub>. *Balth.* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.  
Boy. Ff. Peter. Rowe.

273. *place, to...monument.*] *place.*  
*To...monument* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

275. *in*] *to* Pope.

276. *left*] *left* Q<sub>3</sub>.

280. *Page.*] Ff. Boy. Qq.

294. *brace*] *brace* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>Q<sub>4</sub>.

298. *raise*] *raie* Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>.



That whiles Verona by that name is known,  
 There shall no figure at such rate be set  
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.

300

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo's by his lady's lie;  
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with it brings;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head:  
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

305

Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:  
 For never was a story of more woe  
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 299. <i>whiles</i> ] Qq <sup>l</sup> f. <i>while</i> Rowe. Theobald.  |  |
| 300. <i>such</i> ] Q <sub>2</sub> . <i>that</i> The rest.   | 304. <i>glooming</i> ] <i>gloomie</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ). <i>gloomy</i> |
| 301. <i>true</i> ] <i>fair</i> Collier MS.  | F <sub>4</sub> . <i>gloaming</i> Taylor conj. MS.                      |
| 302. <i>Romeo's</i> ..... <i>lady's</i> ] <i>Romeos</i> ...   | 307. <i>pardon'd</i> ] Ff. <i>pardon'd</i> Qq.                         |
| <i>Ladies</i> Q <sub>2</sub> Q <sub>3</sub> Q <sub>4</sub> . <i>Romeo</i> ... <i>Lady</i> (Q <sub>1</sub> ) Ff. | 309. [ <i>Exeunt</i> :] <i>Exeunt omnes</i> . Ff.                      |
| <i>Romeo's</i> ... <i>Ladies</i> Q <sub>5</sub> . <i>Romeo's</i> ... <i>lady</i>                                | om. Qq.  |

## NOTES.

### NOTE I.

I. 1. There is no division into Acts and Scenes in the Quartos, nor any trace of division in the Folios, except the 'Actus Primus, Scæna Prima' at the beginning of the play.

We wish to remind our readers that the symbol Qq signifies the agreement of the second, third, fourth, and fifth Quartos.

### NOTE II.

I. 2. 116. The first Quarto here has 'thrall,' the others 'debt,' which though it makes a rhyme does not improve the sense. The next two lines are not in the first Quarto. As, unlike the immediate context, they also rhyme, while they are not particularly forcible, we incline to think that some other hand than Shakespeare's inserted them.

### NOTE III.

II. 1. 13. Pope was the first commentator who called attention to the ballad which is alluded to in this passage, and it is remarkable that with all his partiality for the first Quarto he did not adopt the reading 'trim,' found both there and in the ballad. Percy, in a note to the ballad printed in his *Reliques*, conjectured that Shakespeare had written 'trim,' not 'true,' apparently without knowing that the word was found in the first Quarto. Capell, in his note, says that he had retained 'true' in his text, owing to his not having observed the authority for the other reading.

## NOTE IV.

II. 2. As there is no indication given in the Quartos and Folios of Romeo's entrance here, it is not impossible that in the old arrangement of the scene the wall was represented as dividing the stage, so that the audience could see Romeo on one side and Mercutio on the other. If this were the case it would tend to justify Capell's arrangement of *Hen. VIII.* v. 2, though in the present instance he makes no allusion to it. It is clear from the first line of Romeo's speech that he overhears what Mercutio says, and though we have not altered the usual arrangement, we cannot but feel that there is an awkwardness in thus separating the two lines of a rhyming couplet.

## NOTE V.

II. 2. 152. Malone erroneously attributes the reading 'suit' to the Quarto of 1597. The words, 'To cease thy suit,' are found in Brooke's *Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Iuliet*, p. 21 of the reprint in Mr Collier's *Shakespeare's Library*.

## NOTE VI.

II. 2. 184—II. 3. 5. This passage was printed substantially right in the Quarto of 1597. The Quarto of 1599 inserted after the first line of Romeo's speech the first four of the Friar's, repeating them in their proper place. In Juliet's speech, the same edition by printing one line as two, and mistaking the stage directions gave rise to a further corruption in the Quarto of 1609.

In Q<sub>2</sub> (1599) the passage stands:

'Good night, good night.  
Parting is such sweete sorrow,  
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.  
*Iu.* Sleep dwel vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.  
*Ko.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest  
The grey eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,  
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streaks of light,  
And darknesse fleckted like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies pathway, made by *Tytans* wheeles.  
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close cell,  
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

*Exit.*

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

*Enter Friar alone with a basket.*

*Fri.* The grey-eyed morne smiles on the frowning night,  
Checking the Easterne clowdes with streaks of light:  
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,  
From forth daies path, and *Titans* burning whecles:  
Now ere &c.'

In Q<sub>3</sub> (1609) we read :

'Good night, good night.  
*Ro.* Parting is such sweete sorrow,  
That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.  
*Iu.* Sleepe dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.  
*Rom.* Would I were sleepe and peace so sweete to rest  
The gray-eyde morne, &c.'

For the rest Q<sub>3</sub> follows Q<sub>2</sub> without any material variation, except that it reads 'fleckeld' for 'fleckted,' in the eighth line.

The fourth Quarto, undated, has ejected the intruding lines and distributed the dialogue right. One error alone remains, viz. that 'Good night, good night.....sorrow' is divided still into two lines. The fifth Quarto follows the fourth.

The first Folio follows the third Quarto as usual without any variation of importance.

The second Folio, followed by the third and fourth, inserts, '*Exit*' after the word 'breast,' adopts the reading of the first down to the end of Romeo's speech, and makes the Friar's begin at line 5, thus :

'*Fri.* Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye, &c.'

Pope restored the true arrangement. In the fourth line of the Friar's speech he introduced 'pathway made by Titan's wheels' from the passage as first given in Q<sub>2</sub>Q<sub>3</sub>F<sub>1</sub>.

## NOTE VII.

II. 5. 15, 16. The second Quarto reads here :

'*M.* And his to me, but old folks, many fain as they wer dead,  
Vnwioldie, slowe, heauie, and pale as lead.'

And this is followed with slight variations of spelling by the third.

The fourth and fifth omit the *M.*, as do the Folios, which give the passage thus :

'And his to me, but old folkes,  
Many faine as they were dead,  
Vnwioldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.'

Pope omits the lines 'But old folks.....lead,' thinking probably that they are due to interpolation, a supposition which the unmeaning 'M.' in the earlier Quartos seems to confirm.

Mr Collier's MS. corrector has (Shakespeare, Ed. 2, Note ad loc.):

'As his to me:, but old folks seem as dead,  
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and dull as lead.'

This is not mentioned in his *Notes and Emendations*.

For 'many' Johnson substitutes 'marry;'

'But old folks, marry, feign as they were dead, &c.'

## NOTE VIII.

III. 3. 38—46. Instead of the lines which he put in the margin, Pope inserted the following, copied with some alterations from the first Quarto :

'But Romeo may not, he is banished !  
O father, hadst thou no strong poison mixt,  
No sharp ground knife, no present means of death,  
But banishment to torture me withal?'

## NOTE IX.

III. 3. 40—43. The Quarto of 1599 reads as follows :

'This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,  
And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.  
Flies may do this, but I from this must flie :  
They are freemen, but I am banished.'

The same order is followed in the subsequent Quartos. The reading of the first Quarto will be seen in the reprint which follows the play. The first Folio gives :

'This may Flies doe, when I from this must flie,  
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But *Romeo* may not, hee is banished.'

This reading is followed by the other Folios, Rowe, Theobald, Warburton, and Johnson. Hanmer follows Pope in his text (see Note VIII), omitting altogether the lines which Pope put in the margin.

Capell has :

'Flies may do this, but I from this must fly ;  
They are free men, but I am banished.'

Steevens (1773) reads :

'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?  
But Romeo may not ;—he is banished.'

In his note on the passage, in the edition of 1778, he conjectured that the line 'But Romeo...banished' should be inserted after 'their own kisses sin ;' an arrangement which was adopted by Malone and by Steevens himself in his edition of 1793. Capell suggests that the lines he retains 'were second thoughts of the poet, and their original was meant for expunction.' This may possibly be true, but we have adopted the reading given in our text because it retains, without manifest absurdity, lines which are all undoubtedly Shakespeare's. For a similar instance see Note XVIII. on *Love's Labour's Lost*.

In IV. I. 111, of the present play we have omitted a line which occurs in all the Quartos, except the first, and all the Folios, because it could not be retained without absolute detriment to the sense.

#### NOTE X.

III. 5. 82—104. Instead of this passage Pope, printing, as he says, 'more agreeably to the first edition,' gave as follows :

*La. Cap.* Content thee girl. If I could find a man,  
I soon would send to *Mantua* where he is,  
And give him such an unaccustom'd dram  
That he should soon keep *Tyballt* company.  
*Jul.* Find you the means, and I'll find such a man,  
For while he lives, my heart shall ne'er be light  
'Till I behold him—dead—is my poor heart,  
Thus for a kinsman vext?  
*La. Cap.* Well, let that pass.  
I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.'

In this arbitrary change, he is followed, as usual, by Hammer, except that the latter puts a full stop at 'vext.'

#### NOTE XI.

IV. 3. 58. Mr Dyce conjectured that 'here's drink' was the corruption of a stage direction, '*here drink*.'

## NOTE XII.

IV. 5. 36. Although 'see' was doubtless a conjectural insertion of the editor of the second Folio in order to complete the metre, like his addition of 'now' in the next line, yet, as the word occurs in the corresponding passage of the first Quarto, we have decided on the whole to retain it.

## NOTE XIII.

IV. 5. 65—83. Instead of this speech Pope has the following :

'*Fri.* Oh peace for shame—  
 Your daughter lives in peace and happiness,  
 And it is vain to wish it otherwise.  
 Heav'n and yourself had part in this fair maid,  
 Now heav'n hath all—  
 Come stick your rosemary on this fair corpse,  
 And as the custom of our country is,  
 In all her best and sumptuous ornaments  
 Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.'

The last three lines are verbatim from the Quarto of 1597. Hammer follows Pope, with a different arrangement in the first lines, which he prints thus :

'Oh peace for shame—your daughter lives in peace  
 And happiness, and it is vain to wish  
 It otherwise. Heav'n and yourself had part  
 In this fair maid, now heaven hath her all—  
 Come &c.'

## NOTE XIV.

V. 3. 13—17. Instead of these five lines Pope inserts the four following, from the first Quarto :

'Fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,  
 Accept this latest favour at my hand,  
 That living honour'd thee, and being dead  
 With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb.'

For lines 12—17 Steevens (1773) substituted the corresponding lines of the first Quarto, except that he follows Pope in reading 'hand' for 'hands.'

## NOTE XV.

v. 3. 108. The quarto of 1599 here reads :

‘Depart againe, come lye thou in my arme,  
 Heer’s to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.  
 O true Appothecarie !  
 Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.  
 Depart againe, here, here, will I remaine,  
 With wormes &c.’

The third Quarto has the same reading, putting a semi-colon after ‘againe’ in the fifth line, and is followed by the first Folio, except that ‘armes’ is substituted for ‘arme’ in the first line. The later Folios make no material change. The reading in our text is substantially that of the fourth and fifth Quartos. Rowe follows the Folios, and Pope prints :

‘Depart again : come lye thou in my arms,  
 Here’s to thy health.—O true apothecary !  
 Thy drugs are quick. Here, here will I remain,  
 With worms &c.’

## NOTE XVI.

Mr Lionel Booth has been kind enough to furnish us with the following variations which he has found in different copies of the first Folio :

Page 57, col. 1, line 35 : oft the angry.  
 oft a the angry.

Page 59, col. 2, line 12 from bottom : this place.  
 thy place.

Page 62, col. 2, line 5 : that Gentlemen.  
 tha Gentlemen.  
 qua- tha: Gentlemen (in Capell’s copy).

Page 71, col. 1, line 8 : Holy Father now.  
 Holy Father own.

Page 71, col. 2, line 36 : Cookes.  
 Cockes.



AN  
EXCELLENT  
CONCEITED TRAGÉDIE  
OF  
ROMEO AND IULIET.

## The Prologue.

**T**WO houshold Friends alike in dignitie,  
(In faire Verona, where we lay our Scene)  
From ciuill broyles broke into enmitie,  
Whose ciuill warre makes ciuill hands vnckleane.  
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes, 5  
A paire of starre-crost Louers tooke their life :  
Whose misaduentures, piteous ouerthrowes,  
(Through the continuing of their Fathers strife,  
And death-markt passage of their Parents rage)  
Is now the two howres traffique of our Stage. 10  
The which if you with patient eares attend,  
What here we want wee'l studie to amend.

The most excellent Tragedie of  
*Romeo and Iuliet.*

*Enter 2. Serving-men of the Capolets.*

- G** *Regorie*, of my word He carrie no coales. [Sc. 1.]
- 2 No, for if you doo, you should be a Collier.
- 1 If I be in choler, He draw.
- 2 Euer while you liue, drawe your necke out of the  
the collar. 5
- 1 I strike quickly being moou'd.
- 2 I, but you are not quickly moou'd to strike.
- 1 A Dog of the house of the *Mountagues* moues me.
- 2 To mooue is to stirre, and to bee valiant is to stand  
to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mooud thou't.  
runne away. 10
- 1 There's not a man of them I meete, but He take  
the wall of.
- 2 That shewes thee a weakling, for the weakest goes  
to the wall. 15
- 1 Thats true, therefore He thrust the men from the  
wall, and thrust the maids to to the walls: nay, thou shalt  
see I am a tall peece of flesh.
- 2 Tis well thou art not fish, for if thou wert thou  
wouldst be but poore Fohn. 20
- 1 He play the tyrant, He first begin with the maids, &  
off with their heads.
- 2 The heads of the maids?
- 1 I the heades of their Maides, or the Maidenheades,  
take it in what sence thou wilt. 25
- 2 Nay let them take it in sence that feele it, but heere  
comes two of the *Mountagues*.

*Enter two Seruingmen of the Mountagues.*

- 1 Nay feare not me I warrant thee.  
 2 I feare them no more than thee, but draw.  
 1 Nay let vs haue the law on our side, let them begin  
 1 first. Ile tell thee what Ile doo, as I goe by ile bite my  
 thumbe, which is disgrace enough if they suffer it.  
 2 Content, goe thou by and bite thy thumbe, and ile  
 come after and frowne.  
 1 *Moun:* Doo you bite your thumbe at vs?  
 1 I bite my thumbe.  
 2 *Moun:* I but i'st at vs?  
 1 I bite my thumbe, is the law on our side?  
 2 No.  
 1 I bite my thumbe.  
 1 *Moun:* I but i'st at vs? *Enter Benuolio.*  
 2 Say I, here comes my Masters kinsman.

*They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the  
 Prince, old Mountague, and his wife, old Capulet and  
 his wife, and other Citizens and part them.*

*Prince:* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,  
 On paine of torture, from those bloody handes  
 Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground.  
 Three Ciuell brawles bred of an airie word,  
 By the old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,  
 Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets.  
 If euer you disturbe our streets againe,  
 Your liues shall pay the ransome of your fault:  
 For this time euery man depart in peace.  
 Come *Capulet* come you along with me,  
 And *Mountague*, come you this after noone,  
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,  
 To old free Towne our common iudgement place,  
 Once more on paine of death each man depart.

*Exeunt.*

*M: wife.* Who set this auncient quarrel first abroad?  
 Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?

*Benuo:* Here were the seruants of your aduersaries,  
 And yours close fighting ere I did approach.

*Wife:* Ah where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?  
 Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben:* Madame, an houre before the worshipt sunne  
 Pcept through the golden window of the East,

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

14

A troubled thought drew me from companie :  
 Where vnderneath the groue *Sicamour*,  
 That Westward rooteth from the Citties side,  
 So early walking might I see your sonne.  
 I drew towards him, but he was ware of me,  
 And drew into the thicket of the wood :  
 I noting his affections by mine owne,  
 That most are busied when th' are most alqne,  
 Pursued my honor, not pursuing his.

[S]

70

*Moun* : Black and portentious must this honor proue,  
 Vnlesse good counsaile doo the cause remooue.

75

*Ben* : Why tell me Vncle do you know the cause?

*Enter Romeo.*

*Moun* : I neyther know it nor can learne of him.

*Ben* : See where he is, but stand you both aside,  
 Ile know his grieuance, or be much denied.

*Mount* : I would thou wert so happie by thy stay  
 To heare true shrift. Come Madame lets away.

80

*Benuo* : Good morrow Cosen.

*Romeo* : Is the day so young?

*Ben* : But new stroke nine.

*Romeo* : Ay me, sad hopes seeme long.

85

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

*Ben* : It was, what sorrow lengthens *Romeos* houres?

*Rom* : Not hauing that, which hauing makes them

*Ben* : In loue. (short.

*Ro* : Out.

90

*Ben* : Of loue.

*Ro* : Out of her fauor where I am in loue.

*Ben* : Alas that loue so gentle in her view,  
 Should be so tyrranous and rough in prooffe.

*Ro* : Alas that loue whose view is muffled still,  
 Should without lawes giue path-waies to our will :  
 Where shall we dine? Gods me, what fray was here?  
 Yet tell me not for I haue heard it all,  
 Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue.

95

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,  
 O anie thing, of nothing first create !

100

O heauie lightnes serious vanitie !

Mishapen *Caos* of best seeming thinges;  
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sicke health,  
 Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is :

105

This loue feele I, which feele no loue in this.

Doest thou not laugh?

*Ben* : No Cose I rather weepe.

- Rom*: Good hart at what? [Sc. I.]  
*Ben*: At thy good hearts oppression. 110  
*Ro*: Why such is loues transgression,  
 Griefes of mine owne lie heatie at my hart,  
 Which thou wouldst propagate to haue them prest  
 With more of thine; this griefe that thou hast showne,  
 Doth ad more griefe to too much of mine owne: 115  
 Loue is a smoke raise with the fume of sighes  
 Being purgde, a fire sparkling in louers eyes  
 Being vext, a sea raging with a louers teares  
 What is it else? A madnes most discreet;  
 A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet. Farewell Cose.  
*Ben*: Nay Ile goe along.  
 And if you hinder me you doo me wrong.  
*Ro*: Tut I haue lost my selfe I am not here,  
 This is not *Romgo*, hee's some other where.  
*Ben*: Tell me in sadnes whome she is you loue? 125  
*Ro*: What shall I grone and tell thee?  
*Ben*: Why no, but sadly tell me who.  
*Ro*: Bid a sickman in sadnes make his will.  
 Ah word ill vrgde to one that is so ill.  
 In sadnes Cosen I doo loue a woman. 130  
*Ben*: I aime so right, when as you said you lou'd.  
*Ro*: A right good mark-man, and shee's faire I loue.  
*Ben*: A right faire marke faire Cose is soonest hit.  
*Ro*: But in that hit you misse, shee'le not be hit  
 With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dianaes* wit, 135  
 And in strong prooffe of chastitie well arm'd:  
 Gainst *Cupids* childish bow she liues vn harm'd,  
 Shee'le not abide the siedge of louing tearmes,  
 Nor ope her lap to Saint seducing gold,  
 Ah she is rich in beautie, only poore, 140  
 That when she dies with beautie dies her store. *Exeu.*  
*Enter Countie Paris, old Capulet.*  
 Of honorable reckoning are they both, [Sc. II.]  
 And pittie tis they liue at ods so long:  
 But leauing that, what say you to my sute?  
*Capu*: What should I say more than I said before,  
 My daughter is a stranger in the world, 5  
 Shee hath not yet attainde to fourteene yeares:  
 Let two more sommers wither in their pride,  
 Before she can be thought fit for a Bride.  
*Paris*: Younger than she are happie mothers made.  
*Cap*: But too soone marde are these so early married: 10  
 But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,

My word to her consent is but a part. [Sc. II.]  
 This night I hold an old accustomed Feast,  
 Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,  
 Such as I loue; yet you among the store, 15  
 One more most welcome makes the number more.  
 At my poore house you shall behold this night,  
 Earth treading stars, that make darke heauen light:  
 Such comfort as doo lusty youngmen feele,  
 When well appareild April on the heele 20  
 Of lumping winter treads, euen such delights  
 Amongst fresh female buds shall you this night  
 Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,  
 And like her most, whose merite most shalbe.  
 Such amongst view of many myne beeing one, 25  
 May stand in number though in reckoning none.

*Enter Seruingman.*

Where are you sirra, goe trudge about  
 Through faire Verona streets, and seeke them out:  
 Whose names are written here and to them say,  
 My house and welcome at their pleasure stay. 30

*Exeunt.*

*Ser:* Seeke them out whose names are written here,  
 and yet I knowe not who are written here: I must to  
 the learned to learne of them, that's as much to say, as  
 the Taylor must meddle with his Laste, the Shoemaker  
 with his needle, the Painter with his nets, and the Fisher  
 with his Pensill, I must to the learned. 35

*Enter Benuolio and Romeo.*

*Ben:* Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,  
 One paine is lessned with anothers anguish:  
 Turne backward, and be help with backward turning,  
 One desperate grieffe cures with anothers languish. 40  
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
 And the ranke peyson of the old will die.

*Romeo:* Your Planton lease is excellent for that.

*Ben:* For what?

*Romeo:* For your broken shin. 45

*Ben:* Why Romeo art thou mad?

*Rom:* Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is.  
 Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,  
 Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.

*Ser:* Goddigoden, I pray sir can you read, 50

*Rom:* I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

*Ser:* Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:  
 but I pray can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.*: I if I know the letters and the language.

[Sc. II.]

*Seru.*: Yee say honestly, rest you merrie.

55

*Rom.*: Stay fellow I can read.

*He reads the Letter.*

**S***igneur Martino and his wife and daughters, Countie Anselme and his beauteous sisters, the Ladie widdow of Vtruuio, Seigneur Placentio, and his tonclie Neeces, Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine uncle Capulet his wife and daughters, my faire Neece Rosaline and Liuia, Seigneur Valentio and his Cosen Tibalt, Lucio and the kinclie Hellena.*

60

A faire assembly, whether should they come?

*Ser.*: Vp.

65

*Ro.*: Whether to supper?

*Ser.*: To our house.

*Ro.*: Whose house?

*Ser.*: My Masters.

*Ro.*: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.

70

*Ser.*: Now i'll tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.

*Ben.*: At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,

75

Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:

With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,

Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall shew,

And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.

80

*Ro.*: When the deuout religion of mine eye Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire, And these who often-drownde could neuer die, Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne  
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

85

*Ben.*: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,

Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:

But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,

Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide

90

That I will shew you shining at this feast,

And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.

*Rom.*: He goe along no such sight to be showne,  
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

*Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.*

Sc. III.]

*Wife.*: Nurce wher's my daughter call her forth to mee.



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Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. Wher's this girle? what Iuliet.* *Enter Iuliet.*

[Sc. III.]

5

*Iuliet:* How now who cal's?

Nurce: *Your Mother.*

*Iul:* Madame I am here, what is your will?

*W:* This is the matter. Nurce giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou know est my daughters of a prettie age.

10

Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*

*Wife:* Shee's not fourteene.

Nnrce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammas-tide?*

15

*Wife:* A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nnrce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene. Susan and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on Lammas Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall shee marie I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake nowe e-leauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue waddled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my hollidam, the pretty foole left crying and said. I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.*

20

25

30

35

40

*Iuliet:* And stint thou too, I prethce Nurce say I.

Nurce: *Well goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

45

*Wife:* And that same marriage Nurce, is the Thcaine

I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be married?

[Sc. III.]

*Iul:* It is an honor that I dreame not off.

50

*Nurce:* An honor! were not I thy onely *Nurce*, I would say thou hadst sought wisdom from thy *Foat*.

*Wife:* Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes thee for his *Wife*.

*Nurce:* A man young *Ladie*, *Ladie* such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.

55

*Wife:* *Veronaes* Summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurce:* Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.

*Wife:* Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

*Iuliet:* It looke to like, if looking liking moue, but no more deepe will I engage mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

60

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clowne:* Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie, the *Nurce* curst in the *Pantrie*, all thinges in extremitie, make hast for I must be gone to waite.

65

*Enter Maskers with Romeo and a Page.*

*Ro:* What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without *Apologie*.

[Sc. IV.]

*Benuoleo:* The date is out of such prolixitie, Weele haue no *Cupid* hudwinckt with a Scarfe, Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath, Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper:

5

Nor no withoutbooke *Prologue* faintly spoke After the *Prompter*, for our entrance.

But let them measure vs by what they will, Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

10

*Rom:* A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, Being but heauie I will beare the light.

*Mer:* Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

*Rom:* Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

15

*Mer:* Giue me a case to put my visage in, A visor for a visor, what care I What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

*Rom:* Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles: For I am prouerbd with a *Grandsire* phrase, He be a candleholder and looke on, The game was nere so faire and I am done.

20

*Mer:* Tut dun's the mouse, the *Cunstable's* old word,

25

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If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire  
Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stickst.  
Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.

[Sc. 4v.]

*Rom.*: Nay thats not so. *Mer.*: I meane sir in delay,  
We burne our lights by night, like Lampes by day,  
Take our good meaning for our iudgement sits  
Three-times a day, ere once in her right wits.

30

*Rom.*: So we meane well by going to this maske :  
But tis no wit to goe.

*Mer.*: Why *Romeo* may one aske?

35

*Rom.*: I dreamt a dreame to night.

*Mer.*: And so did I. *Rom.*: Why what was yours?

*Mer.*: That dreamers often lie. (true.

*Rom.*: In bed a sleepe while they doe dreame things

*Mer.*: Ah then I see *Queene Mab* hath bin with you.

40

*Ben.*: *Queene Mab* whats she?

She is the Fairies Midwife and doth come

In shape no bigger than an Aggat stone

On the forefinger of a Burgomaster,

Drawne with a teeme of little Atomi,

45

A thwart mens noses when they lie a sleepe.

Her waggon spokes are made of spinners webs,

The couer, of the winges of Grashoppers,

The traces are the Moone-shine watrie beames,

The collers crickets bones, the lash of filmes,

50

Her waggoner is a small gray coated flie,

Not halfe so big as is a little worne,

Pickt from the lasie finger of a maide,

And in this sort she gallops vp and downe

Through Louers braines, and then they dream of loue :

55

O're Courtiers knees : who strait on cursies dreame

O're Ladies lips, who dreame on kisses strait :

Which oft the angrie *Mab* with blisters plagues,

Because their breathes with sweet meats tainted are :

Sometimes she gallops ore a Lawers lap,

60

And then dreames he of smelling out a sute,

And sometime comes she with a tithe pigs.taile,

Tickling a Parsons nose that lies a sleepe,

And then dreames he of another benefice :

Sometime she gallops ore a souldiers nose,

65

And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,

Of breaches ambuscados, countermynes,

Of healthes siue fadome deepe, and then anon

Drums in his eare : at which he startes and wakes,

And swears a Praier oꝛ two and sleepes againe.

70

This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs, [Sc. iv.]  
 And proues them women of good cariage. (the night,  
 This is the verie Mab that plats the manes of Horses in  
 And plats the Elfelocks in foule slattish haire,  
 Which once vntangled much misfortune breedes. 75

*Rom:* Peace, peace, thou talkst of nothing.

*Mer:* True I talke of dreames,

Which are the Children of an idle braine,  
 Begot of nothing but vaine fantasie,  
 Which is as thinne a substance as the aire, 80  
 And more inconstant than the winde,  
 Which wooes euen now the frosh bowels of the north,  
 And being ancred puffes away in haste,  
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. (selues.

*Ben:* Come, come, this winde doth blow vs from our- 85  
 Supper is done and we shall come too late.

*Ro:* I feare too earlie, for my minde misgiues  
 Some consequence is hanging in the stars,  
 Which bitterly begins his fearefull date  
 With this nights reuels, and expiers the terme 90  
 Of a dispised life, closde in this breast,  
 By some vntimelie forfet of vile death:  
 But he that hath the steerage of my course  
 Direfts my saile, on lustie Gentlemen.

*Enter old Capulet with the ladies.*

[Sc. v.]

*Capu:* Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen,  
 Ladies that haue their toes vnplagud with Corns  
 Will haue about with you, ah ha my Mistresses,  
 Which of you all will now refuse to dance?

Shee that makes daintie, shee Ile sweare hath Corns. 5

Am I come neere you now, welcome Gentlemen, wel-  
 More lights you knaues, & turn these tables vp, (come,  
 And quench the fire the roome is growne too hote.

Ah sirra, this vnlookt for sport comes well,

Nay sit, nay sit, good Cosen *Capulet:* 10

For you and I are past our standing dayes,  
 How long is it since you and I were in a Maske?

*Cos:* By Ladie sir tis thirtie yeares at least.

*Cap:* Tis not so much, tis not so much.

Tis since the mariage of *Lucentio,* 15

Come *Pentecost* as quicklie as it will,

Some fue and twentie yeares, and then we maskt.

*Cos:* Tis more, tis more, his sonne is elder far.

*Cap:* Will you tell me that it cannot be so,

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His sonne was but a Ward three yeares agoe,  
Good youths I faith. Oh youth's a iolly thing.

[Sc. v.]

*Rom* : What Ladie is that that doth enrich the hand  
Of yonder Knight? O shee doth teach the torches to  
burne bright!

It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night,  
Like a rich iewell in an *Aethiops* care,  
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:  
So shines a snow-white Swan trouping with Crowes,  
As this faire Ladie ouer her fellowes showes.  
The measure done, ile watch her place of stand,  
And touching hers, make happie my rude hand  
Did my heart loue till now? Forswearé it sight,  
I neuer saw true beautie till this night.

25

30

*Tib*: This by his voice should be a *Mountague*,  
Fetch me my rapier boy. What dares the slaue  
Come hither couer'd with an Anticke face,  
To scorne and iere at our solemnitie?  
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it for no sin.

35

*Ca*: Why how now cosen, wherfore storme you so.

*Ti*: Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,  
A villaine that is hether come in spight,  
To mocke at our solemnitie this night.

40

*Ca*: Young *Romeo*, is it not?

*Ti*: It is that villaine *Romeo*.

(man,

*Ca*: Let him alone, he beares him like a portly gentle-  
And to speake truth, *Verona* brags of him,  
As of a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:  
I would not for the wealth of all this towne,  
Here in my house doo him disparagement:  
Therefore be quiet take no note of him,  
Beare a faire presence, and put off these frownes,  
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.

45

50

*Ti*: It fits when such a villaine is a guest,  
Ile not indure him.

*Ca*: He shalbe indured, goe to I say, he shall,  
Am I the Master of the house or you?  
You'le not indure him? God shall mend my soule  
You'le make a mutenie amongst my guests,  
You'le set Cocke a hoope, you'le be the man.

55

*Ti*: Vncle tis a shame.

60

*Ca*: Goe too, you are a saucie knaue.  
This tricke will scath you one day I know what.  
Well said my hartes. Be quiet:

- More light Ye knaue, or I will make you quiet. (ting,  
*Tibalt:* Patience perforce with wilfull choller mee- [Sc. v.]  
 65  
 Makes my flesh tremble in their different greetings :  
 I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall  
 Now seeming sweet, conuert to bitter gall.  
*Rom:* If I prophane with my vnworthie hand,  
 This holie shrine, the gentle sinne is this : 70  
 My lips two blushing Pilgrims ready stand,  
 To smooth the rough touch with a gentle kisse.  
*Iuli:* Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand too  
 Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this : (much,  
 For Saints haue hands which holy Palmers touch, 75  
 And Palme to Palme is holy Palmers kisse.  
*Rom:* Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?  
*Iuli:* Yes Pilgrime lips that they must vse in praier.  
*Ro:* Why then faire saint, let lips do what hands doo,  
 They pray, yeeld thou, least faith turne to dispaire. 80  
*Iu:* Saints doe not mooue though : grant nor praier  
 forsake.  
*Ro:* Then mooue not till my praers effect I take.  
 Thus from my lips, by yours my sin is purgde.  
*Iu:* Then haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.  
*Ro:* Sinne from my lips, O trespasse sweetly vrgde! 85  
 Giue me my sinne againe.  
*Iu:* You kisse by the booke.  
*Nurse:* *Madame your mother calles.*  
*Rom:* What is her mother?  
*Nurse:* *Marrie Batcheler her mother is the Ladie of the 90*  
*house, and a good Lady, and a wise, and a vertuous. I wurst*  
*her daughter that you talkt withall, I tell you, he that can*  
*lay hold of her shall haue the chinkes.*  
*Rom:* Is she a *Mountague*? Oh deare account,  
 My life is my foes thrall. 95  
*Ca:* Nay gentlemen prepare not to be gone,  
 We haue a trifling foolish banquet towards.  
*They whisper in his eare.*  
 I pray you let me intreat you Is it so?  
 Well then I thanke you honest Gentlemen,  
 I promise you but for your company, 100  
 I would haue bin a bed an houre agoe:  
 Light to my chamber hoe.
- Exeunt.*
- Iul:* Nurse, what is yonder Gentleman?  
*Nur:* *The soune and heire of old Tiberio.*  
*Iul:* Whats he that now is going out of doore? 105

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

157

Nur: *That as I thinke is yong Petruchio.* (dance?)

[Sc. v.]

Iul: Whats he that followes there that would not

Nur: *I know not.*

Iul: Goe learne his name, if he be maried,

My graue is like to be my wedding bed.

110

Nur: *His uame is Romeo and a Mountague, the onely sonne of your great enemie.*

Iul: My onely Loue sprung from my onely hate,

Too early seene vnknowne, and knowne too late:

Prodigious birth of loue is this to me,

115

That I should loue a loathed enemie.

Nurse: *Whats this? whats that?*

Iul: Nothing Nurse but a rime I learnt euen now of oue I dancst with.

Nurse: *Come your mother staires for you, Ile goe a long with you.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo alone.*

Ro: Shall I goe forward and my heart is here?

[Sc. vi.]

Turne, backe dull earth and finde thy Center out.

*Enter Benuolio Mercutio.*

Ben: *Romeo, my cosen Romeo.*

Mer: Doest thou heare he is wise,

Vpon my life he hath stolne him home to bed.

5

Ben: He came this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.

Call good *Mercutio.*

Mer: Call, nay Ile coniure too.

*Romeo*, madman, humors, passion, liuer, appeare thou in likenes of a sigh: speek but one rime & I am satisfied, cry bút ay me. Pronounce but Loue. and Doue, speake to my gossip *Venus* one faire word, one nickname for her purblinde sonne and heire young *Abraham: Cupid* hee that shot so trim when young King *Cophetua* loued the begger wench. Hee heares me not. I coniure thee by *Rosalindes* bright eye, high forehead, and scarlet lip, her prettie foote, straight leg, and quiuering thigh, and the demaines that there adiacent lie, that in thy likeness thou appeare to vs.

10

15

Ben: If he doe heare thee thou wilt anger him.

20

Mer: Tut this cannot anger him, marrie if one shuld raise a spirit in his Mistris circle of some strange fashion, making it there to stand till she had laid it, and coniure it downe, that were some spite. My inuocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistris name I coniure oncly but to raise vp him.

25

*Ben:* Well he hath hid himselfe amongst those trees,  
To be consorted with the humerous night,  
Blinde in his loue, and best befits the darke. [Sc. vi.]

*Mer:* If loue be blind, loue will not hit the marke, 30  
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,  
And wish his Mistris were that kinde of fruite,  
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone.

Ah *Romeo* that she were, ah that she were  
An open *Et cætera*, thou a poprin Peare. 35  
*Romeo* God night, il'e to my trundle bed:  
This field bed is too cold for mee.

Come lets away, for tis but vaine,  
To seeke him here that meanes not to be found. 40

*Ro:* He iests at scars that neuer felt a wound:  
But soft, what light forth yonder window breakes?  
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,

Arise faire S nne, and kill the enuious Moone  
That is alreadie sicke, and pale with grieffe:  
That thou her maid, art far more faire than she. 45

Be not her maide since she is enuious,  
Her vestall liuerie is but pale and greene,  
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off.  
She speakes, but she sayes nothing. What of that?  
Her eye discourseth, I will answere it. 50

I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes,  
Two of the fairest starres in all the skies,  
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes  
To twinckle in their spheares till they returne.  
What if her eyes were there, they in her head, 55

The brightnes of her cheekes would shame those stars:  
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eyes in heauen,  
Would through the airie region streame so bright,  
That birdes would sing, and thinke it were not night.

Oh now she leanes her cheekes vpon her hand, 60  
I would I were the gloue to that same hand,  
That I might kisse that cheek.

*Iul:* Ay me.

*Rom:* She speakes, Oh speake againe bright Angell:  
For thou art as glorious to this night beeing ouer my  
As is a winged messenger of heauen (head, 65

Vnto the white vpturned woondring eyes,  
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lasie pacing cloudes,  
And sailes vpon the bosome of the aire. 70

*Iul:* Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?



OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

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[Sc. vi.]

Denie thy Father, and refuse thy name,  
Or if thou wilt not be but sworne my loue,  
And it'e no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom*: Shall I heare more, or shall I speake to this?

75

*Iul*: Tis but thy name that is mine enimie.

Whats *Mountague*? It is nor hand nor foote,  
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part.  
Whats in a name? That which we call a Rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet:  
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,  
Retaine the diuine perfection he owes:  
Without that title *Romeo* part thy name,  
And for that name which is no part of thee,  
Take all I haue.

80

85

*Rom*: I take thee at thy word,  
Call me but loue, and it'e be new Baptisde,  
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

*Iu*: What man art thou, that thus beskrind in night,  
Doest stumble on my counsaile?

90

*Ro*: By a name I know not how to tell thee.  
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,  
Because it is an enimie to thee.  
Had I it written I would teare the word.

*Iul*: My eares haue not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongues vtterance, yet I know the sound:  
Art thou not *Romeo* and a *Mountague*?

95

*Ro*: Neyther faire Saint, if eyther thee displease.

*Iu*: How camst thou hether, tell me and wherfore?  
The Orchard walles are high and hard to clime,  
And the place death considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen finde thee here.

100

*Ro*: By loues light winges did I oreperch these wals,  
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out,  
And what loue can doo, that dares loue attempt,  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

105

*Iul*: If they doe finde thee they will murder thee.

*Ro*: Alas there lies more perrill in thine eyes,  
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,  
And I am prooffe against their enmitie. (here.

110

*Iul*: I would not for the world they shuld find thee

*Ro*: I haue nights cloak to hide thee from their sight,  
And but thou loue me let them finde me here:  
For life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death proroged wanting of thy loue.

115

*Iul*: By whose directions foundst thou out this place.

- Ro:* By loue, who first did prompt me to enquire, [Sc. vi.]  
 I he gaue me counsaile and I lent him eyes.  
 I am no Pilot: yet wert thou as farre  
 As that vast shore, washt with the furthest sea, 120  
 I would aduenture for such Marchandise.
- Iul:* Thou knowst the maske of night is on my face,  
 Els would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheeks:  
 For that which thou haste heard me speake to night,  
 Faine would I dwell on forme, faine faine denie, 125  
 What I haue spoke: but farewell complements.  
 Døest thou loue me? Nay I know thou wilt say I,  
 And I will take thy word: but if thou swearst,  
 Thou maiest proue false:  
 At Louers periuries they say Ioue smiles. 130  
 Ah gentle *Romeo*, if thou loue pronounce it faithfully:  
 Or if thou thinke I am too easely wonne,  
 Il'e frowne and say thee nay and be peruerse,  
 So thou wilt wooc: but els not for the world,  
 In truth faire *Mountague*, I am too fond, 135  
 And therefore thou maiest thinke my hauour light:  
 But trust me gentleman He proue more true,  
 Than they that haue more cunning to be strange.  
 I should haue bin strange I must confesse,  
 But that thou ouer-heardst ere I was ware 140  
 My true loues Passion: therefore pardon me,  
 And not impute this yeelding to light loue,  
 Which the darke night hath so discovered.
- Ro:* By yonder blessed Moone I sweare,  
 That tips with siluer all these fruit trees tops. 145
- Iul:* O sweare not by the Moone the vnconstant  
 That monthlie changeth in her circled orbe, (Moone,  
 Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
- Ro:* Now by
- Iul:* Nay doo not sweare at all, 150  
 Or if thou sweare, sweare by thy glorious selfe,  
 Which art the God of my Idolatrie,  
 And il'e belecue thee.
- Ro:* If my true harts loue
- Iul:* Sweare not at all, though I doo ioy in 155  
 I haue small ioy in this contract to night, (thee,  
 It is too rash, too sodaine, too vnaduisde,  
 Too like the lightning that doth cease to bee  
 Ere one can say it lightens. I heave some comming,  
 Deare loue adew, sweet *Mountague* be true, 160  
 Stay but a little and il'e come againe.
- Ro:* O blessed blessed night, I feare being night,

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161

All this is but a dreame I heare and see,  
Too flattering true to be substantiall.

[Sc. vi.]

*Jul:* Three wordes good *Romeo* and good night in-  
If that thy bent of loue be honourable? (deed.  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow  
By one that il'e procure to come to thee:  
Where and what time thou wilt performe that right,  
And at my fortunes at thy foote il'e lay,

165

170

And follow thee my Lord through out the world.  
*Ro:* Loue goes toward loue like schoole boyes from  
their bookes,  
But loue from loue, to schoole with heauie looks.

*Jul:* *Romeo, Romeo,* O for a falleners voice,  
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe:  
Bondage is hoarse and may not crie aloud,  
Els would I teare the Caue where Echo lies  
And make her airie voice as hoarse as mine,  
With repetition of my *Romeos* name.

175

*Romeo?*

180

*Ro:* It is my soule that calles vpon my name,  
How siluer sweet sound louers tongues in night.

*Jul:* *Romeo?*

*Ro:* Madame.

*Jul:* At what a clocke to morrow shall I send?

185

*Ro:* At the houre of nine.

*Jul:* I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then.

*Romeo* I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

*Ro:* Let me stay here till you remember it.

*Jul:* I shall forget to haue thee still staie here,  
Remembring how I loue thy companie.

190

*Ro:* And il'e stay still to haue thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Ju:* Tis almost morning I would haue thee gone,  
But yet no further then a wantons bird,  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a pore prisoner in his twisted giues,  
And with a silke thred puls it backe againe,  
Too louing ialous of his libertie.

195

*Ro:* Would I were thy bird.

200

*Jul:* Sweet so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherrishing thee.

Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. (breast,

*Ro:* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace on thy  
I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.  
Now will I to my Ghostly fathers Cell,

205

His help to craue, and my good hap to tell.

[Sc. vi.]

*Enter Friar Francis.* (night,

*Friar:* The gray ey'd morne smiles on the frowning  
 Checkring the Easterne clouds with streakes of light,

[Sc. vii.]

And flecked darkenes like a drunkard reeles,  
 From forth daies path, and *Titans* fierie wheelles:

Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,  
 The world to cheare, and nights darke dew to drie.

5

We must vp fill this easier Cage of ours,  
 With balefull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers.

Oh mickle is the powerfull grace that lies  
 In hearbes, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

10

For nought so vile, that vile on earth doth liue,

But to the earth some speciall good doth giue:

Nor nought so good, but straind from that faire use,

Reuolts to vice and stumbles on abuse:

Vertue it selfe turnes vice being misapplied,

15

And vice sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rinde of this small flower,

Poyson hath residence, and medecine power:

For this being smelt too, with that part cheares ech hart,

Being tasted slaies all sences with the hart.

20

Two such opposed foes incampe them still,

In man as well as herbes, grace and rude will,

And where the worser is predominant,

Full soone the canker death eats vp that plant.

*Rom:* Good morrow to my Ghostly Confessor.

25

*Fri:* *Benedicite*, what earlie tongue so soone saluteth  
 Yong sonne it argues a distempered head, (me?  
 So soone to bid good morrow to my bed.

Care keepes his watch in euerie old mans eye,

And where care lodgeth, sleep can neuer lie:

30

But where vnbrused youth with vnstuff braines

Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remains:

Therefore thy earlines doth me assure,

Thou art vprov'd by some distemperature.

Or if not so, then here I hit it righ

35

Our *Romeo* hath not bin a bed to night.

*Ro:* The last was true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fr:* God pardon sin, wert thou with *Rosaline*?

*Ro:* With *Rosaline* my Ghostly father no,

I haue forgot that name, and that names woe. (then?

40

*Fri:* Thats my good sonne: but where hast thou bin

*Ro:* I tell thee ere thou aske it me againe,

I haue bin feasting with mineemie:

Where on the sodaine one hath wounded mee

Thats by me wounded, both our remedies [Sc. vii.]

With in thy help and holy phisicke lies,  
I beare no hatred blessed man: for loe  
My intercession likewise steades my foe.

*Frier:* Be plaine my sonne and homely in thy drift,  
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

50

*Rom:* Then plainly know my harts deare loue is set

On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:  
As mine on hers, so hers likewise on mine,  
And all combind, saue what thou must combine  
By holy marriage: where, and when, and how,  
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vowes,  
It'e tell thee as I passe: But this I pray,  
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

55

*Fri:* Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is here?  
Is *Rosaline* whome thou didst loue so deare  
So soone forsooke, lo yong mens toue then lies  
Not truelie in their harts, but in their eyes.

60

*Iesu Maria*, what a deale of brine  
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline*?  
How mucl' salt water cast away in waste,  
To season loue, that of loue doth not taste.

65

The sunne not yet thy sighes from heauen cleares,  
Thy old grones ring yet in my ancient eares,  
And loe vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,  
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.  
If euer thou wert thus, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*,  
And art thou changde, pronounce this sentence then  
Women may fal, when ther's no strength in men.

70

*Rom:* Thou chidst me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

75

*Fri:* For doating, not for louing, pupill mine.

*Rom:* And badst me burie loue.

*Fri:* Not in a graue,

To lay one in another out to haue.

*Rom:* I pree thee chide not, she whom I loue now

80

Doth grace for grace, and loue for loue allow:

The other did not so.

*Fri:* Oh she knew well

Thy loue did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come young *Wauerer*, come goe with mee,

85

In one respect He thy assistant bee:

For this alliaunce may so happie proue,

To turne your Housholds rancour to pure loue.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mercutio, Benuolio.*

*Mer:* Why whats become of *Romeo?* came he not home to night? [Sc. VIII.]

*Ben:* Not to his Fathers, I spake with his man.

*Mer:* Ah that same pale hard hearted wench, that *Romeo* Torments him so, that he will sure run mad. (*saline,*

*Mer:* *Tyball* the Kinsman of olde *Capolet* Hath sent a Letter to his Fathers House: 5

Some Challenge on my life.

*Ben:* *Romeo* will answer it.

*Mer:* I, anie man that can write may answer a letter.

*Ben:* Nay, he will answer the letters master if hee bee challenged. 10

*Mer:* Who, *Romeo?* why he is already dead: stabbd with a white wenches blacke eye, shot thorough the eare with a loue song, the verie pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde bow-boyes but-shaft. And is he a man to encounter *Tyball?* 15

*Ben:* Why what is *Tyball?*

*Mer:* More than the prince of cattles I can tell you. Oh he is the couragious captaine of complements. Catso, he fightes as you sing pricke-song, keepes time dystance and proportion, rests me his minum rest one two and the thirde in your bosome, the very butcher of a silken button, a Duellist a Duellist, a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause, ah the immortal Passado, the Punto reuerso, the Hay. 20

*Ben:* The what? 25

*Me:* The Poxe of such limping antique affecting fantasticoes these new tuners of accents. By Iesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whoore. Why ground-sir is not this a miserable case that we should be stil afflicted with these strange flies: these fashionmongers, these pardonmees, that stand so much on the new forme, that they cannot sitte at ease on the old bench. Oh their bones, their bones. 30

*Ben.* Heere comes *Romeo.*

*Mer:* Without his Roc, like a dryed Hering. O flesh flesh how art thou fishified. Sirra now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowdin: *Laura* to his Lady was but a kitchin drudg, yet she had a better loue to berime her: Dido a dowdy Cleopatra a Gypsie, *Hero* and *Hellen* hildings and harletries: *Thisbie* agray eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo* bon iour, there is a French curtesie to your French slop: yee gawe vs the counterfeit fairely yesternight. 40

- Rom:* What counterfeit I pray you? [SC. VIII.]
- Me:* The slip the slip, can you not conceiue?
- Rom:* I cry you mercy my busines was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie. 45
- Mer:* Oh thats as much to say as such a case as yours wil constraine a man to bow in the hams.
- Rom:* A most curteous exposition.
- Me:* Why I am the very pinke of curtesie. 50
- Rom:* Pinke for flower?
- Mer:* Right.
- Rom:* Then is my Pumpe well flour'd:
- Mer:* Well said, follow me nowe that iest till thou hast worne out thy Pumpe, that when the single sole of it is worn the iest may remaine after the wearing solie singuler. 55
- Rom:* O single soald iest solie singuler for the singlenes.
- Me:* Come between vs good *Benuolio*, for my wits faile.
- Rom:* Swits and spurres, swits & spurres, or Ile cry a match.
- Mer:* Nay if thy wits runne the wildgoose chase, I haue done: for I am sure thou hast more of the goose in one of thy wits, than I haue in all my fue: Was I with you there for the goose?,, 60
- Rom:* Thou wert neuer with me for any thing, when thou wert not with me for the goose. 65
- Me:* Ile bite thee by the eare for that iest.
- Rom:* Nay good goose bite not.
- Mer:* Why thy wit is a bitter sweeting, a most sharp sauce
- Rom:* And was it not well seru'd in to a sweet goose?
- Mer:* Oh heere is a witte of Cheuerell that stretcheth from an ynch narrow to an ell broad. 70
- Rom:* I stretcht it out for the word broad, which added to the goose, proues thee faire and wide a broad goose.
- Mer:* Why is not this better now than groning for loue? why now art thou sociable, now art thou thy selfe, nowe art thou what thou art, as wel by arte as nature. This driueling loue is like a great naturall, that runs vp and downe to hide his bable in a hole. 75
- Ben:* Stop there.
- Me:* Why thou wouldst haue me stopp my tale against the haire. 80
- Ben:* Thou wouldst haue made thy tale too long?
- Mer:* Tut man thou art deceiued, I meant to make it short, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale? and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer. 85
- Rom:* Heers goodly gearc.

*Enter Nurse and her man.*

[SC. VIII.]

*Mer:* A saile, a saile, a saile.

*Ben:* Two, two, a shirt and a smocke.

*Nur:* *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

*Mer:* Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for  
her fanne is the fairer of the two. 90

*Nur:* God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

*Mer:* God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

*Nur:* Is it godyegooden I pray you.

*Mer:* Tis no lesse I assure you, for the baudie hand of  
the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone. 95

*Nur:* Fie, what a man is this?

*Rom:* A Gentleman Nurse, that God hath made for  
himselſe to marre.

*Nur:* By my troth well said: for himselſe to marre  
quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie  
finde yong *Romeo*? 100

*Rom:* I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you  
haue found him, than he was when you sought him. I am  
the yongest of that name for fault of a worse. 105

*Nur:* Well said.

*Mer:* Yea, is the worst well? mas well noted, wise-  
ly, wisely.

*Nu:* If you be he sir, I desire some conference with ye.

*Ben:* O, belike she meānes to inuite him to supper. 110

*Mer:* So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

*Rom:* Why what hast found man?

*Mer:* No hare sir, vnlesse it be a hare in a lenten pye,  
that is somewhat stale and hoare ere it be eaten.

*He walkes by them, and sings.*

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore  
is verie good meate in Lent: 115

But a hare thats hoare is too much for a score,  
if it hore ere it be spent.

Youl come to your fathers to supper?

*Rom:* I will. 120

*Mer:* Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell sweete Ladie.

*Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.*

*Nur:* Marry farewell. Pray what saucie merchant was  
this that was so full of his roperipe?

*Rom:* A gentleman Nurse that loues to heare himselſe  
talke, and will speake more in an houre than hee will stand  
to in a month. 125

*Nur:* If he stand to anie thing against mee, Ile take  
him downe if he were lustier than he is: if I cannot take him



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downe, Ile finde them that shall: I am none of his flurt-  
gills, I am none of his skaines mates.

[SC. VIII.]

130

*She turnes to Peter her man.*

And thou like a knaue must stand by, and see euery Iacke  
vse me at his pleasure.

*Pet:* I see no bodie vse you at his pleasure, if I had, I  
would soone haue drawn: you know my tooke is as soone  
out as anothers if I see time and place.

135

*Nur:* Now afore God he hath so vext me, that euerie  
member about me quiuers: scuruike Iacke. But as I said, my  
Ladie bad me seeke ye out, and what shee bad me tell yee,  
that Ile keepe to my selfe: but if you should lead her into a  
fooles paradise as they saye, it were a verie grosse kinde of  
behauour as they say, for the Gentlewom an is yong. Now  
if you should deale doubly with her, it were verie weake  
dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

140

*Rom:* Nurse, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I pro-  
test.

145

*Nur:* Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her so: oh she will be  
a ioyfull woman.

*Rom:* Why, what wilt thou tell her?

*Nur:* That you doo protest: which (as I take it) is a  
Gentlemanlike proffer.

150

*Rom:* Bid her get leaue to morrow morning

To come to shrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:

And stay thou Nurse behinde the Abbey wall,

My man shall come to thee, and bring along

The cordes, made like a tackled staire,

155

Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

Must be my conduct in the secret night.

Hold, take that for thy paines.

*Nur:* No, not a penie truly.

*Rom:* I say you shall not chuse.

160

*Nur:* Well, to morrow morning she shall not faile.

*Rom:* Farewell, be trustie, and Ile quite thy paine. *Exit.*

*Nur:* *Peter*, take my fanne, and goe before. *Ex. omnes.*

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Jul:* The clocke stroke nine when I did send my Nursse  
In halfe an houre she promist to returne.

[SC. IX.]

Perhaps she cannot finde him. Thats not so.

Oh she is lazie, Loues heralds should be thoughts,

And runne more swift, than hastie powder fierd,

5

Doth hurrie from the fearfull Cannons mouth.

*Enter Nurse.*

Oh now she comes. Tell me gentle Nurse,

What sayes my Loue?

[Sc. ix.]

*Nur:* Oh I am wearie, let mee rest a while. Lord how my bones ake. Oh wheres my man? Giue me some aqua vitæ.

10

*Iul:* I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes.

*Nur:* Fie, what a iaunt haue I had: and my backe a tother side. Lord, Lord, what a case am I in.

*Iul:* But tell me sweet Nurse, what sayes *Romeo*?

15

*Nur:* *Romeo*, nay, alas you cannot chuse a man. Hees no bodie, he is not the Flower of curtesie, he is not a proper man: and for a hand, and a foote, and a baudie, wel go thy way wench, thou hast it ifaith. Lord, Lord, how my head beates?

20

*Iul:* What of all this? tell me what sayes he to our marriage?

*Nur:* Marry he sayes like an honest Gentleman, and a kinde, and I warrant a vertuous: wheres your Mother?

*Iul:* Lord, Lord, how odly thou repliest? He saies like a kinde Gentleman, and an honest, and a vertuous; wheres your mother?

25

*Nur:* Marry come vp, cannot you stay a while? is this the poultesse for mine aking boanes? next arrant youl haue done, euen doot your selfe.

30

*Iul:* Nay stay sweet Nurse, I doo intreate thee now, What sayes my Loue, my Lord, my *Romeo*?

*Nur:* Goe, hye you straight to Friar *Laurence* Cell, And frame a scuse that you must goe to shrift:

There stayes a Bridegroome to make you a Bride.

35

Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,

I must prouide a ladder made of cordes,

With which your Lord must clime a birdes nest soone.

I must take paines to further your delight,

But you must beare the burden soone at night.

40

Doth this newes please you now?

*Iul:* How doth her latter words reuiue my hart.

Thankes gentle Nurse, dispatch thy busines,

And Ile not faile to meete my *Romeo*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo, Frier.*

*Rom:* Now Father *Laurence*, in thy holy grant Consists the good of me and *Iuliet*.

[Sc. x.]

*Fr:* Without more words I will doo all I may, To make you happie if in me it lye.

*Rom:* This morning here she pointed we should meet, And consumate those neuer parting bands, Witnes of our harts loue by ioyning hands,

5

And come she will.

[Sc. x.]

*Fr:* I gesse she will indeed,

Youths loue is quicke, swifter than swiftest speed.

10

*Enter Iuliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*

See where she comes.

So light of foote nere hurts the troden flower:

Of loue and ioy, see see the soucraigne power.

*Iul:* *Romeo.*

*Rom:* My *Iuliet* welcome. As doo waking eyes

15

(Cloasd in Nights mysts) attend the frolicke Day,

So *Romeo* hath expected *Iuliet*,

And thou art come.

*Iul:* I am (if I be Day)

Come to my Sunne: shine foorth, and make me faire.

20

*Rom:* All beauteous fairnes dwelleth in thine eyes.

*Iul:* *Romeo* from thine all brightnes doth arise.

*Fr:* Come wantons, come, the stealing houres do passe

Defer imbracements till some fitrer time,

Part for a while, you shall not be alone,

25

Till holy Church haue ioynd ye both in one.

*Rom:* Lead holy Father, all delay seemes long.

*Iul:* Make hast, make hast, this lingring doth vs wrong.

*Fr:* O, soft and faire makes sweetest worke they say.

Hast is a common hindrer in crosse way. *Exeunt omnes.*

30

*Enter Benuolio, Mercutio.*

*Ben:* I pree thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,

[Sc. xi.]

The day is hot, the *Capels* are abroad.

*Mer:* Thou art like one of those, that when hee comes into the confines of a tauerne, claps me his rapier on the boord, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the next cup of wine, he drawes it on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

5

*Ben:* Am I like such a one?

*Mer:* Go too, thou art as hot a Iacke being mooude, and as soone mooude to be moodie, and as soone moodie to be mooud.

10

*Ben:* And what too?

*Mer:* Nay, and there were two such, wee should haue none shortly. Didst not thou fall out with a man for crack-ing of nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hadst hasill eyes? what eye but such an eye would haue pickt out such a quarrell? With another for coughing, because hee wakd thy dogge that lay a sleepe in the Sunne? With a Taylor for wearing his new dublet before Easter: and

15

with another for tying his new shoes with olde ribands.  
And yet thou wilt forbid me of quarrelling.

[Sc. XI.]

*Ben:* By my head heere comes a *Capolet*.

*Enter Tybalt.*

*Mer:* By my heele I care not.

*Tyb:* Gentlemen a word with one of you.

*Mer:* But one word with one of vs? You had best couple  
it with somewhat, and make it a word and a blow. 25

*Tyb:* I am apt enough to that if I haue occasion.

*Mer:* Could you not take occasion?

*Tyb:* *Mercutio* thou consorts with *Romeo*?

*Mer:* Consort. Zwounes consort? the slauē wil make fid-  
lers of vs. If you doe sirra, look for nothing but discord: For  
heeres my fiddle-sticke. 30

*Enter Romeo.*

*Tyb:* Well peace be with you, heere comes my man.

*Mer:* But Ile be hanged if he weare your lyuery: Mary  
go before into the field, and he may be your follower, so in  
that sence your worship may call him man. 35

*Tyb:* *Romeo* the hate I beare to thee can affoord no bet-  
ter words then these, thou art a villaine.

*Rom:* *Tybalt* the loue I beare to thee, doth excuse the  
appertaining rage to such a word: villaine am I none, ther-  
fore I well perceiue thou knowst me not. 40

*Tyb:* Bace boy this cannot serue thy turne, and therefore  
drawe.

*Ro:* I doe protest I neuer iniured thee, but loue thee bet-  
ter than thou canst deuise, till thou shalt know the reason of  
my loue. 45

*Mer:* O dishonorable vile submission. *Allastockado* caries  
it away. You Ratcatcher, come backe, come backe.

*Tyb:* What wouldest with me?

*Mer:* Nothing King of Cates, but borrow one of your  
nine liues, therefore come drawe your rapier out of your  
scabard, least mine be about your eares ere you be aware. 50

*Rom:* Stay *Tibalt*, hould *Mercutio*: *Benuolio* beate  
downe their weapons.

*Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mer-  
cutio, in and flies.*

*Mer:* Is he gone, hath hee nothing? A poxe on your  
houses. 55

*Rom:* What art thou hurt man, the wound is not deepe.

*Mer:* Noe not so deepe as a Well, nor so wide as a

barne doore, but it will serue I warrant. What meant you to come betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

[Sc. xi.]  
60

*Rom:* I did all for the best.

*Mer:* Apoxe of your houses, I am fairely drest. Sirra goe fetch me a Surgeon.

*Boy:* I goe my Lord.

*Mer:* I am pepperd for this world, I am sped yfaith, he hath made wormes meate of me, & ye aske for me to morrow you shall finde me a graue-man. A poxe of your houses, I shall be fairely mounted vpon foure mens shoulders: For your house of the *Mountegues* and the *Capolets*: and then some peasantly rogue, some Sexton, some base slauie shall write my Epitaph, that *Tybalt* came and broke the Princes Lawes, and *Mercutio* was slaine for the first and second cause. Wher's the Surgeon?

65

*Boy:* Hee's come sir.

*Mer:* Now heele keepe a mumbling in my guts on the other side, come *Benuolio*, lend me thy hand: a poxe of your houses.

75

*Exeunt.*

*Rom:* This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie. My very frend hath tane this mortall wound In my behalfe, my reputation staind With *Tibalts* slaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre Hath beene my kinsman. Ah *Iuliet* Thy beautie makes me thus effeminate, And in my temper softens valors steele.

80

*Enter Benuolio.*

*Ben:* Ah *Romeo* *Romeo* braue *Mercutio* is dead, That gallant spirit hath a spir'd the cloudes, Which too vntimely scordnd the lowly earth.

85

*Rom:* This daies black fate, on more daies doth depend This but begins what other dayes must end.

*Enter Tibalt.*

*Ben:* Heere comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.

90

*Rom:* A liue in tryumph and *Mercutio* slaine? Away to heauen respectiue lenity: And fier eyed fury be my conduct now. Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe, Which late thou gau'st me: for *Mercutios* soule, Is but a little way above the cloudes, And staies for thine to beare him company. Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him.

95

*Fight, Tibalt failes.*

*Ben:* *Romco* away, thou sceest that *Tibalt's* slaine,

The Citizens approach, away, begone  
Thou wilt be taken.

[Sc. XI.]

*Rom:* Ah I am fortunes slaue.

*Exeunt.**Enter Citizens.*

*Watch.* Wher's he that slue *Mercutio*, *Tybalt* that vil-  
laine?

*Ben:* There is that *Tybalt*.

105

Vp sirra goe with vs<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter Prince, Capolets wife.*

*Pry:* Where be the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben:* Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all  
The most vn lucky mannage of this brawle.

Heere lyes the man slaine by yong *Romeo*,

110

That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*,

*M:* *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,  
Vnhappie sight? Ah the blood is spilt

Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true:  
For blood of ours, shed bloud of *Mountague*.

115

*Pry:* Speake *Bennolio* who began this fray?

*Ben:* *Tibalt* heere slaine whom *Romeos* hand did slay.  
*Romeo* who spake him fayre bid him bethinke  
How nice the quarrell was.

But *Tibalt* still persisting in his wrong,  
The stout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the storme,

120

Which *Romeo* seeing cal'd stay Gentlemen,

And on me cry'd, who drew to part their strife,

And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,

As fast as tung crydepeace, sought peace to make.

125

While they were enterchanging thrusts and blows,

Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,

The furious *Tybalt* cast an enuious thrust,  
That rid the life of stout *Mercutio*.

With that he fled, but presently return'd,

130

And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:

That had but newly entertain'd reuenge.

And ere I could draw forth my rapyer

To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,

And this way *Romeo* fled.

135

*Mo:* He is a *Mountague* and speakes partiall,  
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife:  
And all those twenty could but kill one life.

<sup>1</sup> *Watch:* is omitted in the text but '*Watch: Vp*' is the catchword of the previous page.

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

173

I doo intreate sweete Prince thout iustice giue,  
*Romeo* slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue. [SC. XI.]  
 140

*Prin*: And for that offence  
 Immediately we doo exile him hence.  
 I haue an interest in your hates proceeding,  
 My blood for your rude braules doth dye a bleeding.  
 But He amerce you with so large a fine, 145  
 That you shall all repent the losse of mine.  
 I will be deafe to pleading and excuses,  
 Nor teares nor prayers shall purchase for abuses.  
 Pittie shall dwell and gouerne with vs still:  
 Mercie to all but murderers, pardoning none that kill. 150

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Iul*: Gallop apace you fierie footed steedes [SC. XI.]  
 To *Phæbus* mansion, such a Waggoner  
 As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,  
 And send in cloudie night immediately.

*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder  
 of cordes in her lap.*

But how now Nurse: O Lord, why lookst thou sad? 5  
 What hast thou there, the cordes?

*Nur*: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,  
 We are vndone, Ladie we are vndone.

*Iul*: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?

*Nurs*: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead, 10

*Iul*: This torture should be roard in dismall hell.

Can heauens be so enuious?

*Nur*: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes.  
 God saue the sample, on his manly breast: 15  
 A bloodie coarse, a piteous bloodie coarse,  
 All pale as ashes, I swounded at the sight.

*Iul*: Ah *Romeo*, *Romeo*, what disaster hap  
 Hath seuerd thee from thy true *Iuliet*?  
 Ah why should Heauen so much conspire with Woe, 20  
 Or Fate enuie our happie Marriage,  
 So soone to sunder vs by timelesse Death?

*Nur*: O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had,  
 O honest *Tybalt*, curteous Gentleman.

*Iul*: What storme is this that blowes so contrarie, 25  
 Is *Tybalt* dead, and *Romeo* murdered:  
 My deare loude cousen, and my dearest Lord.  
 Then let the trumpet sound a generall doome

These two being dead, then liuing is there none. [Sc. xii.]  
*Nur:* *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banished, 30  
*Romeo* that murdred him is banished.  
*Iul:* Ah heauens, did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood?  
*Nur:* It did, it did, alacke the day it did. "

*Iul:* O serpents hate, hid with a flowring face:  
O painted sepulcher, including filth. 35  
Was neuer booke containing so foule matter,  
So fairly bound. Ah, what meant *Romeo*?  
*Nur:* There is no truth, no faith, no honestie in men :  
All false, all faithles, periurde, all forsworne.  
Shame come to *Romeo*. 40

*Iul:* A blister on that tung, he was not borne to shame :  
Vpon his face Shame is ashambe to sit.  
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my Cousen?  
That villaine Cousen would haue kild my husband.  
All this is comfort. But there yet remains 45  
Worse than his death, which faine I would forget :  
But ah, it presseth to my memorie,  
*Romeo* is banished. Ah that word Banished  
Is worse than death. *Romeo* is banished,  
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Iuliet*, 50  
All killd, all slaine, all dead, all banished.  
Where are my Father and my Mother Nurse?  
*Nur:* Weeping and wayling ouer *Tybalts* coarse.  
Will you goe to them?

*Iul:* I, I, when theirs are spent, 55  
Mine shall he shed for *Romeos* banishment.  
*Nur:* Ladie, your *Romeo* will be hère to night,  
He to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.  
*Iul:* Doo so, and beare this Ring to my true Knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. *Exeunt.* 60

*Enter Frier.*

*Fr:* *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man, [Sc. xiii.]  
Affliction is enamourd on thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to Calamitie.

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom:* Father what newes, what is the Princes doome,  
What Sorrow craues acquaintance at our hands, 5  
Which yet we know not.  
*Fr:* Too familiar  
Is my yong sonne with such sowre companie :  
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.  
*Rom:* What lesse than doomes day is the Princes doome? 10  
*Fr:* A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,



Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

[SC. XIII.]

*Rom:* Ha, Banished? be mercifull, say death:  
For Exile hath more terror in his lookes,  
Than death it selfe, doo not say Banishment.

15

*Fr:* Hence from *Verona* art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom:* There is no world without *Verona* walls,  
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe.  
Hence banished, is banisht from the world:  
And world exile is death. Calling death banishment,  
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,  
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

20

*Fr:* Oh monstrous sinne, O rude vnthankfulnes:  
Thy fault our law calls death, but the milde Prince  
(Taking thy part) hath rushd aside the law,  
And turnd that blacke word death to banishment:  
This is meere mercie, and thou seest it not.

25

*Rom:* Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is heere  
Where *Iuliet* liues: and euerie cat and dog,  
And little mouse, euerie vnworthie thing  
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,  
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,  
More honourable state, more courtship liues  
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seaze  
On the white wonder of faire *Iuliet*s skinne,  
And steale immortall kisses from her lips;  
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.

30

Flies may doo this, but I from this must flye.  
Oh Father hadst thou no strong poyson mixt,  
No sharpe ground knife, no present meane of death,  
Though nere so meane, but banishment  
To torture me withall: ah, banished.

40

O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:  
Howling attends it. How hadst thou the heart,  
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,  
A sinne absoluer, and my frend profest,  
To mangle me with that word, Banishment?

45

*Fr:* Thou fond mad man, heare me but speake a word,

*Rom:* O, thou wilt talke againe of Banishment.

50

*Fr:* He giue thee armour to beare off this word,  
Aduersities sweete milke, philosophie,  
To comfort thee though thou be banished.

*Rom:* Yet Banished? hang vp philosophie,  
Vnlesse philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,  
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes doome,  
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

55

## THE EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

*Fr:* O, now I see that madmen haue no eares.

[Sc. XIII.]

*Rom:* How should they, when that wise men haue no eyes.

*Fr:* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

60

*Rom:* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not seele.

Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy Loue,

An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered.

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speake, then mightst thou teare thy  
hayre.

65

And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,

Taking the measure of an vnmade graue.

*Nurse* knockes.

*Fr:* *Romeo* arise, stand vp thou wilt be taken,

I heare one knocke, arise and get thee gone.

*Nu:* Hoe Fryer.

70

*Fr:* Gods will what wilfulnes is this?

*Shee* knockes againe.

*Nur:* Hoe Fryer open the doore,

*Fr:* By and by I come. Who is there?

*Nur:* One from Lady *Iuliet*.

*Fr:* Then come neare.

75

*Nur:* Oh holy Fryer, tell mee oh holy Fryer,

Where is my Ladies Lord? Wher's *Romeo*?

*Fr:* There on the ground, with his owne teares made  
drunke.

*Nur:* Oh he is euen in my Mistresse case.

80

Iust in her case. Oh wofull simpathy,

Pitteous predicament, euen so lyes shee,

Weeping and blubbring, blubbring and weeping:

Stand vp, stand vp, stand and you be a man.

For *Iuliet*s sake, for her sake rise and stand,

85

Why should you fall into so deep an O.

*He* rises.

*Romeo:* Nurse.

*Nur:* Ah sir, ah sir. Wert death's the end of all.

*Rom:* Spakest thou of *Iuliet*, how is it with her?

Doth she not thinke me an olde murderer,

90

Now I haue staine the childhood of her ioy,

With blood remou'd but little from her owne?

Where is she? and how doth she? And what sayes

My conceal'd Lady to our cancell'd loue?

*Nur:* Oh she saith nothing, but weepes and püles,

95

And now fals on her bed, now on the ground,

And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calles.

[SC. XIII.]

*Rom*: As if that name shot from the deadly leuel of a gun  
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand  
Murderd her kinsman. Ah tell me holy Fryer  
In what vile part of this Anatomy  
Doth my name lye? Tell me that I may sacke  
The hatefull mansion?

100

*He offers to stab himselfe, and Nurse snatches  
the dagger away.*

*Nur*: Ah?

*Fr*: Hold, stay thy hand: art thou a man? thy forme  
Cryes out thou art, but thy wilde actes denote  
The vnreasonable furyes of a beast.

105

Vnseemely woman 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 temperd,  
Hast thou slaine *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy selfe?  
And slay thy Lady too, that liues in thee?

110

Rouse vp thy spirits, thy Lady *Iuliet* liues,  
For whose sweet sake thou wert but lately dead:  
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,  
But thou sluest *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too.  
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,  
Happines Courts thee in his best array:

115

But like a misbehaude and sullen wench  
Thou frownst vpon thy Fate that smiles on thee.  
Take heede, take heede, for such dye miserable.  
Goe get thee to thy loue as was decreed:

120

Ascend her Chamber Window, hence and comfort her,  
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set:

125

For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*.  
Nurse prouide all things in a readines,  
Comfort thy Mistresse, haste the house to bed,  
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.

*Nur*: Good Lord what a thing learning is.

130

I could haue stayde heere all this night  
To heare good counsell. Well Sir,  
Ile tell my Lady that you will come.

*Rom*: Doe so and bidde my sweet prepare to childe,  
Farwell good Nurse.

135

*Nurse offers to goe in and turnes againe.*

*Nur*: Heere is a Ring Sir, that she bad me giue you,

*Rom*: How well my comfort is reuiud by this.

*Exit Nurse.*

*Fr:* Soiornè in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,  
And he shall signifie from time to time:  
Every good hap that doth befall thee heere.  
Farwell.

[Sc. xiii.]

140

*Rom:* But that a ioy, past ioy cries out on me,  
It were a grieffe so breefe to part with thee.

*Enter olde Capolet and his Wife, with  
County Paris.*

*Cap:* Things haue fallen out Sir so vnluck ly,  
That we haue had no time to moue my daughter.  
Looke yee Sir, she lou'd her kinsman dearely,  
And so did I. Well, we were borne to dye,  
Wife wher's your daughter, is she in her chamber?  
I thinke she meanes not to come downe to night.

[Sc. xiv.]

5

*Par:* These times of woe affoord no time to woee,  
Maddam farwell, commend me to your daughter.

*Paris offers to goe in, and Capolet  
calles him againe.*

*Cap:* Sir *Paris*? He make a desperate tender of my child.  
I thinke she will be rulde in all respects by mee:  
But soft what day is this?

10

*Par:* Munday my Lord.

*Cap:* Oh then Wensday is too soone,  
On Thursday let it be: you shall be married.  
Wee'le make no great a doe, a frend or two, or so:  
For looke ye Sir, *Tybalt* being slaine so lately,  
It will be thought we held him care leslye:  
If we should reuell much, therefore we will haue  
Some halfe a dozen frends and make no more adoe.  
But what say you to Thursday.

15

20

*Par:* My Lorde I wishe that Thursday were to mor-  
row.

*Cap:* Wife goe you to your daughter, ere you goe to  
bed.

Acquaint her with the County *Paris* loue,  
Fare well my Lord till Thursday next.  
Wife gette you to your daughter. Light to my Chamber.  
Afore me it is so very very late,  
That we may call it earely by and by.

25

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo and Iuliet at the window.*

*Iul:* Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet nere day,

[Sc. xv.]

It was the Nightingale and not the Larke  
That pierst the fearfull hollow of thine eare:  
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree,  
Beleeue me loue, it was the Nightingale.

[Sc. xv.]

*Rom:* It was the Larke, the Herald of the Morne,  
And not the Nightingale. See Loue what enuious strakes  
Doo lace the seuring clowdes in yondon East.  
Nights candles are burnt out, and iocend Day  
Stands tiptoes on the mystie mountaine tops.  
I must be gone and liue, or stay and dye.

*Jul:* Yon light is not day light, I know it I:  
It is some Meteor that the Sunne exhales,  
To be this night to thee a Torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.  
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not goe sooné.

*Rom:* Let me stay here, let me be tane, and dye:  
If thou wilt haue it so, I am content.

Ile say yon gray is not the Mornings Eye,  
It is the pale reflex of *Cynthias* brow.

Ile say it is the Nightingale, that beates  
The vaultie heauen so high aboue our heads,  
And not the Larke the Messenger of Morne.  
Come death and welcome, *Iuliet* wils it so.  
What sayes my Loue? lets talke, tis not yet day.

*Jul:* It is, it is, begone, flye hence away.

It is the Larke that sings so out of tune,  
Straining harsh Discords and vnpleasing Sharpes.  
Some say, the Larke makes sweete Diuision:  
This doth not so: for this diuideth vs.  
Some say the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,  
I would that now they had changd voyces too:  
Since arme from arme her voyce doth, vs affray,  
Hunting thee hence with Huntsvp to the day.  
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.

*Rom:* More light and light, more darke and darke our  
woes.

Farewell my Loue, one kisse and Ile descend.

*He goeth downe.*

*Jul:* Art thou gone so, my Lord, my Loue, my Friend?  
I must heare from thee euerie day in the hower:  
For in an hower there are manie minutes,  
Minutes are dayes, so will I number them:  
Oh, by this count I shall be much in yeares,  
Ere I see thee againe.

*Rom:* Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie

[Sc. xv.]

That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.

*Iul:* Oh, thinkst thou we shall euer meete againe.

*Rom:* No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe shall serue  
For sweete discourses in the time to come.

*Iul:* Oh God, I have an ill diuining soule.  
Me thinkes I see thee now thou art below  
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:  
Either mine ey-sight failes, or thou lookst pale.

50

*Rom:* And trust me Loue, in my eye so doo you,  
Drie sorrow drinks our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

*Enter Nurse hastely.*

*Nur:* Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,  
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all sure.

55

*She goeth downe from the window.*

*Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurse.*

*Moth:* Where are you Daughter?

*Nur:* What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet*?

*Iul:* How now, who calls?

*Nur:* It is your Mother.

60

*Moth:* Why how now *Iuliet*?

*Iul:* Madam, I am not well.

*Moth:* What euermore weeping for your Cosens death:  
I thinke thoult wash him from his graue with teares.

*Iul:* I cannot chuse, hauing so great a losse.

65

*Moth:* I cannot blame thee.

But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.

*Iul:* What Villaine Madame?

*Moth:* That Villaine *Romeo*.

*Iul:* Villaine and he are manie miles a sunder.

70

*Moth:* Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man  
I soone would send to *Mantua* where he is,  
That should bestow on him so sure a draught,  
As he should soone beare *Tybalt* companie.

*Iul:* Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde such a man:  
For whilst he liues, my heart shall nere be light  
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.

75

Thus for a Kinsman vext? (newes?)

*Moth:* Well let that passe. I come to bring thee ioyfull

*Iul:* And ioy comes well in such a needfull time.

80

*Moth:* Well then, thou hast a carefull Father Girle,  
And one who pittying thy needfull state,  
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy.

*Iul:* What day is that I pray you?

*Moth:* Marry my Childe,

85

OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

181

The gallant, yong and youthfull Gentleman,  
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,  
Early next Thursday morning must prouide,  
To make you there a glad and ioyfull Bride.

[Sc. xv.]

*Iul:* Now by Saint *Peters* Church and *Peter* too,  
He shall not there make mee a ioyfull Bride.  
Are these the newes you had to tell me of?  
Marrie here are newes indeed. Madame I will not marrie  
yet.

90

And when I doo, it shalbe rather *Romeo* whom I hate,  
Than Countie *Paris* that I cannot loue.

95

*Enter olde Capolet.*

*Moth:* Here comes your Father, you may tell him so.

*Capo:* Why how now, euermore showing?

In one little bodie thou resemblst a sea, a barke, a storme  
For this thy bodie which I tearme a barke,  
Still floating in thy euerfalling teares,  
And tost with sighes arising from thy hart:  
Will without succour shipwracke presently.

100

But heare you Wife, what haue you sounded her, what saies  
she, to it?

*Moth:* I haue, but she will none she thankes ye:

Would God that she were married to her graue.

105

*Capo:* What will she not, doth she not thanke vs, doth  
she not wexe proud?

*Iul:* Not proud ye haue, but thankfull that ye haue:

Proud can I neuer be of that I hate,  
But thankfull euen for hate that is ment loue.

110

*Capo:* Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,  
And yet not proud. Whats here, chop logicke.  
Proud me no prouids, nor thanke me no thankes,  
But fettle your fine ioynts on Thursday next  
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,  
Or I will drag you on a hurdle thether.

115

Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.

*Iu:* Good father heare me speake?

*She kneeles downe.*

*Cap:* I tell thee what, eyther resolue on thursday next  
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:  
Or henceforth neuer looke me in the face.  
Speake not, reply not, for my fingers yteh.  
Why wife, we thought that we were scarcely blest  
That God had sent vs but this onely chylde:  
But now I see this one is one too much,

120

125

And that we haue a crosse in hauing her.

[Sc. xv.]

*Nur:* Mary God in heauen blesse her my Lord,  
You are too blame to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why my Lady wisdom? hold your tung,  
Good prudence smatter with your gossips, gœ.

130

*Nur:* Why my Lord I speake no treason.

*Cap:* Oh goddegodden.  
Vtter your grauity ouer a gossips boule,  
For heere wee need it not.

*Mo:* My lord ye are too hotte.

135

*Cap:* Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,  
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,  
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,  
Still my care hath beene to see her matcht.  
And hauing now found out a Gentleman,

140

Of Princely parentage, youthfull, and nobly trainde.  
Stuft as they say with honorable parts,  
Proportioned as ones heart coulde wish a man:  
And then to haue a wretched whyning foole,  
A puling mammet in her fortunes tender,  
To say I cannot loue, I am too young, I pray you pardon  
mee?

145

But if you cannot wedde Ile pardon you.  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

Looke to it, thinke ont, I doe not vse to iest.

I tell yee what, Thursday is neere,

150

Lay hand on heart, aduise, bethinke your selfe,

If you be mine, Ile giue you to my frend:

If not, hang, drowne, starue, beg,

Dye in the streetes: for by my Soule

Ile neuer more acknowledge thee,

155

Nor what I haue shall euer doe thee good,

Thinke ont, looke toot, I doe not vse to iest. *Exit.*

*Iul:* Is there no pittie hanging in the cloudes,  
That lookes into the bottom of my woes?

I doe beseech you Madame, cast me not away,

160

Defer this mariage for a day or two,

Or if you cannot, make my mariage bed

In that dimme moniment where *Tybalts* lyes.

*Moth:* Nay be assured I will not speake a word.

Do what thou wilt for I haue done with thee.

*Exit.*

165

*Iul:* Ah Nurse what comfort? what counsell canst thou  
giue me.

*Nur:* Now trust me Madame, I know not what to say:  
Your *Romeo* he is banisht, and all the world to nothing  
He neuer dares returne to challenge you.



Now I thinke good you marry with this County,  
 Oh he is a gallant Gentleman, *Romeo* is but a dishelout  
 In respect of him. I promise you  
 I thinke you happy in this second match.  
 As for your husband he is dead :

[Sc. xv.]

Or twere as good he were, for you haue no vse of him.

175

*Iul*: Speakest thou this from thy heart?

*Nur*: I and from my soule, or els beshrew them both.

*Iul*: Amen.

*Nur*: What say you Madame?

*Iul*: Well, thou hast comforted me wondrous much,  
 I pray thee goe thy waies vnto my mother  
 Tell her I am gone hauing displeasde my Father.  
 To Fryer *Laurence* Cell to confesse me,  
 And to be absolu'd.

180

*Nur*: I will, and this is wisely done.

185

*She lookes after Nurse.*

*Iul*: Auncient damnation, O most cursed fiend.

Is it more sinne to wish me thus forsworne,  
 Or to dispraise him with the selfe same tongue  
 That thou hast praise him with aboue compare  
 So many thousand times? Goe Counsellor,  
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shalbe twaine.  
 Me to the Fryer to know his remedy,  
 If all faile els, I haue the power to dye.

190

*Exit.*

*Enter Fryer and Paris.*

*Fr*: On Thursday say ye: the time is very short,

[Sc. xvi.]

*Par*: My Father *Capolet* will haue it so,

And I am nothing slacke to slow his hast.

*Fr*: You say you doe not know the Ladies minde?

Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

5

*Par*: Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,  
 And therefore haue I little talkt of loue.

For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares,

Now Sir, her father thinkes it dangerous:

That she doth giue her sorrow so much sway.

10

And in his wisdom hasts our mariage,

To stop the inundation of her teares.

Which too much minded by her selfe alone

May be put from her by societie.

Now doe ye know the reason of this hast.

15

*Fr*: I would I knew not why it should be slowd.

*Enter Paris.*

[Sc. xvi.]

Heere comes the lady to my cell,

*Par:* Welcome my loue, my Lady and my wife :

*Iu:* That may be sir, when I may be a wife,

*Par:* That may be, must be loue, on thursday next.

20

*Iu:* What must be shalbe.

*Fr:* Thats a certaine text.

*Par:* What come ye to confession to this Fryer.

*Iu:* To tell you that were to confesse to you.

*Par:* Do not deny to him that you loue me.

25

*Iul:* I will confesse to you that I loue him,

*Par:* So I am sure you will that you loue me.

*Iu:* And if I doe, it wilbe of more price,

Being spoke behinde your backe, than to your face.

*Par:* Poore sôule that face is much abus'd with teares.

30

*Iu:* The teares haue got small victory by that,

For it was bad enough before their spite.

*Par:* Thou wrongst it more than teares by that report:

*Iu:* That is no wrong sir, that is a truth:

And what I spake I spake it to my face.

35

*Par:* Thy face is mine and thou hast slaundred it.

*Iu:* It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leasure holy Father now :

Or shall I come to you at euening Masse?

*Fr:* My leasure serues me pensive daughter now.

40

My Lord we must entreate the time alone.

*Par:* God sheild I should disturbe deuotion,

*Iuliet* farwell, and keep this holy kisse.

*Exit Paris.*

*Iu:* Goe shut the doore and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me that am past cure, past help,

45

*Fr:* Ah *Iuliet* I already know thy grieffe,

I heare thou must and nothing may proroge it,

On Thursday next be married to the Countie.

*Iul:* Tell me not Frier that thou hearest of it,

Vnlesse thou tell me how we may preuent it.

50

Giue me some sudden counsell: els behold

Twixt my extreames and me, this bloodie Knife

Shall play the Vmpeere, arbitrating that

Which the Commission of thy yeares and arte

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

55

Speake not, be briefe: for I desire to die,

If what thou speakst, speake not of remedie.

*Fr:* Stay *Iuliet*, I doo spie a kinde of hope,

Which craues as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate we would preuent.

[Sc. XVI.]

If rather than to marrie Countie *Paris*

Thou hast the strength or will to slay thy selfe,

Tis not vnlike that thou wilt vndertake

A thing like death to chyde away this shame,

Thou coapst with death it selfe to flye from blame.

65

And if thou doost, Ile giue thee remedie,

*Iul:* Oh bid me leape (rather than marrie *Paris*)

From off the battlements of yonder tower:

Or chaine me to some steepie mountaines top,

Where roaring Beares and sauage Lions are:

70

Or shut me nightly in a Charnell-house,

With reekie shankes, and yeolow chaples sculls:

Or lay me in tombe with one new dead:

Things that to heare them namde haue made me tremble;

And I will doo it without feare or doubt,

75

To keep my selfe a faithfull vnstaind Wife

To my deere Lord, my deerest *Romeo*.

*Fr:* Hold *Iuliet*, hie thee home, get thee to bed,

Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:

And when thou art alone, take thou this Violl,

80

And this distilled Liquor drinke thou off:

When presently through all thy veynes shall run

A dull and heauie slumber, which shall seaze

Each vitall spirit: for no Pulse shall keepe

His naturall progresse, but surcease to beate:

85

No signe of breath shall testifie thou liust.

And in this borrowed likenes of shrunke death,

Thou shalt remaine full two and fortie houres.

And when thou art laid in thy Kindreds Vault,

Ile send in hast to *Mantua* to thy Lord,

90

And he shall come and take thee from thy graue.

*Iul:* Frier I goe, be sure thou send for my deare *Romeo*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter olde Capolet, his Wife, Nurse, and  
Seruingman.*

[Sc.  
XVII.]

*Capo:* Where are you sirra?

*Ser:* Heere forsooth.

*Capo:* Goe, prouide me twentie cunning Cookes.

*Ser:* I warrant you Sir, let me alone for that, Ile knowe  
them by licking their fingers.

5

*Capo:* How canst thou know them so?

*Ser:* Ah sir, tis an ill Cooke cannot licke his owne fin-  
gers.

*Capo:* Well get you gone.

*Exit Seruingman.*

But wheres this Head-strong?

[Sc.  
xvii.]

*Moth:* Shees gone (my Lord) to Frier *Laurence* Cell  
To be confest.

*Capo:* Ah, he may hap to doo some good of her,  
A headstrong selfewild harlotrie it is.

*Enter Iuliet.*

*Moth:* See herè she commeth from Confession,

15

*Capo:* How now my Héad-stróng, where haue you bin  
gadding?

*Iul:* Where I haue learned to repent the sin  
Of froward wilfull opposition  
Gainst you and your behests, and am enioynd  
By holy *Laurence* to fall prostrate here,  
And craue remission of so foul a fact.

20

*She kneeles downe.*

*Moth:* Why thats well said.

*Capo:* Now before God this holy reuerent Frier  
All our whole Citie is much bound vnto.  
Goe tell the Countie presently of this,  
For I will haue this knot knit vp to morrow.

25

*Iul:* Nurse, will you go with me to my Closet,  
To sort such things as shall be requisite  
Against to morrow,

30

*Moth:* I pree thee doo, good Nurse goe in with her,  
Helpe her to sort Tyres, Rebatoes, Chaincs,  
And I will come vnto you presently,

*Nur:* Come sweet hart, shall we goe:

*Iul:* I pree thee let vs.

35

*Exeunt Nurse and Iuliet.*

*Moth:* Me thinks on Thursday would be time enough.

*Capo:* I say I will haue this dispatcht to morrow,  
Goe one and certefie the Count thereof.

*Moth:* I pray my Lord, let it be Thursday.

*Capo:* I say to morrow while shees in the mood.

40

*Moth:* We shall be short in our prouision.

*Capo:* Let me alone for that, goe get you in,  
Now before God my heart is passing light,  
To see her thus conformed to our will.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Nurse, Iuliet.*

*Nur:* Come, come, what need you anie thing else?

[Sc.  
xviii.]

*Iul:* Nothing good Nurse, but leaue me to my selfe:  
For I doo meane to lye alone to night.

*Nur:* Well thêres a cleane smocke vnder your pillow,  
and so good night. *Exit.*

[Sc.  
XVIII.]

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth:* What are you busie, doo you need my helpe?

*Iul:* No Madame, I desire to lye alone,  
For I haue manie things to thinke vpon.

*Moth.:* Well then good night, be stirring *Iuliet*,  
The Countie will be earlie here to morrôw. *Exit.*

10

*Iul:* Farewell, God knowes when wee shall meete a-  
gaine.

Ah, I doo take a fearfull thing in hand.  
What if this Pôtion should not worke at all,  
Must I of force be married to the Countie?  
This shall forbid it. Knife, lye thou there.  
What if the Frier should giue me this drinke  
To poysôn mee, for feare I should disclose  
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,  
He is a holy and religious Man:

15

I will not entertaine so bad a thought.  
What if I should be stifed in the Toomb?  
Awake an houre before the appointed time:

20

Ah then, I feare I shall be lunaticke,  
And playing with my dead forefathers bones,  
Dash out my franticke braines. Me thinkes I see  
My Cosin *Tybalt* weltring in his bloud,  
Seeking for *Romeo*: stay *Tybalt* stay.  
*Romeo* I come, this doe I drinke to thee.

25

*She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.*

*Enter Nurse with hearbs, Mother.*

[Sc. XIX.]

*Moth:* Thats well said Nurse, set all in redines,  
The Countie will be heere immediatly.

*Enter Oldeman.*

*Cap:* Make hast, make hast, for it is almost day,  
The Curfewe bell hath rung, t'is foure a clocke,  
Looke to your bakt meates good *Angelica*.

5

*Nur:* Goe get you to bed you cotqueanc. I faith you  
will be sicke anone.

*Cap:* I warrant thee Nurse I haue ere now watcht all  
night, and haue taken no harme at all.

*Moth:* I you haue beene a mouse hunt in your time.

10

*Enter Seruingman with Logs & Coals.*

*Cap:* A Ielous hood, a Ielous hood: How now sirra?  
What haue you there?

*Ser:* Forsooth Logs.

[Sc. XIX.]

*Cap:* Goe, goe choose dryer. Will will tell thee where thou shalt fetch them.

15

*Ser:* Nay I warrant let me alone, I haue a heade I troe to choose a Log.

*Exit.*

*Cap:* Well goe thy way, thou shalt be logger head.

Come, come, make hast call vp your daughter,  
The Countie will be heere with musicke straight.

20

Gods me hees come, Nurse call vp my daughter.

*Nur:* Goe, get you gone. What lambe, what Lady birde? fast I warrant. What *Iuliet?* well, let the County take you in your bed: yee sleepe for a weeke now, but the next night, the Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest that you shal rest but little. What lambe I say, fast still: what Lady, Loue, whatbride, what *Iuliet?* Gods me how sound she sleeps? Nay then I see I must wake you indeed. Whats heere, laide on your bed, drest in your cloathes and down, ah me, alack the day, some *Aqua vitæ* hoe.

25

30

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth:* How now whats the matter?

*Nur:* Alack the day, shees dead, shees dead, shees dead.

*Moth:* Accurst, vnhappy, miserable time.

*Enter Oldeman.*

*Cap:* Come, come, make hast, wheres my daughter?

*Moth:* Ah shees dead, shees dead.

35

*Cap:* Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.  
Accursed time, vnfortunate olde man.

*Enter Fryer and Paris.*

*Par:* What is the bride ready to goe to Church?

*Cap:* Ready to goe, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne the night before thy wedding day,  
Hath Death laine with thy bride, flower as she is,  
Deflowerd by him, see, where she lyes,

40

Death is my Sonne in Law, to him I giue all that I haue,

*Par:* Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,  
And doth it now present such prodegies?

45

Accurst, vnhappy, miserable man,

Forlorne, forsaken, destitute I am:

Borne to the world to be a slaue in it.

Distrest, remediles, and vnfortunate.

O heauens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,

50

To liue so vile, so wretched as I shall.

*Cap:* O heere she lies that was our hope, our ioy,  
And being dead, dead sorrow nips vs all.

[SC. XIX.]

|||  
*All at once cry out and wring their hands.*

*All cry:* And all our ioy, and all our hope is dead,  
Dead, lost, vndone, absented, wholly fled.

55

*Cap:* Cruel, vniust, impartiall destinies,  
Why to this day haue you preseru'd my life?  
To see my hope, my stay, my ioy, my life,  
Depruide of sence, of life, of all by death,  
Cruell, vniust, impartiall destinies.

60

*Cap:* O sad fac'd sorrow map of misery,  
Why this sad time haue I desird to see.  
This day, this vniust, this impartiall day  
Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,  
To be depruide by suddaine destinie.

65

*Moth:* O woe, alacke, distrest, why should I liue?  
To see this day, this miserable day.  
Alacke the time that euer I was borne.  
To be partaker of this destinie.  
Alacke the day, alacke and welladay.

70

*Fr:* O peace for shame, if not for charity.  
Your daughter liues in peace and happines,  
And it is vaine to wish it otherwise.  
Come sticke your Rosemary in this dead coarse,  
And as the custome of our Country is,  
In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,  
Conuay her where her Ancestors lie tomb'd,

75

*Cap:* Let it be so, come wofull sorrow mates,  
Let vs together taste this bitter fate.

*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on  
her and shutting the Curtens.*

*Enter Musitions.*

*Nur:* Put vp, put vp, this is a wofull case. *Exit.*  
1. I by my troth Mistresse is it, it had need be mended.

80

*Enter Seruingman.*

*Ser:* Alack alack what shal I doe, come Fidlers play me  
some mery dumpe.

1. A sir, this is no time to play.

*Ser:* You will not then?

85

1. No marry will wee.

*Ser:* Then will I giue it you, and soundly to.

1. What will you giue vs?

- Ser:* The fidler, He re you, He fa you, He sol you. [Sc. XIX.]  
 1. If you re vs and fa vs, we will note you. 90
- Ser:* I will put vp my Iron dagger, and beate you with  
 my wodden wit. Come on Simon found Pot, He pose you,  
 1. Lets heare.
- Ser:* When griping griefe the heart doth wound,  
 And dolefull dumps the minde oppresse: 95  
 Then musique with her siluer sound,  
 Why siluer sound? Why siluer sound?
1. I thinke because musicke hath a sweet sound.
- Ser:* Pretie, what say you Mathew minikine?
2. I thinke because Musitions sound for siluer. 100
- Ser:* Prettie too: come, what say you?
3. I say nothing.
- Ser:* I thinke so, He speake for you because you are the  
 Singer. I saye Siluer sound, because such Fellowes as you  
 haue sildome Golde for sounding. Farewell Fidlers, fare- 105  
 well. *Exit.*
1. Farewell and be hangd: come lets goe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Romeo.*

*Rom:* If I may trust the flattering Eye of Sleepe,  
 My Dreame presagde some good euent to come. [Sc. XX.]  
 My bosome Lord sits chearfull in his throne,  
 And I am comforted with pleasing dreames,  
 Me thought I was this night alreadie dead: 5  
 (Strange dreames that giue a dead man leaue to thinke)  
 And that my Ladie *Iuliet* came to me,  
 And breathd such life with kisses in my lips,  
 That I reuiude and was an Emperour.

*Enter Balthasar his man bootid.*

Newes from *Verona*. How now *Balthasar*, 10  
 How doth my Ladie? Is my Father well?  
 How fares my *Iuliet*? that I aske againe:  
 If she be well, then nothing can be ill.

*Balt:* Then nothing can be ill, for she is well,  
 Her bodie sleepes in *Cepels* Monument, 15  
 And her immortall parts with Angels dwell.  
 Pardon me Sir, that am the Messenger of such bad tidings.

*Rom:* Is it euen so? then I defie my Starres.  
 Goe get me incke and paper, hyre post horse,  
 I will not stay in *Mantua* to night. 20

*Balt:* Pardon me Sir, I will not leaue you thus,  
 Your lookes are dangerous and full of feare:  
 I dare not, nor I will not leaue you yet.



OF ROMEO AND IULIET.

191

Rom: Doo as I bid thee, get me incke and paper,  
And hyre those horse: stay not I say.

[Sc. xx.]  
25

*Exit Balthasar.*

Well *Iuliet*, I will lye with thee to night.  
Lets see for meanes. As I doo remember  
Here dwells a Potheccarie whom oft I noted  
As I past by, whose needie shop is stufft  
With beggerly accounts of emptie boxes:  
And in the same an *Aligarta* hangs,  
Olde endes of packthred, and cakes of Roses,  
Are thinly strewed to make vp a show.  
Him as I noted, thus with my selfe I thought:  
And if a man should need a poyson now,  
(Whose present sale is death in *Mantua*)  
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine  
Did but forerunne my need: and here about he dwels.  
Being Holiday the Beggars shop is shut.  
What ho Apothecarie, come forth I say.

30

35

40

*Enter Apothecarie.*

*Apo:* Who calls, what would you sir?

*Rom:* Heeres twentie duckates,  
Giue me a dram of some such speeding geere,  
As will dispatch the wearie takers life,  
As suddenly as powder being fierd  
From forth a Cannons mouth.

45

*Apo:* Such drugs I haue I must of force confesse,  
But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

*Rom:* Art thou so bare and full of pouertie,  
And doost thou feare to violate the Law?  
The Law is not thy frend, nor the Lawes frend,  
And therefore make no conscience of the law:  
Vpon thy backe hangs ragged Miserie,  
And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.

50

*Apo:* My pouertie but not my will consents.

55

*Rom:* I pay thy pouertie, but not thy will.

*Apo:* Hold take you this, and put it in anie liquid thing  
you will, and it will serue had you the liues of twenty men.

*Rom:* Hold, take this gold, worse poyson to mens soules  
Than this which thou hast giuen me. Goe hye thee hence,  
Goe buy the cloathes, and get thee into flesh.  
Come cordiall and not poyson, goe with mee  
To *Iuliets* Graue: for there mvst I vse thee.

60

*Exeunt.*

## THE EXCELLENT TRAGEDIE

*Enter Frier Iohn.*

[Sc. XXI.]

*John:* What Frier Laurence, Brother, ho?

*Laur:* This same should be the voyce of Frier Iohn.

What newes from *Mantua*, what will *Romeo* come?

*John:* Going to seeke a barefoote Brother out,

One of our order to associate mee,

5

Here in this Cittie visiting the sick,

Whereas the infectious pestilence remaind:

And being by the Searchers of the Towne

Found and examinde, we were both shut vp.

*Laur:* Who bare my letters then to *Romeo*?

10

*John:* I haue them still, and here they are.

*Laur:* Now by my holy Order,  
The letters were not nice, but of great weight.

Goe get thee hence, and get me presently

A spade and mattocke.

15

*John:* Well I will presently go fetch thee them. *Exit.*

*Laur:* Now must I to the Monument alone,

Least that the Ladie should before I come

Be wakde from sleepe. I will hye

To free her from that Tombe of miserie.

*Exit.*

20

*Enter Countie Paris and his Page with flowers  
and sweete water.*

[Sc.  
XXII.]

*Par:* Put out the torch, and lye thee all along  
Vnder this Ew-tree, keeping thine care close to the hollow  
ground.

And if thou heare one tread within this Churchyard,  
Staight giue me notice.

5

*Boy:* I will my Lord.

*Paris strewes the Tomb with flowers.*

*Par:* Sweete Flower, with flowers I strew thy Bridale  
bed:

Sweete Tombe that in thy circuite dost containe,

The perfect modell of eternitie:

Faire *Juliet* that with Angels dost remaine,

10

Accept this latest fauour at my hands,

That liuing honourd thee, and being dead

With funerall praises doo adorne thy Tombe.

*Boy whistles and calls.* My Lord.

*Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a  
a mattocke, and a crow of yron.*

*Par:* The boy giues warning, something doth approach.  
What curse& foote wanders this was to night,

15

To stay my obsequies and true loues rites?  
 What with a torch, muffle me night a while.

[Sc.  
 xxii.]

*Rom:* Giue mee this mattocke, and this wrentching I.  
 ron.

And take these letters, early in the morning,  
 See thou deliuer them to my Lord and Father.  
 So get thee gone and trouble me no more.

20

Why I descend into this bed of death,  
 Is partly to behold my Ladies face,  
 But chiefly to take from her dead finger,  
 A precious ring which I must vse  
 In deare imployment: but if thou wilt stay,  
 Further to prie in what I vnder take,  
 By heauen He teare thee ioynt by ioynt,  
 And strewe thys hungry churchyard with thy lims.  
 The time and my intents are sauage, wilde.

25

30

*Balt:* Well, He be gone and not trouble you.

*Rom:* So shalt thou win my fauour, take thou this,  
 Commend me to my Father, farwell good fellow.

*Balt:* Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

35

*Romeo opens the tombe.*

*Rom:* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
 Gorde with the dearest morsell of the earth.  
 Thus I enforce thy rotten iawes to ope.

*Par:* This is that banisht haughtie *Mountague*,  
 That murderd my loues cosen, I will apprehend him.  
 Stop thy vnhalloved toyle vile *Mountague*.

40

Can vengeance be pursued further then death?  
 I doe attach thee as a fellon heere.

The Law condemnes thee, therefore thou must dye,

*Rom:* I must indeed, and therefore came I hither,  
 Good youth be gone, tempt not a desperate man.

45

Heape not another sinne vpon my head  
 By sheding of thy bloud, I doe protest  
 I loue thee better then I loue my selfe:  
 For I come hyther armed against my selfe,

50

*Par:* I doe defie thy coniurations:  
 And doe attach thee as a fellon heere.

*Rom:* What dost thou tempt me, then haue at thee boy.

*They fight.*

*Boy:* O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.

*Par:* Ah I am slaine, if thou be mercifull  
 Open the tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.

55

*Rom:* Yfaith I will, let me peruse this face,  
*Mercutios* kinsman; noble County *Paris*?

What said my man, when my betossed soule  
 Did not regard him as we past a long: [Sc.  
 Did he not say *Paris* should haue married xxxii.]  
*Iuliet*? eÿther he said so, or I dreamd it so.  
 But I will satisfie thy last request,  
 For thou hast prizd thy loue aboute thy life.  
 Death lye thou there, by a dead man interd, 65  
 Now oft haue many at the houre of death  
 Beene blith and pleasant? which their keepers call  
 A lightning before death But how may I  
 Call this a lightning. Ah deare *Iuliet*;  
 How well thy beauty doth become this graue? 70  
 O I belecue that vnsubstanciall death,  
 Is amorous, and doth court my loue.  
 Therefore will I, O heere, O euer heere,  
 Set vp my euerlasting rest  
 With wormes, that are thy chamber mayds. 75  
 Come desperate Pilot now at once runne on  
 The dashing rockes thy sca-sicke weary barge.  
 Heers to my loue. O true Apothecary:  
 Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kisse I dye. *Falls.*

*Enter Fryer with a Lanthorne.*

How oft to night haue these my aged feete 80  
 Stumbled at graues as I did passe along.  
 Whose there?  
*Man:* A frend and one that knowes you well.  
*Fr:* Who is it that consorts so late the dead,  
 What light is yon? if I be not deceiued, 85  
 Me thinkes it burnes in *Capets* monument?  
*Man:* It doth so holy Sir, and there is one  
 That loues you dearly.  
*Fr:* Who is it?  
*Man:* *Romeo.* 90  
*Fr:* How long hath he beene there?  
*Man:* Full halfe an houre and more.  
*Fr:* Goe with me thether.  
*Man:* I dare not sir, he knowes not I am heere:  
 On paine of death he chargde me to be gone, 95  
 And not for to disturbe him in his enterprize.  
*Fr:* Then must I goe: my minde presageth ill.

*Fryer stoops and lookes on the blood and weapons.*

What bloud is this that staines the entrance  
 Of this marble stony monument?

What meanes these maisterles and goory weapons?  
 Ah me I doubt, whose heere? what *Romeo* dead?  
 Who and *Paris* too? what vnluckie houre  
 Is accessary to so foule a sinne?

[Sc.  
 XXII.]

*Iuliet rises.*

The Lady sturres.

<sup>2</sup> Ah comfortable Fryer.

105

I doe remember well where I should be,  
 And what we talkt of: but yet I cannot see  
 Him for whose sake I vndertooke this hazard.

*Fr:* Lady come forth, I heare some noise at hand,  
 We shall be taken, *Paris* he is slaine,  
 And *Romeo* dead: and if we heere be tane  
 We shall be thought to be as accessarie.

110

I will prouide for you in some close Nunery.

*Iul:* Ah leaue me, leaue me, I will not from hence.

*Fr:* I heare some noise, I dare not stay, come, come.

115

*Iul:* Goe get thee gone.

Whats heere a cup closde in my louers hands?  
 Ah churle drinke all, and leaue no drop for me.

*Enter watch.*

*Watch:* This way, this way.

*Iul:* I, noise? then must I be resolute.

120

O happy dagger thou shalt end my feare,  
 Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee.

*She stabs herselfe and fallles.*

*Enter watch.*

*Cap:* Come looke about, what weapons haue we heere?  
 See frends where *Iuliet* two daies buried,  
 New bleeding wounded, search and see who's neare,  
 Attach and bring them to vs presently.

125

*Enter one with the Fryer.*

1. Captaine heers a Fryer with tooles about him,  
 Fitte to ope a tombe.

*Cap:* A great suspition, keep him safe.

*Enter one with Romets man.*

1. Heeres *Romeos* Man.

130

*Capt:* Keepe him to be examinde.

*Enter Prince with others.*

*Prin:* What early mischiefe calls vs vp so soone.

<sup>2</sup> Here again the stage direction is omitted, but '*Iul:*' is the catchword of the previous page.

- Capt:* O noble Prince, see here  
Where *Juliet* that hath lyen intoombd two dayes,  
Warne and fresh bleeding, *Romeo* and Countie *Paris*  
Likewise newly slaine. 135
- Prin:* Search seeke about to finde the murderers.
- Enter olde Capolet and his Wife.*
- Capo:* What rumor's this that is so early vp?  
*Moth:* The people in the streetes crie *Romeo*,  
And some on *Juliet*: as if they alone 140  
Had been the cause of such a mutinie.
- Capo:* See Wife, this dagger hath mistooke:  
For (loe) the backe is emptie of yong *Mountague*.  
And it is sheathed in our Daughters breast.
- Enter olde Montague.*
- Prin:* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp, 145  
To see thy Sonne and Heire more early downe.
- Mount:* Dread Souereigne, my Wife is dead to night,  
And yong *Benualio* is deceased too:  
What further mischiefe, can there yet be found?
- Prin:* First come and see, then speake. 150
- Mount:* O thou vntaught, what manners is in this  
To presse before thy Father to a graue.
- Prin:* Come seale your mouthes of outrage for a while,  
And let vs seeke to finde the Authors out  
Of such a hainous and seld seene mischaunce. 155  
Bring forth the parties in suspition.
- Pr:* I am the greatest able to doo least.  
Most worthie Prince, heare me but speake the truth.  
And let informe you how these things fell out.  
*Juliet* here slaine was married to that *Romeo*, 160  
Without her Fathers or her Mothers grant: ...  
The Nurse was priuie to the marriage.  
The balefull day of this vnhappie marriage,  
Was *Tybalts* doomesday: for which *Romeo*  
Was banished from hence to *Mantua*. 165
- He gone, her Father sought by foule constraint  
To marrie her to *Paris*: But her Soule  
(Loathing a second Contract) did refuse  
To giue consent; and therefore did she vrge me  
Either to finde a meanes she might auoyd 170  
What so her Father sought to force her too:  
Or els all desperately she threatned  
Euen in my presence to dispatch her selfe.  
Then did I giue her, (tutor'd by mine arte)  
A potion that should make her seeme as dead: 175

[Sc.  
XXII.]

- And told her that I would with all post speed  
 Send hence to *Mantua* for her *Romeo*,  
 That he might come and take her from the Toombe.  
 But he that had my Letters (*Frier John*)  
 Seeking a Brother to associate him,  
 Whereas the sicke infection remaind,  
 Was stayed by the Searchers of the Towne,  
 But *Romeo* vnderstanding by his man,  
 That *Iuliet* was deceasde, returnde in post  
 Vnto *Verona* for to see his loue.  
 What after happened touching *Paris* death,  
 Or *Romeos* is to me vnknowne at all.  
 But when I came to take the Lady hence,  
 I found them dead, and she awakt from sleep:  
 Whom faine I would haue taken from the tombe,  
 Which she refused seeing *Romeo* dead.  
 Anone I heard the watch and then I fled,  
 What after happened I am ignorant of.  
 And if in this ought haue miscaried.  
 By me, or by my meanes let my old life  
 Be sacrificed some houre before his time.  
 To the most strickest rigor of the Law.  
*Pry:* We still haue knowne thee for a holy man,  
 Wheres *Romeos* man, what can he say in this?  
*Balth:* I brought my maister word that shee was dead,  
 And then he poasted straight from *Mantua*,  
 Vnto this Toombe. These Letters he deliuered me,  
 Charging me early giue them to his Father.  
*Prin:* Lets see the Letters, I will read them ouer.  
 Where is the Counties Boy that calld the Watch?  
*Boy:* I brought my Master vnto *Iuliet*s graue,  
 But one approaching, straight I calld my Master.  
 At last they fought, I ran to call the Watch.  
 And this is all that I can say or know.  
*Prin:* These letters doe make good the Fryers wordes,  
 Come *Capolet*, and come olde *Mountagerwe*.  
 Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done,  
*Cap:* Come brother *Mountagne* giue me thy hand,  
 There is my daughters dowry: for now no more  
 Can I bestowe on her, thats all I haue.  
*Moun:* But I will giue them more, I will erect  
 Her statue of pure golde:  
 That while *Verona* by that name is knowne.  
 There shall no statue of such price be set,  
 As that of *Romeos* loued *Iuliet*.  
*Cap:* As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,

[Sc.  
XXII.]

180

185

190

195

200

205

210

215

220

Poore Sacrifices to our Enmitie.

*Prin:* A gloomic peace this day doth with it bring.

"Come, let vs hence,

To haue more talke of these sad things.

Some shall be pardonèd and some punished:

For nere was heard a Storie of more woe,

Than this of *Iuliet* and her *Romeo*.

[Sc.  
XXXI.]

225

FINIS.



TIMON OF ATHENS.



THE LIFE OF  
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you're well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long : how goes the world ?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known :

But what particular rarity ? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches ? See,  
Magic of bounty ! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both ; th' other's a jeweller.

ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus.

Scæna Prima. Ff. See note (1).

Athens.] Capell.

A hall in Timon's house.]

Rowe.

Merchant, and others,] Malone.

Merchant and divers others, Capell.

Merchant, and Mercer, Ff. and Merchant, Johnson.

1, 2. *Poet. Good.....Poet. I have]*

*Poet. Good day. Pain. Good day, sir.*

*Poet. I am...well. I have* Farmer conj.

See note (11).

1. *Good day]* *Good day, good day*

Capell. *Good day, good* Seymour conj.

*I am]* *Good sir, I'm* Singer

conj.

*you're]* *y'are* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *ye are* F<sub>4</sub>.

*you are* Capell.

3. *grows]* *gocs* Theobald.

4. *strange]* *so strange* Rowe.

5. *Which]* *That* Johnson conj.

5, 6. *See, Magic]* *Paint. See!* *Poet. Magick* Johnson conj.

7. *Hath...merchant.]* One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord!

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10  
To an untirable and continueate goodness:

He passes.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here—

*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate: but, for that— 15

*Poet.* [*Reciting to himself*] 'When we for recompense  
have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good.'

*Mer.* [*Looking on the jewel*] 'Tis a good form.

*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look ye. 20

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication  
To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint

Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame 25

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

10. *A most*] om. Seymour conj.  
*man*] om. Capell.

11, 12. *goodness: He passes.*] *goodness.* Pope (omitting *He passes*). *goodness.* *He passes*— Theobald. *goodness: Indeed, he passes.* Seymour conj. *goodness, He passes.* Staunton.

12. *passes*] *surpasses* Jackson conj.

13. *I*] *Look, I* Steevens conj.  
*here*—] Collier. *here:* Capell.  
*here.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *here.* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

14. *for...sir?*] A separate line in Pope.

16. [*Reciting to himself*] Repeating... Hanmer (Warburton conj.). om. CqFf.

19. [*Looking on the jewel*] Pope. om. QqFf.

20. *ye*] *you* Capell.

21, 22. *You...lord.*] As verse first by Pope. Prose in Ff.

21. *You are*] *You're* Pope.  
*are...dedication*] As one line, Seymour conj., ending the previous line at *You*.

22. *idly*] *idlety* F<sub>1</sub>.

23. *gum, which oozes*] Johnson. *gowne, which uses F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.* *gown, which uses F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.* *gum, which issues* Pope.

25. *struck*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *stroke* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

26, 27. *flies Each*] *flies; Each* Mason conj.

*flies...chafes*] *flies. Eche (bound) it chafes* Becket conj.

27. *chafes*] Theobald. *chases* Ff.

27—31. Capell, reading with Hanmer in line 28, ends the lines *sir... heels...piece...piece.*

*Pain.* A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable: how this grace  
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; is't good?

*Poet.* I will say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens: happy man!

*Pain.* Look, moe!

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of  
visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: my free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice

28. *When*] *And when* Hamner.

31. *'Tis a good piece*] *'Tis a good piece, indeed* Steevens conj. *It is a goodly piece.* Seymour conj.

32. Pope ends the line at *'tis*.

33. 34. *grace...standing*] *standing...graces* or *grace Speaks understanding* Johnson conj. *Grace Speaks its own standing* Mason conj. *grace Speaks! 'tis one standing* Jackson conj.

39. *I will*] *I'll* Pope.

41. *these*] *those* Theobald.  
and pass over.] Capell. Omit.

ted in Ff.

42. *lord is*] *lord's* Steevens (1793).

43. *man*] Theobald. *men* Ff.

44. *Look, moe!*] *Looke mo.* Ff. *Look, more.* Rowe. *Look you now, there's more.* Seymour conj.

47. *beneath world*] *beneath-world* Theobald (ed. 2).

49. *particularly*] *particular* Theobald.

50. *wax*] *verse* Collier (Collier MS.).

*levell'd*] *leven'd* Warburton.

Infects one comma in the course I hold ;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds, 55  
As well of glib and slippery creatures as  
Of grave and austere quality, tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance 60  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace.  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together. 65

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: the base o' the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all, 70  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceived to scope. 75  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,

51. *hold;*] Here Keightley marks  
a lacuna.

52. *But*] *It* Hanmer.

53. *tract*] *track* Hanmer.

54. *I will*] *I'll* Pope.

56. *creatures*] *natures* Hanmer.

58. *services*] *service* Pope.

63. *abhor himself*] *make himself*  
*abhor'd* Hanmer.

65. *together*] om. Steevens conj.

66. *Sir,*] om. Pope.

67. *Feign'd...mount*] One line in

Rowe. Two in Ff.

72. *Lord*] om. Pope.

74. *present grace*] *puissant grace*  
Anon. conj.

*to present slaves*] *to peasant*  
*slaves* S. Walker conj. *t' obedient*  
*slaves* Anon. conj.

75. *conceived to scope.*] Johnson.  
*conceiv'd, to scope* Ff. *conceiv'd to th'*  
*scope.* Theobald. *conceiv'd, to scope,*  
Warburton. *conceiv'd, your scope*  
Heath conj.

With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
 In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on. 80

All those which were his fellows but of late,  
 Some better than his value, on the moment  
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
 Drink the free air. 85

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune in her shift and change of mood  
 Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants  
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top  
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
 Not one accompanying his declining foot. 90

*Pain.* 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's  
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well  
 To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
 The foot above the head. 95

*Trumpets sound.* Enter LORD TIMON, addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from VENTIDIUS talking with him; LUCILIUS and other servants following.

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

80. *sir,*] om. Pope.

82. *value,*] Theobald. *valew;* F<sub>1</sub>  
 F<sub>2</sub>. *value;* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

83. *tendance]* *tendance* Johnson.

84. *Rain]* *Roun* (for *Round*) De-  
 lius.

89. *him]* om. Pope.

90. *hands]* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *hand* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*slip]* Rowe. *sit* Ff. *sink* De-  
 lius conj.

93. *moral]* om. Seymour conj.,  
 reading 'Tis...*show* as one line.

94. *Fortune's]* Malone. *Fortunes*  
 F<sub>1</sub>. *Fortune* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

96. *mean]* *men's* Hanmer (Theo-  
 bald conj.).

97. *Trumpets sound.]* Ff. Flou-  
 rish. Capell.

Enter.....] Edd. Enter Lord  
 Timon, addressing himselfe courteously  
 to every Sutor. Ff. Enter Timon,  
 attended, Servant of Ventidius talking  
 with him. Capell.

SCENE II. Pope.

*Imprison'd]* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Imprisoned*  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*is he]* om. Steevens conj.

[To a Messenger. Rowe.

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;  
 His means most short, his creditors most strait:  
 Your honourable letter he desires 100  
 To those have shut him up; which failing,  
 Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well,  
 I am not of that feather to shake off  
 My friend when he must need me. I do know him  
 A gentleman that well deserves a help: 105  
 Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.

*Mess.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;  
 And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:  
 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, 110  
 But to support him after. Fare you well.

*Mess.* All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so: what of him? 115

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no? Lucilius!

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man 120

98, 107, 112. *Mess.*] Ser. Capell.

101. *failing*] F<sub>1</sub>. *failing to him*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *failing him* Capell.

102. *Ventidius! Well*] Rowe.  
*Ventidius well* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Ventidius,*  
*well* F<sub>4</sub>.

104. *must need*] *most needs* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

107. *binds him*] *binds him to be*  
*grateful* Seymour conj.

112. *All...honour*] *All health and*  
*happiness attend your honour* Sey-

mour conj.

116. *call*] *I pray your honour, call*  
 Seymour conj., ending the previous  
 line at *Timon*.

117. [Enter Lucilius. Rowe. Lucilius comes forward from among the Attendants. Dyce.

118. *Here*] *I'm here, so please you*  
 Seymour conj.

119. *Lord*] Rowe. L. Ff.



That from my first have been inclined to thrift,  
And my estate deserves an heir more raised  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well, what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got : 125  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love : I prithee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort ; 130  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon :  
His honesty rewards him in itself ;  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him ?

*Old Ath.* She is young and apt : 135  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [To *Lucilius*] Love you the maid ?

*Luc.* 'Ay, my good lord ; and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose 140  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,

126. o'] Rowe. a' Ff.

129. *prithee*] *pray thee* F<sub>4</sub>.

131—133. *The man...be, Timon:*  
*His*] *The man...be, Timon. His* Theo-  
bald. *The man...be, Timon, His* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*The man...be Timon, His* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*The man...be, His* Pope. *The man...  
obey Timon. His* Hanmer. *The man  
...Therefore will be him, Timon. His*  
Johnson conj. *The man...be Timon's.*  
*His or The man is honest, Therefore  
he will be—* Old Ath. *Timon, His*  
Staunton conj.

132. *Therefore.....Timon*] *There-*

*fore he'll be my son* Theobald conj. *There-*  
*fore he will be Timon's servant here*  
Capell conj. *Therefore in this he will*  
*be honest, Timon* Seymour conj.  
*Therefore he will be rewarded, Timon*  
Singer conj. *Therefore he will be*  
*blest, Lord Timon* Keightley.

135. *She is*] *Alack, my noble lord,*  
*she's* Seymour conj.

137. *levity's*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *levities* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
[To *Lucilius*] Johnson. om. Ff.

140. *choose*] F<sub>1</sub>. *chose* F<sub>2</sub>. *chuse*  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

142. *endow'd*] Capell. *endowed* Ff.

If she be mated with an equal husband ?

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present ; in future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath served me long : 145  
To build his fortune I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 150

*Tim.* My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship : never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not owed to you !

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship ! 155

*Tim.* I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :

Go not away. What have you there, my friend ?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man ; 160  
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside : these pencill'd figures are  
Even such as they give out. I like your work,  
And you shall find I like it : wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve ye ! 165

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;

143. *If she be mated*] *if mated*  
Steevens conj., reading *Endow'd...*  
*husband* as one line.

145. *This...long*] One line in Rowe.  
Two in Ff.

151. *My.....promise*] One line in  
Pope. Two in Ff.

154. *owed*] *ow'n'd* Hanmer (War-  
burton).

[*Exeunt...*] Theobald. Exit.  
Ff. Exit Luc. Pope.

155. *Vouchsafe...lordship!*] One

line in Pope. Two in Ff.

[presenting his Poem. Capell.

159. [presenting it. Capell.

160. *The painting*] *The painted*  
Hanmer.

162. *He is*] *He's* Anon. conj.  
*these*] F<sub>1</sub>. *the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om.

Pope.

165. *ye*] *you* Johnson.

165. *you, gentleman*] *ye, gentlemen*  
Johnson.

[to the Merchant. Capell.

We must needs dine together. Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Few.* What, my lord! dispraise?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd, 170  
It would unclaw me quite.

*Few.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those which sell would give: but you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it. 175

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

...  
*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Few.* We'll bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none. 180

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;  
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

168. *suffer'd*] Pope. *suffered* Ff. 176).  
*under praise*] *underpraise*

Steevens (1773).  
169. *satiety*] F<sub>4</sub>. *society* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

171. *unclaw*] *undo* Pope.

174. *prized by their masters*] *priz'd*  
*by their masters* F<sub>4</sub>. *priz'd so by their*  
*masters* Rowe. *by their masters priz'd*  
Pope.

175. *the wearing*] *wearing* Steevens  
(1793), reading *You...mock'd* as one  
line.

179. Pope ends the line at *here*.  
*will you be chid?*] *Sour Ape-*  
*mantus; will ye now be chid?* Sey-  
mour conj.

*Enter Apemantus.*] Pope.  
*Enter Apemantus.* F<sub>4</sub> (after line 176).  
*Enter Apermantus.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> (after line

180. SCENE III. Pope.

*We'll bear, with*] *We will*  
*bear, with* Steevens (1778). *Wee'l beare*  
*with* F<sub>1</sub>. *Wee'l I beare with* F<sub>2</sub>. *Wee'l*  
*bear with* F<sub>3</sub>. *We'll bear with* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*We'll bear it with* Pope. *We'll bear*  
*'en with* Seymour conj.

181. *Good...Apemantus*] One line  
in Rowe. Two in Ff.

*Apemantus*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Apermantus*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

182. *gentle...morrow;] gentle stay:*  
*for my good morrow,* Becket conj.  
*thou*] om. Pope.

183. *When...honest.*] *When I am*  
*Timon's dog...honest.* Hammer. Poet.  
*When will that be?* Apem. *When thou*  
*art...honest,* Warburton conj. *When*

- Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
- Apem.* Are they not Athenians? 185
- Tim.* Yes.
- Apem.* Then I repent not.
- Few.* You know me, Apemantus?
- Apem.* Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
- Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus. 190
- Apem.* Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.
- Tim.* Whither art going?
- Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
- Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.
- Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law. 195
- Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
- Apem.* The best, for the innocence.
- Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?
- Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work. 200
- Pain.* You're a dog.
- Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?
- Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
- Apem.* No; I eat not lords. 205
- Tim.* An thou shouldst, thou'ldst anger ladies.
- Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
- Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*thou...honest*— Johnson. *Mer. When will that be?* Ape. *When thou...honest.* Capell.

185. *Are*] *Why, are* Seymour conj.

188. *know*] *do know* Seymour conj.

*Apemantus?*] *F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Apemantus.* *F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

190. *Apemantus.*] *F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Apemantus?* *F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Apemantus; passing proud.* Seymour conj.

191. *nothing*] *nought* Seymour conj.

192. *Whither*] *F<sub>4</sub>. Whether* *F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>* *F<sub>3</sub>.*

194. *thou'lt*] *F<sub>4</sub>. thou't* *F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.*

196. *likest*] Hanmer. *lik'st* Ff.

197. *best*] *better* Hanmer.

198. *it?*] *F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. it.* *F<sub>1</sub>. it:* *F<sub>2</sub>.*

201. *Pain.*] Poet. Steevens (1773).\*

*You're*] Capell. *Y'are* Ff.

*You are* Steevens.

202. *mother's*] *F<sub>4</sub>. mothers* *F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>* *F<sub>3</sub>.*

206. *An*] Capell. *And* Ff. *If* Pope.

207, 208. *O...bellies*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it : take it for thy labour. 210

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost  
a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth ?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking. How now, poet ! 215

*Poet.* How now, philosopher !

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one ?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not. 220

*Apem.* Art not a poet ?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest : look in thy last work, where  
thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feigned ; he is so. 225

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for  
thy labour : he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the  
flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

*Tim.* What wouldst do then, Apemantus ?

*Apem.* E'en as Apemantus does now ; hate a lord with 230  
my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself ?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore ?

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord. Art not 235  
thou a merchant ?

210. *So...labour*] One line in Pope.

Two in Ff.

*So thou*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *So, thou* F<sub>1</sub>.

*So, thou* F<sub>2</sub>.

*apprehend'st it*] *apprehendest*  
*it* Dyce. *apprehend'st* Johnson.

*it: take*] *it. Take* Ff. *it, take*

Staunton.

212. *cost*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *cast* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

215. *Not...poet!*] One line in Pope.  
Two in Ff.

218. *Art not*] *Art thou* Rowe (ed.  
2). *Art thou not* Theobald.

224. *feigned*] *fegin'd* F<sub>1</sub>.

226. *of thee*] *o' thee* Warburton.

235. *That.....lord.*] *Angry that I*  
*had no wit,—to be a lord.* or *Angry to*  
*be a lord,—that I had no wit.* Black-  
stone conj. *That I had no angry wit.*  
*—To be a lord!* Malone conj. *Angry*  
*that I had no wit to be a lord.* Rann.  
*That I had no ampler wit than be a*  
*lord.* Anon. conj.

*no angry wit*] Ff. *so hungry*  
*a wit* Theobald (Warburton). *so*  
*wrong'd my wit* Heath conj. *an angry*  
*wish* Mason conj. *no ang'ry wit*  
Becket conj. *known angry wit* Jack-

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee! 240

*Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Mess.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,  
All of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence 245  
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done,  
Show me this piece. I am joyful of your sights.

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.*

Most welcome, sir!

*Apem.* So, so, there!

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves, 250  
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.

son conj. *so hungry a wish* Collier  
(Collier MS.). *an empty wit* Singer,  
ed. 2. (Singer MS.). (*now angry*)  
*wish'd* or (*so angry*) *will* Singer  
conj. *an angry fit* Grant White conj.  
*no angry wit*, Delius.

*be*] *bay* Staunton conj.

235, 236. *not thou*] *thou not* Pope.

240. *Traffic's*] *Traffick's* F<sub>4</sub>. *Traf-*  
*sickes* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*and*] *and so* Hanmer. *and*  
*may* Keightley.

Trumpet...] Trumpets sound...

Pope. Trumpet. Enter a Servant.  
Capell.

241. *trumpet's*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *trumpets*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

244. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. om. Ff.

246. *when*] F<sub>1</sub>. *and when* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*you, when* Dyce (ed. 2).

*dinner's*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *dinner's* F<sub>1</sub>

F<sub>2</sub>. *the dinner's* Anon. conj.

247. *piece. I*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *I pece*, F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

*I am*] *I'm* Pope.

*with the rest.*] Ff. and his  
Company. Capell.

248. [Bowing and embracing. Pope.  
they salute. Capell.

248—252. *So, so.....monkey.*] As  
verse first by Capell. Prose in Ff.

248, 249. *there! Aches*] Capell,  
*their Aches* Ff. *Aches* Pope. *there,*  
*bravely carried.* *Aches* Seymour conj.

249. *starve*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *sterve* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

250. 'mongst] Capell. *amongst*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, *amongst* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

251, 252. *man's...monkey*] *man Is*  
*bred out into a baboon, and a monkey*

Seymour conj.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed  
Most hungerly on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir!  
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time 255  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

*Enter two Lords.*

*First Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*First Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it. 260

*Sec. Lord.* Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

*Apem.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools.

*Sec. Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Sec. Lord.* Why, Apemantus? 265

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to  
give thee none.

*First Lord.* Hang thyself!

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy  
requests to thy friend. 270

*Sec. Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee  
hence!

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*]

253. *Sir, you have*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *You*  
*have* F<sub>4</sub>. *You have even* Hanmer.

254. *on*] *upon* Seymour conj.  
*sir*] *om.* Seymour conj.

255. *depart*] *do part* Theobald.

256. *In.....in*] One line in Rowe.  
Two in Ff.

[*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt.* Manet  
Apemantus. Rowe. *Exeunt.* Ff.

*Enter two Lords.*] Ff. *Enter*  
Lucius and Lucullus. Rowe.

257. SCENE IV. Pope.

*First Lord.*] 1 Lord. Ff. Luc.  
Rowe (and throughout the scene).

*o*] Collier. *a* Ff. *of* Capell.

259. *That*] *Ay, that* Hanmer.

260. *The*] *Then* Anon. conj.

*most*] *more* Hanmer.

261. *Sec. Lord.*] 2 Ff. Lucull.  
Rowe (and throughout the scene).

*feast?*] Capell. *feast.* Ff.

263. *Fare thee...fare thee*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Far-*  
*thee...farthee* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

266. *Shouldst*] *Thou should'st*  
Rowe.

269—272. *No.....hence*] Prose in  
Pope. Four lines in Ff.

271. *unpeaceable*] *unappeasable*  
Collier MS.

*or I'll*] *O I'll* Rowe (ed. 2).  
*or—I'll* Pope.

273. *o*] Rowe. *a* Ff.

[*Exit.*] *Exit* Apem. Hanmer.  
*om.* Ff.

*First Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness. 275

*Sec. Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding 280  
All use of quittance.

*First Lord.* The noblest mind he carries  
That ever govern'd man.

*Sec. Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

*First Lord.* I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; and then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, and VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon,  
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,  
And call him to long peace.

274—276. *He's...kindness.*] As in Capell. Four lines in Ff, ending *humanity.....in,.....outgoes.....kindness.* Three in Pope, ending *humanity... bounty?...kindness.*

*humanity] all humanity* Hanmer.

274. *Comē] Comes* F<sub>1</sub>.

275. *bounty?] F<sub>4</sub>. bountie: F<sub>1</sub>. bounty: F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.*

*he] He sure* Pope.

281. *of quittance] or quittance* Johnson conj.

282—284. *That...company]* As two lines, the first ending *live*, in Capell.

284. *First Lord.] 1. L. Capell. Luc. Rowe. om. Ff.*

*I'll...company]* om. Seymōur conj.

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE V. Pope.

*A banqueting-room...]* Another Apartment... Theobald. The same. A State-Room. Capell.

*Flavius and others attending;]* Flavius, and other Domesticks, waiting. Capell. om. Ff.

*Alcibiades.....Ventidius.]* Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Rowe. the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from prison. Ff (Ventidius F<sub>4</sub>). dropping...] Ff. dropping in... Capell.

*like himself]* om. Pope.

1—3. *Most...peace]* As in Ff. See note (111).

1. *honour'd]* Pope. *honoured* Ff.



He is gone happy, and has left me rich :  
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound 5  
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
 Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help  
 I derived liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,  
 Honest Ventidius ; you mistake my love :  
 I gave it freely ever ; and there's none 10  
 Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
 To imitate them ; faults that are rich are fair.

*Vcn.* A noble spirit !

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first 15  
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;  
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
 Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes  
 Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.* 20

*First Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho, confess'd it ! hang'd it, have you not ?

*Tim.* O, Apemantus, you are welcome.

*Apem.* No ;

You shall not make me welcome :  
 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. 25

7. *Doubled with*] *Doubl'd, with* höheren oder niederen Sitz an der  
 Capell. Tafel. Delius conj.

9. *Ventidius*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Ventigius* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. 15. *My lords*] om. Pope. *lords*

12. *If*] *If that* Seymour conj., ending the lines *must...faults...lords...first.* Seymour conj.

*If.....game,*] *Our betters play* that game ; Johnson conj. 19. *sit*] *fit* F<sub>2</sub>.

12, 13. *not dare...fair*] *not.* Apem. 20. *Than my fortunes*] *Than they*  
*Dare to imitate...fair* Warburton. Pope. *Than my fortunes are* Keightley.

13. *them*] om. Pope. *them in it* [They sit.] They sit down.  
 Seymour conj. Rowe. om. Ff.

14—16. *A noble...welcomes*] Capell ends the lines *ceremony...first...wel-*  
*comes.* Malone, *lords, ...first...wel-* comes. (and throughout the scene).  
*comes.* Steevens (1793), *ceremony...* *My lord*] om. Pope.

14. [They all stand ceremoniously 22. *hang'd*] *handg'd* F<sub>1</sub>.  
 looking on Timon. Johnson. Die 23. *Apemantus*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Aperman-*  
 Gäste complimentiren sich um den tus F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

23, 24. *No...welcome*] As in Capell.  
 One line in Ff. Prose in Pope.

*Tim.* Fie, thou'rt a churl; ye've got a humour there  
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.  
They say, my lords, 'ira furor brevis est;' but yond man  
is ever angry. Go, let him have a table by himself; for he  
does neither affect company, nor is he fit for't indeed. 30

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:  
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,  
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee,  
let my meat make thee silent. 35

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I  
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number of  
men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see  
so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the  
madness is, he cheers them up too. 40

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:  
Methinks they should invite them without knives;  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

26. *thou'rt*] Capell. *th'art* Ff. ...*silent*, in Capell. Three, ending  
*thou art* Steevens. *Athenian...power...silent*, in Steevens.

*ye've*] *ye have* F<sub>1</sub>. *ye have* F<sub>2</sub> 33. *thou'rt*] Capell. *Th' art* Ff.  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *you have* Capell. *thou art* Steevens.

28—30. *They...indeed.*] Prose by 34. *therefore*] *And therefore* Capell.  
Edd. (Globe Ed.). As five lines, *power;*] *power*, Ff. *power—*  
ending *est, ...angry...himself:...com-* Rowe. *poor*. Johnson conj.  
*panie, ...indeed*, in Ff. *prithce*] *but, pr'ythee* Capell.

28. *lords,*] *lords, that* Pope. 35—40. *I scorn...too.*] Prose in Ff.

*yond*] *yonder* Pope.

28, 29. *man is*] *man's* Steevens 51. ending *should...number...not!...meat*  
(1793). ...*is, ...too*, in Capell.

29. *ever angry*] Rowe. *verie angric* 36, 37. *'twould...flatter thee*] *for I*  
F<sub>1</sub>. *very angry* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *very anger* ...*flatter thee: 'twould choke me* Becket  
Steevens conj. conj.

*let*] *And let* Hanmer, ending 38. *for...ne'er*] *fore...e'er* War-  
the previous line at *go*. burton.

30. *for't*] *for it* Hanmer.

31, 32. *Let.....on't*] Verse in Ff. 38. *cat*] Rowe. *cats* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *cates*  
Prose in Pope. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

31. *Let*] *Do, let* Capell.

*stay*] *stay here* Keightley.

*thine apperil*] *thy peril* Popc. 39. *their*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *there* F<sub>4</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*thine own peril* Capell. *it*] 'T Capell.

33—35. *I.....silent.*] Prose in Ff. 40. *too*] *to't* Warburton conj.  
Three lines, ending *Athenian, ...have* 43. *their meat*] *there meate* F<sub>1</sub>.

There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him  
now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a 45  
divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has  
been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink  
at meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:  
Great men should drink with harness on their throats. 50

*Tim.* My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

*Sec. Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his  
tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state  
look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak to be a 55  
sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:  
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

*Apemantus's Grace.*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but myself: 60  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond,  
Or a harlot for her weeping,  
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,  
Or a keeper with my freedom, 65  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

44—48. *There's...meals;*] Prose in Ff. Five lines, ending *that...pledges...draught, ...prov'd...drink, (omitting at meals)* in Pope.

45. *pledges*] and *pledges* Pope.

46. *draught,*] Rowe. *draught:* Ff.

46, 47. *him:* 't has been proved. If] Rowe. *him.* 'Tas bene proved, if F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> (been F<sub>3</sub>). *him.* 'T has been proved, if F<sub>4</sub>.

47. *If I]* Put in a separate line by Steevens (1793).

*If I were a huge]* *Were I a great* Pope.

*man,*] *man now* Capell, reading *If...fear* as one line.

*I should]* 'should S. Walker conj., reading as Steevens.

49, 50. *Lest...throats.*] Verse first in Rowe (ed. 2). Prose in Ff.

51. *lord, in]* *love in* Anon. ap. Johnson conj.

52, 102. *Sec. Lord.]* Lucull. Rowe. 53—58. *Flow.....gods.]* See note (IV).

56. *sinner]* *fire* Collier (Collier MS.). *liar* Keightley.

57. *equals]* F<sub>1</sub>. *equall* F<sub>2</sub>. *equal* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

58. *Apemantus's Grace.]* F<sub>4</sub>. *Apemantus...F<sub>1</sub>.* *Apemantus...F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.* om. Capell.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now. 70

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast. 75

*Apem.* Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em!

*First Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think 80 ourselves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to 85 my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 90

67. *Amen. So*] *Amén, amen*; so Theobald. *Amen, amen*; so I Farmer MS. conj.

68. *sin*] *sing* Farmer MS. conj. *dine* Singer conj.

[*Eats and drinks.*] Johnson. om. Ff.

69. [falls to his dinner apart. Capell.

70. *Captain*] As in Pope. As a separate line in Ff.

*Captain Alcibiades*] Hanmer. *Captaine, Alcibiades* Ff (*Captain*, F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>).

72. *be*] *been* Pope (ed. 2).

74. *bleeding-new*] Hyphenated by Steevens (1793).

75. *best*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

76. *those*] *these* Rowe.

77. *that then thou*] *that thou* Pope (ed. 2).

78. *that*] *the* Rowe (ed. 2).

83. *much*] *as much* Rowe.

84. *have you*] *have you not* Heath conj.

84, 85. *charitable*] *character and* Hanmer.

85. *thousands, did*]. Theobald. *thousands?* Did Ff.

85, 86. *did not you...my heart*] *did I not...your hearts* Johnson conj.

89. *ne'er*] *never* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *never* F<sub>4</sub>.

89—91. *they were...for 'em*.] Omitted by Pope. See note (v).

'em, and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apcm.* Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon. 100

*Sec. Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

*Apcm.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

*Third Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you moved me much.

*Apcm.* Much! [Tucket, within. 105

*Tim.* What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies! what are their wills?

91. *and would*] *they would* Pope. *Methinks to...faults, I* Johnson.  
*most resemble*] *resemble most* 100. *'weep'st to*] *weepst but to* Han-  
 S. Walker conj. mer.  
 92. *keep*] *keepes* F<sub>1</sub>. *drink*] *drink thee* Hanmer.  
*their*] *there* F<sub>1</sub>. 102. *like a babe*] *a like babe* Rann.  
 97. *joy*] Rowe. *joyes* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *joys* *like a babe's* Becket conj.  
 F<sub>4</sub>. 105. *Much!*] Pope. *Much.* Ff.  
*made away*] *made a joy* Han- [Tucket, within.] Sound  
 mer. Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Ama-  
 98. *ere't*] F<sub>3</sub>. *er't* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *e're't* zons with Lutes in their hands, daunc-  
 F<sub>4</sub>. *ere it* Steevens. ing and playing. Ff.  
*hold out*] *hold* Rowe. 106. Enter a Servant. *How now!*  
 98, 99. *hold out water, methinks: to*] Dyce. *How now?* Enter Servant. Ff.  
*hold out; they water. Methinks, to* 107, 108. *Please.....admittance.*  
 Johnson conj. Prose in Pope. Two lines, the first  
*methinks: to.....faults, I*] ending *ladies*, in Ff.  
 Rowe. *me thinks, to...faults. I* Ff.

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, '110  
which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

'11 *Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter Cupid.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon! and to all  
That of his bounties taste! The five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely '115  
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,  
Taste, touch, and smell, pleased from thy table rise;  
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admit-  
tance:

Music, make their welcome! [Exit Cupid. 120

*First Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you're be-  
loved.

*Music.* Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with  
lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

*Apem.* Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!  
They dance! they are mad women,

112. Enter Cupid.] Capell. Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies. Ff. F<sub>1</sub>. ye are F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. you are Rowe (ed. 1).

113. SCENE VI. Pope.

113—118. See note (vi).

113. *thee, worthy] the worthy Han-*  
*mer.*

114. *best] blest Capell conj.*

119. *They're] E<sub>4</sub>. They'r F<sub>1</sub>.  
Their F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.*

*'em] them Capell.*

119, 120. *They're...welcome!]*  
Verse in F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Prose in F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

120. *Music, make] Steevens. Mu-*  
*sicke make F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Musick make F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*  
*Let musick make Pope. Musick, make*  
*known Capell.*

[Exit Cupid.] Capell. om Ff.

121. *First Lord.] I. L. Capell.*  
I.uc. Ff.

*ample]Ff. amply Rowe (ed. 2).  
you're] Rowe (ed. 2). y'are*

*Music. Re-enter...] Capell,*  
substantially. om. Ff.

122. *Hoy-day] As in Pope. In a*  
separate line in Ff. *Hoy-day, why*  
*Hanmer, ending the line at vanity.*  
*Heyday Johnson.*

122, 123. *Hoy-day...dance!] Why,*  
*hey-day.....dancing! Seymour conj.,*  
ending the line at *vanity.*

122—129. *Hoyday...envy.] Prose*  
by Hudson.

123. *They dance!] Steevens. They*  
*dance? F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. They dance, F<sub>4</sub>. And*  
*they dance, Hanmer. And they dance!*  
Capell. They dance (a stage direc-  
tion). Tyrwhitt conj. Omitted by  
Rann.

*they are] These are Rann (Tyr-*  
whitt conj.).

Like madness is the glory of this life,  
 As this pomp shows to a little oil and root. 125  
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves,  
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men  
 Upon whose age we void it up again  
 With poisonous spite and envy.  
 Who lives, that's not depraved or depraves? 130  
 Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves  
 Of their friends' gift?  
 I should fear those that dance before me now  
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;  
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun. 135

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair  
 ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
 You have added worth unto 't and lustre,  
 And entertain'd me with mine own device: 140  
 I am to thank you for 't.

*First Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

124. *life,*] After this. Warburton marks a line omitted.

125. *As.....root.*] As this pomp shows, take a little oil and root (as stage direction). Staunton conj. After this S. Walker conjectures that a line is lost.

129—132. *With...gift?*] As three lines, ending *that's not...bears...gift?*, in Hanmer.

130. *depraved*] *deprav'd* F<sub>4</sub>.

132. *gift?*] F<sub>4</sub>. *guist:* F<sub>1</sub>. *gift* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *gift?* *Timon, were I as thou,* S. Walker conj.

134. *'t has*] Rowe (ed. 2). *'Tas* F<sub>1</sub>. *Tas* F<sub>2</sub>. *'Tas* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.

135. *a*] *the* Pope (ed. 2).  
 singles] Pope. single Ff.  
 singling Theobald.

an Amazon,] a Lady, Hanmer.

136. *You.....ladies*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

*much*] *very much* Hanmer.  
*a much* Capell.

*fair*] *fairest* Steevens conj.

137. *Set*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Sets* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.

139. *You have*] *You've* Pope.  
*worth*] *grace* Capell (corrected in Errata).

*and*] F<sub>1</sub>. *and lively* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
*and life and* Anon. conj.

141. *for't*] *for it* F<sub>4</sub>.

142. *First Lady.*] 1 Lady. Steevens (Johnson and Heath conj.). Ladies. Theobald conj. 1 Lord. Ff. Luc. Rowe.

*even*] *ever* Collier, ed. 2 (Thirlyby conj.).

*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you: 145  
Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*]

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord?

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet! 150  
There is no crossing him in 's humour;  
Else I should tell him—well, i' faith, I should—  
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.* 155

*First Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*Sec. Lord.* Our horses!

*Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.*

*Tim.* O my friends,  
I have one word to say to you: look you, my good lord, 160

143, 144. *Faith...me*] Two lines of verse, the first ending *hold*, by Capell.

145, 146. *Ladies...yourselves*] As in Ff. Prose in Pope.

145. *is] is within* Capell, ending the line at *banquet*.

147. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. *Exeunt.* Ff.

150. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff.

150, 151. *Yes...humour*] Arranged as in Ff. Prose in Pope. Hammer reads *Yes, ...humour*, as prose, the rest as verse.

150. *jewels yet! There is] jewels! There's* Capell, ending the previous line at *lord*.

151. *in's] in his* Capell. *in this his* Ritson conj.

152. *him—well*] Rowe. *him well* Ff.

153. *an]* Capell. *and* Ff. *if* Pope.

154. *had]* *has* F<sub>4</sub>.

155. [*Exit.*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. \*Exit, and returns with the Casket. Capell.

156. *First Lord.]* Luc. Rowe. Lucul. Theobald (ed. 2).

*men?] men, ho?* Capell.

158. *Sec. Lord.]* Lucul. Rowe. Luc. Theobald (ed. 2).

*Re-enter...]* Edd. om. Ff.

159—163. *O my friends...lord]* As in Ff. As four lines, ending *word... must...to...lord* Capell.

*friends] good friends* Rowe (ed. 2).

160. *look you, my good]* *look my* Pope.

*lord]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. L. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.



I must entreat you, honour me so much  
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

*First Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

165

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
newly alighted and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it  
does concern you near.

170

*Tim.* Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee: I  
prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

*Flav.* [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Sec. Serv.* May it please your honour, Lord Lucius  
Out of his free love hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

175

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents  
Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third Servant.*

How now! what news?

161. *nuch*] *nuch*, F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *nuch*. Flavius. Pope. Omitted by Capell.  
F<sub>2</sub>. 169, 170. *I beseech...near*] Prose  
162. *jewel*;) Capell. *Jewell*, F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. in Ff. Verse in Capell, ending the  
*Jewel*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. first line at *honour*.  
*accept it*] F<sub>1</sub>. *accept*. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. 171. *Near!*] *Me near?* Hanmer,  
*accept 't* Anon. conj. reading as prose.  
163. *my*] om. Hanmer. 171, 172. *Near...entertainment.*]  
164. First Lord.] Luc. Rowe. See note (vii).  
*gifts,—*] *gifts*—Pope. *guifts*. 173. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff.  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *gifts*, F<sub>3</sub>. *gifts*. F<sub>4</sub>. 174. Sec. Serv.] 2 Serv. Rowe.  
165. [Exe. Lucius and Lucullus. Ser. Ff.  
Rowe. 174—176. *May it...silver*] As in  
166. SCENE VII. Pope. Ff. Prose in Pope.  
166, 167. *My lord...you*] As in Ff. 174. *Lord*] *the Lord* Capell.  
Verse in Capell, ending the first line 175. *to*] om. Pope (ed. 2).  
*senate*. 176. *silver*] *silver-harness* Keight-  
168. [Enter Flavius. Ff. Re-enter ley.

*Third Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds. 180

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide and give great gifts, and all 185 out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good: His promises fly so beyond his state 190 That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes For every word: he is so kind that he now Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books. Well, would I were gently put out of office, Before I were forced out! 195 Happier is he that has no friend to feed Than such that do e'en enemies exceed. I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Tim.* You do yourselves

179—182. *Please you...greyhounds*] as by Capell, after Hanmer. Four lines, ending *word:...for't;...I were... out*, in Ff.

180. *Lord*] *The lord* Capell. 191. *he owes*] *he owes* F<sub>1</sub>. *owes* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

181. *your honour*] *you* Capell. 192. *that*] om. Seymour conj. *now*] om. Theobald (ed. 2).

183, 184. *I'll.....reward*] As in Hanmer. Two lines in Ff, the first ending *him*. Prose in Pope. 193. *land's*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *lands* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

184. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff. 195. *Before*] F<sub>1</sub>. *ere* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *er* F<sub>4</sub>. *Before...forced out*] Omitted in Hanmer.

184—186. *What will...coffer*] As in Ff. Prose in Pope. Three lines, ending *to?...give...coffer*, in Hanmer. 198. *bleed*] *do bleed* Capell.

Three lines, ending, *to?...gifts,...coffer*, in Steevens. 198—200. *You...love.*] As in Malone. Three lines, ending *wrong,...*

185. *He*] *Here he* Hanmer. *He here* Capell, following Hanmer's arrangement. Two lines, ending *too much...love*, in Capell, omitting *Here*, line 201. Three lines, ending *too much...trifle...love*, in Steevens (1773).

*all*] *all the while* Ritson conj. 191—195. *That...out!*] Arranged

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. 200

*Sec. Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*Third Lord.* O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on. 'Tis yours, 205 because you liked it.

*Third Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh 210 my friend's affection with mine own: I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

*All Lords.* O, none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give: 215  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast 220  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

201. *Sec. Lord.*] 2 *Lord.* Ff. 1. *Lord.* Rowe.

201, 202. *With...it*] One line in Pope (ed. 1). Two lines, the first ending *thanks*, in Ff. Prose in Pope (ed. 2).

203. *O, he 's*] F<sub>1</sub>. \**O has* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *O ha's* F<sub>4</sub>. *He has* Pope. *O! he is* Steevens.

204—206. *And...it.*] Prose in Ff.

204. *I remember*] *I do remember* *me* Capell, reading 205—207 as four lines, ending *now...gave...courser...it*. Three lines, ending *gave...courser...it*, Steevens (1773). *I remember me* Steevens (1793), arranging as before.

205. *rode*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *rod* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
'*Tis*] *it is* Capell.

207. *Third Lord.*] Rann (Capell conj.). 1. L. Ff. 2. *Lord.* Rowe.

207, 213. *O,*] om. Steevens (1793).

208. *in that*] Put in a separate line by Capell.

209—212. *You may.....to you.*] Prose in Ff. Johnson prints' *Can...you*, as three lines of verse, ending *affect;...own...you*. Capell makes four lines, the first ending *know*. Steevens ends the first at *man*.

211. *mine*] *my* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*own:*] *owne:* F<sub>1</sub>. *owne?* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*own?* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*I'll tell*] *I tell* Hanmer.

212. *to you*] *on you* Pope.

215, 216. *give: Methinks,*] *give My thanks*, Hanmer.

219. *It comes*] *I'll come* Hanmer.  
*for all*] om. Pope.

*Alcib.* Ay, defiled land, my lord.

*First Lord.* We are so virtuously bound—

*Tim.* And so am I to you.

*Sec. Lord.* So infinitely endear'd—

225

*Tim.* All to you. Lights, more lights!

*First Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*]

*Apem.* What a coil 's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!

230

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.

235

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear

222. *Ay, defiled*] *I, defil'd* F<sub>1</sub>. *I defie* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *I' defiled* Johnson. *In defiled* Steevens (1778).

222—225. *Ay,.....endear'd*] Arranged as in Ff. Verse in Capell, ending line 224 *And so*.

223. *bound—*] Pope. *bound*. Ff.

225. *infinitely*] *infinite* Capell (corrected in Errata).

*endear'd—*] Rowe. *endeer'd*.

Ff.

225, 226. *endear'd—* *Tim. All to you. Lights*] *endear'd all to you—* *Tim. Lights* Heath conj.

226. *more lights*] F<sub>1</sub>. *more lights, more light* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *more lights, more lights* Pope.

227, 228. *The...Timon!*] As prose by Edd. Two lines, the first ending *fortunes*, in Ff. Steevens ends the

first line *happiness*.

227. *fortunes*] *fortune* S. Walker conj.

228. *with*] om. Pope.

*Timon!*] *Timon—* Pope.

229. *Ready*] *Ready ever* Steevens conj. *Still ready* Seymour conj.

[*Exeunt.....*] Edd. *Exeunt* Lords. Ff. *Exeunt* Alcibiades, Lords, &c. Capell.

SCENE VIII. Pope. SCENE VII. Johnson.

229—232. *What.....'em.*] As in Rowe. Prose in Ff.

230. *Serving of becks*] *Screwing of backs* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *Serving of becks* (from 'serrer' Fr.) Warburton.

237—244. *No...music.*] Prose in Ff. Nine lines of verse in Capell.

me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what 240  
needs these feasts, pomps and vain-glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am  
sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with  
better music. [Exit.

*Apem.* So: thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not 245  
then: I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Senator's house.*

*Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.*

*Sen.* And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog 5  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse and buy twenty moe  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight

240. *thyself in paper*] *thyself in proper* Theobald, ed. 2 (Warburton). *thyself in perpetuum* Hanmer. *thyself. E'en pauper or thyself in pauper* Becket conj.

241. *needs*] F<sub>1</sub>. *needs* F<sub>2</sub>. *need* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

242. *an*] Capell. *and* Ff. *if* Pope. *on society once*] *once on society*

Capell.

245—248. *So...flattery!*] As in Ff. Four lines, ending *then...thee...be...flattery*, in Pope. Johnson ends the lines *So—...then:...lock...be...flattery*. Capell, *So;...then,...be...flattery*. Steevens, *So;—...lock...be...flattery*. Collier, *now;...thee...be...flattery*.

245. *thou wilt*] *thou'll* Steevens (1793).

*me*] om. Steevens conj.

246. *thy*] *the* Hanmer.

*heaven*] *haven* Mason conj.

ACT II. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Ff.

A Senator's house.] Capell, substantially. A publick Place in the City. Rowe.

with...hand.] Capell. om. Ff.

1. *thousand: to*] Ff. *thousand to* Steevens.

7. *twenty*] Ff. *ten* Pope. *twain* Farmer conj. *two* Singer conj.

*moe*] F<sub>1</sub>. *more* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

9. *me*] *em* Malone conj.

And able horses: no porter at his gate, 10  
 But rather one that smiles and still invites  
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
 Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
 Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord  
 Timon; 15

Importune him for my mōneys; be not ceased  
 With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—  
 ‘Commend me to your master’—and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,  
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn 20  
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit: I love and honour him,  
 But must not break my back to heal his finger:  
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief 25  
 Must not be toss’d and turn’d to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
 Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing, 30  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
 Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone:

10. *And able horses*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *An able horse* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Ten able horse* Theobald. *Ten able horses* Hanmer. *Ay, able horses* Jackson conj. *A stable o’ horses* Collier (Collier MS.). *Two able horses* Singer conj.

*porter*] *grim porter* Staunton conj.

*gate*] After this Johnson conjectures that a line is lost.

11. *rather one that*] *one that rather* Becket conj.

12. *by*] *by it* Theobald.

13. *found...in*] Hanmer. *sound...*

*in* Ff. *found...on* Capell. *find...in* Capell conj.

16. *my*] om. Pope.

17, 18. *when—‘Commend’*] *when Commend* F<sub>1</sub>. *then Commend* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *with—Commend* Rowe.

19. *Plays*] *Play’ng* Hanmer. *hand, thus; but*] Ff. *hand,—thus but* Pope.

*him*] F<sub>1</sub>. *him sirrah* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. 21, 23. *reliances...Have*] *reliance...Has* Pope.

22. *on his*] *on’s* S. Walker conj.

32. *Which*] *Who* Pope.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* 'I go, sir!' Take the bonds along with you,  
And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.* I will, sir.

*Sen.* Go. [*Exeunt.* 35

SCENE II. *A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flavius.* No care, no stop! so senseless of expense;  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account  
How things go from him; nor resumes no care  
Of what is to continue: never mind 5  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? he will not hear till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, with the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro: what, you come for money? 10

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too?

34. 'I go, sir!'] *I go sir?* F<sub>1</sub>. *I goe sir?* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *I go, sir?* F<sub>4</sub>. *Ay, go, sir:* Pope. Omitted by Dyce and Staunton.

*I.....you,*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

35. *in compt.*] Theobald. *in. Come.* Ff. *in count.* Hammer.

SCENE II.] Rowe. om. Ff.

■ A hall...] Timon's Hall. Rowe.

Flavius,] Rowe. Steward, Ff (and elsewhere).

4. *nor resumes*] Rowe. *nor resume* Ff. *and resumes* Pope. *no reserve,* Collier MS. *no reserves,* Collier (ed. 2).

6. *Was to be*] *Was, to be* Hammer.

*Was made to be* Heath conj. *Was* Long MS. *Was formed* Mason conj. *Was truly* Singer MS. *Was surely* Collier (Collier MS.).

7. *hear*] *here* F<sub>2</sub>.

*feel*] *he feel* Keightley.

9. Enter...] Johnson. Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro. Ff.

10. *Good even, Varro*] *Good evening, Varro* Rowe (ed. 2). *Good, even Varro* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 127).

*money?*] *money.* Pope (ed. 2).

10—16. *Good...lord.*] As in Ff. As verse in Capell, ending line 10 at *what*.

11. Var. Serv.] Malone. Var. Ff (and throughout the scene).

*Capl.* It is: and yours too, Isidore?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Capl.* Would we were all discharged!

*Var. Serv.* I fear it.

15

*Capl.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, Lords, and others.

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
My Alcibiades. With me? what is your will?

*Capl.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?

*Capl.* Of Athens here, my lord. 20

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Capl.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awaked by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you

25

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,

I prithee but repair to me next morning.

*Capl.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,— 30

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore; he humbly prays your  
speedy payment.

*Capl.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks  
and past. 35

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I

13. *Isid. Serv.*] Malone. *Isid. Ff* Verse in Capell.  
(and throughout the scene).

16. *Enter...*] Capell, substantially.  
*Enter* Timon, and his Traine. *Ff.*

18. *With me? what is*] Capell.  
*With me, what is* *Ff.* *Well what's*  
Pope.

19. [They present their Bills. Rowe.  
29, 30. *lord,—*] *lord—* Rowe. *lord.*  
*Ff.*

30—35. *One...past.*] Prose in *Ff.*

31. *humbly*] om. Pope, reading  
*From...payment*, as one line.

*your*] *your lordship's* Steevens  
conj. *you* S. Walker conj.

32. *payment*] *payment of* Keight-  
ley.

33. *wants,—*] *wants—* Rowe.  
*wants.* *Ff.*

36, 37. *Your...lordship.*] As in *Ff.*  
Malone ends line 36 at *lord.*



Am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath.

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

I'll wait upon you instantly. [*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

[*To Flav.*] Come hither: pray you, 40

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business: 45

Your importunacy cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends. See them well entertain'd.

[*Exit.*

*Flav.* Pray, draw near.

[*Exit.* 50

*Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus:  
let's ha' some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool? 55

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

40. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. *Exe. Lords.*  
Rowe. om. Ff.

[*To Flav.*] Johnson.  
*pray you*] om. Pope.

42. *demands*] *claims* Pope.

*date-broke*] Steevens (1793).  
*date-broken* Malone. *debt; broken*, Ff.  
*debt, of broken* Pope. *broken* Hammer.

43. *detention of*] F<sub>1</sub>. *detention* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*detention*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

46. *importunacy*] *importunity* Pope.

49. *Do...entertain'd*] As in Ff.

[*Exit.*] *Exit Tim. Pope.* om.

Ff.

50. *Pray*] *Pray you* Capell, reading  
*Wherefore...near* as two lines, the  
first ending *friends. I pray* Steevens  
(1793), following Capell's arrange-  
ment.

51. SCENE III. Pope. Johnson  
conjectures that a scene is lost here.

-51; 52. *Stay.....'em*] Prose in Ff.  
Verse by Steevens (Capell conj. MS.).

52. *ha'*] *ha* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *have* F<sub>4</sub>.

- Apem.* No, 'tis to thyself. [*To the Fool*] Come away.  
*Isid. Serv.* There's the fool hangs on your back already.  
*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet. 60  
*Caph.* Where's the fool now?  
*Apem.* He last asked the question. Poor rogues, and  
 usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!  
*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* Asses. 65  
*All Serv.* Why?  
*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not  
 know yourselves. Speak to 'em, fool.  
*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?  
*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool: how does your mis- 70  
 tress?  
*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens  
 as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!  
*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

- Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page. 75  
*Page.* [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do  
 you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?  
*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might  
 answer thee profitably.  
*Page.* Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription 80  
 of these letters: I know not which is which.  
*Apem.* Canst not read?

58. [*To the Fool*] Steevens. om. 64, 66, 70, 94, 98. All Serv.]  
 Ff. Adl. Ff.  
 59. [*To Var.* Steevens. om. Ff. 70. *Gramercies*] *Gramercy* Hanmer.  
 60. *thou'rt*] Collier. *th' art* F<sub>1</sub>. 70, 71. *Gramercies...mistress?*] Prose  
*thou art* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. in Pope. Two lines in Ff.  
*him*] Ff. *it* Hanmer. 75, 102. *mistress'*] *mistress's* Theo-  
 61. *Wher's*] *Who's* Lettsom conj. bald. *masters* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *master's* F<sub>4</sub>.  
 62. *He*] *He that* S. Walker conj. 76. [*To the Fool*] Johnson. om.  
*rogues*] *rogues'* Theobald (ed. Ff.  
 2).  
 62, 63. *Poor...want!*] Transferred 77. *wise*] *wife* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 to follow *yourselves*, line 75, Johnson 77, 80. *Apemantus*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Aper-*  
 conj. *mantus* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
 80. *Page.*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Boy.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. 85  
Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*]

*Apem.* E'en so thou outrun'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's. 90

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home. You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman 95  
served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to 100  
borrow of your masters, they approach sadly and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily and go away sadly: the reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whore- 105  
master and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like 110  
a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool. 115

86. *thou'lt*] F<sub>4</sub>. *thou't* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

87, 88. *famish a*] *famish, a* Rowe.

89—96. See note (VIII).

92. *home.*] *home*— Pope.

94. *Ay; would*] Capell. *I would* Ff.

95. *I,—as*] *I—as* Rowe. *I: As* Ff.

102. *merry*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *merrily* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

105. *Apem.*] *Fool.* Hanmer.

110. *sometime 't*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *sometime 't* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *sometime it* Pope. *sometimes it* Theobald.

*sometime*] *sometimes* F<sub>4</sub>.

111. *sometime*] *sometimes* Pope.

112. *moe*] F<sub>1</sub>. *more* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery  
as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come. 120

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and  
woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*]

*Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Tim.* You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,  
Had you not fully laid my state before me, 125  
That I might so have rated my expense  
As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
At many leisures I proposed.

*Tim.* Go to:  
Perchance some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back; 130  
And that unaptness made your minister,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord,  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty. 135  
When for some trifling present you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

119. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...* Ff.  
121, 122. *I...philosopher*] Prose in  
Ff. Two lines, the first ending *bro-*  
*ther*, in Ff.

122. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt Fool and*  
*Apemantus.* Capell. om. Ff.

123. *Pray you...anon.*] As in Pope.  
Two lines in Ff.

[*Exeunt Servants.*] Capell.  
*Exeunt.* Ff. *Exeunt Creditors, Ape-*  
*mantus, and Fool.* Theobald.

124. SCENE IV. Pope.  
*marvel; wherefore*] Rowe.  
*marvell wherefore* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *marvel where-*  
*fore* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

127. *me,*] Capell. *me:* Ff.

128. *proposed*] *propos'd* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*propose* F<sub>1</sub>.

131. *your*] F<sub>1</sub>. *you* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

134. *you; you*] Rowe. *you, you* Ff.

135. *found*] *sound* F<sub>1</sub>.

137. *I have*] *I've* Pope.

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners pray'd you  
 To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
 Not seldom nor no slight checks, when I have 140  
 Prompted you in the ebb of your estate  
 And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,  
 Though you hear now, too late!—yet now's a time—  
 The greatest of your having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold. 145

*Flav.* 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,  
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
 Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
 What shall defend the interim? and at length  
 How goes our reckoning? 150

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word:  
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
 How quickly were it gone!

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood, 155  
 Call me before the exactest auditors,  
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
 When all our offices have been oppress'd  
 With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept  
 With drunken spilth of wine, when every room 160  
 Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy,  
 I have retired me to a wasteful cock,

142. *loved*] *lov'd* F<sub>1</sub>. *deare lov'd*  
 F<sub>2</sub>. *dear lov'd* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *belov'd* S.  
 Walker conj.

143. *hear*] *heare* F<sub>1</sub>. *here* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*too...time*] *yet now's too late a*  
*time* Hanmer. *yet now's a time too*  
*late* Collier MS.

144, 145. *The...To pay your*] *Your*  
*greatest having lacks a half to pay*  
*Your* Steevens conj.

144. *your*] *you* F<sub>2</sub>.

148. *comes*] *come* Hanmer.

150. *How goes*] *Make good* Han-  
 mer. *Hold good* Warburton.

152. *world is but a word*] *world's*  
*but as a word* Becket conj.

*word*] F<sub>1</sub>. *world* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

155. *or falsehood*] *or truth* Seymour  
 conj. *of falsehood* Edd. conj.

162, 163. *retired...cock, And*] *re-*  
*tir'd me, and like a wasteful cock, Have*  
 Anon. apud Rann. conj. *retired me,*  
*like a wasteful cock, And* Mitford  
 conj. *retir'd (me too a wasteful cock,)*  
 And Staunton conj.

*to*] *from* Knight conj.

*wasteful cock*] *lonely room* Pops.  
*wasteful nook* Collier (Collier MS.).

And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prithee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants 165

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: 170

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,

These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack, 175

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love

And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,

Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use

As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts! 180

*Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are  
crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these

Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius! 185

*wakeful cock* Jackson conj. *wakeful couch* Jervis conj.

166. *Who*] *who now* Pope.

*Timon's*] *lord Timon's* Steevens conj.

167. *Lord*] Rowe. *L. Ff.*

168. *Timon... Timon*] *F<sub>1</sub>*, *Timon... Timons* *F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>*, *Timon... Timon's* *F<sub>4</sub>*, *Timon's... Timon's* Hanmer.

171. *Feast-won*] Pope. *Feast won* *Ff.* *Fast won* Becket conj.

*fast-lost*] Theobald. *fast lost* *Ff.*

173. *heart*] *hand* or *hands* *S.* Walker conj.

175. *the*] *all* Hanmer.

178. *argument*] *arguments* Rowe.

180. *I can*] *om.* Steevens conj.

184. *Mistake... friends*] As in *Cappell*. One line in *Pope*, reading *in my friends I'm wealthy*. In *Ff* *Shall... friends* is printed as three lines, ending *perceive... fortunes... friends*.

*I am*] *I'm* Johnson.

185. *Flaminius*] Rowe. *Flavius* *Ff.* *Ho Flaminius* *Pope*.

*Enter* FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

*Servants.* My lord? my lord?

*Tim.* I will dispatch you severally: you to Lord Lucius: to Lord Lucullus you: I hunted with his honour to-day: you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents. 190

*Flam.* As you have said, my Lord.

*Flav.* [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!

*Tim.* Go you, sir, to the senators— 195  
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserved this hearing—bid 'em send o' the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
For that I knew it the most general way,  
To them to use your signet and your name, 200  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,— 205  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity:—  
And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions, 210  
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods

*Enter...*] Rowe. *Enter* three Servants. Ff.

186. SCENE V. Pope.

187—192. *I will...talents.*] Prose in Ff. Seven lines of verse in Capell.

191. 'em] them Capell.

194. [*Aside*] First marked by Capell. om. Ff.

*Lucullus*] lord *Lucullus* Steevens (1793).

195. [To *Flavius*. Rowe. To ano-

ther Serv. Malone (Capell conj.).

*senators*] *senators of Athens*

Steevens conj.

196. *health,*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *health*; F<sub>1</sub>. *health?* F<sub>2</sub>.

198. *I have*] *I've* Pope.

204. *treasure*] *Treasure* F<sub>1</sub>.

206. *not—*] *not—but* Hanmer. *not,* but Capell. *not what—* Dyce (ed. 2).

211. *cold-moving*] Theobald. *cold moving* Ff.

They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them !  
 Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows  
 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :  
 Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ; 215  
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind ;  
 And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
 Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.  
 [To a Serv.] Go to Ventidius. [To Flav.] Prithee, be not  
 sad ;  
 Thou art true and honest ; ingeniously I speak, 220  
 No blame belongs to thee. [To Serv.] Ventidius lately  
 Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd  
 Into a great estate : when he was poor,  
 Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
 I clear'd him with five talents : greet him from me ; 225  
 Bid him suppose some good necessity  
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
 With those five talents. [Exit Serv.] [To Flav.] That had,  
 give't these fellows  
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think  
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink. 230  
*Flav.* I would I could not think it : that thought is  
 bounty's foe ;  
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

213. *Prithee*] *I pr'ythee* Pope.  
 214. *in them*] om. Hanmer.  
 219. [To a Serv.] Malone (Capell  
 conj.). om. Ff.  
 [To Flav.] Malone. om. Ff.  
 220. *Thou art*] *Thou'rt* Pope.  
*honest*] *just* Pope.  
*ingeniously*] *ingenuously* F<sub>4</sub>.  
 221. [To Serv.] Malone. om. Ff.  
 228. [Exit Serv.] Edd. (Globe ed.).  
 om. Ff.  
 [To Flav.] Malone. om. Ff.

*give't*] *give it* Steevens.  
 229. *Ne'er*] *Ne'er* Ff.  
 230. *'mong*] *'mongst* Boswell.  
 231. *I would...think it*] *Would I  
 could not* Pope. *I would, I could not*  
 Steevens conj.  
*thought is*] *thought's* Steevens  
 conj.  
*I would...foe*] One line in Ca-  
 pell. Two in Ff.  
*foe*] *foe?* F<sub>2</sub>.



## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in Lucullus's house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir. Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 5 10

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein. 15

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la! 'nothing doubting,' says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with 20

ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. om. Ff.

A room...] Lucullus's House in Athens. Theobald. The City. Rowe.

waiting. Enter...] waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters... Ff.

2. *to you*] *to you* F<sub>2</sub>.

5. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff. *men?*] Ff. *men*; Theobald.

7, 8. [*Exit Servant.*] Capell. om. Ff.

17. *who*] *he* Seymour conj.

22. *ha'*] F<sub>4</sub>. *ha* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. 25  
Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee. 30

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. [*To Serv.*] Get 35  
you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Serv.*] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend' money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares 40  
for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee! [*Throwing back the money.*] 45

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*]

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee! Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! 50

24. *of purpose*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *on purpose* Pope. To the servant, who goes out. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Theobald. om. Ff.

26. *has*] *hath* F<sub>4</sub>. 36. [*Exit Serv.*] Edd. om. Ff.

*ha'*] F<sub>4</sub>. *ha* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

27. *ne'er*] *never* F<sub>4</sub>.

*Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...*

Ff.

30. [*drinking, and giving Wine to him.*] Capell.

35. [*To Serv.*] To the servant.

36. [*Exit Serv.*] Edd. om. Ff.

45. [*Throwing...*] Capell. *Throwing the money away.* Rowe. om. Ff.

47. *Exit.*] Exit L. F<sub>1</sub>. Exit Lucullus. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Picks up the money, and exit. Edd. conj.

49. *molten*] F<sub>4</sub>. *moultten* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *multten* F<sub>3</sub>.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
 It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,  
 I feel my master's passion! this slave,  
 Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:  
 Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,  
 When he is turn'd to poison?

55

O, may diseases only work upon't!  
 And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature  
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[Exit. 60

SCENE II. *A public place.*

''Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

*Luc.* Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend,  
 and an honourable gentleman.

*First Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are  
 but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my  
 lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord  
 Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate  
 shrinks from him.

5

*Luc.* Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

53, 54. *I...honour]* Arranged as  
 in Pope. One line in Ff.

*slave, Unto his honour,]*  
 Steevens (1778). *slave unto his honor,*  
 F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *slave unto his honour, F<sub>3</sub>.*  
*slave unto his honour F<sub>4</sub>.* *slave Unto*  
*this hour* Pope. *slave, Undo his ho-*  
*nour,* Jackson conj. *slave unto his*  
*honour* Collier MS. *slander Unto his*  
*honour* Dyce. *slave Unto dishonour*  
 Staunton conj.

55. *turn]* come F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

57. *diseases...upon't]* *diseases...on't,*  
 ending the lines *diseases...death...na-*

*ture, or disease...upon't,* ending the  
 lines *O...when...nature* S. Walker  
 conj.

58, 59. *of nature Which my]* *Of*  
*nature my* Pope, ending the previous  
 line at *part.* *Of nurture my* Hamner.

59. *any]* om. Pope.

60. *but]* or Pope.

SCENE II.] Pope.

A public place.] Capell. A  
 publick Street. Theobald.

3. First Stran.] 1. Ff (and else-  
 where).

8. *he]* F<sub>2</sub>.

*Sec. Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow 10  
 100 so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How!

*Sec. Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, 15  
 I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him and sent to me, 20  
 I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour. My honoured lord!

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable, virtuous lord, my 25  
 very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now? 30

*Ser.* Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents. 35

9. *Sec. Stran.*] 2. Ff (and elsewhere).

11. *so many*] *fifty* Theobald.

17. *in't.*] F<sub>1</sub>. *in.* F<sub>2</sub>. *in that.* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

20. *mistook*] *o'er-look'd* Hanmer. *mis-look'd* Warburton. *not mistook* Johnson conj. *missed* Edwards conj. *sent to*] *sent hint to* F<sub>4</sub>.

21. *so many*] *twice so many* or *thrice so many* S. Walker conj.

23. [To Lucius. Rowe.

24, 25. *Fare thee well*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Farther*

*well* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

26. [Going. Edd. conj.

28. *has*] *hath* F<sub>4</sub>.

31. *Has*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *H'as* F<sub>4</sub>. *He has* Steevens.

32, 33. *so many*] *fifty* Rowe. *five hundred* Collier MS. *so many* [showing a paper. Anon. conj.

35. *cannot*] *can't* Hanmer.

*fifty five*] *fifty times five* Hanmer. *fifty-five* Capell. *five* Collier MS. *fifty or five* Anon. conj.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.  
If his occasion were not virtuous,  
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir. 40

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself  
against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself  
honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should pur-  
chase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal  
of honour! Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able 45  
to do—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord  
Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would  
not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Com-  
mend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his  
honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no 50  
power to be kind: and tell him this from me, I count it  
one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure  
such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you  
befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall. 55

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;  
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*]

*First Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

*Sec. Stran.* Ay, too well.

*First Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul; and just of  
the same piece 60

38. *faithfully*] *fervently* Hanmer. *beast I, say* Hanmer. *beast I, I say*  
42. *ha'*] F<sub>4</sub>. *ha* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *have* Collier (Collier MS.).  
Capell. 52. *say,*] om. Pope.  
44. *for...undo*] *for a little dirt,* 54. *mine*] *my* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*and undo* Theobald. *a little dirt, and* 56. *a good*] *as good a* Hanmer.  
*undo* Hanmer. *for a little profit, and* [Exit...] Johnson. After line  
*and undo* Johnson conj. \* *for a little* 55 in Ff.  
*port, and undo* Mason conj. *and for* 59. *Do you observe*] *Observe you*  
*a little part, undo* Jackson conj. Steevens conj.  
46. *do*] *do't* Capell. *this*] *this now* Hanmer.  
*beast, I say*] *beast I say* Ff. *Ay*] *Ay, ay* Hanmer.  
60—64. *Why... purse;*] Arranged

Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
 His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in  
 My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
 And kept his credit with his purse;  
 Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
 Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,  
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
 And yet—O, see the monstrosity of man  
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—  
 He does deny him, in respect of his,  
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

*Third Stran.* Religion groans at it.

*First Stran.*

For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,  
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
 And honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into donation,  
 And the best half should have return'd to him,  
 So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,  
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense;  
 For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

as by Capell. Six lines, ending *soule*,  
 ...*pecc...friend...knowing...father,...*  
*purse:* in Ff. See note (IX).

60, 61. *soul.....spirit*] Theobald.  
*soule...sport* Ff. *sport...soul* Steevens,  
 1773 (Upton conj.). *soul...port* Col-  
 lier (Collier MS.). *soul...coat* War-  
 burton conj. (withdrawn).

64. *purse*] *purse afloat* Seymour  
 conj.

68. *O, see*] *to see* S. Walker conj.

68, 69. *O, see...man When...shape!*]  
*O see...man, When...shape!* Theobald.  
*oh see...man, When...shape:* Ff (*shape*;  
 F<sub>1</sub>). *oh see...man! When...shape,*  
 Rowe.

72, 73. *For...life,*] As in Rowe.  
 One line in Ff.

74. *came any.....over*] *any...came*  
*o'er* Pope. *o'er came any...over* Capell.  
*o'er came any...o'er* Dyce (ed. 2).

77. *And*] *Most generous and* Han-  
 mer.

79. *put...into*] *but...in* Jackson  
 conj.

*donation*] *partition* Hanmer.

80. *return'd to*] *attorn'd to* Hanmer.  
*remain'd with* Capell conj.

80, 81. *return'd...heart*] *return'd*  
*His heart, I so much love* Becket conj.

83. *sits above*] *still sits 'bove* Sey-  
 mour conj.

SCENE III. *A room in Sempronius' house.**Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord, 5  
They have all been touch'd and found base metal, for  
They have all denied him.

*Sem.* How! have they denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he sénd to me? Three? hum!  
It shows but little love or judgement in him: 10  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,  
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?

SCENE III.] Pope. om. Ff.

A room...] Capell.

*Enter.....]* Capell. *Enter* a third servant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends. Ff.

1. *Must...others?]* As in Steevens. Two lines, the first ending *Hum*, in Ff. *in't,—hum!—'bove]* *in't? Hum:* 'Bove F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> (*Bove* F<sub>2</sub>). *in't Humb.* Bove F<sub>4</sub>. *in't? 'bove* Pope. *in't? Hum!* Above Johnson.

4. *these] three* Rowe (ed. 2). *these three* Pope. *of these or these men or these lords* Anon. conj.

5. *Owe]* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Owes* F<sub>1</sub>.

*My lord]* *Oh my lord* Pope.

5—7. *My...him.]* As in Steevens (1778), following Capell. Line 6 ends at *mettle*, in Ff.

6. *They have]* *They've* Pope.

*and found]* F<sub>1</sub>. *and all are*

*found* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

6, 7. *for...him]* Arranged as by Capell. One line in Ff.

7. *have they]* om. Pope.

8. *Has.....denied]* *Ventidius and Lucullus both deny'd* Pope. See note (x).

10. *him:] him. What!* S. Walker conj., ending lines 9—12 at *shows... What!...like...take...upon me?*, and omitting *Thrive*.

11, 12. *refuge?...give]* *refuge then? His friends, Like thrive'd physicians, give* Capell, ending the lines *friends... must...me?*

11. *His friends:] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. His friend:] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. Friends* Hanmer.

12. *Thrive, give him over:] F<sub>1</sub>. That thrive'd, give him over. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Three give him over?* Pope. *Thrive'd, give him over?* Theobald. *Tried give*

Has much disgraced me in 't; I'm angry at him,  
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,  
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first; 15  
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
 That e'er received gift from him:  
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
 That I'll requite it last? No:  
 So it may prove an argument of laughter 20  
 To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.  
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
 Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
 I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,  
 And with their faint reply this answer join; 25  
 Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*]

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The  
 devil knew not what he did when he made man politic; he  
 crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but in the end the  
 villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord 30  
 strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked;  
 like those that under hot ardent zeal would set whole  
 realms on fire:

*him over*, Hanmer. *Shriv'd give him  
 ver:* Tyrwhitt conj. *Thrice give him  
 ver:* Knight (Johnson conj.). *Have  
 given him over;* Mitford conj. *Fed'd  
 ive him over:* Anon. conj.

*must*] and *must* Hanmer.

*upon*] *On* Pope, ending lines  
 2, 13 at *cure...angry.*

\*3. "*Has*] *H'as* Rowe. *He has*  
 Steevens.

*at him*] *om.* Pope.

14. *That*] *He* Pope:  
*sense*] *'scuse* Collier conj.

17. *received*] *received any* Hanmer.  
*receiv'd* Johnson.

18. *now*] *om.* Pope.

19. *No:*] *om.* Hanmer. See note  
 (XI).

21. *I*] *F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*, *om.* *F<sub>1</sub>*. *I shall*  
 Hanmer.

22. *I'd*] *I'de* *F<sub>1</sub>*. *Ide* *F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*.  
*I had* Capell.

23. *Had*] *F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>*. *H'ad* *F<sub>4</sub>*. *He  
 had* Johnson.

24. *I'd*] *F<sub>4</sub>*. *I'de* *F<sub>1</sub>*. *Ide* *F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>*.  
*I had* Capell.

*to do*] *to have done* Pope, read-  
 ing *But now return*, as a separate line.

27—33. *Excellent...fire:*] Prose in  
 Ff. As nine lines of verse in Capell,  
 ending *lordship's...what...politick;...  
 think,...man...strives...copies to...hot  
 ...fire.*

28. *knew not*] *knew* Johnson conj.  
*politic*] *so politick* Capell.

29. *and...but*] *but then* Seymour  
 conj.

30. *villanies*] *policy* Hanmer.  
*clear*] *dear* Becket conj.

31. *to appear*] *not to appear* Han-  
 mer.

*wicked*] *wicked by* Capell.

32. *hot ardent*] *hot And ardent*  
 Capell.



Of such a nature is his politic love;  
 This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled, 35  
 Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,  
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard sure their master.  
 And this is all a liberal course allows; 40  
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants of Timon's creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*First Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and I think  
 One business does command us all; for mine  
 Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

34. *Of.....love.*] As verse first by Johnson. Prose in Ff.

35. *best*] *last* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

36. *only the gods*] *the gods only* Pope.

SCENE IV.] Pope. SCENE II. Rowe.

A hall...] Timon's Hall. Rowe.

Enter.....] Malone, after Capell.  
 Enter Varro's man, meeting others.  
 All Timon's Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius. Ff.

1. First Var. Serv.] r. V. Capell. Var. man. Ff. Var. Rowe.

2—5. *Lucius...money*] As in Capell. Prose in Ff.

3. *What, do*] Capell. *what do* Ff. *why do* Pope.

*Luc. Serv.*] Malone. Luc. or Luci. Ff (and elsewhere).

*Ay, and*] om. Pope, reading *I...* all as one line. *And* Johnson.

5—7. *Is...brother.*] Two lines in Capell, the first ending *Sir*.

Enter PHILOTUS.

*Luc. Serv.* And Sir Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven. 10

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:

You must consider that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; 15

That is, one may reach deep enough and yet

Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, 20  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,

6. [Enter Philotus.] Ff. Enter *ing sun's...fear*, S. Walker conj.

Philo. Rowe. Enter Philotas. Pope. *recoverable. I fear*] Johnson.

*Philotus*] Ff. *Philo's* Rowe. *recoverable, I feare*: Ff, reading *Is...feare* as one line.

7, 8. *Welcome,...hout?*] As in Ff. 15—17. *'Tis...little*] As in Pope.

One line in Pope. Prose in Ff. Johnson puts *That is* in

8. *do you*] Ff. *d' you* Pope. a separate line.

10. *on't*] om. Pope. 19. *Most*] om. Pope.

11. *but*] *but now* Hanmer. 21. *I*] *you* Singer, ed. 1 (Theobald

*wax'd*] *waxed* Pope. conj.).

12. *that a*] *That such a* Hanmer, 22. *It is*] om. Pope, ending lines

ending lines 10—12, *wont...days... 21—25 heart...pay...lord...em.*

*consider.* *prodigal*] *prodigal's* Theobald. *Mark*] om. Pope. *Mark you*

13, 14. *Is...fear*] Two lines, end- Capell.

And send for money for 'em.

25

*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:  
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*First Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:  
what's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

30

*First Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem  
by the sum

Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of Lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord  
ready to come forth? 35

*Flam.* No, indeed he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows you are too  
diligent. *[Exit.* 40

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?  
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*Sec. Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

26. *Im]* *I am* Rowe (ed. 2).  
*Im.....witness]* One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

28. *And now ingratitude]* *Ingrati-*  
*tude now* Pope.

29. *First Var. Serv.]* 1. V. Capell.  
Varro. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. Var. F<sub>4</sub>.

*Yes...yours]* One line in Pope.  
Two in Ff.

30. *mine]* om. Pope.

31. *First Var. Serv.]* 1. V. Capell.  
Var. Ff (and elsewhere).

*much]* *too much* Pope. *much*  
*too* Hamner.

33. *his]* *mine* Johnson conj. *this*.  
Jackson conj.

35, 36. *Flaminius...forth?]* Prose  
in Ff. Verse in Pope.

39, 40. *I need...diligent.]* Prose in  
Ff. Verse in Hamner.

40. *[Exit.]* Exit Flaminius. Stee-  
vens (1778). om. Ff.

*Enter Flavius...]* Enter Stew-  
ard... Ff.

44. *Sec. Var. Serv.]* Edd. 2. Varro.  
Ff. 1. Var. Serv. Malone. Both Var.  
Serv. Dyce.

*sir,—]* Rowe. *sir.* Ff.

*Flav.* What do ye ask of me, my friend?

45

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.*

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

50

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts  
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

55

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;

For you serve knaves.

[*Exit.*

*First Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashiered wor-  
ship mutter?

60

*Sec. Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's  
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has  
no house to put his head in? such may rail against great  
buildings.

65

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some  
answer.

45. *ye]* you F<sub>4</sub>.

*friend]* friends Dyce.

46. *Ay,*] Put in a separate line by  
Capell. om. F<sub>4</sub>.

48—54. 'Twere sure...quietly] Cap-  
pell ends the lines *not...eat...fawn...  
interest...wrong...quietly.* Keightley  
follows Capell, except that he ends  
line 53 at *yourselves.*

50. *eat]* ate Keightley.

51. *could]* F<sub>1</sub>. *would* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

52. *into]* in Pope.

58. *If]* F<sub>4</sub>. *If't* F<sub>1</sub>. *Ist* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*'twill not serve]* 'twill not Stee-  
vens (1793), ending lines 57, 58 at  
*not...knaves.*

59. [*Exit.*] Rowe. om. Ff.

60. *First Var. Serv.]* 1. *Var. Serv.*  
Malone. 1. Varro. Ff. Var. Rowe.

*How!]* *How's that? What says  
he?* Capell, reading lines 60—65 as  
verse, ending *does...poor...broader...  
in?...buildings.*

62. *Sec. Var. Serv.]* 2. *Var. Serv.*  
Malone. 2. Varro. Ff. Tit. Rowe.

64. *rail]* *have leave to rail* Capell.

66—72. *O, her's...chamber.]* Prose  
in Ff. Seven lines of verse in Capell.  
Pope reads lines 66—70 *O...soul*, as  
prose; the rest as three lines of verse.

66. *know]* *have* Rowe.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he's much out of health and keeps his chamber. 70

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers are not sick: And if it be so far beyond his health, Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts, 75 And make a clear way to the gods.

*Ser.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*Within*] Servilius, help! My lord! my lord!

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors opposed against my passage? • Have I been ever free, and must my house 80 Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill. 85

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle. 90

*Luc. Serv.* Alas, my lord,—

68. *to repair*] *But to repair* Capell. Flaminius following.] Capell.  
 69. *derive much*] *much derive* Steevens. om. Ff.  
 70. *from 't*] *from it* Pope. 79. SCENE V. Pope.  
 71. *he's*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *hes* F<sub>2</sub>. *He is* 81. *gaol*] F<sub>4</sub>. *gaole* F<sub>1</sub>. *goale* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 72. *take 't of*] *take it of* Pope. *take* 82. *goal* F<sub>3</sub>.  
 73. *it o'* Capell. 83—99. *Put in... My lord,—* Verse  
 74. *And if*] *An if* S. Walker in Capell.  
 75. *in a rage*] Ff. om. Capell. 84. *here is*] *here's* F<sub>4</sub>.  
 76. *answer, sir*] *an answer* Rowe. 85. Hor.] Capell. 1. Var. Ff.  
 77. *an answer, sir* Collier (Collier MS.). 86. Hor. Serv. Malone.  
 78. *in a rage*] Ff. om. Capell. 87. Both Var. Serv.] Malone. 2.  
 80. *iron heart?* 88. Var. Ff. Cap. Rowe. Var<sup>o</sup>. Capell.  
 81. *cleave me to the girdle.* 89. *All*] *And* Rowe (ed. 2).  
 82. *Alas, my lord,—* 90. *lord,—*] Capell. *lord.* Ff.

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord. 95

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that. What yours?—  
and yours?

*First Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Sec. Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! 100

[*Exit.*

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors? devils! 105

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so. My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord. 110

*Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:

92. *Cut*] *Cut out* Pope.  
96, 97. *Five...and yours?*] Prose 106, 108. *lord,—*] Johnson. *lord.*  
in Hudson. One line in Dyce. Two Ff.  
lines in Ff, the first ending *that.* 108. *My lord*] *My dear lord* Rowe.  
96. *pays*] *pay* Pope. 112. *and*] *add* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*What*] *What's* Hanmer. *Sempronius: all*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Sem-*  
98. *First Var. Serv.*] 1. *Var. Serv.* *pronius Ullorxa: All* F<sub>1</sub>. *Sempronius:*  
Malone. 1. *Var. Ff.* *Var. Rowe.* *all* F<sub>2</sub>. *Sempronius; Ullorxa, all* Ma-  
98, 99. *lord,—*] *lord—* Rowe. *lone. Sempronius, all, look, sir* or  
*lord.* Ff. \* *Sempronius—* Flav. *Atack, sir.* *Tim.*  
99. *Sec. Var. Serv.*] 2. *Var. Serv.* *All Collier conj. Sempronius, Valeri-*  
Malone. 2. *Var. Ff.* *Cap. Rowe.* *us, all* S. Walker conj. *Sempronius—*  
100. *Tear...upon*] *Here tear...on* Flav. *O my lord!* *Tim.* *All Delius*  
Pope. *Here tear...upon* Capell. conj. *Sempronius; Ventidius, all*  
[*Exit.*] *Exit* Timon. Ff. Grant White. *Sempronius; all on 'em,*  
103. *Re-enter.....*] Pope. Enter *all* Keightley. *Sempronius: All, sir-*  
Timon and Flavius. Rowe. Enter *rah, all* Edd. (Globe ed.).

I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord,  
You only speak from your distracted soul ;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

115

*Tim.* Be it not in thy care ;  
Go,  
I charge thee, invite them all : let in the tide  
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Senate-house.*

*The Senate sitting.*

*First Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it ; the  
fault's  
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.  
*Sec. Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

5

*First Sen.* Now, captain ?

113—116. *O my...table.*] As verse  
first by Pope. Prose in Ff.

115. *There is*] Capell. *There's* Ff.  
*to*] Ff. *as to* Rowe.

116. *Be it*] Ff. *Be 't* Steevens  
(1793).

*in*] om. Pope.

117. *Go*] In a separate line by  
Edd. At beginning of line 118 in Ff.  
At end of line 116 in Capell.

118. *I charge thee,*] *and* Pope.

SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE III.  
Rowe. SCENE VI. Pope.

The Senate-house.] Theobald.  
The city. Rowe. om. Ff.

The Senate sitting.] Dyce. The  
Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, at-  
tended. Capell. Enter three Senators

at one doore, Alcibiades meeting  
them, with Attendants. Ff.

1, 2. *My...die*] As in Reed (1803).  
Three lines, ending *too't...Bloody:...  
dye:* in Ff. Two lines, the first end-  
ing *bloody*, in Rowe. Prose in Collier.

1. *lord*] *lords* Dyce conj.

*to it*] Reed (1803). *too 't* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>,  
*to't* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*fault's*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *faults* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

4. *him*] Hanmer. *'em* Ff.

Enter...] Dyce.

5. *Honour, health*] *Health, honour*  
Pope.

6. *Now, captain?*] Capell. *Now  
captain.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Now captain.* F<sub>3</sub>.  
*Now, captain.* F<sub>4</sub>. *Now? Captain.*  
Johnson.

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues ;  
 For pity is the virtue of the law,  
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
 It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10  
 Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood  
 Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth.  
 To those that without heed do plunge into 't.  
 He is a man, setting his fate aside,  
 Of comely virtues : 15  
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—  
 An honour in him which buys out his fault—  
 But with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
 He did oppose his foe : 20  
 And with such sober and unnoted passion  
 He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,  
 As if he had but proved an argument.  
*First Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,  
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair : 25  
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
 To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling  
 Upon the head of valour ; which indeed  
 Is valour misbegot and came into the world  
 When sects and factions were newly born : 30  
 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

14. *He is]* *He's* F<sub>4</sub>.  
 14—18. *He is...But]* See note (XII).  
 15—20. *Of.....foe]* Five lines in Keightley, ending *fact...which...fury...reputation...foe*.  
 18. *fair]* *free* S. Walker conj.  
 19. *touch'd]* *Touched* Keightley.  
 21. *and unnoted]* *and innated* Becket conj. *undenoted* Jackson conj. *and unwooted* Anon. conj.  
 22. *behave his]* Rowe. *behoove his* Ff. *behave in 's* Hammer. *behave, his* Steevens (1773). *behave his* Malone conj. *behold his* Singer, ed. 2 (Jackson conj.). *reprove his* Collier (Collier MS.).

*behave...spent]* *behold his ad-*

*versary spent* Johnson conj. *behave, ere was his anger spent* Steevens conj. *behave; his anger was, 'ere spent* Becket conj.  
 23. *proved]* *mov'd* Collier (Collier MS.).  
 26. *if]* F<sub>1</sub>, om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 27—30. *To bring.....born]* Five lines, ending *set...which...came...factions...born*, S. Walker conj.  
 27. *manslaughter]* *mad-slaughter* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*and]* om. Pope.  
*quarrelling]* *This over-readiness in quarrelling* Anon. conj.  
 30. *were]* *were but* Pope.



The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs  
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

35

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,  
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

*Alcib.* My lord,—

*First Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear :  
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain.

40

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? If there be  
Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? 'why then women are more valiant.

45

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,  
And the ass more captain than the lion, the felon  
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

50

As you are great, be pitifully good :  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;  
But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

55

32, 33. *The...carelessly,*] Two lines  
in Pope. Three, ending *breath, ...out-*  
*sides, ...carelessly,* in Ff.

*make...to wear*] *take his wrongs To*  
*wear* Anon. conj., omitting *His outsides.*

33. *outsides, to wear them*] *outside-*  
*wear*; *hang* Warburton.

*to wear*] *wear* Pope.

34. *to his*] *to 's* S. Walker conj.

38. *lord,—*] *lord!*— Rowe. *lord.* Ff.

39. *To...bear*] *It is not valour to*  
*revenge, but bear* Pope.

*valour*] *true valour* Anon. conj.

43. *threats*] *threatnings* Pope.  
*treatments* Anon. conj.

*sleep upon 't*] *ay, sleep upon 't*  
Capell. *sleep upon it* Steevens. *and*

*sleep upon 't* Long MS.

44. *the*] *their* Long MS.

45. *repugnancy*] *repugnance* S.  
Walker conj., reading *Without...val-*  
*our* as one line.

*If*] *but if* Pope. *Or, if* Capell.  
*An if* Anon. conj. *If that* Anon. conj.

*If there be*] *If there be then*  
Keightley.

46. *the bearing*] *bearing* S. Walker  
conj., reading *In bearing...abroad* as  
one line.

47. *then*] *then sure* Pope. *then,*  
*the* Johnson conj.

49—51. *And...lords,*] See note (x111).

55. *mercy,*] *mercy!* Delius.

*most*] *made* Warburton.

¶p be in anger is impiety ;  
But who is man that is not angry ?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

*Sec. Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.*

In vain ! His service done

At Lacedæmon and Byzantium

60

Were a sufficient briber for his life.

*First Sen.* What's that ?

*Alcib.*

I say, my lords, has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies :

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds !

65

*Sec. Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em ;

He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin

That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner :

If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him : in that beastly fury

70

He has been known to commit outrages

And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,

His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

*First Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.*

Hard fate ! he might have died in war.

'59. breathe] breath Ff. preach Edd. conj.

59, 60. His.....Byzantium] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

62. I say, ...has] I say my lords h'as Pope. Why say my Lords ha's F<sub>1</sub>. Why I say my Lords ha's F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. Why, I say my Lords h'as F<sub>4</sub>. Why, I say, my lords, he has Capell. Why, I say, my lords, has Dyce. I say, my lords, he has Edd. (Globe Ed.).

63. And slain in fight] And slain in battle Pope. slain In battle Hanmer, ending line 62 at slain.

66. made] made murder Anon. conj.

66, 67. with 'em; He's a] with em Hes a F<sub>2</sub>. with em He's a F<sub>3</sub>. with 'em, He's a F<sub>4</sub>. with him: He's a F<sub>1</sub>. with 'em, he Is a Hanmer. with

'em, he's A Malone. with 'em here. He's a S. Walker conj. with himself; He's a Keightley.

67. sworn] swoln Warburton.

67, 68. Divided as in Ff. Malone ends line 67 at often.

68. That often] Oft' Hanmer. and takes his] and takes Pope. takes his Capell.

69. If there were...enough] Were there...enough alone Pope. And, if there were...enough Capell. Were there ...itself enough Collier MS. That if there were...enough Long MS. If there were no more foes, that were enough Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). If there were no other foes, that were enough Keightley.

foes] moe foes or foes else Anon. conj.

My lords, if not for any parts in him— 75

Though his right arm might purchase his own time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,

Take my deserts to his and join 'em both :

And, for I know your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all 80

My honours to you, upon his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive 't th' valiant gore ;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

*First Sen.* We are for law: he dies; urge it no more, 85

On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,

I do beseech you, know me.

*Sec. Sen.* How! 90

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*Third Sen.* What!

*Alcib.* I cannot think but your age has forgot me ;

It could not else be I should prove so base

To sue and be denied such common grace : 95

My wounds ache at you.

*First Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;

We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me !

Banish your dotage ; banish usury,

That makes the senate ugly. 100

*First Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,

- 79—81. As in Capell. The lines end *security...you...returnes*, in Ff. Pope ends them *love...victories...returns*. S. Walker ends them *know...security...you...return*.  
 80. *all*] om. Pope.  
 \* 81. *honours*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *honour* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*upon*] on Pope.  
*returns*] *return* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).  
 83. *war*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *warre* F<sub>1</sub>. *waare* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 F<sub>2</sub>.  
 88, 89. *My.....me.*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.  
 91. *remembrances*] *remembranc*, Capell, ending line 90 at *Call me*.  
 92. *What!*] *What, sir!* Hanmer.  
 93. *has*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *hath* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 97. *in*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*in few*] *few in* Rann (Johnson conj.).  
 101. *contain*] *contains* Rowe.

Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough, that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you! 105

I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money and let out

Their coin upon large interest, I myself

Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring senate 110

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 115

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.

102. *Attend...spirit,*] One line in in Ff.  
Capell. Two in Ff.

102, 103. *And...presently.*] *And note, to swell your spirit, He... or And, but to swell your spirit, He... Theobald conj. 2. Sen. And, (not to swell our spirit) he shall then be executed presently. Hanmer. And, (now to swell your spirit,) He shall... Warburton. And, not to swell your spirit, He... Capell. And, not to swell our spirit, He... Becket conj. And, to show well our spirit, He... Anon. conj.*

102. *swell*] *quell* Singer conj.

103. [Exeunt...] Exeunt Senate. Capell. Exeunt. Ff.

104. *Now...live*] As in Steevens. Two lines, the first ending *enough,*

*Now the*] om. Pope.  
*enough*] om. Capell.

105. *in bone*] *at home or in doors* Staunton conj.

*on*] upon Keightley.

111. *Banishment!*] *Banishment.* F<sub>1</sub>. *ha Banishment.* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. *Ha! Banishment!* F<sub>4</sub>.

115. *lay*] *play* Johnson conj.

*lay for hearts*] *say,—Forth hearts!* Jackson conj.

116. *most lands*] *most hands* Warburton. *most lords* Malone conj. *my stains* Mason conj. *most brands* Becket conj. *most bands* Jackson conj.

*be*] *beat* Jackson conj.

117. *should brook as little*] *as little should brook* Pope.

SCENE VI. *A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators and others, at several doors.*

*First Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

*First Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends. 5

*Sec. Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

*First Lord.* I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put' off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 10

*Sec. Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out. 15

*First Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

*Sec. Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you? 20

*First Lord.* A thousand pieces.

*Sec. Lord.* A thousand pieces!

*First Lord.* What of you?

*Sec. Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

SCENE VI.] Capell. SCENE IV.  
Rowe. SCENE VII. Pope.

A banqueting-room.. ] Timon's  
House. Rowe. State Room... Capell.

Music.....doors.] Capell, substan-  
tially. Enter divers Friends at severall  
doores. Ff. Enter divers Senators at  
several doors. Rowe.

1. First Lord.] 1. L. Capell. 1. Ff.  
1. Sen. Rowe (and throughout).

2. Sec. Lord.] 2. L. Capell. 2. Ff.  
2. Sen. Rowe (and throughout).

4. *tiring*] *stirring* Jackson conj.  
19. *here 's*] F<sub>4</sub>, *heares* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, *heare*  
F<sub>3</sub>.

24. Sec. Lord.] 2. L. Capell. 2. Ff.  
3. Sen Rowe.

*me, sir,—*] *me for—* S. Walker  
conj.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both: and how fare you? 25

*First Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

*Sec. Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship. 30

*Tim.* [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently. 35

*First Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O, sir, let it not trouble you.

*Sec. Lord.* My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah, my good friend, what cheer? 40

*Sec. Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim.* Think not on 't, sir.

*Sec. Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before— 45

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better remembrance. [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

*Sec. Lord.* All covered dishes!

*First Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

- 29, 30. *The...lordship.*] Prose in conj.).  
 F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Two lines in F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *harshly*] sparingly Anon. conj.  
 29. *willing*] *willingly* F<sub>4</sub>. 39. *lord,—*] Hanmer. *lord*. Ff.  
 31, 32. *Nor.....men.*] Marked as 41. *My most*] *Most* Pope (ed. 2).  
 'Aside' by Johnson. *I am*] *I'm* Rowe.  
 34. *harshly o' the trumpet's*] *harshly* 42. *this other*] F<sub>1</sub>. *the other* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
*o' the trumpets* Ff. *harshly as o' the* F<sub>4</sub>. *t'other* Rowe.  
*trumpets* Rowe. *harshly as on the*  
*trumpets* Pope. *harshly, as o' the*  
*trumpets* Capell. *harshly on the trum-*  
*pet's* Singer (ed. 1). *harshly. The*  
*trumpets* S. Walker conj. *harshly. O,*  
*the trumpets* Dyce, ed. 2 (Grant White  
 45. *before—*] Rowe. *before*. Ff.  
 47. [*The banquet brought in.*] Ff,  
 after line 40. Transferred by Dyce  
 and Staunton. Goes toward the  
 table. Capell.

*Third Lord.* Doubt not that, if money and the season  
can yield it. 50

*First Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

*Third Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

*First and Sec. Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

*Third Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it. 55

*First Lord.* How? how?

*Sec. Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

*Third Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble  
feast toward. 60

*Sec. Lord.* This is the old man still.

*Third Lord.* Will 't hold? will 't hold?

*Sec. Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

*Third Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would  
to the lip, of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places  
alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere  
we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require  
our thanks. 65

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thank-  
fulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but  
reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to  
each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for,  
were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake  
the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man  
that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score  
of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a  
dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O  
gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common  
70  
75

50. *Third Lord.*] 3. L. Capell. 3.  
Ff. 3. Sen. Rowe (and throughout).

53. *hear...it?*] *here...it.* F<sub>2</sub>.

54. *First and Sec. Lord.*] Both. Ff.

59. *you] ye* Theobald.

62. *Will 't...will 't]* F<sub>4</sub>. *Will...  
will* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

63. *will—and so—]* Steevens. *will,  
and so.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *will, and so—* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*will.—And so—* Johnson. *will—and*

*so.* Capell.

68. *sit, sit]* F<sub>1</sub>. *sir, sir* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

70—83. *You.....welcome.]* Printed  
in italics in Ff.

75. *be]* om. Pope.

78. *be—as they are.]* Steevens (1793).  
*be as they are.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *be as they  
are—* F<sub>4</sub>.

*fees]foes* Hanmer (Warburton).  
*lees* Singer (ed. 1).

lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make  
suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,  
as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to  
nothing are they welcome. 80

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full  
of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean? 85

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water  
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, 90  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
Your reeking villany. [*Throwing the water in their faces.*]  
Live loathed, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears, 95  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!  
Of man and beast the infinite malady  
Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?  
Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou:—

80. *lag*] Rowe. *legge* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *leg* F<sub>4</sub>. *lee* Capell conj. *tag* Anon. ap. Rann conj.

81. *present*] om. Pope.

82. *to me*] *to be* Boswell (a misprint?).

83. *are they*] *they are* Steevens (1793).

84. [*The dishes...*] Johnson, substantially. Capell puts a similar stage direction after line 87.

warm water.] stones and warm water. Steevens conj.

88. *smoke*] *stones* Anon. conj.

89. *last*] After this S. Walker conjectures that a line is lost, ending *Timon*.

90. *you with*] Ff. *with your* Hanmer

(Warburton). *by you with* Keightley.

*flatteries*] *flatteries* F<sub>2</sub>. *flattery*

Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

91. *it*] *them* Hanmer.

92. [*Throwing...*] Johnson. om. Ff.

95. *fools*] *tools* Theobald conj.

*time's flies*] *Times Flies* F<sub>1</sub>.

*Time flies* F<sub>2</sub>. *Time flies* F<sub>3</sub>.

*Time-flies* F<sub>4</sub>.

96. *Cap-and-knee slaves*] Pope. *Cap and knee-slaves* F<sub>1</sub>. *Cap and knee slaves* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*minute-jacks!*] A full stop in F<sub>1</sub>. No stop in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

97. *infinite*] *infectious* Grant White conj.

*malady*] *maladies* Hanmer.



Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. 100

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

*Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.*

*First Lord.* How now, my lords! 105

*Sec. Lord.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

*Third Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

*Fourth Lord.* I have lost my gown.

*First Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and 110  
now he has beat it out of my hat. Did you see my jewel?

*Third Lord.* Did you see my cap?

*Sec. Lord.* Here 'tis.

*Fourth Lord.* Here lies my gown.

*First Lord.* Let's make no stay. 115

*Sec. Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

*Third Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

*Fourth Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

100. [*Throws...out.*] Rowe, after line 99. om. Ff. Pelts them with stones. S. Walker conj.

and...out.] om. Delius.

104. *Re-enter.....*] *Re-enter the Senators.* Pope. Enter the Senators, with other Lords. Ff. *Re-enter Lords &c.* Capell. The Guests return. Grant White. *Re-enter the Company.* Dyce (ed. 2).

107. *Push*] *Psha* Theobald. *Pish* Hanmer.

108. *Fourth Lord.*] 4. L. Capell. 4. Ff. 4. Sen. Rowe.

*I have*] *I've* Pope.

109—111. *He's...hat.*] Printed as four lines of verse by Rann. Three lines, Capell conj.

109. *humour*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *humours* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>.

111. *hat*] *cap* Pope.

112. *Third Lord.*] 3. L. Capell. 2. Ff. 2. Sen. Rowe. 4. Lord. Keightley.

113. *Sec. Lord.*] 2. L. Capell. 3. Ff. 3. Sen. Rowe.

117. [*Exeunt.*] *Exeunt the Senators.* Ff. om. Capell (corrected in MS.).

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.**Enter* TIMON.

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,  
 That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,  
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!  
 Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,  
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, 5  
 And minister in their steads! To general filths  
 Convert o' the instant, green virginity!  
 Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;  
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
 And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal! 10  
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are  
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!  
 Thy mistress is o' the brothel. Son of sixteen,  
 Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,  
 With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear, 15  
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries, 20

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Rowe.

Without...] Rowe.

1; 2. *thee. O...wolves,*] Ff. *thee, O...wolves!* Pope.2. *girdlest*] Rowe. *girdles* Ff.6. *steads!* To...*filths*] *steads: to...filths* Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *steads, to...filthes.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, *steads to...filthes.* F<sub>3</sub>. *steads to...filths* F<sub>4</sub>.*filths*] *filth* Hanmer.7. *green virginity*] *green, virginity* Pope (ed. 1).8, 9. *fast; Rather.....back, out*] Theobald (Anon. conj.). *fast Rather...backe; out* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *fast, Rather...back; out* F<sub>4</sub>.13. *o' the*] *i' th'* Hanmer. *at the* Keightley.*Son*] *Some* F<sub>1</sub>.14. *lined*] *lean'd* Keightley.15. *With.....brains*] *And with it beat his brains out* Pope.*Piety and fear*] *Fear and piety*

Pope

And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty 25  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,  
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee  
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
 Timon will to the woods, where he shall find 35  
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
 The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all!—  
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40  
 Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Athens. Timon's house.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

*First Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our  
 master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

21. *let*] Hammer. *yet* Ff.

33. *detestable town*] *town detestable*  
 Hammer.

34. [Throwing away his raiment.  
 Delius conj. Plucking out his hair.  
 Ingleby conj.

36. *more*] *much* F<sub>4</sub>.

37. *you*] *ye* Pope (ed. 2).

41. *Amen*] om. Pope.

SCENE II.] Rowe.

Athens.....] Timon's House.

Rowe.

1. *master steward*] *M. steward* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*good master steward* Pope.

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
I am as poor as you.

*First Serv.* Such a house broke! 5

So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
And go along with him!

*Sec. Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
From our companion thrown into his grave,  
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone. More of our fellows. 15

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

*Third Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery;  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark,  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say, 25  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some.  
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 4. <i>me] it</i> Hanmer. om. Capell.  | S. Walker conj.                                  |
| 5—8. <i>I am.....backs]</i> S. Walker<br>would end the lines <i>noble...friend...<br/>go...backs.</i>                     | 11. <i>leave] and leave</i> Long MS.             |
| 8. <i>do]</i> om. Hanmer.   | 14. <i>all-shunn'd]</i> Hyphened in<br>Pope.     |
| 9, 10. <i>From our...to his]</i> <i>From our<br/>...from his</i> Hanmer. <i>To our...from<br/>his</i> Rann (Mason conj.). | 15. <i>like] likes</i> F <sub>2</sub> .          |
| 10. <i>his familiars]</i> <i>the familiars</i>  | 18. <i>still]</i> om. Pope.                      |
|   | 20. <i>dying]</i> <i>sinking</i> Keightley conj. |
|   | 22. <i>this]</i> <i>the</i> Rowe (ed. 2).        |
|   | 25. <i>let's shake]</i> <i>shake</i> Pope.       |

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us! 30

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live

But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state compounds 35

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again? 40

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord, blest to be most accursed,

Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat 45

Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to

Supply his life, or that which can command it.

I'll follow, and inquire him out:

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;

Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.* 50

29. [*Servants.....*] Embrace and part severall wayes. Ff. He gives them mony, they embrace... Pope. Embrace, and Exeunt Servants. Capell.

30. *fierce*] *first* Theobald (ed. 2).

33. *Who would*] *Who'd* Pope.

*or to*] *as to* Rowe. *and so* or *so* to Grant White conj. (withdrawn). *or would* Keightley. *or so* Dyce, ed. 2.

34, 35. *friendship?* *To have his*] *friendship?* and *to have His* Singer (ed. 2). *friendship;* and *revive To have his* Collier (Collier MS.). *friendship?* and *survive To have his* Keightley.

35. *what state compounds*] *state comprehends* Collier (S. Walker conj.).

*that state compounds* Grant White conj.

36. *varnish'd*] *vanish'd* Pope.

38. *unusual blood,*] *unusual mood,* Johnson conj. *unequal blood,* Becket conj. *unusual!—'s blood!* Jackson conj.

41. *docs*] F<sub>4</sub>. *do* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *doe* F<sub>2</sub>.

44. *Alas*] *'Las* S. Walker conj.

45. *ingrateful*] *ingratefull* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *ungrateful* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

46, 47. [*Of monstrous...it.*] As in Pope. Three lines in Ff.

46. *has*] *his* F<sub>2</sub>.

*with him*] om. Rowe.

48. *follow*] *follow after* Hanmer.

SCENE III. *Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.**Enter* TIMON, *from the cave.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
 Whose procreation, residence and birth  
 Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes, 5  
 The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,  
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune  
 But by contempt of nature.  
 Raise me this beggar and deny't that lord,  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, 10  
 The beggar native honour.  
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,  
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,  
 In purity of manhood stand upright,

SCENE III.] Rowe.

Woods...] Edd. The Woods.

Rowe. Wood; a Cave in View. Capell.

Enter Timon...] Edd. Enter Timon in the Woods. Ff. Enter Timon. Rowe. Enter Timon, with a Spade. Capell.

1. *blessed breeding*] *blessing-breeding* Warburton. *blessed-breeding* Dyce (S. Walker conj.).5. *dividant*] *divided* Hanmer. *them*] om. Pope.6. *not nature*] *not ev'n nature* Pope. *not his nature* Capell. *not those natures* Steevens conj.6-8. *nature...nature*] *natures...* *natures* Mason conj.8. *by*] *with* Hanmer.9. *Raise*] *Robe* Maginn conj. *deny't*] *denude* Theobald (Warburton). *degrade* Hanmer. *deprive* Heath conj. *devest* Steevens conj. *de-**chute* Becket conj. *decline* Collier (Collier MS.). *demit* Staunton ('Obelus,' N. and Q. 1856, conj.). *deject* Arrowsmith conj. *deknight* Anon. conj.10. *senator*] Rowe. *senators* Ff.12. *pasture*] Rowe. *pastour* F<sub>1</sub>. *pastor* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *pasterer* Farmer and Steevens conj.*pasture:...rother's*] *paste o'er-lards the brother's* Jackson conj.*lards*] Rowe. *Lards*, F<sub>1</sub>. *Lords*, F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*rother's*] Collier (Singer, ed. 2). *Brothers* Ff. *beggar's* Rowe. *weather's* Theobald (Warburton). *broader* Farmer conj. *breather's* Malone conj. (withdrawn).13. *The...lean*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *The...leave* F<sub>1</sub>. *The...leane* F<sub>2</sub>. *'Tis...leave* Johnson conj. *The gaunt that makes him leave* Farmer conj. Johnson supposes that a line is lost.

And say 'This man's a flatterer'? if one be, 15  
 So are they all; for every grise of fortune  
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
 Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures  
 But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd 20  
 All feasts, societies and throngs of men!  
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction fang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!

[*Digging.*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison! What is here? 25  
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
 I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!  
 Thus much of this will make black white, foul fair,  
 Wrong right, base noble, old young, coward valiant.  
 Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this 30  
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:  
 This yellow slave  
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;  
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves, 35  
 And give them title, knee and approbation  
 With senators on the bench: this is it  
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

15. *say*] *say* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*man's*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *mans* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
 16. *grise*] *grize* Ff. *grece* Pope.  
 18. *all is oblique*] Pope. *All's ob-*  
*liquis* F<sub>1</sub>. *Alls obliquy* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *All's*  
*obliquy* F<sub>4</sub>. *all's obloquy* Rowe. *all,*  
*all's oblique* Lettsom conj.  
 20. *Therefore*] *Then* Pope.  
 23. *fang*] Johnson. *phang* Ff.  
 [Digging.] Digging the Earth.  
 Rowe. om. Ff.  
 26—29. *Gold...valiant*] As in Han-  
 mer. Five lines, ending *gold?...vota-*  
*rist,...make...right;...valliant*, in Ff.  
 27. *idle votarist*] *idol votarist* Col-  
 lier (Collier MS.).  
*you*] om. Hanmer.

"  
*clear*] *dear* Jackson conj.  
 29. *right*] After this Keightley  
 marks an omission.  
 30. *Ha*] om. Pope.  
*what*] *why* Hanmer. *what?*  
 Johnson.  
 32. *stout*] *sick* Hanmer.  
*their*] F<sub>1</sub>. *the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 35. *thieves,*] *theeves*, F<sub>1</sub>. *theeves.*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *thieves.* F<sub>4</sub>.  
 37. *this is it*] *this, this is it*  
 Hanmer. *why, this it is* Steevens  
 conj.  
 38. *wappen'd*] *waped* Hanmer (War-  
 burton). *wained* Johnson conj. *wap-*  
*per'd* Collier, ed. 2 (Malone conj.).  
*Wapping* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag.

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices 40  
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature. [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?  
 Thou'rt quick,  
 But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief, 45  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;*  
 PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there? speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,  
 For showing me again the eyes of man!

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee, 50  
 That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.  
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
 That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well;  
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange. 55

*Tim.* I know thee too; and more than that I know  
 thee

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Vol. LX. p. 127). *weeping* Steevens  
 conj. *vapid* Seymour conj.

*wed*] *wo'd* Mason conj.

39. *She*] *Her* Hanmer.

39, 40. *whom...at*] *whose ulcerous  
 sores the spital-house Would...at or at  
 whose ulcerous sores the spital-house  
 Would...up* Steevens conj.

40. *at, this*] Pope. *at. This* Ff.  
*at; this* Rowe.

41. *damned*] Rowe (ed. 2). *damn'd*  
 Ff.

42. *put'st*] *putt'st* Pope. *puttes* Ff.  
*puttest* Rowe.

44. *Do...quick*] One line in Pope.

Two in Ff.

45. *thou'lt*] F<sub>4</sub>. *thou't* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

47. [*Keeping some gold.*] Pope.  
 om. Ff.

SCENE IV. Pope.

Phrynia] and Phrynia Ff.

*Speak.*] om. Seymour conj.

48. *The canker*] *Cankers* Rowe.

52. *misanthropos*] *misanthropos* F<sub>1</sub>.

56. *that*] *as* Pope.

58. *With...paint*] *And with...paint*  
*all* Hanmer.

*gules, gules:] gules, total gules:*

Capell. *gules, gules; for if* Keightley.



Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine 60  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

*Plry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change? 65

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion. 70

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou  
wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man:  
if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries. 75

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this the Athenian minion whom the world  
Voiced so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra? 80

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves  
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth 85

63. *not*] but Staunton conj.  
68. *were*] *were now* Pope (ed. 2).  
69—74. *Noble...man!*] Prose in Ff.  
Seven lines of verse in Capell.  
70. *but to*] *but this*, To Capell.  
73. *not promise*] *but promise* Staunton conj.  
74. *perform*] *promise, and Perform* Capell.  
75. *I have*] *I've* Pope.  
77. *then*] *thine* Malone conj.
- 80—83. *Art thou.....lust*] Three lines, ending *still!.....diseases,...lust*, S. Walker conj.  
82—86. *Be.....diet.*] Verse first in Pope. Prose in Ff.  
83. *Give...lust.*] *Leaving with thee their lust. Give them diseases?* Grant White (Johnson conj.).  
85. *bring*] *bring me* Capell (MS. correction).  
85, 86. *rose-cheeked youth To the*

To the tub-fast and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

90

In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieved,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

*Tim.* I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

95

*Alcib.* I am thy friend and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?  
I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

100

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy conquest,  
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That by killing of villains

Malone. *Rose-cheek'd youth to the F<sub>1</sub>.*  
*Rose-cheek'd youth to the F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.* *Rose-*  
*cheek'd youth to the F<sub>4</sub>, the rose-cheek'd*  
*youth To th' Pope. rose-cheek'd youth*  
*to The Dyce.*

*rose-cheek'd...tub-fast] the rose-*  
*cheek'd youth; Th' fub, to th' fast*  
*Theobald conj. \**

86. *tub-fast] Theobald (Warbur-*  
*ton). Fubfast Ff.*

88. *calamities] calamites F<sub>2</sub>.*

89. *I have] I have had Collier (Col-*  
*lier MS.).*

91. *have] om. Rowe.*

92. *Athens,] Athens is Hanmer.*

94. *trod upon] had trod on Hanmer.*  
*them—] Rowe. them. Ff.*

98. *I had] I'ad Pope.*

99. *Here is some] Here's Pope.*

100. *heap—] Rowe (ed. 2). heapc.*  
*or heap. Ff.*

101. *Athens?] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Athens. F<sub>1</sub>*  
*F<sub>2</sub>.*

101—105. *Ay...country.] S. Walk-*  
*er would end the lines them...when*  
*...killing...country.*

102. *all] all then Pope. om. Ca-*  
*pell, ending the line at and.*

*in thy] i' thy Steevens (1793),*  
*ending the lines and... Timon?... That,*  
*...conquer...country.*

103. *thee after, ...conquer'd] after,*  
*thee, ...conquered Pope.*

104. *Why] But why Hanmer.*  
*of] om. Hanmer.*

Thou wast born to conquer my country. 105  
 Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;  
 Be as a planetary plague, when Jove  
 Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison  
 In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:  
 Pity not honour'd age for his white beard; 110  
 He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron;  
 It is her habit only that is honest,  
 Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's check  
 Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps  
 That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes 115  
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
 But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe  
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;  
 Think it a bastard whom the oracle  
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut, 120  
 And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;  
 Put armour on<sup>'''</sup> thine ears and on thine eyes,  
 Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers: 125  
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou  
 givest me,

Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon  
 thee!

130

105. *conquer my*] *make conquest of*  
*my* Hanmer. *conquer thy own* Capell,  
 ending the previous line at *born*.  
*scourge thy* S. Walker conj.

107. *when*] F<sub>1</sub>. *whom* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

111. *counterfeit*] om. Pope.

114. *for*] *nor* Tyrwhitt conj.

115. *window-bars*] Steevens (John-  
 son conj.). *window barne* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *wind-*  
*ow barn* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *window-barn* Pope.  
*window-lawn* Theobald (Warburton).  
*widow's barb* Tyrwhitt conj.

117. *But*] om. Pope.

*them*] om. Dyce (ed. 2).

118. *exhaust*] *extort* Hanmer.

119. *whom*] *who*, Hanmer.

120. *pronounced, thy*] Pope. *pro-*  
*nounced, the* Ff. . .

121. *swear*] *whoso'er* Heath conj.

*against*] *'gainst all* Hanmer.

*objects*] *abjects* Collier, ed. 2

(Farmer conj.). *audits* Becket conj.

124. *priests*] *priest* Pope.

128, 129. *Hast... ..counsel.*] As in  
 Capell. Verse first in Pope, the first  
 line ending *yet?* Prose in Ff.

129. *all*] om. Pope.

*Phr. and Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
 And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,  
 Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable;  
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear, 135  
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,  
 The immortal gods that hear you; spare your oaths;  
 I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;  
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up; 140  
 \*Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
 And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,  
 Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs  
 With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,  
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still; 145  
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:  
 A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr. and Timan.* Well, more gold: what then?  
 Believe't that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins, 150  
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
 That he may never more false title plead,  
 Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,

131, 147, 165. *Phr. and Timan.* Steevens. Both. Ff. Wom. Capell.

133. *whores, a bawd*] Ff. *whore a bawd* Pope. *whole a bawd* Theobald (Warburton). *whores abundant* Hamner. *whores abhorr'd* Collier (Collier MS.).

134. *you are*] *you're* Pope.

142—145. *And be.....still*] As in Capell. In Ff the lines end *months.....thatch.....dead,.....matter:.....still*. Seven lines in Johnson, ending *turncoats...contrary...thatch... &c.*

142. *turncoats*] *turncocks* Jackson conj.

*pains, six months*] *pain-sick months* Becket conj.

*six months*] *six mouths* F<sub>2</sub>.

*exterior* Hamner. *six months thence* Keightley.

143. *contrary*] *contraried* Johnson conj.

*and*] om. Capell.

*and thatch*] *Make false hair, and thatch* Pope, ending lines 143—145 as Ff.

145. *whore*] *and whore on* Pope.

148. *Believe't*] *Believe* Rowe.

150, 151. *man...men's*] *men...their* S. Walker conj.

151. *spurring*] *sparring* Hamner. *spurning* Long MS. *springing* Seymour conj.

153. *hoar*] *hoarse* Singer, ed. 1 (Upton conj.).

That scolds against the quality of flesh  
 And not believes himself: down with the nose, 155  
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
 Of him that, his particular to foresee,  
 Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;  
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you: plague all; 160  
 That your activity may defeat and quell  
 The source of all erection. There's more gold:  
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
 And ditches grave you all!

*Phr. and Timon.* More counsel with more money,  
 bounteous Timon. 165

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I have given  
 you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell,  
 Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm. 170

*Tim.* Yes, thou spokest well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take  
 Thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him. Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and  
 Timandra.*]

154. *scolds*] Rowe. *scold'st* Ff.

157, 158. *to foresee, Smells from*  
*not foresees, Smells for* Capell.

157. *foresee*] *forefend* Warburton.

158. *bald*] *Quite bald* Hanmer,  
 ending lines 158, 159 *ruffians...of*.

160. *all*] *all of them* Keightley.  
*all; plague all* Anon. conj.

165—168. *More...again*] Verse in  
 Pope. Prose in Ff.

166. *I have*] *I've* Pope.

170. *did thee*] *did the* F<sub>2</sub>.

172, 173. *Men...thee.*] As in Dyce.  
 In Ff the first line ends *away*. In

*Delius, find it.*

172. *it*] *it such* Steevens. *it so*  
 Keightley.

*Get thee away*] *Get thee hence*  
*away* Pope, ending the line as Ff.  
*Get thee hence. Away* Johnson. *Hence;*  
*Get thee away* Capell, ending the line  
 at *Hence*.

173. *Strike*] Put in a separate line  
 by Steevens (1793).

[*Drum beats.*] Johnson. om.

Ff.

*Exeunt...*] Theobald. *Exeunt.*

Ff.

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
 Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou, [*Digging.* 175  
 Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast  
 Téems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue,  
 The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm, 180  
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conception womb, 185  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves and bears;  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
 Never presented!—O, a root! dear thanks!— 190  
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;  
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts  
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
 That from it all consideration slips!

*Enter* APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague! 195

174. SCENE V. Pope.  
 175. [*Digging.*] Johnson, before line 174. om. Ff.  
 177. *whose] oh thou! whose* Pope. *mettle] forming mettle* Keightley.  
 181. *crisp] cript* Warburton.  
 183. *thy human] Pope. the humane* Ff. *the human* Rowe. *doth] Capell. do* Ff. *do's* Rowe.  
 184. [*digs.* Capell.  
 185. *Ensear] Then sear* Hanmer. *conception] F<sub>1</sub>. conceptions* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 186. *out] out* to Warburton.  
 189. *marbled] marble* Capell.  
*mansion] all] mansion-hall* S. Walker conj.  
 191. *thy] your* Singer conj. *marrows, vines, and] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. marrows, vines, and* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *marrows, veins, and* Rowe. *meadows, vineyards, Harrow'd veins, and* Warburton. *marrow'd veins, and* Heath conj. *meadows, vines, and* Collier (Collier MS.). *marrowy vines and* Grant White (Dyce conj.). *married vines and* Keightley.  
 193. *unctuous] Johnson. unctious* Ff. *pure] impure* Keightley.  
 194. *slips!] slippes—* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>: *slips—* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 195. SCENE VI. Pope.

*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog,  
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected; 200  
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?  
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,  
Hug their diseased perfumes and have forgot 205  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee  
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe 210  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain  
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;  
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome  
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again, 215  
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself,  
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain, 220  
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd trees,  
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures 225  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite

200. *infected*] *affected* Rowe.

202. *fortune*] Rowe and Southern  
MS. *future* Ff. *fauturs* Becket conj.

205. *diseased*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *diseas'd* F<sub>1</sub>.

206. *woods*] *wreds* Theobald (War-  
burton).

211. *off*] of F<sub>2</sub>.

213. *bade*] *bad* F<sub>1</sub>. *bid* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

217. *Were*] *Where* F<sub>2</sub>.

228. *Thou hast*] *Thou 'ast* Pope.  
*Thou'st* Theobald.

219. *A madman so long*] *So long*  
*a mad-man* Pope.

*think'st*] *thinK'st* thou Pope.

221. *moist*] Hanmer. *moyst* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*moist* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

223. *when*] *where* Grant White  
(S. Walker conj.).

Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements exposed,  
Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;  
O, thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee: depart. 230

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office or a fool's. 235

Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly; thou'ldst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery 240  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:  
The one is filling still, never complete,  
The other at high wish: best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content. 245

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog:

230. *find*—] Rowe. *finde*. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>,  
*find*. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

231, 267, 278. *thee*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>.

232. *Apem. Why?* *Tim.*] Omitted  
by Hanmer.

*Why?*] *Why so?* Keightley.

234. *To*] *Only* to Hanmer.

236. *a knave too?*] *a knave thou!*  
Hanmer. *and know't too?* Warbur-  
ton conj.

237. *sour-cold*] Hyphen added by  
Steevens (1793).

239. *courtier*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *courtier* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*again*] om. Pope.

241. *Outlives incertain*] Rowe.  
*Out-lives: incertaine* F<sub>1</sub>. *Out-lives:*  
*in certaine* F<sub>2</sub>. *Out-lives: in certain*  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Out-strips incertain* Hanmer.  
*Out-vies uncertain* Capell.

*before*] *before it* Hanmer.

243, 244. *state...Hath*] *states...*  
*Have* Pope.

249. *but bred*] *bred but* Hanmer.



Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded 250  
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
 To such as may the passive drugs of it  
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself  
 In general riot, melted down thy youth  
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd 255  
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
 Who had the world as my confectiary,  
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men  
 At duty, more than I could frame employment; 260  
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows: I, to bear this,  
 That never knew but better, is some burthen: 265  
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?  
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?  
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
 Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff 270  
 To some she beggar and compounded thee  
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!  
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
 Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

*Apen.*

Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apen.*

I, that I was

275

251. *The*] *Through* Rowe.  
 252. *drugs*] F<sub>4</sub>. *drugges* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*druggs* F<sub>3</sub>. *drudges* Delius (Mason  
 conj.). *dugs* Collier (Collier MS.).  
*drugs* Capell conj. MS.  
 253. *command*] Rowe. *com-*  
*mand'st* Ff.  
 256. *follow'd*] Capell. *followed* Ff.  
 259. *and hearts*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *the hearts*  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 260. *employment*] F<sub>1</sub>. *employments*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Here Keightley marks a line  
 omitted.

261. *me*] F<sub>1</sub>. *the* F<sub>2</sub>. *thee* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 262, 263. *have...Fell...and*] *yet...*  
*Fall'n...have* Hammer. *and...Fell...*  
*and* Capell. *and...Fall'n...have* Ca-  
 pell (MS. correction).  
 263. *Fell*] *Fall'n* Rowe.  
 265. *some*] *sume* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 269. *rag*] F<sub>4</sub>. *ragge* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *rogue*  
 Collier, ed. 2 (Johnson conj.).  
 272. *rogue*] *rag* Anon. conj.  
 274. *a knave*] *knave* Pope.  
 275, 276. *I.....prodigal.*] As in  
 Capell. One line in Ff.

No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now:  
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,  
T'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.  
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

*Apem.* Here; I will mend thy feast. 280

[*Offering him a root.*]

*Tim.* First mend my company; take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens? 285

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,  
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best and truest;  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where liest o' nights, Timon? 290

*Tim.* Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou o'  
days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where  
I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient and knew my mind! 295

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but  
the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy guilt and  
thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in 300

279. [*Eating...*] Rowe. om. Ff.  
280—284. *Here.....wert.*] Put in  
the margin by Pope.

280. *I will*] *will I* Rowe (ed. 2).  
[*Offering...*] *Offering him an-*  
other. Johnson. Throwing him a  
crust. Capell. Offering him some-  
thing. Steevens (1778).

281. *my*] Rowe. *thy* Ff.

282. *mine*] *my* Pope.

290. *o' nights*] Theobald. *a nights* Ff.

291, 292. *Under... Apemantus?*]  
Prose in Capell. Two lines, the first  
ending *me*, in Ff.

*o' days*] *a-dayes* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*a daies* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

293. *or*] om. Hanmer, ending the  
lines *Where...it...mind!...dishes.*

295. *and*] om. Hanmer.

296. *it*] *it then* Hanmer.

300. *curiosity*] *courtesy* Hanmer.

thy rags thou know'st none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee. 305

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved? 310

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers? 315

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts? 320

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest 325 330

301—313. *There's...dog.*] Put in the margin by Pope.

305. *Ay, though it look*] *I, though it looke* Ff (*look* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>). *I thought it look'd* Johnson conj. *Ay, for it looks* Rann. *Ay, troth, it looks* Becket conj.

306. *Au*] Pope. *And* Ff.

*thou hadst*] Capell. *th' hadst*

Ff.

321. *and*] or Pope.

*beasts?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *beasts.* Ff.

324. *the lion*] a lion Pope.

328. *thou livedst*] *thou liv'st.*

Rowe. *thou 'dst live* Hanmer.

of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation! 335

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts. 340

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city? 345

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus. 350

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

*Apem.* A plague on thee! thou art too bad to curse. 355

*Tim.* All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee.  
I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

337. *remotion*] *motion* Grant White conj.

339. *that seest*] *and seest* Rowe.

341—343. *If...beasts.*] Prose in Pope. Five lines, ending *me...might'st...here...become...beasts*, in Ff.

345. *city?*] Rowe (ed. 2). *citie*. or *city*. Ff.

346—352. *Yonder...Apemantus.*] Prose in Pope and Theobald. Nine irregular lines in Ff.

346. *Yonder...painter:*] Omitted by Pope, who transfers Apem. *The plague...Apemantus* (346—352) to fol-

low line 393.

353—357. *Thou...speak'st.*] As in Pope. Ten lines in Ff.

355. *A...thee!*] Given to Timon by Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald).

358, 359. *If...hands.*] Arranged as by Capell. Two lines, the first ending *beate thee*; in Ff. Prose in Theobald.

358. *If I name thee.*] Omitted by Pope.

*thee.*] *thee.*— Theobald. *thee*, Ff. *thee*,— Capell.

359. *I'll—I'd* Hanmer.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off! 360

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me that thou art alive;  
I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall 365  
lose a stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue! 370

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought  
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph, 375

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[*To the gold*] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer, 380

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 385

360. *I...off!*] One line in Pope.  
Two in Ff.

361, 363. *Away...thee.* As in  
Rowe. The lines end *dog...me...  
thee*, in Ff.

363. *Swoon*] Pope. *swoond* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*swound* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

364. *Would*] *I would* Hamner.

364—370. *Would...rogue!*] As in  
Ff. Three lines, ending *burst... sorry  
I...rogue!* in Hamner. Capell ends  
the lines *Away!...lose...rogue!*

366. *Throws...*] Throwing at him.  
Capell. om. Ff.

370. *Rogue, rogue, rogue!*] *Rogue!*  
Hamner.

[*Apemantus retreats back-  
ward, as going.* Theobald.

372. *even...upon 't*] *ev'n...upon it*  
Pope.

376. *me] thee* Johnson.

377. [*To the gold*] Looking on  
the gold. Pope. om. Ff.

*king-killer*] *kin-killer* Maginn  
conj.

378. *son and sire*] Rowe. *Sunne  
and fire* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Sun and Fire* F<sub>4</sub>.

380. *fresh, loved*] *fresh-lived* Ma-  
ginn conj. *fresh-loved* Anon. conj.

382. *That...god,*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

*Apem.* Would 'twere so!  
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou hast gold:  
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to!

*Apem.*

*Ay.*

390

*Tim.* Thy back, I prithee.

*Apem.*

Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I  
am quit.

Moe things like men? Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Banditti.*

*First Ban.* Where should he have this gold? It is some  
poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere 395  
want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him  
into this melancholy.

*Sec. Ban.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

*Third Ban.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he

386. *slave man*] Rowe. *slave-man*.  
Ff.

388. *Apem.*] *Apem.* [advancing.  
Capell.

389. *thou hast*] Pope (ed. 2). *th'*  
*hast* Ff. *thou 'st* Collier.

390. *to...to*] Rowe (ed. 2). *too...*  
*too* Ff.

391. *Live...misery!*] Continued to  
Timon by Hanmer.

392. *Long...quit*] Given to *Apem.*  
Malone conj.

*and so*] or *so* Hanmer.

*Exit Apemantus.*] Dyce. Af-  
ter *quit*. Capell. *Exit Apeman.* (after  
line 393) Ff.

*die...I*] *die, so I* Hanmer.  
*dye!*—*So, I* Capell.

393. *Moe...them.*] Continued to  
Timon by Hanmer. Given to *Ape-*  
*mantus* in Ff. One line in Hanmer.  
Prose in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

*Moe*] *Mo* Ff. *More* Johnson.  
*them.*] Rowe. *then.* Ff. Here

Pope and Hanmer insert lines 346—  
352, *Apem.* *The plague...Apemantus.*  
[Seeing the Thieves. Han-  
mer.

*Enter Banditti.*] *Enter the*  
*Banditti.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Enter the Ban-*  
*ditti.* F<sub>4</sub>. *Enter Thieves.* Pope. *En-*  
*ter certain Thieves.* Capell.

394. Scene VII. Pope.

*First Ban.*] 1 *Band.* Rowe.  
1 *Thief.* Pope. 1. Ff (and elsewhere).

396. *falling-from of his*] Capell.  
*falling from of his* Ff. *falling off of*  
Pope. *falling from him of his* Col-  
lier (Collier MS.).

398. *Sec. Ban.*] 2 *Band.* Rowe.  
2 *Thief.* Pope. 2. Ff (and elsewhere).

*It is...treasure.*] As in Pope.  
Two lines in Ff.

*hath*] *hath* F<sub>2</sub>.

care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously 400  
reserve it, how shall's get it?

*Sec. Ban.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

*First Ban.* Is not this he?

*Banditti.* Where?

*Sec. Ban.* 'Tis his description. 405

*Third Ban.* He; I know him.

*Banditti.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Banditti.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons. 410

*Banditti.* We are not thieves, but men that much do  
want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; 415

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

*First Ban.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,  
As beasts and birds and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes; 420

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves;

402. *True...hid.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

404, 407, 409, 411. *Banditti.*] Knight. All. Ff.

406. *He;*] Rowe. *He?* Ff.

408. *thieves?*] Capell. *thieves.* Ff. *thieves!* Hanmer.

410. *Both too*] *Both, both* Hanmer. *Both two* Collier (ed. 2). *Both the two* Anon. conj.

*Both.....sons*] *Both, and women's sons too* Anon. conj.

411. *We...want.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

412. *want is.....meat.*] *want? Is*

*your want much of meat?* Heath conj. *want is much, you want.* O men, Anon. conj.

*want much*] *wont much* F<sub>2</sub>.

412, 413. *much of meat.* Why] *much.*—*Of meat* Why Rann (Farmer conj.).

412. *meat*] *meet* Theobald. *men* Hanmer. *me* Steevens conj.

414. *a hundred*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *an hundred* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

415. *mast*] *masts* Rowe (ed. 2). *hips*] *heps* F<sub>1</sub>.

424. *Rascal thieves*] *Rascals, thieves* Pope.

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape, 425  
 Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,  
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;  
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;  
 Do villany, do, since you protest to do't, 430  
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:  
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves 435  
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n  
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief:  
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away, 440  
 Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats:  
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,  
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,  
 But thieves do lose it: steal not less for this  
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! 445  
 Amen.

426. *froth*] *broth* Pope.  
 429. *Moe*] *More* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*take...lives*] F<sub>1</sub>. *take...live* F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *takes...life* Hanmer. *take...*  
*rob* Long MS.  
 430. *villany*] *Rowe*. *villaine* F<sub>1</sub>  
 F<sub>2</sub>. *villain* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*protest*] *profess* Theobald.  
 430, 431. *do't*, *Like workmen*.]  
*do't*, *Like workmen*; Pope. *doo't*.  
*Like workmen*, F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *do't*, *Like work-*  
*men*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 433. *vast*] *daste* F<sub>2</sub> (Long's copy).  
*chaste* Long MS.  
 436. *moon*] *mounds* Theobald.  
*earth* Capell. *main* Tollet conj. *marge*  
*or mole* Anon. conj.  
 437. *composture*] *composure* Pope.  
 438. *excrement*] *excrements* Theo-  
 bald.  
*thing's*] *think's* F<sub>2</sub>.

440. *Have*] Pope. *Ha's* Ff.  
 441. *Cut throats*] *cut-throats* Anon.  
 conj. (Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 307).  
 443. *nothing*] *for nothing* Pope.  
*where nothing* Steevens conj. *nought*  
 S. Walker conj., ending lines 443—  
 446 *thieves...give you...Amen*.  
 444—446. *But...Amen*] As in Ca-  
 pell. Two lines, the first ending *give*  
*you*, in Ff. Three, ending *this...give*  
*you...Amen*, in Delius.  
 444. *not*] Rowe. om. Ff. *no* Col-  
 lier (Collier MS.). *not* the Keightley.  
 444, 445. *for this I give you*] *for*  
*what I give* Pope, ending line 444 at  
*what*.  
 445. *howsoe'er*] *howsoever* Rowe  
 (ed. 2).  
 446. [Exit. Rowe. Retiring to-  
 wards his Cave. Capell. om. Ff.



*Third Ban.* Has almost charmed me from my profession by persuading me to it.

*First Ban.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery. 450

*Sec. Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*First Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods! 455  
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?  
Full of decay and failing? O monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What an alteration of honour  
Has desperate want made! 460  
What viler thing upon the earth than friends  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!  
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!  
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo 465  
Those that would mischief me than those that do!  
Has caught me in his eye: I will present

447. *Has*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *H'as* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *He has* Steevens.

449. *the malice of*] *his malice* to Hanmer.

450. *us; not*] *us, not* Rowe. *us not* Ff.

451, 452. *I'll...trade*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

453, 454. *there is...true.*] Given to '2 Thief' by Theobald (Warburton).

454. [*Exeunt...*] Exit Theeves. F<sub>1</sub>. *Exeunt Thieves.* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Enter Flavius.*] *Enter the Steward* to Timon. Ff.

455. ACT V. SCENE I. The Woods and Timon's Cave. Rowe. Capell continues the Scene.

457, 458. *Full.....bestow'd*] As in Ff. Three lines, ending *failing?*...

*deeds, ...bestow'd*, in Johnson.

459, 460. *What.....made!*] As in Malone. One line in Ff. *What change of honour desprate want has made?* Pope. *What change of humour desprate want has made?* Warburton. Steevens ends the first line at *has*.

459. *What*] *Why, what* Capell. *Ah, what* Anon. conj.

*honour*] *favour* Anon. conj.

461. *viler*] *vilder* Ff.

464. *wish'd*] *will'd* Warburton.

465, 466. *woo...do*] *too, ...woo* Warburton.

466. *mischief*] *miscreefe* F<sub>2</sub>.

467. *Has*] *H'as* F<sub>4</sub>. *He has* Steevens.

467—469. *present.....life.*] As in

My honest grief unto him, and, as my lord,  
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

11 *Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir? 470

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; all 475

I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep? come nearer; then I 480  
love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give  
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord, 485  
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts  
To entertain me as your steward still.

Pope. Prose in F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Two lines,  
the first ending *grief*, in F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

468. *unto*] to Pope.

469. [Timon comes forward from  
his cave. Theobald.

470. *thou*] om. S. Walker conj.

471. *dost*] *dost thou* Theobald (ed. 2).

472. *Then.....thee*] As in Capell.  
Two lines in Ff.

*grant'st...I*] Capell, and Southern MS. *grant'st, th'art a man, I* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*grant'st th'art a man, I* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*grantest that thou art a man I*, ending  
the line at *man*, Pope. *grant'st thou'rt*  
*man, I* Steevens (1793).

*I have*] *I've* Capell.

473. *An...yours*] *An honest servant*  
Pope.

474. *Then*] *Nay, then* Capell, ending  
the lines at *then...man...knaves*.  
Steevens (1793) reads *Then*, but fol-

low's Capell's arrangement.

475. *never*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *nev'r* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*ne'er* Rowe.

*man*] *men* S. Walker conj.

*me, I*; all] Steevens (1778).

*me, I all*, F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *me, I, all* F<sub>4</sub>. *me,*  
*all* Pope. *me*; *ay*, all Delius.

476. *I kept*] *that I kept* Capell.

480. *Ne'er*] Pope. *Nev'r* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*Never* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*steward*] *steward's* Capell conj.

480. *What.....thee*] As in Rowe.  
Two lines in Ff.

483. *thorough*] *thorow* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*through* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *or through* Pope.  
*and*] *or* Pope.

*laughter. Pity's sleeping*:]  
*laughter, pity sleeping.* Johnson conj.

483, 484. *Pity's...weeping*] Put in  
the margin by Hammer.

*Tim.* Had I a steward  
 So true, so just, and now so comfortable?  
 It almost turns my dangerous nature mild, 490  
 Let me behold thy face. Surely this man  
 Was born of woman.  
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
 You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
 One honest man—mistake me not—but one; 495  
 No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.  
 How fain would I have hated all mankind!  
 And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,  
 I fell with curses.  
 Methinks thou art more honest now than wise; 500  
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
 Thou mightst have sooner got another service:  
 For many so arrive at second masters,  
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—  
 For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure— 505  
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
 If not a usuring kindness and as rich men deal gifts,  
 Expecting in return twenty for one?  
*Flav.* No, my most worthy master; in whose breast  
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late: 510  
 You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:  
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

488—492. *Had...woman.*] As in Ff. Four lines in Capell, ending *just, ...turns...behold...woman.* Malone ends the first line at *now*, following Capell's arrangement in the rest.

488. *steward*] *steward then* Capell.

490. *dangerous...mild*] *nature dangerous-wild* Becket conj. *dolorous nature wild* Jackson conj.

*mild*] Hanmer (Thirlby conj.). *wilde* Ff.

494. *You*] om. Pope.

*perpetual-sober*] Hanmer. *perpetuall sober* Ff.

495, 496. *One...steward*] S. Walker would end the lines *man:—...pray,—...steward.*

496. *pray*] *say* Lettsom conj.

*pray...steward*] *pray...steward too* Hamer. *pray you,—and he is a steward* Capell.

506. *subtle, covetous*] *subtle-covetous* S. Walker conj.

507. *If not a*] *Is't not a* Rowe. *A Pope. An* Hanmer. *Is it not a* Keightley, ending the line at *men.*

*kindness*] om. Seymour conj. *and*] om. Pope.

*rich...gifts*] *gifts That rich men deal* Anon. conj.

*gifts*] *Gifts to catch gifts* S. Walker conj., ending the lines *deal...return.*

512. *where*] *when* Hanmer.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
 Care of your food and living; and, believe it, 515  
 My most honour'd lord,  
 For any benefit that points to me,  
 Either in hope or present, I'd exchange  
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth  
 To requite me by making rich yourself. 520

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so! Thou singly honest man,  
 Here, take: the gods, out of my misery,  
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;  
 But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from men,  
 Hate all, curse all, show charity to none, 525  
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone  
 Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
 What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow 'em,  
 Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,  
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods! 530  
 And so farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O, let me stay  
 And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.* If thou hatest curses  
 Stay not: fly, whilst thou art blest and free:  
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

514. *unmatched*] *unmarched* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 515. *and*] *And*, O Capell, ending  
 the lines *living...lord*.  
 516. *My...lord,*] Omitted by Pope.  
 516—520. *My.....yourself.*] Four  
 lines in Keightley, ending *benefit,...*  
*I'd...power...yourself*.  
 518. *exchange*] *exchange it* Han-  
 mer. *exchange't* Capell.  
 521. *thee*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *the* F<sub>2</sub>. *ye*  
 Capell.  
 523. *Have*] Rowe. *Ha's* Ff. *Ha'*  
 Anon. conj.  
*thee*] *the* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 528. *deniest*] *denyest* Ff. *deny'st*

Rowe.

529. *'em to nothing*] *'em* Pope.  
*them to nothing* Malone. *them* Stee-  
 vens (1793).

531, 532. *O...master.*] As in Ca-  
 pell. One line in Ff.

532, 533. *If.....free:*] As in Ff.  
 Malone ends the first line at *hat'st*.

533. *fly*] *flye* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *flee* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*but fly* Pope. *fly, fly* or *fly now* Anon.  
 conj.

534. [*Exeunt severally.*] Theobald.  
 Exit. Ff. *Exeunt*. Rowe. Exit Fla-  
 vius; and Timon into his cave. Collier  
 (Collier MS.).

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter ; TIMON watching them from his cave.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum. 5

*Poet.* Then this breaking off his has been but a try for his friends. 10

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having. 15

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him. 20

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the

ACT V. SCENE I.] Capell. ACT V. SCENE II. Pope. See note (xiv).

The woods.....cave.] Capell, substantially.

Enter...] Dyce. Enter Poet and Painter. Ff. Enter...Timon behind unseen. Capell.

1, 2. *As.....abides.*] Prose in F<sub>1</sub>. Two lines, the first ending *farre*, in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

1. *cannot*] *can't* Pope.

3—37. *What's.....thee?*] Prose in

Pope. Irregular lines in Ff.

5. *Phrynia*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Phrynica* F<sub>1</sub>. *Phrinia* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Timandra*] *Timandylo* F<sub>1</sub>.

9. *try for*] *tryal for* Pope. *tryal of* Theobald (ed. 2).

15. *purposes.....they*] *purses...we* Collier (Collier MS.). *purses...they* Keightley conj.

22. *best. Promising*] *best. Promising*, F<sub>1</sub>. *best Promising*, F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *best, Promising* F<sub>4</sub>.

time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it. 25

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

*Tim.* [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself. 30

*Poet.* I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. 35

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late. 40

*Pain.* True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, 45

25. *of saying*] om. Pope. *of paying* Anon. conj.

*quitè*] quiet F<sub>2</sub>.

28. [*Timon...behind.*] Edd. Enter Timon from his Cave. Ff. Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen. Pope. Re-enter...unseen, but overhearing him. Hanmer. The stage direction of Ff transferred to the beginning of the scene by Capell, who first marks Timon's speeches as 'Aside.'

30. *is*] om. Pope.

38—44. *Poet. Nay...late. Pain. True;...Come.*] Ff. *Pain. Nay...late. Poet. True;...Come.* Hanmer. *Poet. Nay...late. Pain. True. Poet. While*

*the day...Come.* Theobald.

42. *When] While* Pope.

*black-corner'd*] *black-corneted* Hanmer. *black-cornette* Warburton conj. *black-crowned* Farmer conj. MS. *black-coned* Anon. ap. Steevens conj. *black-crowned* Mason conj. *black-corned* Becket conj. *dark-horned* Jackson conj. *black-cover'd* Collier, ed. 2 (Anon. ap. Steevens conj.). *black-curtain'd* Singer conj. *black-garner'd* or *black'coutred* Anon. conj.

44. *Come*] om. Capell.

[going towards to the Cave. Capell.

45—47. *I'll...feed!*] As in Capell,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
 Than where swine feed!  
 'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,  
 Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
 To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye 50  
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
 Fit I meet them. [*Coming forward.*]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!  
*Patn.* Our late noble master!  
*Tim.* Have I once lived to see two honest men?  
*Poet.* Sir, 55

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
 Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,  
 Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—  
 Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
 What! to you, 60  
 Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
 To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover  
 The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
 With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better: 65  
 You that are honest, by being what you are,  
 Make them best seen and known.

The lines end *turne*:...*worshipt*...*feede*?  
 in Ff.

46. *worshipp'd*...*temple*] *worshipped*  
*In baser temples* Pope.

47. *feed*] *do feed* Pope.

48. *foam*] *wave* Theobald.

50. *worship*] Rowe. *worshipt* F<sub>1</sub>  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *worshipt* F<sub>4</sub>.

50, 51. *aye Be*] Rowe (ed. 2). *aye*:  
*Be* Ff.

52. *Fit I*] 'Tis fit I Rowe. 'Fit I  
*do* Capell.

[*Coming forward.*] Puts him-  
 self in their way. Capell. Advancing.  
 Malone. om. Ff.

54. *Have*.....*men*?] One line in  
 Rowe. Two in Ff.

56. *open*] om. Rowe, reading *Sir*,  
 ...*tasted* as one line.

*tasted*] *tested* F<sub>2</sub>.

58. *Whose*...*spirits*!—] *For whose*  
*most thankless natures (abhor'd spi-*  
*rits!)* Hanmer.

59. *enough*—] Rowe. *enough*,  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *enough*: Dyce. See note  
 (xv).

60. *to you*] *even to you* Hanmer,  
 ending lines 60—64 *nobleness*.....*I'm*  
*rapt*...*this*...*words*.

62. *whole*] om. Hanmer.

*I am*] *I'm* Pope.

62, 63. *cover*...*ingratitude*] As in  
 Ff. One line in Pope.

65. *Let*...*better*] One line in Pope.  
 Two in Ff.

*go naked, men*] Theobald, *go*,  
*Naked men* Ff.

67. *them*] *men* Theobald conj.

*Pain.* He and myself  
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service. 70

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?  
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have  
gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men. 75

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
Come not my friend nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all Athens: thou'rt indeed the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord. 80

*Tim.* E'en so, sir, as I say. And, for thy fiction,  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth  
That thou art even natural in thine art.

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault: 85

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

68. *travail'd*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *travel'd* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *ye've*] Dyce. *Y'have* Ff.  
*great*] om. Hammer. *You've* Rowe. *you have* Steevens.  
69. *you are*] *you're* Pope. 75. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.  
*men*] *man* F<sub>1</sub>. *ye're*] Dyce. *y'are* Ff. *you're*  
70. *We...service*] One line in Pope. Capell. *you are* Steevens.  
Two in Ff. 77. *nor*] *and* Capell.  
*We are*] *We're* Pope. 78. *men*] F<sub>1</sub>. *man* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
71. *Most...you*] One line in Pope. 79. *thou'rt*] Rowe. *th'art* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
Two in Ff. *tha'rt* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
73, 74. *What...gold*] Two lines in  
Pope. Four in Ff. 81. [To the Poet. Hammer.  
74. *Ye're*] Dyce. *Y'are* Ff. 84. *honest-natured*] Hyphenated by  
*You're* Capell. *You are* Steevens. Rowe.  
86. *'tis*] om. Pope.



*Tim.* Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord. 90

*Tim.* There's never a one of you but trusts a knave  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured 95  
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught, 100  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this, but two in com-  
pany:

Each man apart, all single and alone, 105  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.  
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,  
Come not near him. If thou wouldst not reside  
But where one villain is, then him abandon.  
Hence, pack! there's gold; you came for gold, ye slaves: 110  
[To Painter] You have work for me, there's payment:  
hence!

91. *never*] Ff. *ne'er* Pope.

93. *Ay, ... dissemble,*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

94. *love*] yet *love* Capell.

*feed him*] and *feed him* Pope.  
*and Keightley.*

95. *Keep*] *Keep him* Heath conj.

97. *Nor I*] *Nor I, my lord* Stee-  
vens conj.

98. *Look... gold,*] One line in Pope.  
Two in Ff.

100. *a draught*] F<sub>1</sub>. *draught*  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *the draught* Rowe.

104. *You... company:*] One line in

Pope. Two in Ff.

*but*] not Hammer. *both* Jack-  
son conj.

*in*] is Collier MS.

105. *apart*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *a part* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

107. *two villains*] *four villains*  
Seymour conj.

[To the Painter. Pope.

108. *reside*] Rowe. *recide* Ff.

[To the Poet. Pope.

110. *you*] F<sub>1</sub>. *ye* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

111. [To Painter] Edd. (Globe  
ed.). om. Ff.

*You have work*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *You*

[To Poet] You are an alchemist, make gold of that :  
 Out, rascal dogs! [Beats them out, and then retires  
 into his cave.]

11

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon ;  
 For he is set so only to himself. 115  
 That nothing but himself which looks like man  
 Is friendly with him.

*First Sen.* Bring us to his cave :  
 It is our part and promise to the Athenians  
 To speak with Timon.

*Sec. Sen.* At all times alike  
 Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs 120  
 That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,  
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
 The former man may make him. Bring us to him,  
 And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.  
 Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
 Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians 125  
 By two of their most reverend senate greet thee:  
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON comes from his cave.

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! Speak, and be  
 hang'd:

*have worke* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *You have work'd*  
 Hanmer. *You have done work* Ma-  
 lone. *You've worked* Steevens conj.  
*You have worked* Keightley.

*there's]* Ff. *there's your* Pope.  
*there is your* Johnson. *there is* Capell.  
*payment]* *payment for ye*  
 Anon. conj.

*hence]* F<sub>1</sub>. *thence* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

[To Poet] Edd. (Globe ed.). om. Ff.  
 113. [Beats...] Staunton. Beating  
 and driving 'em out. Rowe. Exeunt. Ff.  
 Exit beating and driving 'em out.  
 Hanmer.

114. SCENE III. Pope. SCENE II.

The same. Capell.

*in]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

118. *part]* *part* Dyce ed. 2 (S.  
 Walker conj.).

124. *chance]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *chanc'd* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*chanc'e* F<sub>2</sub>.

125. *Peace...here!]* Spoken by one  
 of the Senators. Staunton conj.

*Lord]* F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

128. *Timon...]* Enter Timon out  
 of his Cave. Ff.

129. *Thou...hang'd]* One line in  
 Hanmer. *Two in* Ff.

*comfort'st]* Pope. *comforts-*

F<sub>1</sub>. *comfort* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

For each true word, a blister! and each false 130  
 Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,  
 Consuming it with speaking!

*First Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

*First Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them, and would send them back the 135  
 plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

*First Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators with one consent of love

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie 140

For thy best use and wearing.

*Sec. Sen.* They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the public body, which doth seldom

Play the recanter, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal 145

Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

131. *as a cauterizing*] Rowe. *as a Cantherizing* F<sub>1</sub>. *as a catherizing* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *cauterizing* Pope. *cancerizing* Capell. *as a cancering* Steevens conj. *as a cancerizing* Rann (Steevens conj.). *as a cauter* Lettsom conj. See note (xvi).

*cauterizing to the*] *cancer in the* Anon. apud Rann conj.

133. *Of...Timon.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

135. *I thank...plague.*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

142. *general, gross*] Pope. *generall grosse* Ff. *general-gross* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

143. *Which now*] *And now* Hanmer. *But now* Capell.

145. *sense*] *sence* Rowe. *since* Ff.

146. *its*] *it's* Rowe. *it* Ff.

*fail*] Capell. *fall* Ff. *fault* Hanmer.

*restraining*] *refraining* Johnson conj.

147. *send*] Ff. *sends* Rowe.

*sorrowed render*] Ff. *sorrowed tender* Pope. *sorrow's tender* Hanmer. *sorrow's tender* Capell. *sorrow'd render.* Dyce.

148. *Together with*] Rowe. *Together, with* Ff.

149. *weigh...dram;*] *weigh.* *Down by the dram,* Johnson.

149—151. *down...As*] *ay, ev'n such heaps* *And sums of love and wealth,* *down by the dram,* *As* Johnson conj.

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth, 150  
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
 And writé in thee the figures of their love,  
 Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it,  
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
 Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes, 155  
 And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

*First Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
 And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take  
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name 160  
 Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back  
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;  
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
 His country's peace.

*Sec. Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword  
 Against the walls of Athens.

*First Sen.* Therefore, Timon,— 165

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:  
 If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards, 170  
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
 Then let him know, and tell him Timon speaks it,  
 In pity of our aged and our youth,  
 I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not, 175  
 And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,  
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,  
 But I do prize it at my love before

152. *in thee*] *instead* Anon. conj.  
 160. *Allow'd*] Pope. *Allowed* Ff.  
*Hallow'd* Warburton.  
 161. *so*] om. Pope.  
 162. *the approaches*] *th'approaches*  
 F<sub>1</sub>. *W'approaches* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 165. *Timon,—*] *Timon—* Rowe.

*Timon.* Ff.  
 166. *sir; thus:] sir; thus—* Theo-  
 bald. *sir thus:* Ff. *sir, thus—* Rowe.  
 169. *But*] om. Pope.  
 175. *him,]* *him,—* Hanmer.  
 178. *whittle*] *whistle* Becket conj.  
 179. *at]* *in* Hanmer.

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you 180  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not; all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph;  
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend, 185  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

*First Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck, 190  
As common bruit doth put it.

*First Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*First Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
thorough them.

*Sec. Sen.* And enter in our ears like great triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them; 195  
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them: 200  
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

180. *reverend'st*] *reverends* F<sub>1</sub>.

181. *prosperous*] *phosphorus* Jack-  
son conj.

183. *Why, I...epitaph;*] *Why, I...  
epitaph*, Pope. *Why I...epitaph*, Ff.

190. *wreck*] *Hanmer. wracke* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>. *wrack* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

191. *bruit*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *bruite* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*brute* Rowe.

192. *countrymen,—*] *Capell. coun-  
treymen*. Ff.

193. *These.....them.*] One line in  
Pope. Prose in Ff.

*thorough*] *thorow* Ff. *thro'* Rowe.  
*them*] om. Anon. conj.

197. *aches, losses*] F<sub>4</sub>. *aches losses*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

198. *throes*] F<sub>4</sub>. *throwes* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

200. *voyage*] *voyages* Pope.

*I will*] *say, I will* S. Walker  
conj., ending the lines *will...prevent...  
well*.

*do them*] om. Steevens conj.  
*do 'em* S. Walker conj.

200, 201. *some.....teach*] *do Some  
kindness to them, teach* Pope, ending  
the lines *do...prevent*.

201. *I'll.....to*] *I will.....How to*  
Anon. conj., ending the lines *voyage,  
...them...wrath*.

*First Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends, 205  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself: I pray you, do my greeting. 210

*Flav.* Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find  
him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again: but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Who once a day with his embossed froth 215  
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.  
Lips, let sour words go by and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain! 220  
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Retires to his cave.]

*First Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
Coupled to nature.

*Sec. Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us 225  
In our dear peril.

*First Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

202. *he...again.*] Omitted by Ham-  
mer, reading *Wild...well* as one line.

206. *sequence*] F<sub>1</sub>. *frequency* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

208. *take his*] *make* Long MS.  
*make his* Staunton conj.

*haste*] *taste* Pope. *tatch* War-  
burton conj. MS. *halter* Collier (Col-  
lier MS.).

211. *Trouble...him*] One line in  
Pope. Two, the first ending *shall*,  
in Ff.

*Trouble*] *Vex* Pope.

215. *Who*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Which* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Whom* Malone.

218. *sour*] Rowe. *four* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*four* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *your* S. Walker conj.

221. [Retires...] Dyce. Exit Ti-  
mon. Ff.

222, 223. *His...nature.*] Arranged  
as in Capell. Prose in Ff. One line  
in Pope.

222. *unremoveably*] om. Pope.

223. *nature*] *his nature* Pope.

226. *dear*] F<sub>4</sub>. *deere* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *deer*  
F<sub>3</sub>. *dead* Rowe. *dread* Hammer.

*near* Anon. conj.

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.**Enter two Senators and a Messenger.*

*First Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd : are his files  
As full as thy report ?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least :  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

*Sec. Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not  
Timon. 5

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend ;  
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends : this man was riding  
From Alcibiadés to Timon's cave, 10  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake moved.

*First Sen.* Here come our brothers.

*Enter Senators from TIMON.*

*Third Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.  
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring 15  
Doth choke the air with dust : in, and prepare :  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.] Dyce. SCENE IV. Pope.

SCENE III. Capell.

Before...] Edd. The walls...

Rowc. Athens. A Council-Chamber.  
Capell.

two...and...] two other...with... Ff.

2. *thy*] *they* F<sub>2</sub>.*I have*] *I've* Dyce (ed. 2).3, 4. *Besides.....approach.*] As in  
Pope. One line in Ff.6. *courier*] Rowe. *currier* Ff.  
*one*] *once* Upton conj.7. *Whom*] Ff. *Who* Pope. *And*Hanmer. *When* Singer (ed. 2).*in general*] *on several* Singer  
(ed. 2).8. *made...force*] *had...force* Han-  
mer. *took...truce* Staunton conj.9. *made*] *bade* Jackson conj.13. *Enter...*] Capell. *Enter* the  
other Senators. Ff, after *moved*.14. *Third. Sen.*] 1. S. Capell.15. *enemies*] Theobald (ed. 2).  
*enemies* Ff. *enemy's* Delius.17. *foes*] *foe's* Johnson.

SCENE III. *The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude  
tomb seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sold.* By all description this should be the place.  
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is this?  
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:  
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.  
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb 5  
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:  
Our captain hath in every figure skill,  
An aged interpreter, though young in days:  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit. 10

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES with his powers.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

SCENE III.] Dyce. SCENE V. Johnson. SCENE IV. Capell. Warburton continues the Scene. Pope puts the whole in the margin.

The woods...Enter...] The woods. A rude Tomb seen. Enter... Capell. Enter a Souldier in the Woods, seeking Timon. Ff.

2. *Who's]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Whose* F<sub>1</sub>. *Whos* F<sub>2</sub>.

[spying the Tomb. Capell.

3. See note (XVII).  
*who] he* Capell.

4. *read]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *reade* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *rear'd* Theobald (Warburton). *did* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 127). *made* Delius.

*there does]* *here does* Theobald (Warburton). *here did* Capell (MS. correction).

*not live]* *no live* F<sub>2</sub>. *not lye* Capell conj.

5, 6. *Dead...wax]* As in Ff. Three lines in Capell, ending *tomb...take...wax*. Three lines in Singer (ed. 1), ending *grave...character...wax*.

SCENE IV.] Dyce. SCENE II. Rowe. SCENE V. Pope.

Before...] Theobald.

Enter...] Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens. Ff.

2. [A parley...] Parley sounded. Capell. Sounds a Parly. Ff.



*Enter Senators upon the walls.*

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time  
 With all licentious measure, making your wills  
 The scope of justice ; till now myself and such 5  
 As slept within the shadow of your power  
 Have wander'd with our traversed arms and breathed  
 Our sufferance vainly : now the time is flush,  
 When crouching marrow in the bearer strong  
 Cries of itself ' No more : ' now breathless wrong, 10  
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease,  
 And pursy insolence shall break his wind  
 With fear and horrid flight.

*First Sen.* Noble and young,  
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
 Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear, 15  
 We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,  
 To wipe out our<sup>m</sup> ingratitude with loves  
 Above their quantity.

*Sec. Sen.* So did we woo  
 Transformed Timon to our city's love  
 By humble message and by promised means : 20  
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
 The common stroke of war.

*First Sen.* These walls of ours  
 Were not erected by their hands from whom  
 You have received your griefs : nor are they such  
 That these great towers, trophies and schools should fall 25  
 For private faults in them.

*Sec. Sen.* Nor are they living  
 Who were the motives that you first went out ;  
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess

Enter Senators...] Enter Senators &c... Capell. The Senators appeare... Ff.

9. *strong*] *stung* S. Walker conj.

15. *of*] F<sub>1</sub>. *to* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

17. *ingritudé*] *ingritudes* Capell.

18. *their*] *its* Hanmer.

20. *means*] *'mends* Theobald.

24. *griefs*] Theobald. *greefe* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *grief* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

28. *Shame.....excess*] Theobald. (*Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess*) F<sub>1</sub>. *Shame (that they wanted*

Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
 Into our city with thy banners spread : 30  
 By decimation and a tithed death—  
 If thy revenges hunger for that food  
 Which nature loathes—take thou the destined tenth,  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die  
 Let die the spotted.

*First Sen.* All have not offended ; 35  
 For those that were, it is not square to take,  
 On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,  
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :  
 Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40  
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
 With those that have offended: like a shepherd  
 Approach the fold and cull the infected forth,  
 But kill not all together.

*Sec. Sen.* What thou wilt,  
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile 45  
 Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*First Sen.* Set but thy foot  
 Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope ;  
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
 To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

*Sec. Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
 Or any token of thine honour else, 50  
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress  
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove ;

*cunning in excess*) F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Shame*  
*that they wanted coming in excess*  
 Johnson conj.

29. *March,*] *March on, oh* Pope.

34, 35. *And...spotted.*] Put in the  
 margin by Pope.

35. *All*] *We all* Hammer.

36. *it is...take,*] *is't not severe to*

*take?* Collier (Collier MS.).

37. *revenges...like*] Steevens (1778).

*revenge.....like* Ff: *revenge.....like to*

Pope.

44. *all together*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *altogether*

F<sub>1</sub>. *at together* F<sub>2</sub>.

49. *thou'lt*] *thou'lt* F<sub>4</sub>. *thou't* F<sub>1</sub>

F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

Descend, and open your uncharged ports : 55  
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,  
 Fall, and no more : and, to atone your fears  
 With my more noble meaning, not a man'  
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream 60  
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
 But shall be render'd to your public laws  
 At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*]

*Enter Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead ; 65  
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea ;  
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which  
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [*Reads*] 'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched  
 soul bereft :

Seek not my name : a plague consume you wicked caitiffs  
 left !

Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :  
 Pass by and curse thy fill ; but pass and stay not here thy  
 gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :

55. *Descend*] *Defend* F<sub>1</sub>.

56. *Timon's*] *Timon* Hammer.

62. *render'd to your*] Dyce (Chedworth conj.). *remedied to your* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*remedied by your* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *remedied by* Pope. *remedied to* Johnson. *remedy'd, to your* Malone. *remitted to your* Singer (ed. 2). See note (xviii).

64. [The Senators... ] Malone. Senators come from the Walls, and deliver their keys to Alcibiades. Capell. om. Ff.

*Enter Soldier.*] Capell. En-

ter a Soldier. Theobald. *Enter a Messenger.* Ff.

67. *his*] *the* Pope (ed. 2).

69. *Interprets*] *Interpreteth* Pope. *poor*] *poorer* S. Walker conj. (withdrawn).

70. *Alcib.* [*Reads*] Alcibiades reads the Epitaph. Ff.

71. *wicked*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

72. *alive*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

73. *pass and*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*gait*] Johnson. *gate* Ff. *gait* Pope.

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs, 75  
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets which  
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
 Is noble Timon: of whose memory 80  
 Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,  
 And I will use the olive with my sword,  
 Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make each  
 Prescribe to other as each other's leech.  
 Let our drums strike. [Exeunt. 85

75. *abhorr'dst* *abhorred'st* Rowe. *faults forgiven.* — *Dead* Theobald.  
*human* Rowe. *humane* Ff. *grave our faults—forgiv'n, since dead*  
 76. *brain's* Steevens. *brainer* F. Hanmer. *grave.* — *One fault's for-*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *brains* F<sub>4</sub>. *brin's* Hanmer. *given.* — *Dead* Tyrwhitt conj.  
*brains'* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). 82. *use* *twine* S. Walker conj.  
 79. *grave...Dead* Ff. *grave.* — *On:* *prune* Anon. conj.

## NOTES:

### NOTE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. In the list given in the Folio PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, and others are omitted. 'Timon's creditors' are termed 'usurers.' VENTIDIUS is called VENTIGIUS, PHILOTUS, PHILO, and HORTENSIUS, HORTENSIS. VARRO and LUCIUS occur among the names of the servants, and the latter has been retained by all editors except Mr Dyce in his second edition. In the play the servants address each other by the names of their respective masters; hence the confusion. Perhaps all the names assigned to the servants should be considered as names of their masters. 'Hortensius,' for instance, has not a servile sound. Flaminius and Servilius may be regarded rather as gentlemen in waiting than menials.

Sidney Walker suggests that CAPHIS should be CAPYS.

The list as given by modern editors contains successive additions and alterations made by Rowe, Johnson and Capell, which it is unnecessary to specify further.

With the exception of '*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima*' at the beginning, there is in the Folios no indication of a division into Act or Scene throughout the play.

### NOTE II.

1. 1. 1, 2. This conjecture of Farmer's is given from his own MS. in the copy of Johnson's Shakespeare which belonged to him, now in the library of Emmanuel College. In a note found in the Variorum edition, *ad loc.*, he makes a different suggestion:

*Poet.* Good day.

*Pain.* Good day, sir: I am glad you're well.'

### NOTE III.

1. 2. 1—3. We have left this corrupt passage as it stands in the Folios. Rowe made no change. Pope altered it to:

1 'Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods  
To call my father's age unto long peace.'

In this reading he was followed by Theobald, Hanmer and Warburton. Johnson read :

‘Most honour’d Timon, it hath pleas’d the Gods  
To remember my father’s age,  
And call him to long peacé.’

Capell has :

Most honour’d Timon,  
’T hath pleas’d the gods in kindness to remember  
My father’s age, and call him to long peacé.’

Steevens (1773) has :

‘Most honour’d Timon, it hath pleas’d the Gods to remember  
My father’s age, and call him to long peace.’

In his edition of 1793 he read ‘remember’ for ‘to remember.’

#### NOTE IV.

1. 2. 53—58. The Folios print Apemantus’s speech as prose down to ‘Timon’; then as four lines of verse :

‘Heere’s that which is too weake to be a sinner,  
Honest water, which nere left man i’ th’ mire :  
This &c.’

The second has ‘mird’ for ‘mire.’ The third and fourth follow the first. Pope, whose arrangement we follow, prints as prose down to ‘mire.’ Capell prints the whole as verse thus :

‘Flow this way!  
A most brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon,  
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill,’

following the Folios in the next four lines.

Steevens adopts this arrangement omitting ‘most’ in the second line. Sidney Walker would divide the lines thus :

‘Flow this way! a brave fellow!  
He keeps his tides well. Timon, these healths will make  
Thee, and thy state, look ill. Here’s that which is  
Too weak to be a sinner, honest water,  
Which ne’er left man i’ th’ mire: &c.’

#### NOTE V.

1. 2. 89—91. Mr Staunton suggests that one of the two clauses ‘if we should ne’er have need of ’em’ and ‘should we ne’er have use for ’em’ was intended to be cancelled.

## NOTE VI.

I. 2. 113—118. The first Folio, followed substantially by the rest, has:

'*Cap.* Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious bosome.

There tast, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.'

Rowe made no material alteration except that he put a comma after 'touch' in the last line but one.

Pope arranged thus:

'Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all

That of his bounties taste:

The five best senses acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely  
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom.

There &c.'

Theobald:

'Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all

That of his bounties taste! the five best Sences

Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come

Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom:

Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table rise,

These only now come but to feast thine eyes.'

and he adds in a note: 'The incomparable Emendation, with which the Text is here supply'd, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr *Warburton*.' It was adopted by Hanmer and Johnson. Capell altered 'do come' in line 3 to 'are come;' Steevens (1785) restored 'They' for 'These' in the last line, and Malone changed 'pleas'd' in the last line but one to 'all pleas'd.'

Rann introduced the change which we have adopted in the text, placing 'th' ear' at the end of the fourth line, and reading 'Taste, touch *and* smell' in the fifth. Steevens, in his edition of 1793, followed this arrangement, reading in the fifth line, 'Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd, &c.'

## NOTE VII.

I. 2. 171, 172. We have printed this passage as prose, as it is difficult to say from the arrangement of the lines in the first and second

Folios, whether or not it was intended to be read as two lines of verse, the first ending 'thee,' as it certainly is in the third and fourth Folios. Pope printed it as prose. Capell eked out the metre thus :

11 'Me near? why, then another time I'll hear thee :  
I pr'ythee, let us be provided now  
To shew them entertainment.'

Steevens suggested 'provided *straight*' in the second line.

In many parts of this play it is difficult to say whether the lines are intended to be read as irregular verse, or as rhythmical prose, and we have therefore left them as they stand in the Folios.

#### NOTE VIII.

II. 2. 89—96. This and many other passages are printed in the Folio as if they were intended to be irregular verse, where it is evident that they can only be read as prose. In such cases it is not always worth while to record how the lines were divided by the caprice or negligence of the printer. Seymour has endeavoured throughout the play to complete imperfect lines by the insertion of words, and imperfect hemistichs by the addition of entire clauses, but he has in this so far exceeded the license of conjecture that, except in the first scene of the play, we have not recorded all his proposed alterations.

#### NOTE IX.

III. 2. 60—64. Pope altered these lines as follows :

'Why, this is the world's soul ;  
Of the same piece, is every flatterer's sport :  
Who can call him his friend  
That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing,  
*Timon* has been to this lord as a father,  
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse.'

Theobald follows Pope's arrangement, but reads 'spirit' for 'sport' in the second line, an emendation which he first suggested in a letter to Warburton, still unpublished, in the British Museum. Warburton's conjecture 'coat,' which he made no allusion to in his own edition, is mentioned by Theobald in the same letter. Hanmer gives the whole passage thus :

'Why, this is the world's soul ;  
Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit :



Who can call him his friend that dips with him  
 In the same dish? for even in my knowing,  
*Timon* has been to this Lord as a father,  
 And kept his credit with his bounteous purse.'

Johnson follows the Folios except that he gives 'the first lines thus :

'Why, this is the world's soul ;  
 And just of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit :  
 Who can call him his friend,  
 That &c.'

Steevens, in the edition of 1773, followed Johnson's arrangement, but adopted in the first lines a transposition proposed by Upton :

'Why, this is the world's sport ;  
 And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.'

In his edition of 1793 he read as follows :

'Why this  
 Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece  
 Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
 His friend, &c.'

Following, in the rest, Capell's arrangement.

Malone arranged as follows :

'Why this is the world's soul, and just of the same piece  
 Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him his friend,  
 That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing  
*Timon* has been this lord's father, and kept  
 His credit with his purse.'

In a note, however, he says, 'I do not believe this speech was intended by the authour for verse.'

## NOTE X.

III. 3. 8. Hanmer made here one of his audacious alterations :

'How? deny'd him?  
 Have Lucius and Ventidius and Lucullus  
 Deny'd him all? and does he send to me?  
 It shews &c.'

Capell emulated him thus :

'How! have they deny'd him?  
 Has Lucius, and Ventidius, and Lucullus,  
 Deny'd him, say you? and does he send to me?'

Three? hum!  
It shews &c.'

## NOTE XI.

III. 3. 19. Hanmer altered the passage thus :

'That I'll requite it last? so it may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And amongst Lords I shall be thought a fool.'

Capell follows Hanmer, except that he replaces 'no' in the first line.

Steevens (1793) follows Capell in the first two lines, reading in the third :

'And I amongst the Lords be thought a fool.'

Mr. Staunton suggests that the passage once stood :

'So I may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And amongst lords be thought a fool.'

Mr. Dyce, in his second edition, proposes the following arrangement :

'That I'll requite it last? No : so it may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.'

## NOTE XII.

III. 5. 14—18. The first Folio, followed substantially by the rest, has :

'He is a Man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,  
Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice,  
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)  
But &c.'

Rowe arranged the lines as follows :

'He is a Man, setting his Fate aside, of comely Virtues,  
And Honour in him, which buys out his Fault ;  
Nor did he soil the Fact with Cowardise,  
But &c.'

Pope read :

'He is a man, setting his fault aside,  
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,  
But &c.'

Theobald follows Pope verbatim, and so Hanmer, except that he reads 'setting this fact aside.' Warburton proposed 'setting this fault aside.' Johnson read:

'He is a man, setting his fault aside,  
Of comely virtues ;  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,  
An honour in him which buys out his fault,  
But, &c.'

Steevens, in his edition of 1773, restored 'his fate' from the Folios in the first line, giving the reading we have adopted in the text.

## NOTE XIII.

III. 5. 49—51. The first Folio has here :

'And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon?  
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?  
If Wisedome be in suffering, Oh my Lords,  
&c. &c.'

The second Folio :

'And the Asse, more Captaine then the Lyon? the fellow  
Loaden with Irons, wiser then the Iudge?  
If Wisedome be in suffering. Oh my Lords,  
&c. &c.'

The third and fourth Folios, spelling apart, follow the second.

Rowe placed a comma after 'Judge,' and this punctuation was adopted by all subsequent editors.

Pope altered the passage thus :

'The ass, more than the lion ; and the fellow  
Loaden with irons, &c.'

He was followed by Theobald, Hanmer and Warburton, and by Johnson in his text ; the last named however proposed a different arrangement of the preceding line and the substitution of 'felon' for 'fellow' in line 49, thus :

'what make we  
Abroad, why then the women are more valiant  
That stay at home ;  
If bearing carry it, then is the ass  
More captain than the lion, and the felon  
Loaden with irons &c.'

This suggestion was adopted substantially by Rams. The reading

'felon' had been independently proposed by Theobald (Nichols's *Illustrations*, II. 475).

Capell and Steevens (1773) followed Pope. Steevens (1778) read :

'The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow,  
Loaden &c.'

In 1793 he read :

'And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon,  
Loaden &c.'

This was followed in the Variorum Editions of 1803 and 1813.

Malone (1790) read :

'And the ass, more captain than the lion; the fellow,  
Loaden &c.'

and was followed by Boswell (1821).

Mr Knight (1839) returned to the arrangement and readings of the first Folio. Singer (ed. 2) adopted this arrangement, but read 'felon' for 'fellow.' In his first edition he followed the arrangement of the second Folio, reading 'felon.'

Mitford suggests :

'The ass more than the lion, and the felon  
Loaden &c.'

or :

'And th' ass more than the lion, the felon  
Loaden &c.'

#### NOTE XIV.

v. 1. Johnson calls attention to the impropriety of placing the entry of the Banditti in one act and that of the Poet and Painter in another, when the latter were mentioned as within view when Apemantus parted from Timon. 'It might be suspected,' he says, 'that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the Thieves, when he says, *he likewise enriched poor stragglng soldiers with great quantity.*'

#### NOTE XV.

v. 1. 59. After the word 'enough' in the first Folio a space has slipped up, but there is no trace of any stop. The punctuation, as Mr Dyce observes, is important to the sense of the preceding line.

## NOTE XVI.

v. 1. 131. The word 'canterisyng' for 'cauterizing,' is found very frequently in an old surgical work, printed in 1541, of which the title is 'The questyonyary of Cyrurgyens.' The heading of one of the chapters is, 'Here foloweth the fourthe partycle, where as be moued and soyled other dyffycultees touchyng the maner of *canterisyng* or searyng.' The instrument with which the operation is performed is in the same book called a 'cantere.' The form of the word may have been suggested by the false analogy of 'canterides,' *i.e.* cantharides, which occurs in the same chapter.

## NOTE XVII.

v. 3. 3, 4. Mr Staunton prints as follows :

[Reads.] TIMON IS DEAD !—*who hath outstretch'd his span,—*  
*Some beast—read this; there does not live a man.*

He regards these lines as the only part of the inscription which the soldier could read, the rest being in some different language. But this explanation introduces a fresh difficulty. The difficulty would be lessened by supposing the legible lines to be inscribed not on the tomb but on the rock beside it, and the epitaph proper to be written not in a different language but in a different character : a notion which might be suggested to the author by the Gothic letters commonly found on ancient monuments.

In the Globe edition we adopted the emendation 'rear'd' because, with the change of a single letter, it yields something approaching to a satisfactory sense. But we incline to think that the words were originally intended as an epitaph to be read by the soldier. The author may have changed his mind and forgotten to obliterate what was inconsistent with the sequel, or the text may have been tampered with by some less accomplished play-wright. Anyhow the 'close of the play bears marks of haste, or want of skill, and the clumsy device of the wax cannot have been invented and would scarcely be adopted by Shakespeare.

In the epitaph given in the next scene two inconsistent couplets are combined into a quatrain.

## NOTE XVIII.

v. 4. 62. Some editors attribute the conjecture 'render'd' to Mason ; but the earliest mention of it which we have remarked is in Lord Chedworth's volume of *Notes* (1805).



JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

11

JULIUS CÆSAR.  
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
 MARCUS ANTONIUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.  
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }  
 CICERO, } senators.  
 PUBLIUS, }  
 POPILIUS LENA, }  
 MARCUS BRUTUS, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.  
 CASSIUS, }  
 CASCA, }  
 TREBONIUS, }  
 LIGARIUS, }  
 DECIUS<sup>2</sup> BRUTUS, }  
 METELLUS CIMBER, }  
 CINNA, }  
 FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.  
 ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidus, a teacher of Rhetoric<sup>3</sup>.  
 A Soothsayer.  
 CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.  
 LUCILIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.  
 TITINIUS, }  
 MESSALA, }  
 Young CATO, }  
 VOLUMNIUS, }  
 VARRO, } servants to Brutus.  
 CLITUS, }  
 CLAUDIUS, }  
 STRATO, }  
 LUCIUS, }  
 DARDANIUS, }  
 PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.  
 CALPURNIA<sup>4</sup>, wife to Cæsar.  
 PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

<sup>1</sup> First given imperfectly by Rowe: more fully by Theobald.

<sup>2</sup> DECIUS] DECIMUS Hanmer.

<sup>3</sup> See note (1).

<sup>4</sup> CALPURNIA] Grant White. CALPURNIA Rowe.



THE TRAGEDY OF  
JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.*

*Flav.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:  
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a labouring day without the sign  
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou? 5

*First Com.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?  
You, sir, what trade are you?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I 10  
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

ACT I. SCENE I.] *Ætus Primus.*  
*Scena Prima.* Pf.  
Rome. A street.] *Capell.* Rome.  
*Rowe.* A Street in Rome. *Theobald.*  
Enter...] Enter a Rabble of Citizens;  
Flavius, and Murellus, driving them.  
*Capell.* Enter Flavius, Marullus, a  
Carpenter, a Cobler, and certain other  
Commoners. *Jennens.*

*Marullus,]* *Theobald,* from

*Plutarch.* Murellus, Pf.  
certain Commoners.] certain  
Commoners over the Stage. Pf. cer-  
tain Plebeians. *Hanmer.*  
6. *First Com.]* 1. *C. Capell.* .Car.  
Pf. 1 *Pleb. Hanmer.*  
10, 16, &c. *Sec. Com.]* 2. *C.*  
*Capell.* Cobl. Pf. 2 *Pleb. Hanmer.*  
11. *you]* *who Anon.* conj.

*Sec. Com.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade? 15

*Sec. Com.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

*Sec. Com.* Why, sir, cobble you. 20

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork. 25

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*Sec. Com.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph. 30

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! 35 O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

13. *Sec. Com.*] Edd. Cob. Ff. ton conj.  
 2 Pleb. Hammer. 2. C. Capell. women's] womens F<sub>1</sub>. wo-  
 First Cit. Dyce (ed. 1). mans F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 14. soles] soals F<sub>4</sub>. soules F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. 24. with awl. I] Steevens, 1778  
 souls F<sub>3</sub>. (Farmer conj.). withal I F<sub>1</sub>. withall  
 15. *Mar.*] Mur. Capell. Fla. Ff. I F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. withal, I F<sub>4</sub>. with all. I  
 17. if you be] if you should be Capell.  
 Keightley. 25. re-cover] Pope. recover Ff.  
 18. *Mar.*] Mur. Ff. Flav. Theobald. 27, 28. But...streets?] As in Ff.  
 thou] om. Steevens conj., read- Prose in Theobald (ed. 2).  
 ing as verse. 32. Wherefore...home?] One line  
 22. with] om. Rowe. in Rowe. Two lines in Ff.  
 23. no tradesman's] no man's conquest] conquests Pope (ed. 2).  
 Hammer. no tradesmen's Warburton. 37, 38. Pompey? Many...oft Have]  
 no trade,—man's Steevens, 1778 Rowe (ed. 2); Pompey many...oft?  
 (Farmer conj.). trades, man's Staun- Have Ff.

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat 40  
 The live-long day with patient expectation  
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks 45  
 To hear the replication of your sounds  
 Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way 50  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
 Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude. 55

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
 Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. 60

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*]

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;  
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
 This way will I: disrobe the images,  
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. 65

39. *windows,*] Rowe. *windowes?*  
 Ff. .

42. *Rome.*] Ff. *Rome?* Rowe.

45, 47. *her*] *his* Rowe.

47—52. *Made.....Be gone!*] Arranged as in Ff. Five lines in Hammer, ending *now...how...now...Rome...gone.*

47. *shores*] *shots* F<sub>2</sub>.

49. *a*] *an* F<sub>4</sub>.

51. *comes*] *comes to Rome* Hamner.

56. *this*] *that* Theobald (ed. 2).

58. *Tiber banks*] *Tyber bank* Rowe.  
*Tyber's bank* Theobald (ed. 2).

60. [*Exeunt...*] Ff. *Exeunt* Commoners. Rowe. *Exeunt* Plebeians. Hamner. *Exeunt* Citizens. Capell.

64. *whether*] *where* Ff. *where're* Theobald. *where'r* Hamner. *where* Dyce.

*metal*] Johnson. *mettle* Ff.

62. *vanish*] *vanish'd* Pope.

65. *ceremonies*] *ceremony* Grant  
 White.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets: 70  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,  
Who else would soar above the view of men  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt. 75

SCENE II. *A public place.*

*Flourish.* Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA,  
PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a  
great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

*Cæs.* Calpurnia!

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

*Cæs.*

Calpurnia!

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord? 5

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

66, 67. *May...Lupercal*] As in Ff. Capell ends the first line at *feast*.

68. *It is*] 'Tis Capell. *let no*] *let on* F<sub>2</sub>. *let not* Long

MS.

69. *with*] F<sub>1</sub>. *with the* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

75. [Exeunt.] Ff. Exeunt severally. Theobald.

SCENE II.] Pope. om. Ff.

A public place.] Capell.

Flourish. Enter...] Capell, substan-

tially. Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, ...Cassius, Casca, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flavius. Ff.

1, 7, &c. *Calpurnia*] Grant White (Craik conj.). *Calphurnia* Ff.

1. [Music ceases.] Capell. om. Ff.

3. *Antonius'*] Pope. *Antonio's* Ff.

4, 6. *Antonius*] Pope. *Antonio* Ff.

5. *Cæsar,*] om. Anon. conj.

9. *curse*] *course* Rowe (ed. 2).

- Ant.* I shall remember:  
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd. 10
- Cæs.* Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*]
- Sooth.* Cæsar!
- Cæs.* Ha! who calls?
- Casca.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
- Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me? 15  
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.  
*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* What man is that?  
*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face. 20  
*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.  
*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.  
*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.  
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]  
*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the course? 25  
*Bru.* Not I.  
*Cas.* I pray you, do.  
*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30  
I'll leave you.  
*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have:  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand 35  
Over your friend that loves you.

11. [*Flourish.*] Musick; and the Procession moves. Capell. om. Ff.

14. *Bid.....again!*] continue to Cæsar, or thus: *Cæs. Bid...peace yet!*  
*Cæs. Again! Who is it...* Staunton conj.

14. [*Musick ceases.* Capell.

19. *soothsayer bids]* *soothsayer, bids* Craik.

*you]* om. Capell.

21. *Cas.] Casca.* Johnson.

24. [*Sennet.*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. Senate. F<sub>4</sub>. om. Rowe. Musick. Capell.

*Exeunt...]* *Exeunt. Manent* Brut. & Cass. Ff (Manet F<sub>1</sub>).

25. SCENE III. Pope.

31. *I'll leave you]* om. Seymour. conj.

32. *you now]* om. Steevens conj.

36. *friend...loves]* F<sub>1</sub>. *friends... loves* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *friends...love* F<sub>4</sub>.

*Bru.* *Cassius,*  
 Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,  
 I turn the trouble of my countenance  
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
 Of late with passions of some difference, 40  
 Conceptions only proper to myself,  
 Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;  
 But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—  
 Among which number, Cassius, be you one—  
 Nor construe any further my neglect 45  
 Than that poor Brutus with himself at war  
 Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;  
 By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried  
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50  
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself.  
 But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just:  
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus, 55  
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard  
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
 Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus, 60  
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
 Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
 That you would have me seek into myself

37. *veil'd*] *vail'd* Seymour conj.

42. *behaviours*] *behaviour* Rowe.

45. *further*] Ff. *farther* Pope  
(ed. 2).

48. *mistook*] *mista'en* Seymour  
conj.

51. *face*] *eye* Upton conj.

52, 53. *No...things*] As in Rowe.  
Three lines, ending *Cassius...reflection*,  
*...things*, in Ff.

52. *itself*] *it selfe*: F<sub>1</sub>. *himselfe*  
F<sub>2</sub>. *himself* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

53. *by some*] *from some* Pope. *of*  
*some* Staunton conj.

*things*] *thing* Dyce, ed. 2 (S.  
Walker conj.).

54. *'Tis just:*] om. Seymour conj.

56. *mirrors*] *mirror* Dyce, ed. 2  
(S. Walker conj.).

58. *That...heard*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

63. *Into...Cassius*] One line in  
Rowe. Two, the first ending *you*, in  
Ff.

For that which is not in me? 65

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I your glass

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughèr, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, 75

And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it? 80

Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good, 85

Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently,

For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life, but, for my single self,

66. *Therefore*] *Nay, it is, Therefore*  
Seymour conj.

70. *you yet*] *F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. yet you F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

72. *on*] *Ff. of Rowe.*

72. *Were*] *Where F<sub>2</sub>.*

*laugher*] *Rowe. laughter Ff.*

77. *myself*] *my selfe F<sub>1</sub>. om.*

*F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

79, 80. *What...king*] *As in Rowe.*

Three lines, ending *shouting*?... *Cæsar*  
*...king, in Ff.*

87. *both*] *death Theobald (Warbur-*  
*ton).*

94. *for*] *F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

I had as lief not be as live to be 95  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
 We both have fed as well, and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in 105  
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.  
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy;  
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed, 110  
 Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
 I, as Æneas our great ancestor  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber 115  
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man  
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark 120  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,  
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world  
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans 125

101. *chafing*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *chasing* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*her*] Ff. *his* Rowe.  
 102. *said*] *saiide* F<sub>1</sub>. *saiies* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*says* F<sub>4</sub>.  
 105. *Accoutred*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Accounted* F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 106. *bade*] *bid* Pope (ed. 2).  
 107. *we*] *he* Pope (ed. 2).

110. See note (111).  
 112. *I*] *Then* Seymour conj.  
 113, 114. *shoulder...bear*] *shoulders*  
*bear* *The old Anchises* Seymour conj.  
 114. *the waves of Tiber*] *Tyber's*  
*waves* Seymour conj.  
 119. *fever*] *Feafer* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 124. *his*] *its* Pope.



Mark him and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me  
 A man of such a feeble temper should,  
 So get the start of the majestic world 130  
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*  
*Bru.* Another general shout!  
 I do believe that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.  
*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world 135  
 Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, 140  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; 145  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed! 150  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was famed with more than with one man?  
 When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome  
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man? 155

126. *write*] *writ* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.127. *Alas*] '*Alas*' Staunton.131. [*Shout. Flourish.*] Ff. *Shout*  
again. Capell.132. *general*] om. Seymour conj.139. *some time*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *sometime*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *some times* Rowe. *sometimes*  
Warburton.142. *that*] om. Seymour conj.144. *yours is*] *yours'* S. Walker  
conj.146. '*em*]' *'em man* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *them*  
Capell.147. *spirit*] *sprite* Seymour conj.  
[*Shout.* Jennens.155. *walls*] Rowe (ed. 2). *walks*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *walks* F<sub>4</sub>.

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say  
There was a Brutus, once that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome  
As easily as a king. 160

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
What you would work me to, I have some aim:  
How I have thought of this and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present, 165  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further moved. What you have said  
I will consider; what you have to say  
I will with patience hear, and find a time  
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:  
Brutus had rather be a villager  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us. 175

*Cas.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Cæscas by the sleeve;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 180  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so: but, look you, Cassius,

- 156, 157. *Now...man.*] Put in the conj.  
margin by Pope. *as]* which Singer conj.
160. *eternal]* *infernal* Grey conj. 176. *that...words]* *my words* Ritson conj.
163. See note (III). *aim]* *aim of* Keightley. 176, 177. *I...Brutus.]* S. Walker proposes to end the lines *glad...show...Brutus.*
164. *thought]* *though* F<sub>2</sub>. 178. SCENE IV. Pope.
166. *not, so...you,]* *not (so...you)* Theobald. *not so (with...you)* Ff. 178, 179. *The...sleeve;]* Two lines in Rowe. Four in Ff.
167. *further]* *farther* Collier.
170. See note (III).
174. *these]* *such* Rowe. *those* Craik 181. *Re-enter...]* Capell (after line

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
 Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero  
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar?

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat,  
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
 Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
 He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;  
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:  
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
 He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
 As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort  
 As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit  
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
 Whilst they behold a greater than themselves,  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
 Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.  
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

177). Transferred by Collier to follow  
 line 178, by Dyce to follow line 181.  
 Enter... Ff (after line 177).

183. *glow*] F<sub>1</sub>. *glow* F<sub>2</sub>. *blow* F<sub>3</sub>  
 F<sub>4</sub>.

188. *by*] with Rowe.  
*senators*] *senator* Dyce, ed. 2  
 (S. Walker conj.).

190. *Antonius*] Pope. *Antonio* Ff.

192. [To Ant. apart. Johnson.

193. *o' nights*] Capell. *a-nights* F<sub>1</sub>

F<sub>2</sub>. *a nights* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

194. *Youd*] *Yon* Capell.

198. *him*] *m* F<sub>4</sub>.

208. *bc*] *are* Seymour conj.

209. *Whiles*] *Whiist* Rowe.

And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train but Casca.*

11 *Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak  
with me? 215

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being 220  
offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus:  
and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for? 225

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offered him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every  
time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine  
honest neighbours shouted. 230

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it:  
it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony 235  
offer him a crown: yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one  
of these coronets: and, as I told you, he put it by once:  
but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it.  
Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again:  
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. 240  
And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third  
time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted

214. [*Sennet. Exeunt...*] *Sennit.*  
*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.* Ff.  
*Exeunt Cæsar, and Train: Casca stays.*  
*Capell.*

215. SCENE V. Pope.

218. *Why.....not?* *Were you not*  
*with him?* Seymour conj.

222. *a-shouting*] Dyce. *a shouting*  
Ff. *a shouting* Capell.

224, 226. *Why*] om. Seymour conj.

227. *him*] om. Seymour conj.

235. *was*] F<sub>1</sub>. *were* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

242. *hooted*] Johnson. *howled* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *houted* F<sub>4</sub>. *shouted* Hammer.

and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked 245 Cæsar; for he swooned and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. •

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoond?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place and foamed at 250 mouth and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that, but I am 255 sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. "

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself? 260

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the 265 rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be 270 taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

243. *chopped*] *chopt* Ff. *chapped* Knight.

246. *swooned*] *swooned* Ff. *swooned* Rowe.

249. *swoond*] Ff. *swoon* Rowe.

252. *like: he*] *like; he* Theobald. *like he* Ff. *like, he* Rowe.

258. *use*] *used* Theobald.

263. *An*] *An'* Theobald. *And* Ff.

*If* Pope.

265. *a word*] *his word* Hanmer.

270. *no*] om. F<sub>2</sub>.

271. *stabbed*] *stabl'd* F<sub>2</sub>.

273. *away?*] Theobald. *away*. Ff.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing? 275

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 280

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? 285

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you. 290

*Casca.* Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise, 295  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you: 300  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you, or, if you will,

278. *an] an'* Theobald. *and* Ff. F<sub>4</sub>.  
*if* Pope. 300. *And...you]* One line in Rowe.  
281. *Marullus]* Theobald. *Mur-* Two in Ff.  
*rellus* F<sub>1</sub>. *Murellus* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *For this time]* om. Seymour  
288. *your mind]* *my mind* S. conj.  
Walker conj. *you]* *you, Cassius* Capell,  
289. *worth]* *be worth* Rowe. reading *For...Cassius* as one line.  
293. *quick mettle]* *quick-mettl'd* 301. *you]* *yon* F<sub>2</sub>.  
Capell conj. *quick metal* Collier conj. *with]* *with with* F<sub>2</sub>.  
298. *digest]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *disgest* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. 302. *come]* *go* Seymour conj.  
299. *appetite]* F<sub>1</sub>. *appetites* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>

Come home to me and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see, 305

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus: 310

If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion 315

That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III. *A street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?  
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

303. *to*] with Seymour conj.

305. *art noble; yet*] *art: noble yet*  
F<sub>2</sub>.

306. *metal*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *mettle* F<sub>1</sub>. *met-*  
*tall* F<sub>2</sub>.

307. *that*] *what* Pope.  
*disposed*] *disposed to* Keightley  
(Seymour conj.).

*therefore*] *so* Seymour conj.

*it is*] F<sub>1</sub>. *'tis* F<sub>2</sub>. *'tis* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

312. *He should not humour*] *Cæsar*

*should not love* Hanmer.

SCENE III.] Capell. SCENE VI.  
Pope. ACT II. SCENE I. Warburton  
conj. (withdrawn).

A street.] Capell.

Enter...] Capell, substantially. En-  
ter Casca, and Cicero. Ff. Enter  
Casca, with his Sword drawn, and  
Cicero. Rowe. Enter Casca, his sword  
drawn; and Cicero, meeting him.  
Theobald.

*Casca.* Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth  
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 5  
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,  
Or else the world too saucy with the gods  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well by sight— 15  
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand  
Not sensible of fire remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—  
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20  
Who glared upon me and went surly by  
Without annoying me: and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 25  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,  
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say  
'These are their reasons: they are natural:' 30  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,

10. *tempest dropping fire*] Rowe.  
*tempest-dropping-fire* Ff.

15. *you know*] *you'd know* Dyce  
conj. *you knew* Craik conj.

19. *ha'*] *have* Capell.

21. *glared*] *glar'd* Rowe (ed. 2).  
*glaz'd* Ff. *gaz'd* Malone (Grey conj.).

*surly*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *surely* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

23. *Upon*] *Up on* Mason conj.

28. *Hooting*] Johnson. *Howling*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Houting* F<sub>4</sub>.

30. *reasons*] *seasons* Collier MS.

33. *strange-disposed*] Theobald.  
*strange disposed* Ff.



Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. 35

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero. 40

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of faults. 45

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night,

And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the  
heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods by tokens send 55

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

36. *to*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *up* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

37. *Antonius*] Pope. *Antonio* Ff.

39, 40. *Good...in.*] As in Rowe.  
The first line ends *Caska*: in Ff.

41. SCENE VII. Pope.

42. *Your...this!*] One line in Rowe.  
Two in Ff.

*what night*] *what a night* Craik.  
*this!*] Dyce. *this?* Ff.

44. *heavens*] *heaven's* Warburton.  
57-60. *You.....wonder,*] As in  
Rowe. Five lines, ending *Caska*:...  
*Roman,...not...fears,...wonder,* in Ff.  
58. *That*] *Which* Capell.

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 60  
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
 But if you would consider the true cause  
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,  
 Why old men fool and children calculate, 65  
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
 Their natures and preformed faculties,  
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find  
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits  
 To make them instruments of fear and warning 70  
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
 Most like this dreadful night,  
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
 As doth the lion in the Capitol, 75  
 A man no mightier than thyself or me  
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown  
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now 80  
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;  
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead  
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed they say the senators to-morrow 85  
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;  
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,

60. *cast*] *case* Grant White (Jervis conj.).

64. *Why...kind,*] Johnson would place this after *ordinance*, line 66: Mitford, after *faculties*, line 67.

65. *old men fool and*] Grant White (Mitford conj.). *Old men, Fools, and* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Old men, Fools, and* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *old men fools, and* Steevens, 1778 (Blackstone conj.).

69. *heaven*] *nature* Capell.  
*hath*] *has* Theobald.

71—73. *Unto...night,*] As in Ff.

Two lines, the first ending *Casca*, in Hanmer.

72. *to*] om. Capell, following Hanmer's arrangement.

74. *roars*] *roares* F<sub>1</sub>. *tears* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*tears* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

75. *lion in*] *lion, in* Craik.

78. *these strange*] *theser stange* F<sub>2</sub>.

79. *'Tis...Cassius?*] As in Rowe.  
 Two lines in Ff.

81. *thews*] *sinews* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

85. *say*] See note (111).

In every place save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then:  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit; 95  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

*Casca.* So can I: 100  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep: 105  
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate 110  
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman; then I know  
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

*Casca.* You speak to Casca, and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:  
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made. 120  
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already

89. *dagger then*] Ff. *dagger, then* 117. *Hold, my*] Ff. *Hold my*  
Craik. Theobald.

100. [*Thunder still.*] Ff. om. Rowe.

Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
 To undergo with me an enterprise  
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
 And I do know, by this they stay for me 125  
 In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir or walking in the streets,  
 And the complexion of the element  
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;  
 He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate 135  
 To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could 140  
 But win the noble Brutus to our party—

122. *noblest-minded*] Rowe. *No-blest minded* Ff.

124. *honourable - dangerous*] Hy-phened first by Capell.

125. *know, by this they*] Rowe. *know by this, they* Ff.

128. *element*] *elements* Warburton.

129. *In favour's like*] *In favour's, like* Johnson. *Is Favours, like* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Is Favours, like* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Is feav'rous, like* Rowe. *Is favour'd like* Capell. *It favours, like* Steevens (1773). *It favours like* Steevens (1778).

130. *bloody, fiery*] *bloody-fiery* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

*Enter Cinna.*] Transferred by Dyce to follow *friend*, line 133.

131. SCENE VIII. Jennens.

132. *gait*] Johnson. *gate* Ff.

136. *attempts*] *attempt* Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.).

137. *I...this*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

*I am*] *I'm* Pope.

*night is this!*] Rann. *night is this?* F<sub>1</sub>. *night?* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

139. *for?*] *for, Cinna?* Capell, ending the line *Yes*.

139—141. *Yes...party—*] Arranged as in Singer (ed. 2). Three lines, ending *Cassius,...Brutus...party—*, in Ff. The lines end *are...Brutus...party—* in Rowe. Two lines, the first ending *could*, in Johnson. Three, ending *Yes, ...win...party—*, in Capell.

140, 141. *if you could But win*] *could you win* Pope, following Rowe's arrangement.

*Cas.* Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,  
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
 Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this  
 In at his window; set this up with wax, 145  
 Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
 Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie, 150  
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day  
 See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
 Is ours already, and the man entire 155  
 Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
 And that which would appear offence in us  
 His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
 Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

*Cas.* Him and his worth and our great need of him  
 You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
 For it is after midnight, and ere day  
 We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

144. *but*] *best* Craik conj.

146. *Brutus*] Pope. *Brutus* Ff. Ff.

148. *Decius*] *Decimus* Hanmer  
 (and throughout).

151. *bade*] Theobald (ed. 2). *bad*

155. *Is*] *Are* Hanmer.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's orchard.**Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho!  
 I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
 Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!  
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.  
 When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius! 5

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part, 10  
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:  
 How that might change his nature, there's the question:  
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;  
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;— 15  
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
 That at his will he may do danger with.  
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
 Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
 I have not known when his affections sway'd 20  
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

ACT II. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus  
 Secundus. Ff.

Rome...Enter Brutus.] Malone.  
 Enter Brutus in his Orchard. Ff. A  
 garden. Enter Brutus. Rowe. Brutus's  
 Garden... Theobald.

5. *when?*] Ff. *when!* Delius.

15. *him?—that;—*] *him—that—*  
 Rowe. *him that,* Ff. *him!—that!*  
 Delius.

23. *climber-upward*] Hyphened  
 first by Warburton.

But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back, 25  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;  
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, 30  
 Would run to these and these extremities:  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg  
 Which hatch'd would as his kind grow mischievous,  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35  
 Searching the window for a flint I found  
 This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure  
 It did not lie there when I went to bed. [*Gives him the letter.*  
*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.  
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40  
*Luc.* I know not, sir.  
*Bru.* Look in the calendar and bring me word.  
*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*  
*Bru.* The exhalations whizzing in the air  
 Give so much light that I may read by them. 45  
 [*Opens the letter and reads.*  
 'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.  
 Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress.  
 Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.'  
 Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
 Where I have took them up. 50  
 'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:  
 Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

24. *upmost*] *topmost* Anon. conj. *first Ff.*  
 28. *lest*] *F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.* *least F<sub>1</sub>.* 47, 51. *Rome, &c.*] *Ff. Rome,—*  
*may*] *do* Seymour conj. *Rowe.*  
 34. Enter...] *Re-enter...* Capell. 50. *took*] *ta'en* Seymour conj.  
 38. Gives...] *Ff. om. Capell.* 52. *What, Rome?*] *Rowe. What*  
 40. *ides*] *Theobald (Warburton).* *Rome? Ff.*

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
 'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated  
 To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,  
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. 60

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar  
 I have not slept.  
 Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:  
 The Genius and the mortal instruments  
 Are then in council, and the state of man  
 Like to a little kingdom suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection. 65

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
 Who doth desire to see you. 70

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

53. *ancestors*] *ancestor* Dyce (ed. 2).

55. *Speak, ... entreated*] Printed as two lines by Craik.

*entreated*] *entreated then* Pope.

56. *thee*]  $F_1 F_4$ . *the*  $F_2 F_3$ .

57. *receivest*] Ff. *receiv'st* Rowe.

59. *fifteen*] Ff. *fourteen* Theobald (Warburton). *now, full fourteen* Seymour conj.

Knocking within.] Collier.

Knock within.  $F_1 F_2$ . Knock within  $F_3 F_4$ . Knocking without. Staunton.

60. [*Exit Lucius.*] Theobald. om. Ff.

66. *instruments*] *instrument* Smith conj. ap. Grey.

67. *man*]  $F_2 F_3 F_4$ . *a man*  $F_1$ .

69. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...* Ff.

72. *more*] Ff. *more* Rowe.



*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them 75  
By any mark of favour.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*  
They are the faction. O conspiracy,  
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention. 85

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS  
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here 90  
But honours you; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

73. See note (11).

74. *cloaks*] *cloakes* F<sub>1</sub>. *cloathes* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*cloaths* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

76. *'em*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *them* F<sub>4</sub>.

81. *Seek*] om. Seymour conj.

82. *it in*] *in it* Reed (1803).

83. *path, thy...on,*] F<sub>2</sub>. *path thy  
...on,* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *hath thy...on,* Quarto  
(1691). *march, thy...on,* Pope. *put  
thy...on,* Dyce, ed. 2 (Southern MS.,  
Long MS., and Coleridge conj.).

*put'st thy...on,* Singer conj. *hadst thy  
...on,* Grant White conj. *pull thy...  
o'er,* Heraud conj. *walk, thy...on,*  
Sawyer conj. *pass, thy...on,* Anon.  
conj. ('Footsteps of Shakspeare', p. 32).  
*parle, thy...on,* Nicholson conj. *pace,  
thy...on,* Anon. conj.

85. the conspirators] om. Rowe.

86. SCENE II. Pope.

89. [*Aside.* Rowe.

*Bru.* He is welcome too. 95

*Cas.* This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*] 100

*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

✓ *Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth, and yon grey lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceived. 105

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence up higher toward the north

He first presents his fire, and the high east

Stands as the Capitol, directly here. 110

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— 115

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards and to steel with valour 120

The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,

96. *This...Cimber.*] Two lines in Rowe.

*This.....Cinna*] *This valiant Casca; Cinna, this Seymour conj. this, Cinna*] *Cinna, this, Capell.*

97. *all welcome*] *welcome, all Seymour conj.*

98. *themselves*] om. Steevens conj., ending the line *betwixt*.

100. [*They whisper.*] Ff. Converse apart. Capell.

114. *if not the face*] *if that the face* Theobald. *if that the fate* Warburton. *if not the faith* Mason conj. *if not the faiths* Malone conj. *if not the fate* Keightley.

115. *abuse,—*] Theobald. *abuse; Ff.*

118. *high-sighted*] *high-sieged* Warburton conj. (withdrawn). *high-seated* Theobald conj.

122. *women, then*] *women; Then F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.* *women. Then F<sub>1</sub>.*

What need we any spur but our own cause  
 To prick us to redress? what other bond  
 Than secret Romans that have spoke the word, 125  
 And will not palter? and what other oath  
 Than honesty to honesty engaged  
 That this shall be or we will fall for it?  
 Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,  
 Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130  
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think that or our cause or our performance 135  
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

↳ *Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him, for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion 145  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
 It shall be said his judgement ruled our hands;  
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not: let us not break with him, 150  
 For he will never follow any thing  
 That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit.

125. *Romans*] *Romans'* Anon.  
conj.

126. *palter*] *faulter* Long MS.

128. *it?*] Theobald. *it.* Ff.

131. *That*] *As* Seymour conj.

132. *stain*] *strain* Warburton conj.

136. *Did*] *Doth* Hanmer.

*oath*; *when*] Capell. *oath*:

*when.* Hanmer. *oath.* *When* Ff.

139. *do*] *doth* F<sub>4</sub>.

153, 154. *Indeed...Casar?*] Given

to 'Dec.' by Hanmer.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet 155

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent, 160  
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,  
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar: 165

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, 175  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage  
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary and not envious:

Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him,

166. *Let us.....Caius.*] Theobald.  
*Let's ... Caius.* Ff. *Let's ... Cassius.*  
Rowe. *Let us...butchers.* Pope (omit-  
ting *Caius*).

168. *men*] *man* Pope.

169. *spirit*] F<sub>1</sub>. *spirits* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

175. *And*] *Nor* Seymour conj.

177. *'em*] *them* F<sub>4</sub>.

*make*] *mark* Collier (Collier

MS.).

180. *We.....purgers*] *Purgers we*  
*shall be call'd* Seymour conj.

*call'd purgers*] *purgers call'd*  
Staunton conj.

183. *fear*] *do fear* Pope.

For in the ingrafted love he beärs to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him: 185

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should, for he's given

To sports, to wildness and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die; 190

For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late, 195

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:

It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccusom'd terror of this night

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day. 200

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, 205

Lions with toils and men with flatterers:

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

184. *in*] om. Pope.

*Cæsar*—] Rowe. *Cæsar*. Ff.

187. *himself, take*] *himself take*  
Pope.

189. *to wildness*] See note (III).

191. *this*] See note (III).

192. *stricken*] Ff. *strucken* Steevens (1778).

194. *Whether*] *If* Pope. *Whe'r*  
Capell.

196. *main*] mean Mason conj.

197. *fantasy*] *fantasies* Hanmer.

204, 205. *trees.....glasses.....holes*]

*stoles...glas...trees* Smith, ap. Grey, conj.

206. *flatterers:] flatterers.* Ff. *flatterers*; Craik.

209. *Let me work*] *Leave me to*

*work* Pope. *Let me to work* Steevens

conj. *Let me work on him; I can*  
*honour him* Seymour conj.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, 215  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. 220

*Cas.* The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you,  
Brutus:

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember  
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes; 225  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untired spirits and formal constancy:  
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep! It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230  
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health thus to commit 235  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

213. *eighth*] F<sub>4</sub>. *eight* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

215. *hard*] F<sub>1</sub>. *hatred* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

218. *by him*] *to him* Pope.

219. *reasons*] *reason* Dyce, ed. 2  
(S. Walker conj.).

221. *The... Brutus:*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

*upon's*] *upon us* Capell.

228. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt*. Manet

*Brutus*. Ff.

230. *honey-heavy dew*] *hony-heavy-*  
*Dew* Ff. *honey heavy dew* Johnson.  
*heavy honey-dew* Collier (Collier MS.  
and Singer MS.).

233. SCENE III. Pope.

236. *raw cold*] *raw-cold* Steevens  
(1793).

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You 've üngently, Brutus,  
 Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper  
 You suddenly arose and walk'd about,  
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across; 240  
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You stared upon me with üngentle looks:  
 I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not, 245  
 But with an angry wafture of your hand  
 Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did,  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, 251  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.  
*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.  
*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
 He would embrace the means to come by it.  
*Bru.* Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed. 260  
*Por.* Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night 265  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,

237. *You've*] Rowe. *Y'have* Ff.  
*You have* Steevens.

238. *Stole*] *Stol'n* Johnson.

243. *further*] *farther* Collier.

246. *wafture*] Rowe. *wafter* Ff.

255. *you, Brutus*] F<sub>4</sub>. *you Brutus*  
 F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

263. *dank*] *danke* F<sub>1</sub>. *darke* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*dark* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

267. *his*] *hit* F<sub>1</sub>.

Which by the right and virtue of my place  
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270  
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night 275  
 Have had resort to you; for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280  
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you? Am I myself  
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs 285  
 Of your good pleasure? [If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.]

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife,  
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart. 290

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
 I grant I am a woman, but withal  
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
 I grant I am a woman, but withal  
 A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter. 295  
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:  
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300

270. [Kneeling. Collier (Collier MS.).

271. *charm*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *charme* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*charge* Pope.

278. [raising her. Capell.

280. *the] tho* F<sub>1</sub>.

284. *comfort*] *consort* Theobald.

285. *sometimes*] om. Pope.

295. *reputed, Cato's*] *reputed: Cato's*  
*Ff. reputed Cato's* Warburton.

298. *'em*] *them* F<sub>4</sub>.



Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*  
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305  
The secrets of my heart;  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the character of my sad brows.  
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] [Lucius, who's that  
knocks?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

↳ *Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you. 310

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.  
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

↳ *Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick! 315

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320  
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible, 325  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

302. *secrets*] *secret* Capell conj.

303. [*Knocking within.*] Malone.  
Knock within. Capell. Knocke F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
Knock. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

309. *who's that*] *who's there that*  
Pope. *who's that that* Capell. *who is*  
*that* Steevens. *who is't that* Collier  
(one volume edition).

*Re-enter.....*] Dyce. Enter  
Lucius and Ligarius. Ff (after '*Exit*  
*Portia*').

312. [*Exit Luc.* Capell.

319. *a*] *an* F<sub>4</sub>.

320. *that Romans*] *the Romans*  
Rowe (ed. 2).

326. *Yea*] *Yet* Rowe (ed. 2).

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Cæsar's house.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-  
night:  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!' Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success. 5

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

327. *A...whole.*] One line in Rowe. Pope.  
Two in Ff. Cæsar's house.] Cæsar's Palace.  
329. *must we*] *we must* Theobald Rowe. A room in Cæsar's Palace.  
(ed. 2). Capell.  
330, 331. *going To*] Craik. *going,* Enter Cæsar...] Enter Julius Cæsar  
*To Ff.* ... Ff.  
334. [*Exeunt.*] Pope. Thunder. in his night-gown] om. Pope.  
*Exeunt, Ff.* 1. *Nor.....to-night*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.  
SCENE II.] Rowe. SCENE IV.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me 10  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen, 15  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use, 25  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided  
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen; 30  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear; 35  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come.

*Re-enter Servant.*

What say the augurers?

10. *threaten'd*] *threaten* S. Walker  
conj.

19. *fight*] *fought* Grant White  
(Dyce, ed. 2). *did fight* Keightley.

22. *hurtled*] *F<sub>1</sub>*. *hurried* *F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*.

23. *did neigh*] *do neigh* *F<sub>1</sub>*.

24. *ghosts*] *ghost* *F<sub>4</sub>*.

37. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...*

*Ff.*

*augurers*] *augurs* Pope. *augures* S. Walker conj.

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he: 45  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible:  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear 50  
That keeps you in the house and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,  
And he shall say you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well, 55  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time, 60  
To bear my greeting to the senators  
And tell them that I will not come to-day:  
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie? 65

38. *to stir*] *stir* F<sub>4</sub>.

40. [Exit Servant. Theobald.

44—48. *No.....forth.*] Put in the  
margin by Pope.

46. *are*] Capell (Upton conj.).

*heare* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, *hear* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, *heard* Rowe.  
*were* Theobald.

53. *shall*] *will* Rowe (ed. 2).

57. SCENE V. Pope.

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will: I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: 75

She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,  
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts  
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these does she apply for warnings and portents 80  
And evils imminent, and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate:  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 85

In which so many smiling Romans bathed,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say:  
And know it now: the senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

67. *afear'd*] *afraid* F<sub>4</sub>.

76—80. Malone conjectures that the lines should end *statue, which... run...came...these...portents.*

76. *to-night*] *to nigh* F<sub>2</sub>. *last night* Rowe.

76, 77. *statua, Which like*] Steevens (1793). *statue, Which like* Ff. *statue, which Like* to Hanmer. *statue, Decius, Which, like* Capell.

77. *an*] a Collier.

80. *And...apply*] *These she applies* Pope.

80, 81. *and portents And*] *and portents* Of Hanmer. *portents* Of Capell.

87. *great Rome*] *our Rome* Capell conj.

88. *press*] After this Warburton marks an omission of some lines.

89. *cognizance*] *cognisances* Hanmer.

If you shall send them word you will not come, 95  
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say  
 'Break up the senate till another time,  
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams?  
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper 100  
 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid' ?  
 Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear dear love  
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
 And reason to my love is liable.  
*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia! 105  
 I am ashamed I did yield to them.  
 Give me my robe, for I will go.

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS,  
 and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? 110  
 Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,  
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.  
 What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 115

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
 Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 97. <i>render'd</i> ] <i>rendered</i> Craik.   | 108. SCENE VI. Pope.   |
| 101. <i>Lo,</i> ] <i>Lord</i> Anon. conj.  | 111. <i>Caius</i> ] <i>Oh Caius</i> Hanmer.  |
| 106. <i>ashamed</i> ] <i>asham'd</i> Warburton.  | 114. <i>o'</i> ] Theobald. <i>a</i> Ff.<br><i>strucken</i> ] <i>stricken</i> Johnson.  |
| 107. [to an Att. Capell.<br>Enter Publius, Brutus,...and<br>Cinna.] Malone, after Capell. Enter<br>Brutus,...Cynna, and Publius. Ff. | 116. <i>See!</i> ] <i>See</i> , F <sub>1</sub> F <sub>2</sub> . <i>See</i> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> .<br><i>o' nights</i> ] Theobald. <i>a-nights</i> |

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further. 125

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;  
And we like friends will straightway go together.

*Bru.* [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*Art.* 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius;  
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not  
Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus  
loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There  
is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against 5  
Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: secur-  
ity gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend  
thee!

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

118. *Bid.....within*] *Bid prepare*  
Seymour conj.

[to an Att. Capell.

119. *to blame*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *too blame* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>.

124. [*Aside*] Rowe. om. Ff.

128. [*Aside*] Pope. om. Ff.

129. *yearns*] Capell. *earns* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>  
F<sub>3</sub>. *earns* F<sub>4</sub>. *yearns* Theobald.

SCENE III.] Rowe. SCENE VII.  
Pope. SCENE V. Jennens.

A street.....] Theobald. The  
Street. Rowe.

reading a paper] Rowe. om. Ff.

1—8. *Cæsar...thee!*] As nine lines  
of verse, S. Walker conj.

4. *thou hast*] *th' hast* S. Walker  
conj.

4, 5. *There is*] *There's* S. Walker  
conj.

5. *against*] *'gainst* S. Walker conj.

6. *you*] *thee* Rowe.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 10  
 And as a suitor will I give him this.  
 My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
 Out of the teeth of emulation.  
 If thou read this, O Cæsar; thou mayst live;  
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit. 15

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house  
 of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;  
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
 Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
 Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. 5  
 O constancy, be strong upon my side!  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!  
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
 Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do? 10  
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?  
 And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
 For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. 15  
 Hark, boy! what noise is that?

13. *teeth*] *reach* Anon. conj.

Jennens.

14. *mayst*] *may'st* Rowe. *mayest*  
 Ff.

Another...] Capell.

15. [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff. Scene  
 closes. Jennens conj.

6—9. *O.....counsel!*] Marked as  
 'Aside' by Capell.

8. *might*] *heart* Capell.

SCENE IV.] Capell. Rowe and  
 Pope continue the Scene. SCENE VI.

13. *boy*] om. F4.



*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Prithee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow: 20

Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol. 25

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards  
him? 30

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear  
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: 35

I'll get me to a place more void and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

18. *heard*] *hear* Knight (National ed.).

*bustling*] Rowe. *bussling* Ff.

20. Enter the Soothsayer.] Ff. Enter Artemidorus. Rowe.

20, 21. *Come.....been?*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.

21, &c. *Sooth.*] Art. Rowe.

22. *o'*] Theobald. *a* Ff.

27, 28. *lady: if...me,*] *lady. If...*

*me,* Johnson. *lady, if...me:* Ff.

29. *befriend*] *defend* Rowe (ed. 2).

30. *Why...him?*] Printed as prose in Ff.

*harm's*] *harm* Pope.

31. *None.....chance*] One line in Pope, omitting *may chance*. Two lines in Ff.

*much.....chance*] *much, fear, will chance* Seymour conj.

*Por.* I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing  
 The heart of woman is! O Brutus,  
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! 40  
 Sure, the boy heard me. Brutus hath a suit  
 That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.  
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;  
 Say I am merry: comé to me again,  
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee. 45  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting, above.*

*A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer.*  
*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIÚS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

*Art.* O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
 That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

38. *I must.....thing*] One line in  
 Rowe. Two in Ff.

*Ay*] *Aye* Ff. *ah* Johnson.

39. *Brutus,*] *Brutus! Brutus!*  
 Pope.

45. [*Exeunt severally.*] Theobald.  
 Exeunt. F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

ACT III. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus  
 Tertius. Ff.

Rome. Before...] Capell, substantially. The Capitol. Rowe. The Street before the Capitol; and the Capitol open. Theobald. The Street

leading to the Capitol. Jennens.

A crowd of people...Popilius, Publius, and others.] Malone, after Capell. Flourish. Enter Cæsar...Artemidorus, Popilius, and the Soothsayer. Ff (Artemidorus, Publius, F<sub>1</sub>).

and the Soothsayer.] om. Rowe (ed. 1). and the Soothsayers. Rowe (ed. 2).

3. *schedule*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *scedule* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

7. *nearer*] *near* Anon. conj.  
*great*] om. Pope.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last served.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place. 10

*Cas.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena? 15

*Cas.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makès to Cæsar: mark him.

*Cas.* Casca,

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, 20

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, 25  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*

8. *What.....ourself*] *That touches us? Ourselves* Craik (Collier MS.).

12. *Cæsar...*] Steevens, substantially. Artemidorus is push'd back. Cæsar, and the rest, enter the Senate: The Senate rises. Popilius presses forward to speak to Cæsar; and passing Cassius, says, Capell. Omitted in Ff: Exeunt. Scene II. The Capitol... Jennens.

13. [Aside to Cas. Jennens.

14. [*Advances to Cæsar.*] Leaves him, and joins Cæsar. Capell. om. Ff. Follows Cæsar. Jennens.

15—30. *What...hand.*] Marked as

'Aside' by Capell.

18. *him*] *him well* Steevens conj.

18, 19. *Casca...prevention.*] As in Dyce, ed. 2 (S. Walker conj.). One line in Ff.

20. *done? If...known,*] Ff. *done, if...known?* Theobald.

21. *or*] *on* Malone conj.

22. [Cæsar being arrived at his seat, Popilius whispers him and smiles. Jennens.

23. *Lena*] om. Anon. conj.

*purposes*] *purpose* Theobald.

26. [*Exeunt Antony.....*] Exeunt

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd: press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

*Cæs.* Are we all ready? What is now amiss  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber. 35

These couchings and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 45

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied. †

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50

Antony and Trebonius, conversing.  
Cæsar takes his Seat; the Senate  
theirs; and Metellus advances towards  
Cæsar. Capell. om. Ff.

30 *rears your*] *rear your* Capell.  
*rears his* Tyrwhitt conj.

31. *Are...ready?*] Given to Cinna,  
Ritson conj.; to Casca, by Dyce (Col-  
lier MS.).

*we*] you Hanmer (ed. 2).

35. *heart:—*] Capell. *heart*. Ff.

[Kneeling.] Rowe. om. Ff.  
Prostrating himself. Capell.

36. *couchings*] *crouchings* Hanmer.  
*courtesies*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *curtesies* F<sub>3</sub>.  
*Curtisies* F<sub>4</sub>.

37. *firè*] *stir* Warburton.

38. *first*] *fix'd* Craik conj.

39. *law*] Malone (Johnson conj.).  
*lane* Ff. *line* Steevens conj. *play*  
Mason conj. *bane* Becket conj. *vane*  
Bailey conj.

43. *Low-crooked*] *Low, crooked*  
Becket conj. *low-crouched* Craik (Col-  
lier MS.).

*sp. niel-fawning*] Hyphen in-  
serted by Johnson.

47. *wrong, nor*] *wrong, but with*  
*just cause; Nor* Tyrwhitt conj. (from  
Ben Jonson's quotation in his 'Sylva').  
See note (tv).

•For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar,  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: 55  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well moved, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star, 60  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;  
They are all fire and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place: 65

So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he, 70  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? 75

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and  
Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

56. *low*] *love* F<sub>2</sub>.

61—70. *Of whose...he,*] Put in the margin by Pope.

61. *true-fix'd*] *true-fixt* Capell. *true fixt* Ff. *true, fixt* Rowe.

69. *rank*] *race* Johnson conj.

70. *motion*] *notion* Upton conj.

74. *Cin.*] *Cim.* Rowe.

74, 75. *Cæsar,—*] *Cæsar—* Rowe.

*Cæsar.* Ff.

75. *Doth...kneel?*] *Doth...kneele?* F<sub>1</sub>. *Do...kneel?* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> (*kneele* F<sub>2</sub>).

*Do...kneel.* Rowe.

76. *Speak, hands*] Capell. *Speak hands* Ff.

[*Casca.....*] Edd. (Globe ed.).

They stab Cæsar. Ff. stabbing him in the Neck. Cæsar rises, catches at

- Cas.* Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.]
- Cin.* Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
- Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80  
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'
- Bru.* People, and senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
- Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
- Dec.* And Cassius too. 85
- Bru.* Where's Publius?
- ↳ *Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
- Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance—
- Bru.* Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer; 90  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
- Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people  
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
- Bru.* Do so: and let no man abide this deed 95  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter* TREBONIUS.

- Cas.* Where is Antony?
- Tre.* Fled to his house amazed:  
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run  
As it were doomsday.
- Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures:  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, 100  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
- Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

the Dagger, and struggles with him: defends himself, for a time, against him, and against the other Conspirators; but, stab'd by Brutus, Capell (from Plutarch).

77. [Dies.] Dyes. F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. he submits; muffles up his Face in his Mantle; falls, and dies. Senate in Confusion. Capell.

88. *friend*] *friends* Pope (ed. 2).  
96. [Exeunt all but Conspirators. Capell.  
Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...  
Ff.  
97. SCENE II. Pope.  
*Where is*] *Where's* Pope.  
99. *will*] *well* Staunton conj.  
102. *Cas.*] Pope. Cask. Ff.

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged 105  
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,  
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110  
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over  
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, 115  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away: 120  
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; 125

106—111. *Stoop.....liberty!]* Given to Casca by Pope.

112. [Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood. Rowe.

113. *over]* o'er Pope.

114. *states]* state F<sub>1</sub>.

115. *Bru.]* Casc. Pope.

116. *lies]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *lyes* F<sub>2</sub>. *lye* F<sub>1</sub>.

117. *Cæs.]* Bru. Pope.

*So oft]* om. Seymour conj.

*shall be]* om. Steevens conj.

119. *their]* our Steevens (1793).

120. *What]* What, what Rowe.

*Ay, every man away:]* Ay, every man: Away! Capell conj.

122. *boldest and best]* bold, and the best Rowe.

*Enter...]* Ff. Transferred by Dyce to follow here? line 123.

123. *A friend of Antony's.]* Given to the Servant by Pope.

124. [Kneeling. Rowe.

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:  
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;  
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving:  
 Say I love Brutus and I honour him;  
 Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him. 130  
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony  
 May safely come to him and be resolved  
 How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,  
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
 So well as Brutus living, but will follow 135  
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state  
 With all true faith. So says my maſter Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
 I never thought him worse. 140  
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
 He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,  
 Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*]

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish we may: but yet have I a mind 145  
 That fears him much, and my misgiving still  
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150  
 Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit

126. *bade*] Johnson. *bad* Ff. Ff. Transferred by Dyce to follow

128. *bold, royal*] *royal, bold* Pope. *comes Antony*, line 148.

138. *my master*] *Mark* Seymour 148. SCENE III. Pope.

conj. *But...Mark Antony.*] As in

140. *I...worse*] om. Seymour conj. Pope. Two lines in Ff.

143. [*Exit.*] *Exit* Servant. Ff. 149. [*Kneeling over the body.*]

145. *have I*] *I have* Pope (ed. 2). Collier (Collier MS.).

147. *Re-enter...*] Capell. *Enter...*



As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument 155  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony, beg not your death of us. 165  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands  
And this the bleeding business they have done:

Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful; 170  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—  
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts 175  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeased 180  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,

155. *death's hour*] *death hour* Collier (one volume ed.).

158. *you] ye* Theobald (ed. 2).

162. *mean*] *means* Pope.

173, 174. *Cæsar. For...Antony*] *Cæsar; but for you, Mark Antony, our swords have leaden points* Seymour conj.

175. *in strength of malice,*] *exempt from malice*, Pope. *no strength of malice*; Capell. *reproof of malice*, Sey-

mour conj. *instrain'd of malice*, Becket conj. *in strength of welcome*, Craik (Collier MS.). *in strength of amity*, Singer conj. *unstring their malice*, Badham conj. *unfraught of malice*, Anon. conj. *forspent of malice*, Anon. conj.

176. *in*] *in them* Keightley.

183. *struck*] Steevens (1778). *strooke* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *strook* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand: 185

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;

Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;

Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. 190

Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true: 195

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse? 200

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

If would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart; 205

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

How like a deer strucken by many princes 210

Dost thou here lie!

184. *Have thus proceeded*] *Proceeded thus* Pope.

*wisdom*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Wisedome* F<sub>1</sub>.  
F<sub>2</sub>. *wisdoms* Anon. conj.

185. [Taking them one after other.  
Collier (Collier MS.).

191. *all,—*] Rowe. *all*: F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*all*, F<sub>4</sub>.

195. [Turning to the body, and  
bending over it. Collier (Collier MS.).

199, 200. *foes...corse?*] Pointed as

in Rowe. *foes?...course*, Ff.

205. *hart*] F<sub>1</sub>. *heart* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

207. *lethe*] *Lethe* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Lethe* (in  
italics) F<sub>4</sub>. *Lethee* F<sub>1</sub>. *death* Pope.

208—211. *O world...lie!*] Put in  
the margin by Pope.

209. *heart*] Theobald. *hart* Ff.

210. *strucken*] Steevens (1778).  
*stroken* F<sub>1</sub>. *stricken* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *strooken*  
Capell.

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so; 215

But what compact mean you to have with us?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,

Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed 220

Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all and love you all,

Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle: 225

Our reasons are so full of good regard

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,

You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may

Produce his body to the market-place,

And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, 230

Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.

[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:

Know you how much the people may be moved 235

By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon:

I will myself into the pulpit first,

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What Antony shall speak, I will protest

212. *Antony,—*] *Antony*— Rowe.  
*Antony.* Ff.

*Caius Cassius*] om. Seymour  
conj., reading *Dost...me* as one line.

224. *were this*] *this were* Pope (ed.  
2).

226: *you, Antony,*] Theobald. *you*  
*Antony,* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *you Antony* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

232. *with you*] om. Steevens conj.

233. [*Aside to Bru.*] *Aside.* Rowe.  
om. Ff.

236. *pardon:*] Ff. *pardon,* Rowe.

He speaks by leave and by permission, 240  
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.  
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body. 245  
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
 And say you do 't by our permission ;  
 Else shall you not have any hand at all  
 About his funeral : and you shall speak 250  
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
 After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 255  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
 That ever lived in the tide of times.  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, 260  
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;  
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; 265

242. *true*] *due* Pope.

244. *fall...not*] *follows* *I not like*  
*it* Seymour conj.

245. *you*] *your* Pope.

249. *Else shall you not*] *You shall*  
*not else* Pope.

254. [*Exeunt...*] Capell. *Exeunt*°  
 Manet Antony. Ff.

255. SCENE IV. Pope.  
*bleeding piece of*] *piece of*  
*bleeding* Variorum (1803, 1813, 1821).

259. *hand*] *hands* Grant White  
 (Becket conj.). *land* Becket conj.

263. *the limbs*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *the limbes*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *the kind* Hammer. *the line*  
 Warburton. *the lives or these hymnes*  
 Johnson conj. *these imps* Jackson  
 conj. *the loins* Craik (Collier MS.).  
*the tombs* Staunton conj. *the sons*  
 Grant White conj. *the minds* Dyce,  
 ed. 2 (Jervis conj.). *the times* S.  
 Walker conj.

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds: 270  
 And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,  
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
 Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth 275  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a-Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming; 280

And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

Ô Cæsar! *[Seeing the body.]*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching, for mine eyes, 285

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
 chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet; 290

269. *quarter'd]* Pope. *quartered*  
 Ff.

*with]* by Pope.

274. *Havoc]* *Ha! vous* Anon. conj.  
 ap. Gent. Mag. Vol. LX. p. 307.

276. *With]* *Of* Long MS.

*Enter a-Servant.]* Enter Oc-  
 tavius's Servant. Ff.

279. *for him]* *to him* Capell.

*to Rome]* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Rome* F<sub>2</sub>.

282. [*Seeing the body.]* Rowe. om.  
 Ff.

284. *catching, for]* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *catch-*  
*ing from* F<sub>1</sub>.

285. *beads]* *beds* Pope.

286. *Began]* *Begin* Hanmer.

288. *Post...chanced:]* One line in  
 Rowe. Two in Ff.

290. *Rome]* *room* Upton conj.

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;  
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand. 295  
[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,  
 And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;  
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
 And public reasons shall be rendered  
 Of Cæsar's death. 5

*First Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

*Sec. Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,  
 When severally we hear them rendered. 10

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.]*

292. *corse*] Pope. *course* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>,  
*coarse* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

298. [Exeunt.....body.] Rowe.  
 Exeunt. Ff.

SCENE II.] Rowe. SCENE V. Pope.  
 SCENE III. Jennens.

The Forum.] Rowe.

Enter...Citizens.] Malone (after Capell). Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians. Ff.

1. Citizens.] Capell. Ple. Ff (and throughout the scene).

5. *me speak*] *my speak* Rowe (ed. 2).

'em] *them* Capell.

7, 10. *rendered*] Pope. *rendred* Ff.

10. [Exit...pulpit.] Edd. (Globe ed.). Exit...rostrum, Capell. Exeunt Cassius, with some of the Plebeians. Rowe. Exit...Plebeians. Theobald. Omitted in Ff.

*Third Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause,  
and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour,  
and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: cen- 15  
sure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you  
may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any  
dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to  
Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why  
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I 20  
loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you  
rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar  
were dead, to live all free-men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep  
for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was  
valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. 25  
There is tears<sup>'''</sup> for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for  
his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base  
that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I  
offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?  
If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile 30  
that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have  
I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more 35  
to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his  
death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated,  
wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which  
he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 13. <i>lovers']</i> friends Pope.  | lines of verse in Johnson.   |
| 18. <i>to him']</i> F <sub>x</sub> . <i>to them</i> F <sub>2</sub> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> .<br><i>Brutus']</i> Capell. <i>Brutus</i> Ff.<br><i>Brutus's</i> Pope. | 27. <i>Who is']</i> <i>Who's</i> Pope.<br>32. <i>reply.']</i> Ff. <i>reply</i> —Rowe.<br>33. All.] Ff. Cit. Capell. Cit. |
| 23. <i>free-men']</i> Ff. <i>free men</i> John-<br>son.  | [several speaking at once. Malone.<br>38. Enter Antony and others,...<br>body.] Malone. Enter Antony, and                |
| 26. <i>There is']</i> <i>There are</i> Pope.   |  |
| 27—32. <i>Who.....offended.']</i> As six   |  |

though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the 40  
benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as  
which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I  
slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same  
dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need  
my death. 45

*All.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

*First Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

*Sec. Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

*Third Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

*Fourth Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus. 50

*First Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts  
and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

*First Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: 55

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.* 60

*First Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

*Third Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

certain of his House, bearing Cæsar's  
body. Capell. Enter Mark Antony,  
with Cæsars body. Ff.

40, 41. *the benefit...commonwealth]*  
*place in the commonwealth, and the*  
*benefit of his dying* Seymour conj.

45. [comes down. Capell.

46. *live, live!*] *live!* Pope.

46, 71, 138, 153, &c. All.] Ff. Cit.  
Capell.

50. *Shall]* *Shall now* Pope. *Shall*  
*all or Shall well* Staunton conj. om.  
Anon. conj.

*Shall...Brutus.]* Mitford would  
add *Live! live! Brutus, live!*  
*crown'd]* Ff. *crowned* Stee-  
vens.

51. *We'll...clamours.]* One line in  
Capell. Two, the first ending *house*,  
in Ff.

52. *countrymen,—]* *countrymen--*  
F4. *country-men.* F1F2F3.

57. *glories]* *glory* Dyce, ed. 2 (S.  
Walker conj.).

61. SCENE VI. Pope.



*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[*Goes into the pulpit.*]

*Fourth Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

*Third Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake, 65

He finds himself beholding to us all.

*Fourth Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

*First Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

*Third Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

*Sec. Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say. 70

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*All.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones; 75

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,— 80

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. "

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious; 85

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept: 90

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

64. [*Goes...pulpit.*] Edd. Goes up.  
Capell. om. Ff.

64, 65. *Brutus'*] Pope. *Brutus*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Brutus's* F<sub>4</sub>.

64, 66. *beholding*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *be-*  
*holden* F<sub>4</sub>.

65. *He says*] om. Steevens conj.

67. *he*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>

69. *'blest*] F<sub>1</sub>. *glad* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *most*  
*blest* Capell.

71. *Romans,—*] *Romans—* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*Romans.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

75. *their bones*] *the bones* F<sub>4</sub>.

76. *The noble*] *Noble* Pope.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see that on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown, 95  
 Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know. 100  
 You all did love him once, not without cause:  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
 O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, 105  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

*First Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

*Sec. Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

*Third Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place. 110

*Fourth Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take  
 the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

*First Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

*Sec. Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

*Third Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than  
 Antony. 115

*Fourth Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters, if I were disposed to stir 120

94. *on]* at Pope.

103. *art]* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *are* F<sub>1</sub>.

108. *Sec. Cit.]* 2. F<sub>1</sub>. Omitted in  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

109. See note (iv).

*Has he]* *Ha!* *has he* Anon.  
 conj.

*masters]* *my masters* Capell.

*not, masters* Craik.

109, 110. *Has...place.]* Divided as  
 in Capell. One line in Ff. Prose in  
 Pope (ed. 2).

116. *again]* om. Theobald (ed. 2).

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men:  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, 125  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:  
 Let but the commons hear this testament—  
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read— 130  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy 135  
 Unto their issue.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. 140  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;  
 For if you should, O, what would come of it! 145

*Fourth Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;  
 You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?  
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:  
 I fear I wrong the honourable men 150  
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

133. *Yea*] *Nay* Capell.

143. *It will*] *I will* Capell.

146. *Fourth Cit.*] 4. Ff. All.  
 Anon. conj.

*Read*] *Read us* Anon. conj.

146, 147. *Read...will.*] As in Ff.

Prose in Craik.

*we'll*] *we will* Theobald.

147. *Cæsar's*] *read Cæsar's* Keightley (Capell conj.).

152—154. *They...murderers.*] As two lines of verse, Capell MS.

- Sec. Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will. 155
- Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you, him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
- All.* Come down. 160
- Sec. Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]
- Third Cit.* You shall have leave.
- Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.
- First Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
- Sec. Cit.* Room for Antony, most noble Antony. 165
- Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
- All.* Stand back. Room! Bear back.
- Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on; 170  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii:  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:  
See what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd; 175  
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: 180  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart; 185

156. *will?*] Pope. *will*: F<sub>1</sub>. *will*; F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Cassius's* F<sub>4</sub>.

F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

160. All] Ff. First Cit. Edd.  
conj.

182. *This was the most*] *This, this,*  
*was the* Pope.

184. *traitors'*] Warburton. *trai-*  
*tors* Ff.

161. He...pulpit.] Rowe. om. Ff.

173. *Cassius'*] Pope. *Cassius* F<sub>1</sub>.

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, 190  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here, 195  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

*First Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

*Sec. Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

*Third Cit.* O woful day!"

*Fourth Cit.,* O traitors, villains! 200

*First Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*Sec. Cit.* We will be revenged.

*All.* Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!  
 Let not a traitor live!

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen. 205

*First Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

*Sec. Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
 with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 210

They that have done this deed are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not;

That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,

187, 188. *Even...statua, Which...fell.*] These lines are transposed by Warburton.

*statua, Which...blood] statue, which All...with blood* Hanmer.

187. *statua]* Steevens, 1793 (Malone conj.). *statue* Ff. *statuë* Keightley.

194. *what weep]* Ff. *what, weep* Pope.

196. *with]* by Pope.

197—205. *O piteous...countrymen]*

Marked as five lines of verse in Capell MS.

202. *We will]* *We'll* Capell.

203, 204. *All. Revenge!.....live!]* See note (v).

205. [They are rushing out. Collier (Collier MS.).

206. *Peace]* *Peace, peace* Capell conj.

213. *do it: they are]* *do't: they're* S. Walker conj.

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts: 215  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend; and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him:  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, 220  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus, 225  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.  
*All.* We'll mutiny. 230  
*First Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.  
*Third Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.  
*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.  
*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!  
*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what: 235  
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?  
 Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:  
 You have forgot the will I told you of.  
*All.* Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.  
*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal. 240  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,  
 To every several man, seventy five drachmas.  
*Sec. Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.  
*Third Cit.* O royal Cæsar!  
*Ant.* Hear me with patience. 245  
*All.* Peace, ho!  
*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbours and new-planted orchards,

214. *reasons*] *reason* Warburton.219. *gave*] *F.* *give* *F*<sub>2</sub>*F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>.220. *wit*] *F*<sub>2</sub>*F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>. *writ* *F*<sub>1</sub>.

230, 231. All...First Cit.] All...I.

ff. First Cit....Sec. Cit. Edd. conj.

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
 And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures, 250  
 To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

*First Cit.* Never, never. Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. 255

Take up the body.

*Sec. Cit.* Go fetch fire.

*Third Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, 260  
 Take thou what course thou wilt.

'''

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow!

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him: 265

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
 And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

\* 249. *this*] *that* Theobald.

253. *Come, away, away!*] *Come, come, away; Capell. Come, away, away, away!* Keightley. *Come, come, away, away!* Anon. conj.

255. *brands*] *brands' ends* Anon. conj.

*fire the*] *F<sub>1</sub>. fire all the F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. then fire the Seymour conj.*

258, 259. *benches.....windows*] *the benches...the windows* Capell, reading *Take...thing* as two lines, the first ending down.

259. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt Plebeians with the Body. Rowe. Exit Plebeians. F<sub>1</sub>. Exeunt Plebeians. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.*

\* 260. *Ant.*] om. Theobald (ed. 2). *afoot,*] *afoot*; Hanmer.

261. *Take...fellow!*] One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

*Take thou*] *Take now* Craik conj. *Take then* Anon. conj.

261, 262. *Take...Sir,*] Marked as one line in Capell MS.

261. a Servant.] Rowe (ed. 2). Servant. Ff.

262. - *Sir,*] om. Pope. As a separate line, Anon. conj.

264. *He*] *He, sir,* Capell conj. *Sir, he* or *Both he* Anon. conj.

*Lepidus*] *Lord Lepidus* S. Walker conj.

268. *him*] *them* Capell.

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people, 270  
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

*Enter CINNA the poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*First Cit.* What is your name? 5

*Sec. Cit.* Whither are you going?

*Third Cit.* Where do you dwell?

*Fourth Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

*Sec. Cit.* Answer every man directly.

*First Cit.* Ay, and briefly. 10

*Fourth Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*Third Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where  
do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to  
answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: 15  
wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

*Sec. Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that  
marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed;  
directly.

271. *Octavius*] *Octavius* F<sub>1</sub>.

SCENE III.] Capell. Rowe continues the scene. SCENE VII. Pope. SCENE IV. Jennens.

A street.] Capell.

Enter Cinna the Poet.] Capell. Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians. Ff.

2. *unlucky*] Warburton. *unluckily*

Ff. *unlikely* Collier (Collier MS.).

4. Enter Citizens.] Capell. om. Ff.

6, 13. *Whither*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Whether* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

7. *dwell*] *live* Capell.

16. *wisely* I] *wisely*, I Craik.

18, 19. *Proceed*; *directly*.] *Proceed*. *Directly*. Johnson. *Proceede directly*.

F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Proceed directly*. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.



- Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20  
*First Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?  
*Cin.* As a friend.  
*Sec. Cit.* That matter is answered directly.  
*Fourth Cit.* For your dwelling, briefly.  
*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol. 25  
*Third Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.  
*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.  
*First Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.  
*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.  
*Fourth Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his 30  
bad verses.  
*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.  
*Fourth Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but  
his name out of his heart, and turn him going.  
*Third Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire- 35  
brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius'  
house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.  
*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

32. *Cin.* *I am.....conspirator.*  
Omitted in Reed (1803, 1813, 1821).

33. *but] out* Johnson.

35—37. *Tear...go!]* Prose in Ff.  
Three lines of verse by Rowe, ending  
*firebrands:...house...go.* Capell prints  
*Tear...firebrands* only as verse.

36. *Brutus']* Capell. *Brutus* Ff.  
*Cassius']* Capell. *Cassius* Ff.  
*Decius']* Capell. *Decius* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>

F<sub>3</sub>. *Decius's* F<sub>4</sub>. *Decimus's* Hammer.

37. *house]* F<sub>1</sub>. *houses* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Ligarius']* Capell. *Ligarius* Ff.

[*Exeunt.*] *Exeunt* all the Ple-  
beians. Ff. *Exeunt*, forcing out Cinna.  
Collier (ed. 2).

ACT IV. SCENE 1] Rowe. ACTUS  
Quartus. Ff.

A house in Rome.] See note (vi).  
Antony.....table.] Malone. Enter  
Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus. Ff.

1. *These many]* *These, marry* Grey  
conj.

*Lep.* I do consent—

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. 5

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here? 10

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him, 15  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, 20  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load and turn him off, 25  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will:  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius, and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender: 30  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,

3. *consent*—] Knight. *consent*:  
Capell. *consent*. Ff.

4. *Publius*] *Lucius* Upton conj.

5. *Who is your*] *You are his* Upton  
conj.

6. *damn*] F<sub>4</sub>. *dam* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

8. *shall*] *will* Steevens (1793).

23. *Either*] Ff. *Or* Pope.  
*point*] F<sub>1</sub>. *print* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

27. *in commons*] *in common* Han-  
mer. *on commons* Collier MS.

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth; 35  
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
 On abjects, orts and imitations,  
 Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him  
 But as a property. And now, Octavius, 40  
 Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;  
 And let us presently go sit in council, 45  
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,  
 And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies;  
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear, 50  
 Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS  
 and PINDARUS meet them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

33. *motion govern'd*] Pope. *motion, govern'd* Ff. to the utmost Malone. *our choicest means stretch'd out* Staunton conj.

36. *barren-spirited*] Hyphenated by Pope. 49. *bay'd*] Pope. *bayed* Ff.

37. *abjects, orts*] Staunton. *abject* (1778). 51. *mischiefs*] *mischief* Steevens

*orts* Theobald. *Objects, Arts* Ff. *abject* SCENE II.] Rowe.

*arts* Becket conj. Camp...] Before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis. Rowe.

*imitations,*] Rowe (ed. 2). *Imi-* Enter Brutus, Lucilius... Titinius...]

38. *staled*] *stal'de* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *stal'd* Enter Brutus, Lucius, and soldiers;  
 F<sub>3</sub>. *stall'd* F<sub>4</sub>. Lucilius, Titinius... Nicholson conj.

44. *made, our*] *made secure, our* Lucius] Capell. om. Ff.  
 best Anon. conj. Soldiers] Rowe. the Army Ff.

*our means stretch'd*] *our meanes stretcht* F<sub>1</sub>. *and our best meanes stretcht* 1. *Stand, ho!*] *Stand here* Steevens  
 (1793).

*out* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> (*means* F<sub>4</sub>). *our best means stretcht* Johnson. *our meanes stretch'd* 2, 3. S. Walker would read *Give*  
 ...*Lucilius*, as one line.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

*Lucil.* He is at hand; [and Pindarus is come

To do you salutation from his master.

5

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt

10

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,  
How he received you: let me be resolved.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect enough;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

15

*Bru.* Thou hast described

A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

20

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests and like deceitful jades  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

25

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [Low march within.

*Bru.* Hark! he is arrived:

30

5. [presenting Pindarus, who gives a Letter. Capell. Jennens supposes that a speech of Pindarus is lost here.

7. *change*] *charge* Hanmer (Warburton).

*officers*] *offices* Johnson conj.

13. *He...Lucilius,*] As in Ff. As two lines in Craik.

*A word*] *Hear, a word* Hanmer. *A word with you* Anon. conj.

13—30. *A word...Cassius.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

13, 14. *Lucilius,.....you.*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*Lucilius...you:* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Lucilius,—...you,* Rowe.

26. *crests*] F<sub>1</sub>. *crest* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

27. *Sink*] *Shrink* Craik conj.

30. [Low...] Pope. After line 24 in Ff. March within. Capell.

March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and his powers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*First Sol.* Stand!

*Sec. Sol.* Stand!

35

*Third Sol.* Stand!

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them—

40

*Bru.* Cassius, be content;  
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

45

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man  
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

50

31. [March. Capell.  
Enter...] Ff (after *Cassius*, line  
30). Enter *Cassius* and *Soldiers*.  
Rowe. Enter *Cassius*, and *Forces*.  
Capell.  
32. [to his Officers, entering. Ca-  
pell.  
33. *Stand, ho!*] *Stand*:—[to his.]  
Capell.  
34. First Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.).  
1. O. Capell. om. Ff. Within. Rowe.  
Without. Staunton.  
35. Sec. Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.).  
2. O. Capell. om. Ff. Within. Rowe.  
Without. Staunton.  
36. Third Sol.] Edd. (Globe ed.).  
3. O. Capell. om. Ff. Within. Rowe.

- Without. Staunton.  
[One after other, and fainter  
Collier MS.  
39. *brother?*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *brother*. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
49—51. S. Walker would end the  
lines *Lucilius, ...like...we...conference*.  
50. *Lucilius*] *Lucius* Craik. (See  
note VII).  
*you*] om. Pope.  
*let*] see *you let* Mitford conj.,  
ending line 49 at *Lucilius*.  
*man*] *man*, *Lucilius*, Capell,  
reading *Do...Lucilius* as one line.  
52. *Let Lucius*] *Lucilius* Craik.  
See note (VII).  
*our*] *the* Rowe.

SCENE III. *Brutus's tent.**Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
 Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 5

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
 That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
 Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,  
 To sell and mart your offices for gold 10  
 To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm!  
 You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,  
 Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
 And chastisement doth therefore hide his head. 15

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember:  
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 20

SCENE III.] Pope. Rowe continues the scene.

Brutus's tent.] Hanmer. The Inside of Brutus's tent. Theobald. Within the Tent. Lucius, and Titinius at the Door. Capell.

Enter.....] Capell. Manet..... F<sub>1</sub>. Manent... F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Re-enter... Theobald.

4. *Wherein*] \* *Wheneon* Seymour conj.

4, 5. *letters...man, were*] Malone. *letters...man was* F<sub>1</sub>. *letter...man, was*

F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

5. *off*] of Rowe (ed. 2).

6. *case*] *cause* Capell conj.

8. *his*] Ff. *its* Pope.

9. *Let*] *Yet let* Pope. *And let* Capell.

12. *I*] *Ay*, Rowe.

13. *speaks*] F<sub>4</sub>. *speakes* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *speak* Pope.

16. *doth*] *does* Collier (ed. 1).

*his*] Ff. *its* Pope.

19. *justice*] Capell. *justice* Ff.

And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me;  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart  
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

27. bay] F<sub>1</sub>. bait F<sub>2</sub>. bait F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

28. bait] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. bait F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. bay

Theobald.  
30. soldier, I] soldier, ay Steevens,  
1773 (Jennens conj.).

32. to] too F<sub>1</sub>.

not, Cassius] Hammer. not  
Cassius Ff.

34. I say] Cassius, I say Steevens  
conj.

36. farther] Ff. further Steevens.

41. O ye gods] O gods Pope.

44. budge] F<sub>4</sub>. bouge F<sub>1</sub>. boudge

F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

48. Though] Thought F<sub>2</sub>.

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this? 50

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; 55  
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved  
me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not! 60

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What, durst not tempt him!

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for. 65

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me: 70

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send 75

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?

54. *noble*] *abler* Collier (Collier MS.). *able* Singer conj.

55. *You.....Brutus*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

*me every way; you] me; every way you* Ritson conj.

56. *elder*] *older* Collier (one volume edition).

57. *better*] *a better* Knight (National ed.).

75. *indirection*] *indirectness* Popc.



Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends, 80  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool  
 That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my  
 heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 85  
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 90  
 As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world;  
 Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother; 95  
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
 Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,  
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:  
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,  
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better 105  
 Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

81, 82. *thunderbolts, Dash*] *thun-*  
*derbolts Dash Collier* (one volume ed.).

84. *That brought my*] *Ff. that*  
*brought My Dyce.*

*back*] *om. Steevens conj.*

85. *his*] *a Rowe.*

87. *not, till*] *not. Still Warburton.*

*not, till.....me.] not: will you*  
*practise that on me? Hanmer.*

90. *do*] *did Collier MS.*

98. *my*] *his Capell conj.*

101. *Plutus*] *Pope. Pluto's Ff.*

102. *be'st a Roman*] *nextst a Ro-*  
*man's Warburton.*

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger:  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too! 115

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, 120  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Poet.* [Within] Let me go in to see the generals;  
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Lucil.* [Within] You shall not come to them. 125

*Poet.* [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.*

*Cas.* How now! what's the matter?

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 108. <i>humour</i> ] honour Craik conj.                                 | in. Poet within. Theobald. Enter a   |
| 109. <i>lamb</i> ] man Pope. <i>temper</i>                              | Poet. Poet. Ff. Enter Lucilius and   |
| Anon. conj.   | Titinius, and a Poet. Poet. Rowe.  |
| 111. <i>Who</i> ] <i>Which</i> Hanmer.                                  | (Lucius, Rowe, ed. 2).   |
| 114. <i>blood ill-temper'd</i> ] <i>blood, ill-</i>                     | 123—136. Poet..... <i>gone</i> !] Put in   |
| <i>temper'd</i> , Staunton.   | the margin by Pope.  |
| 117. [Embracing. Rowe.  | 124. <i>'em</i> ] <i>them</i> Capell.  |
| 118. <i>not you</i> ] <i>you not</i> Pope (ed. 2).                      | 125. Lucil. [Within]. Dyce. Lucil.   |
| 120. <i>forgetful</i> ] <i>forgetfulls</i> F <sub>2</sub> . <i>for-</i> | F <sub>1</sub> . Luck F <sub>2</sub> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> . Luc. Rowe. Luc. |
| <i>get</i> Seymour conj.  | within. Theobald.  |
| <i>from</i> ] om. Capell.   | 126. Poet. [Within]. Theobald.   |
| 123. Poet. [Within]. A noise with-                                      | Poet. Ff.  |

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! what do you mean?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye. 130

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; sauey fellow, hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour when he knows his time:  
What should the wars do with these jigging fools? 135  
Companion, hence!

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone! [Exit *Poet.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you  
Immediately to us. [Exeunt *Lucilius and Titinius.*

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit *Lucius.* 140

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead. 145

*Cas.* Ha! Portia!

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?  
O insupportable and touching loss!  
Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence, 150  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong: for with her death  
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

Enter...Lucius.] Edd. (Globe ed.). Enter *Poet*, followed by *Lucilius* and *Titinius*. Dyce. Enter *Poet*. Theobald. om. Ff.

131. *vildly*] F<sub>4</sub>. *wildely* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *wildly* F<sub>3</sub>.

*doth*] *does* Capell.

135. *jigging*] *jingling* Pope.

137. SCENE IV. Pope.

140. [Exeunt...] Rowe. om. Ff. [Exit *Lucius.*] Capell.

145. *Portia is*] *Portia's* Pope.

146. *Portia!*] *Portia?* brother, said you? Seymour conj.

150. *Impatient*] *Impatience* Capell conj.

*Bru.*

Even so.

*Cas.*

O ye immortal gods!

155

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks. 160

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius! [Exit Lucius.

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters, 165  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition? 170

*Mes.* That by proscription and bills of outlawry  
Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,

155. *O ye*] om. Steevens conj.  
Re-enter Lucius...taper.] Edd.  
(Globe ed.). Enter Boy...Tapers. Ff.  
Re-enter Lucius...Tapers. Capell.  
160. *Brutus*] Pope. *Brutus* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>  
F<sub>3</sub>. *Brutus's* F<sub>4</sub>.  
[Drinks.] Capell. om. Ff.  
161. SCENE V. Pope.  
*Come in...Messala*] One line  
in Rowe. Two in Ff.  
[Exit Lucius.] Edd. (Globe  
ed.). om. Ff.  
Re-enter.....] Dyce. Enter  
Titinius and.... Ff (after line 165).

Enter..... Theobald (after line 166).  
Re-enter..... Capell (after line 165).  
164. *Portia*] *Oh Portia* Pope. *Ah!*  
*Portia* Seymour conj.  
165. *here*] om. Pope (ed. 2).  
168. *toward*] *towards* Capell.  
169. *tenour*] Theobald. *tenure* Ff.  
170. *addition?*] Rowe. *addition*. Ff.  
171. *proscription*] *proscriptions*  
Pope.  
*and.....outlawry*] om. Sey-  
mour conj.  
*outlawry*] F<sub>4</sub>. *outlary* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*outlary* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that diéd  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one. 175

*Cas.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala. 180

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord. 185

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:  
With meditating that she must die once  
I have the patience to endure it now. 190

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently? 195

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still  
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness. 200

173. *an]* a Capell.

177. *Cicero]* *Cibero* F<sub>2</sub>.

*Cicero...dead,]* As two hemistichs, or as prose, Craik conj.

*Cicero]* *Ay, Cicero* Capell.

*Yes, Cicero* Keightley.

177, 178. *Cicero.....proscription]*  
Arranged as in Johnson. One line in

Ff.

178. *by that]* *that by* Capell.  
*proscription.]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *proscription* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

183. *Why.....yours?]* One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

195. *presently?]* Pope. *presently.* Ff.

196. *This it is:] This:* Steevens conj.

*Bru.* Good reasons must of force give place to better.  
 The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
 Do stand but in a forced affection,  
 For they have grudged us contribution:  
 The enemy, marching along by them; 205  
 By them shall make a fuller number up,  
 Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;  
 From which advantage shall we cut him off  
 If at Philippi we do face him there,  
 These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother. 210

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note beside  
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
 The enemy increaseth every day;  
 We, at the height, are ready to decline. 215  
 There is a tide in the affairs of men  
 Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat, 220  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;  
 We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
 And nature must obey necessity; 225  
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
 There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night:  
 Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

207. *new-added*] Capell. *new added* as in Capell. Two lines, the first ending  
 Ff. *new aided* Singer (ed. 2). *new-* *along*, in Ff.  
*hearted* Craik (Collier MS.). 222. *will*] *good will* Seymour conj.,  
 208. *shall we*] *we shall* Craik conj. omitting *go on*.  
*off*] Rowe. *off*. Ff. 223. *We'll along*] *we will along*  
 209. *him there*,] Ff. *him, there* Rowe. *We'll on* Capell.  
 Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *We'll.....ourselves*] *We will*  
 210. *brother.*] *brother*— Rowe. *along* Seymour conj.  
 222, 223. *Then...Philippi*] Arranged 227. *say?*] Capell. *say*. Ff.

*Bru.* Lucius! [*Re-enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:  
Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius, 230  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother. 235

*Tit., Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.  
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

'''  
*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
Call Claudius and some other of my men; 240  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

229. *Lucius!* [*Re-enter Lucius.*]  
*My*] Edd. Enter Lucius. *Lucius my*  
Ff.

[*Exit Lucius.*] Hanmer. om.  
Ff.

*Farewell*] *now farewell* Hanmer.  
*Fare you well* or *Fare ye well* S. Walker conj.

233. *come*] *came* Rowe (ed. 1).

235. *Cas. Good...brother*] Omitted by Pope.

236. [*Exeunt...*] *Exeunt Cas. Tit. Mes. Capell.* *Exeunt.* Ff.

*Re-enter...*] *Capell. Enter...*

Ff (after *Brutus*, line 239). *Re-enter...*  
Hanmer (after *Brutus*, line 239).

239. *not*] F<sub>1</sub>. *art* F<sub>2</sub>. om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

240, 242, 287, 288, 297. *Claudius*]

Rowe. *Claudio* Ff.

242, 287. *Varro*] Rowe. *Varrus*  
Ff. *Varus* S. Walker conj. (with-  
drawn).

242. *Enter...*] Rowe. *Enter Var-*  
*rus and Claudio.* Ff.

243. SCENE VI. Pope.

*Calls*] *Did you call*, Seymour  
conj.

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;  
It may be I shall raise you by and by 245  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your  
pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;  
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; 250  
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Var. and Clau. lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two? 255

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy:  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might;  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest. 260

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;  
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber, 265  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;  
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. 270

247. *So.....pleasure*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

251. [*Var. and Clau....*] Servants retire, and sleep. Capell. Serv. lie down. Malone. om. Ff.

254, 255. *heavy...two*] F<sub>1</sub>. *instrument a straine or two. And touch thy heavy eyes a-while* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

255. *two?*] Rowe. *two*. Ff.]

256. *Ay,*] *Ay, good* Seymour conj.

256—258. S. Walker would ar-

range thus: *It...much, But...sir.*

258. *duty, sir*] *duty to my still kind lord* Seymour conj.

264. [...*song.*] Ff. ...*song*: toward the End, Lucius falls asleep. Capell.

265. *slumber*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *slumbler* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>.

266. *Lay'st*] Rowe. *Layest* Ff.

270. [*lays the Instrument by, and sits down.* Capell.



Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down  
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*Sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition. 275  
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why comest thou? 280

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest. 285

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument. 290

Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst  
out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing? 295

271. *Let me see, let me see*] *But let me see* Pope. (1793).

*see*]; F<sub>1</sub>. *see?* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

272. [*Sits down.*] He sits down to read. Rowe. om. Ff.

273. SCENE VII. Pope.

278. *stare*] *start* or *stand* Anon. conj.

280. *Brutus.*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Brutus?* F<sub>1</sub>. *Brutus?* F<sub>2</sub>.

282. *Well*] As in Ff. om. Pope. Put in a separate line by Steevens

284. [*Exit Ghost.*] Rowe (after line 288). om. Ff. vanishes. Capell (after line 288).

285, 286. *vanishest. Ill spirit,* *vanishes, Ill spirit;* Rowe.

290. *still is*] *is still* F<sub>4</sub>.

292. [*waking.* Capell.

293. *Didst.....out?*] As in Pope. Prose in Ff.

*Lucius*] *Lucus* F<sub>1</sub>.

- 1 *Luc.* Nothing, my lord.  
*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!  
 [To *Var.*] Fellow thou, awake!  
*Var.* My lord?  
*Clau.* My lord? 300  
*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?  
*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?  
*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?  
*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.  
*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.  
*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;  
 Bid him set on his powers betimes before, 305  
 And we will follow.  
*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.*

*Off.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
 You said the enemy would not come down,  
 But keep the hills and upper regions;  
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here, 5  
 Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content

297, 298. *Sleep.....Fellow*] As in ACT V. SCENE I.] Rowe. Actus  
 Capell. One line in Ff. Quintus. Ff.  
 298. [To *Var.*] Edd. (Globe ed.), The plains.....] Capell. The  
 om. Ff. Fields of Philippi, with the two  
*Fellow thou,*] *fellow!* *Varro!* Camps. Rowe.  
 Theobald (Warburton). 5. *warn*] *wage* Hanmer. *wait*  
 302, 307. *Var. Clau.*] Capell. Mason conj.

To visit other places; and come down  
 With fearful bravery, thinking by this face 10  
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
 But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:  
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something to be done immediately. 15

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Off.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Off.* I do, not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*] 20

*Drum.* *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS,  
 TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

*Off.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
 Make forth; the generals would have some words. 25

*Off.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

*Off.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words: 30  
 Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart;  
 Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'

*Cas.* Antony,  
 The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

9, 10. *places; and...bravery,*] Pope.  
*places, and...bravery:* Ff.

15. *something*] *something's* Han-  
 mer.

17. *even*] *evil* F<sub>4</sub>.

18. *thou*] *you* Ritson-conj.

19. *exigent?*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *exigent.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

21. .SCENE II. Pope.

Lucilius...others.] Lucilius...

others, attending. Capell. om. Ff.

26. [to his Troops. Capell.

33. *posture*] *puncture* Singer conj.

*are*] *is* Collier, ed. 2 (Steevens  
 conj.).

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too. 35

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself: 45  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have ruled.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops. 50  
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?  
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds  
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors. 55

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

34. *they*] *you* Capell. \*

35. *stingless*] *stringless* Rowe (ed. 1).  
*stingless too.*] *stingless too?* De-

lius conj.

36—38. *O, yes . . . sting.*] *You threat  
before you sting.* Pope, putting the  
original in the margin.

40. *Hack'd*] *Hacht* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Hack*  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

41. *You . . . . hounds,*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.  
*teeth*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *teethes* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

43. *Whilst*] *While* Collier (one  
volume edition).

44. *Struck*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Strooke* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*you*] om. Pope.

44, 45. *Struck . . . Cas. Flatterers*]

As one line, Capell conj., omitting *you*.

45. *Flatterers!*] *You flatterers!*  
Keightley.

*thank*] *you may thank* Steevens  
conj.

48. *sweat*] Rowe (ed. 2). *swet* Ff.  
50. *Look;*] *Behold,* Rowe, arranging  
as Ff.

50, 51. *Look; I . . . conspirators*] As  
in Steevens (1793). One line in Ff.

51. *a sword*] *sword* S. Walker  
conj., arranging as Ff.

53. *thirty*] *twenty* Theobald.

55. *sword of traitors*] *word of trai-*  
*tor* Collier MS.

56. *traitors' hands*] *traitors* Reed  
(1803, 1813, 1821).

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 60

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field: 65  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

*Cas.* Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.* [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala!

*Mes.* [*Standing forth*] What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala, 70

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties. 75  
You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.

60. *honourable*] *honourably* Craik conj.

61. *worthless*] *worthles* F<sub>1</sub>. *worthies* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

66. [...their army.] Army. Ff.

67. SCENE III. Pope.

*Why.....bark!*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

68. *all is*] *all's* S. Walker conj., ending the line *Ho!*

69. *Ho,*] om. Pope. As a separate line by Steevens (1793).

69, 70. [*Standing forth*] See note (VIII).

70. *Messala!*] *Messala.* Ff. *Messala,* Capell.

70, 71. *Messala,....day*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

71. *as*] *at* Keightley.

74. *am I*] *I am* S. Walker conj.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd, 80  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
 Who to Philippi here consorted us:  
 This morning are they fled away and gone;  
 And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites  
 Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us, 85  
 As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly,  
 For I am fresh of spirit and resolved 90  
 To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, 95  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together:  
 What are you then determin'd to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy 100  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself: I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life: arming myself with patience . 105

79. *former ensign*] *foremost ensign*  
 Rowe. *forward ensign* Collier MS.  
*foremost ensigns* Lettsom conj.

84. *steads*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *steeds* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*ravens, crows*] *ravenous crows*

Warburton.

88. *ready to*] *as'twould* Seymour conj.  
*up*] om. Pope.

91. *perils*] F<sub>1</sub>. *peril* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

92. *Lucilius*] *Lucius* Rowe (ed. 2).

95. *rest*] Rowe. *rests* Ff.

*uncertain*] *uncertain* Capell.

101. *By*] *Be* F<sub>2</sub>.

102. *himself: ...how,*] *himself; ...*  
*how,* Pope. *himselfe, ...how:* Ff. *him-*  
*self, ...how,* Craik.

102—105. *I...life*] Put in paren-  
 theses by Johnson.

105. *time*] *term* Capell.

*life:] life;* Theobald. *life,* Ff.

Here Warburton marks a sentence  
 omitted.

To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman, 110  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take. 115

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus! 120  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made,

*Bru.* Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.* 125

SCENE II. *The field of battle.*

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*  
Let them set on at once; for I perceive

106. *some*] *those* Craik (Collier MS.).

107. *this battle*] om. Steevens conj.

109. *Thorough*] *Thorow* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub>.  
*Through* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Along* Pope. *By the proud victors, thro'* Seymour conj.

*streets*] *street*, Rowe (ed. 2).

110. *No, ..... Roman,*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

113. *the*] F<sub>1</sub>. *that* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*begun*] *began* Collier (Malone conj.).

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.

The field of battle.] Capell.

Alarum.] Ff. Alarums, as of a Battle join'd. Capell.

2. [*Loud alarum.*] Ff. om. Capell.

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
 Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

5

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *Another part of the field.**Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;  
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,  
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

5

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:  
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

10

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lovest me,  
 Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,  
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops  
 And here again; that I may rest assured  
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

15

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

4. *Octavius'*] Pope. *Octavio's* Ff.  
 5. *And*] *One* Hanmer. *A* Warburton.

SCENE III.] Capell. Scene continued in Pope.

Another...field.] Capell.

*Alarums.*] Ff: *Alarum.* Pope.

8. *are*] *were* Pope.

9. *further*] *farther* Collier.

11. *far*] *far'* Dyce (ed. 2).

18. *yond*] *yon'* Capell.



*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill; 20  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news? 25

*Pin.* [*Above*] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* [*Above*] Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30

Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.  
He's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down; behold no more.  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face! 35

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah:  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath; 40

20. *get...hill*] *get thee higher on this hill* Capell conj.

*higher* F<sub>1</sub>. *thither* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

22. [*Pindarus...*] Pindarus goes up. Dyce. Exit *Pin.* Hammer. Omitted in Ff.

23. *breathed*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *breath'd* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

25. *his*] *its* Pope.

*Sirrah,*] *Now* Pope.

26. [*Above*] Ff. Within Hammer. Appearing on the hill. Jennens. *my lord*] *my good lord* Steevens conj.

28. [*Above*] Dyce. Within. Hammer. om. Ff.

28—32. *Titinius...joy.*] As in Pope,

who reads *Titinius* for *Now, Titinius*, line 31. In Ff *He's ta'en* is in a separate line. Malone ends the lines *is... that...on.—Titinius!—...hark!...joy.*

Dyce (ed. 2) ends them *about...spur; —...him;—Titinius!—...hark!...joy.*

31. *Now,*] *Now, now,* Nicholson conj., ending the line *O, he.*

33. *down; behold*] *down, Behold* Capell, ending line 32 at *down.*

[*Pindarus disappears.* Jennens.

35. Pindarus descends.] Dyce. Enter Pindarus. Ff. Re-enter Pindarus. Capell.

36, 37. *Come.....prisoner;*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;  
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou  
art revenged,

45

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.* 50

*Re-enter* TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,

55

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,

60

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!

41. *freeman*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *free-man* F<sub>1</sub>  
F<sub>2</sub>.

43. *hilts*] *hilt* Pope.

45. [*Pindarus stabs him.*] Kills  
him. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> (after line 46). Kills  
himself. Rowe (ed. 2), after line 46.

46. [*Dies.*] Capell. om. Ff.

47. *So...been,*] One line in Rowe.  
Two in Ff.

50. [*Exit.*] Rowe. om. Ff.

Re-enter...with] Capell. Ether  
...and Ff.

51. SCENE V. Pope.

61. *to night*] *to-night* Knight (ed.  
1) and Collier (ed. 1).

62. *is set*] F<sub>1</sub>. *it set* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

63. *sun*] *sunne* F<sub>1</sub>. *sonne* F<sub>2</sub>. *son*  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

65

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth,

70

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,

75

For piercing steel and darts envenomed

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus

As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *[Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

80

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!

But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

85

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

90

*[Kills himself.]*

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,  
and others.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

69. O] om. Pope.

72. What,] Why, Capell.

79. [Exit Messala.] Pope. om. Ff.

90. [Kills himself.] Dies. Ff. Stabs  
himself (after line 89). Dies. Rowe.

Alarum.] om. Capell.

Re-enter .....] Capell. Enter

Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,  
Volumnius, and Lucillius. Ff.

91. SCENE VI. Pope.

*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords 95  
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!  
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come therefore, and to Thasos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come,

And come, young Cato: let us to the field.  
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.* 110

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum.* Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS,  
young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

95. *walks*] *wa'kes* F<sub>2</sub>.  
96. [*Low alarums.*] om. Capell. *Flavius,*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Flavio* F<sub>1</sub>.  
97. *whether*] Edd. *where* Ff. *if* 109. *o'clock*] Theobald. *a clock* Ff.  
Pope. *wh'er* Capell. *wh'er* Dyce. SCENE IV.] Capell. SCENE VII.  
99. *The*] *Thou* Rowe. Pope.  
*far*] *far* F<sub>1</sub>.  
101. *moe*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *mo* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *more*  
Rowe. Another...] Capell. The Field  
of Battel. Pope.  
104. *Thasos*] Edd. (S. Walker Alarum.] Alarums. Capell.  
conj.). *Thassos* Theobald. *Tharsus* Ff. Enter.....others.] Capell, sub-  
stantially. Enter Brutus, Messala,  
105. *funerals*] *funeral* Pope. Cato, Lucillius, and Flavius. Ff.  
108. *Labeo*] Hanmer. *Labio* Ff. young Cato,] Dyce. Cato, Ff.

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

5

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus! [*Exit.*]

*Lucil.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,

10

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

*First Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.*

Only I yield to die:

[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me  
straight;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

*First Sold.* We must not. A noble prisoner!

15

*Sec. Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

*First Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

*Enter ANTONY.*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

25

6. [Enter Souldiers, and fight. Ff. Charges the retiring Enemy. Capell.

7. Bru.] Rowe. om. Ff.

8. [Exit.] Pope. Charges them in another Part, and Exit, driving them in. The Party charg'd by Cato rally, and Cato falls. Capell.

9, 12. Lucil.] Jennens. Luc. Ff.

13, 15. First Sold.] 1. S. Capell. Sold. Ff.

12. *Only I*] *I only* Hanmer.

*die:*] Here Warburton marks a line, spoken by the soldier, as omitted.

13. [Offering money] Johnson.. Giving him money. Hanmer. om. Ff.

15. *not*] *not, sir* Capell.

17. *the*] Pope (ed. 2). *thee* Ff.

Enter Antony.] Capell. After line 15 in Ff.

19. [They shew Lucilius. Capell.

24. *or alive*] *alive* Warburton.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend, but, I assure you,  
 A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,  
 Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
 Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,  
 And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,  
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent  
 How every thing is chanced.

30

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.*

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,  
 He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;  
 It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering.*]

5

*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*]

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O Dardanius!

*Dar.* O Clitus!

10

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
 That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

15

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:

26. *Brutus, friend*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Brutus* Pope.  
*friend* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

Another...] Pope.

30. *whether*] Edd. *where*, Ff. *if*  
 Pope. *wh'er* Capell.

5. [*Whispering.*] Rowe. om. Ff.

31. *us word*] *us word*, F<sub>1</sub>. *us*, F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>. *us* F<sub>4</sub>.

8. [*Whispering.*] Whispers him.  
 Capell. om. Ff.

*Shall*] om. Pope.

SCENE V.] Capell. SCENE VIII.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night, at Sardis once,  
And this last night here in Philippi fields:  
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord. 20

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, 25  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:  
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here. 30

*Bru.* Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volum-  
nius.

Stratō, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me. 35  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history: 40  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

23. [*Low alarums.*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Low alarum.* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Alarum.* Pope. *Alarm.* Johnson.

27. *prithee*] *prethee* Ff. *pray thee* Capell.

28. *sword-hilts*] *sword hilts* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *swords hill* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*whilst*] *whilst* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *while* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

31. [*Shaking hands severally.* Collier (Collier MS.).

33. *thee too, Strato, Countrymen,*] Theobald. *thee, to Strato, Countrymen:* Ff.

34. *in*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

38. *this*] *their* S. Walker conj.

40. *life's*] Rowe (ed. 2). *lives* Ff.

42. [*Alarum.*] *Alarums.* Capell.

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.* Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

45

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still:

50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

55

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

60

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

65

43. follow] follow thee Pope.

[Exeunt...] Capell. om. Ff.

46. smatch] smack Steevens.

in it] in't Pope.

50, 51. [Runs on his sword... [Dies.] He runs on his Sword and dies. Rowe, after line 51. Dyes. Ff, after line 51.

51. Alarum.] Alarums.] Capell. Octavius, Antony,] Capell.

Antony, Octavius, Ff.

the army.] their army. Malone.

52. SCENE IX. Pope.

58. Lucil.] Jennens. Luci. Ff.

63. good] om. Capell, reading 63, 64 as one line.

64. master] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>. Lord F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.



*Mes.* OËtavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70

He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world 'This was a man!' 75

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.  
So call the field to rest, and let's away, 80  
To part the glories of this happy day. *[Exeunt.]*

66. *then take him*] *take him then* 7\*, 72. *general...And*] *generous...*  
Hanmer. *Of Craik (Collier MS.).*
69. *he*] *him* Seymour conj. 77. *With all*] *F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>*. *Withall* *F<sub>4</sub>*
70. *that*] *what* So quoted by S. *F<sub>2</sub>*.
- Walker. 79. *order'd*] *Pope*. *order'd* *Ff.*
71. *general honest*] *general-honest* 81. *[Exeunt.]* *Capell*. *Exeunt*  
S. Walker conj. *omnes. Ff.*

## NOTES.

### NOTE I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. Rowe has 'Artemidorus, a Soothsayer,'—'Artimedorus a Sooth-sayer' in the first edition—which was altered by Theobald, who described Artemidorus as 'a Sophist of Cnidos,' and made the Soothsayer a separate person.

The Acts, but not the Scenes, are marked in the Folios.

### NOTE II.

II. 1. 73. In both the editions of Pope this line is ludicrously printed thus:

'No, Sir, their—are pluckt about their ears.'

He seems to have thought that 'hat' was an intolerable anachronism, for in *Coriolanus*, II. 3. 92 and 160, he has substituted 'cap.' In this passage it would seem that he could not make up his mind and left a blank accordingly. It is noticed in one of Theobald's letters to Warburton (Nichols's *Illustrations*, Vol. II. p. 493).

### NOTE III.

II. 1. 189. Jennens quotes '*and* wildness' as the reading of Rowe's *Octavo*. Two lines below he quotes 'laugh at *us* hereafter' as from the same edition. In I. 2. 110, he says that Rowe's *Octavo* reads 'we arrive' for 'arrive;' in I. 2. 163, that it reads 'would you' for 'you would;' in I. 2. 170, that it reads 'But' for 'Both;' in I. 3. 85, that it omits 'say;' in III. 1. 207, that it reads 'Sing'd.' In none of these cases does our copy of Rowe correspond with his statements.

## NOTE IV.

III. 2. 109. We transcribe a portion of Pope's note on this passage :

“ Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Cæsar had never wrong, but with just cause.”

If ever there was such a line written by Shakespear, I shou'd fancy it might have its place here, and very humorously in the character of a Plebeian.' He refers to Ben Jonson's quotation in the *Sylva* or *Discoveries*, which has been much discussed by the commentators on III. 1. 47. Jonson's words are: 'Many times he [i.e. Shakespear] fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar thou dost me wrong," He replied "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous.' Vol. IX. pp. 175, 176. ed. 1816. There is another reference to Shakespear's supposed blunder in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, first acted in 1625: '*Prologue.* Cry you mercy, you never did wrong, but with just cause.' Vol. v. p. 162. Gifford in his note supposes that Metellus Cimber's speech and Cæsar's reply, as they are found in the Folio of 1623, are due to the 'botchery of the players,' and that they originally stood thus:

'*Met.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

*Cæs.* Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.'

But surely the first twelve lines of Cæsar's reply, to which Gifford makes no allusion, cannot have been written by any other hand than Shakespear's. On the whole it seems more probable that Jonson, quoting from memory, quoted wrong, than that the passage was altered in consequence of his censure, which was first made, publicly, in 1625.

## NOTE V.

III. 2. 202. The arrangement given in the text, suggested by Mr Grant White and Dr Delius, was first printed by us in the *Globe Shakespeare* and has been adopted by Mr Dyce in his second edition. The folios continue the words to the second citizen, thus:

'2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge  
About, seeke, burne, fire, kill, slay,  
Let not a Traitor live.'

See *Coriolanus*, Note (vii). Perhaps the speech given to *Sec. Cit.* lines 206, 207, should be also given to *All*, as Dr Delius has also suggested. The same remark may apply to the speech of *Third Cit.* at the end of Scene 3.

## NOTE VI.

IV. 1. Rowe and Pope give 'Rome' for the Scene. Theobald places it on 'a small Island near Mutina.' In his note he says, 'Shakespeare, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these Triumvirs met, upon the Proscription, in a little Island: which *Appian*, who is more particular, says, lay near *Mutina* upon the River *Lavinius*.' Hanmer makes the scene at 'A small Island in the little River Rhenu near Bononia.' Warburton cuts the knot by omitting to indicate the scene. Johnson followed Theobald. Capell put 'A Room in Antony's House,' which is adopted by Malone and modern editors generally. Mr Knight says, 'The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription. But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."'

## NOTE VII.

IV. 2. 50, 52. The ingenious alteration made by Mr Craik cures the defective metre of line 50 and gets rid of the incongruous 'association of an officer of rank and a servant boy' in line 52. We have not however adopted it, because we are of opinion that the error, such as it is, is due to the author and not to a transcriber. In the first place, irregularities of metre are especially frequent, as Mr Dyce and others have pointed out, where proper names occur; and, secondly, an incongruity which was unnoticed by a long series of commentators may well have escaped the observation of a writer among whose merits minute accuracy cannot be ranked. Moreover in Shakespeare's eyes Lucius was probably a page of gentle birth, with whom Titinius might not unfitly be associated; and the office of guarding a door is at least as suitable to him as that of carrying a message to an army. In the next scene, both Lucius and Lucilius are in attendance.

## NOTE VIII.

V. 1. 69, 70. The stage directions given in the text are compounded of that given in the Folios and that given by Rowe. The Folios after 'hark, a word with you,' add *Lucillius and Messala stand forth*, which Capell was the first to omit. Rowe retaining those words added, *Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius*.

MACBETH.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ<sup>1</sup>.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.

MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, } his sons.

MACBETH,  
BANQUO, } generals of the King's army.

MACDUFF,  
LENNOX,  
ROSS,  
MENTEITH,  
ANGUS,  
CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Boy, son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor.

A Sergeant.

A Porter.

An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman<sup>2</sup> attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.

Three Witches.

Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and  
Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland: England.*

<sup>1</sup> First given by Rowe; more fully by Capell.

<sup>2</sup> Gentlewoman...] Capell. Gentlewomen... Rowe.

THE TRAGEDY OF  
M A C B E T H.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A desert place.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

*First Witch.* When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

*Sec. Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

*Third Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

*First Witch.* Where the place?

*Sec. Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin."

*All.* Paddock calls:—anon!

5

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|--|--|
| <p>ACT I. SCENE I.] Actus Primus.<br/>Scæna Prima. Ff.<br/>A desert place.] An open Heath.<br/>Rowe. An open place. Theobald.<br/>om Ff.<br/>1. <i>again</i>] Hanmer. <i>again?</i> F<sub>1</sub><br/>F<sub>2</sub>. <i>again?</i> F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.<br/>2. <i>or</i>] and Hanmer.<br/>3. <i>done</i>] over A. Hunter.<br/>5. <i>the</i>] om. Pope.<br/>7. <i>to meet with Macbeth</i>] <i>I go to meet Macbeth</i> Pope. <i>to meet with great Macbeth</i> Capell. <i>we go to meet Macbeth</i> A. Hunter (Jennens conj.). <i>to meet with—</i> 1. Witch. <i>Whom?</i> 2. Witch. <i>Macbeth.</i> Rann (Steevens</p> | <p>-conj.). <i>to meet and greet Macbeth</i> Jackson conj. <i>to meet with thane Macbeth</i> Nicholson conj.<br/>8. <i>I come</i>] <i>I come, I come</i> Pope, putting <i>Grimalkin</i> in a separate line.<br/>[Spirits call in succession. Nicholson conj.<br/>9—11. All. <i>Paddock.....air.</i>] 2. Witch. <i>Paddocke calls—anon!</i> All. <i>Fair...air.</i> Pope. 2. Witch. <i>Paddock calls.</i> 3. Witch. <i>Anon.</i> All. <i>Fair...air.</i> Grant White (Hunter conj.).<br/>9, 10. <i>Paddock...fair.</i>] Two lines in Pope. One in Ff.<br/>9. <i>calls:—anon!</i>] <i>calls—anon—</i> Rowe. <i>calls anon:</i> Ff.</p> |
|--|--|

Fair is, foul, and foul is fair.  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

10

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil  
As thou didst leave it.

5

*Ser.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,  
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—  
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles

10

10. *foul is fair*] *foul sfair* Rowe (ed. 2).

11. *the*] om. Pope.

[*Exeunt.*] Ff. They rise from the Stage, and fly away. Rowe. Witches vanish. Malone.

A camp.....] Capell. A Palace. Rowe. The Palace at Forres. Theobald.

*Alarum within*] om. Rowe.

Duncan,] Capell. King, Ff.

Sergeant.] Edd. Captaine. Ff.

Soldier. Capell.

1. *Dun.*] Capell. King, Ff. (and throughout).

3, 4. *sergeant Who...good*] *serjeant, who Like a right good* Hanmer.

4, 5. *soldier fought 'Gainst*] *sol-*

*dier Fought against* S. Walker conj., or supposes some words to be lost.

5. *Hail*] *Haile* F<sub>1</sub>. *Haile: haile* F<sub>2</sub>. *Hail, hail* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Hail, my* S. Walker conj.

6. *the knowledge*] *thy knowledge* Keightley (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.).

7. *Doubtful*] *Doubtful long* Pope. *Doubtfully* Steevens (1793).

*it*] *it had* Anon. conj.

*stood*;) Here Keightley marks a line omitted.

8. *two*] *to* Warburton.

*spent*] *expert* Jennens.

9. *Macdonwald*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Macdonnell* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

11. *villanies*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Villaines* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.



Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied ;  
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,  
 Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak: 15  
 For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—  
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smoked with bloody execution,  
 Like valour's minion carved out his passage  
 Till he faced the slave; 20  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Ser.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflection 25  
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:  
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
 Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30  
 But the Norway lord, surveying vantage,  
 With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,

13. *Of]* With Hanmer.  
*gallowglasses]* Gallow glasses  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Gallowgrosses* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*is]* was Pope.

14. *damned quarrel]* Hanmer (Warburton and Johnson). *damned quarry* Ff. *damped quarry* Jackson conj.

15. *a rebel's]* the rebel's Hanmer.  
*all's too weak]* all too weak  
 Pope. *all-to-weak* Hunter conj.

17. *Disdaining fortune]* Like valour's minion Mitford conj.

19, 20. *Like.....slave;]* As in Ff. Steevens (1793) ends the first line *minion*. Keightley marks an omission after *minion* and after *slave*.

19. *Like valour's minion]* om. Mitford conj.

*carv'd]* Rowe (ed. 2). *carv'd* Ff.

20. *he]* he had Pope.

21. *Which ne'er]* Knight. *Which nev'r* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *Which never* F<sub>4</sub>. *Who ne'er* Pope. *And ne'er* Capell.

*When he ne'er* Nicholson conj.

*Which.....hands]* And ne'er  
*slack'd hand* Bullock conj.

*bad]*. Steevens (1778). *bad*

F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *bid* F<sub>4</sub>.

22. *nave]* nape Hanmer (Warburton).  
*chaps]* chops Ff.

25. *'gins]* F<sub>1</sub>. *gins* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *gives*  
 Pope.

26. *Shipwrecking.....break]* Burst  
 forth shipwrecking storms and direful  
 thunders Anon. conj.

*thunders break;]* Pope. *thunders:* F<sub>1</sub>. *thunders breaking* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *thunders burst*, or *thunders threat*, S. Walker conj.

28. *Discomfort swells]* *Discomfort swell'd* Pope. *Discomforts well'd* Johnson (Thirlby conj.). *Discomfit well'd* Warburton. *Discomfort wells* Capell.

30. *kerns]* kernes Ff. *kernes]* Johnson.

32. *furbish'd]* *furbusht* Ff.

Began, a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Ser.* Yes;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion. 35

If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;

So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, 40

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell—

But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons. 45

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

*Enter Ross.*

*Mal.* The worthy thane of Ross.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So should  
he look

33, 34. *Dismay'd...Banquo?*] As  
in Pope. Prose in Ff.

34. *captains*] *captains twain* S.  
Walker conj.

*Macbeth*] *brave Macbeth* Han-  
mer.

34, 35. *Yes;...lion.*] As in Pope.  
Two lines, ending *eagles...lyon*, in Ff.

37. *overcharged with*] *overcharg'd;*  
*with* Theobald. *charg'd with* Sey-  
mour conj. (reading *As...they* as one  
line).

38. *So they*] As a separate line in  
Steevens. In Ff *So they* begins line  
39, in Globe ed. ends line 37. Before  
or after these words Grant White  
conjectures the rest of a line to be  
lost. Keightley marks the omission  
of part of a line before *So they*.

39. *Doubly*] om. v Pope, reading  
*So...foe* as one line.

40. *reeking*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *recking* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

42, 43. *I...help.*] As in Rowe. Two  
lines, the first ending *faint*, in Ff.

42. *tell—*] Rowe. *tell*: Ff.

44. *So*] *As A*: Hunter.

45. [*Exit...*] Exeunt some with the  
Soldier. Capell, *Exit Soldier, attend-*  
*ed.* Malone. om. Ff.

46. *Who*] *But who* Pope. *Who*  
*is't* Steevens conj.

*here?*] *here now?* Keightley.

*Enter Ross.*] Steevens (after  
line 45). *Enter Rosse* and Angus.  
Ff (after line 45). Transferred by  
Dyce to follow *strange*, line 48.

47. *a haste*] F<sub>1</sub>. *hast* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*haste* Rowe.

47, 48. *So...strange*] As in Han-  
mer. One line in Ff. Given to Mal-  
colm, Upton conj.

That seems to speak things strange,

*Ross.* God save the king!

" *Dun.* Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

*Ross.* From Fife, great king;

Where the Norway banners flout the sky

50

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

55

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Ross.* That now

60

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,

Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

65

Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,

48. *seems*] *teems* Johnson conj. *comes* Collier (Collier MS.). *seeks* or *deems* Anon. conj.

50. *flout the*] *float & the* Becket conj. *Did flout the* Keightley, reading *From...cold* as two lines, the first ending *banners*.

51, 52. *And...himself,*] One line, S. Walker conj.

52. *Norway himself, with*] *Norway, himself with* Theobald.

*terrible numbers,*] *numbers terrible,* Pope. *terrible numbers, there* Keightley.

54. *began*] *gan* Pope.

57. *point rebellious, arm*] Theobald. *point, rebellious arme* Ff.

58. *and*] om. Pope.

60, 61. *That...composition*] As i

Steevens (1778). Two lines, the first ending *king,* in Ff.

*That now.....the Norway's*] *Norw...Norway's* Pope, reading *Now...composition* as one line.

61. *Sweno*] om. Steevens conj., reading *That...composition* as one line.

*Norways'*] Steevens (1778). *Norwayes* Ff. *Norway's* Rowe.

63. *Colme's inch*] *Colmes yuch* F<sub>1</sub>. *Colmes-hill* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Colmes-kill-isle* Pope. *Colmkil-isle* Hanmer. *Colme's hill* Capell. *Colmes' inch* Steevens.

66. *bosom interest*] *bosom trust* Capell conj. *bosom's trust* Anon. conj. *bisson trust* Anon. conj. *trusting bosom* Anon. conj.

*go*] om. Capell conj.

*present*] om. Pope.

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Ross.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. • *A heath.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me,'  
quoth I:

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And, like a rat without a tail,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

*Sec. Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind.

*Third Witch.* And I another.

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,

All the quarters that they know

I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

67. *greet*] F<sub>1</sub>. *great* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
A heath] Capell. The heath. Rowe.  
1. *thou*] om. Steevens conj.  
3. *Sister*] om. Steevens conj.  
5. *Give...I:]* As in Pope. A separate line in Ff.

6. *Aroint thee*] *Aroynt thee* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*Anoynt thee* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *I've rauntree*  
Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIV. p. 731).  
*A rauntree* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag.  
LV. p. 535). *A roun-tree* A. Hunter.  
*Aroint the* Becket conj.

10. *and I'll do*] *and I'll not fail*  
Jackson conj.

12. *Thou'rt*] Capell. *Th'art* Ff.  
*Thou art* Pope.

15. *very*] *various* Johnson conj.  
*ports*] *points* Pope.

16. *know*] *know*, F<sub>1</sub>. *know*. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
F<sub>4</sub>.

17. *card.*] *card to show*. Collier  
(Collier MS.).

18. *I will*] Pope. *Ile* F<sub>1</sub>. *I'le*  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *I'll* F<sub>4</sub>.

5

10

15

Sleep shall neither night nor day  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid; 20  
 He shall live a man forbid:  
 Weary se'nnights nine times nine  
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25  
 Look what I have.

*Sec. Witch.* Show me, show me.

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*]

*Third Witch.* A drum, a drum! 30  
 Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters of the sea<sup>m</sup> and land,  
 Thus do go about, about:  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, 35  
 And thrice again, to make up nine.  
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen:

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these 40  
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
 By each af' once her choppy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, 45  
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
 That you are so.

22. *se'nnights*] *sew'nights* Ff. *se-ven-nights* Dyce.

31. C. Lofft conjectured that the play should begin with this line; Strutt that it should commence with the following line.

32. *weird*] Theobald. *weyward* Ff. *weyard* Keightley.

33. *of*] *o'er* A. Hunter.

35. *Thrice*] *Thice* F<sub>2</sub>.

37. Banquo.] Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants. Rowe. Banquo, journeying; Soldiers, and Others, at a Distance. Capell.

38. SCENE IV. Pope.

39. *Forres*] *Foris* Pope. *Soris* Ff.

41. *the inhabitants o' the*] *inhabitants of* Pope.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can: what are you?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

*Sec. Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
 Things that do sound so fair? 'I' the name of truth,  
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
 You greet with present grace and great prediction 35  
 Of noble having and of royal hope,  
 That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:  
 If you can look into the seeds of time,  
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60  
 Your favours nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail!

*Sec. Witch.* Hail!

*Third Witch.* Hail!

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. 65

*Sec. Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*First Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70  
 By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;  
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
 A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
 Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence 75  
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

52. [To the Witches. Rowe.

57. *rapt*] Pope. *wrapt* Ff.

59. *not*] *rot* Porson conj. MS.

68. *So*] om. Pope.

69. *First Witch.*] 1. Ff. 1. 2. Capell.

71. *Sinel's*] *Finleg's* Ritson conj.

*Sinane's* Beattie conj.

*I am*] *I'm* Pope.

With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles as the water has,  
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80

*Macb.* Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

*Ban.* Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner? 85

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

*Ban.* To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

...  
... Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

*Ross.* The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success: and when he reads 90  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks, 95  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent 100

78. *With...you.*] As in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

81, 82. *Into...stay'd*] As in Capell. Three lines, ending *corporall, ...winde ...stay'd*, in Ff.

84. *on*] of F4.

88. *Who's*] *but who is* Hanmer.

89. SCENE V. Pope.

91. *venture*] *'venture* Warburton.

92, 93. *contend Which...that,*] *contend.*—*Silenc'd with that which should be thine, not his,* Becket conj.

93. *should*] *would* Pope.

96. *afear'd*] *afraid* F4.

97. *death.* As] Pope. *death;* as Rowe. *death,* as Ff. .

97, 98. *thick...with post*] *quick as tale, Post follow'd post* A. Hunter.

*hail Came*] Rowe. *tale* Can Ff. *tale, Came* Steevens (Johnson conj.). *bale* Come Becket conj.

98. *with*] *on* Pope.

100. *sent*] *not sent* Hunter conj.

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
 Only to herald thee into his sight,  
 Not pay thee.

*Ross.* And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor: 105  
 In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
 For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me  
 In borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the thane lives yet,  
 But under heavy judgement bears that life 110  
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined  
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;  
 But treasons capital, confess'd and proved, 115  
 Have overthrow'n him.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:  
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—  
 Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
 When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
 Promised no less to them?

*Ban.* That, trusted home, 120  
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm;

102, 103. *Only.....pay thee.*] *To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.* Steevens (1793). *Only to herald thee into his sight.* Mitford conj.

102. *herald*] F<sub>4</sub>. *harrold* F<sub>1</sub>. *herald* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*into his*] *to's* or *in's* S. Walker conj., reading *Only...thee* as one line.

105. *bade*] Theobald (ed. 2). *bad* Ff.

108, 109. *why...robes?*] As in Capell. One line in Ff.

109. *borrow'd*] Capell. *borrowed* F<sub>1</sub>. *his borrowed* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *his borrow'd* Pope.

111—114. *Whether...know not*] As in Malone. Five lines, ending *loose... Norway...helpe,...labour'd...not*, in Ff. Four lines, ending *was...rebel...both... not*, in Pope.

112. *those of*] om. Pope.

*did*] F<sub>1</sub> and Pope. *else did* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

113. *that*] om. Pope.

116. [*Aside*] Rowe. om. Ff.

117. [*To Angus*. Rowe.

118. [*To Banquo*. Rowe.

120. *trusted*] *thrusted* Keightley (Malone conj.).



The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's  
In deepest consequence. 125

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* [Aside] Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

[Aside] This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair 135

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function 140  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* [Aside] If chance will have me king, why,  
chance may crown me,

Without my stir.

125. *betray's* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *betrays* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*betray us* Rowe (ed. 2).

126, 127. *In...you* As in Ff. One  
line in Capell.

127. [To Rosse and Angus. Rowe.  
talks with Rosse and Angus apart.  
Capell.

[Aside] Rowe. om. Ff.

130. [Aside] Marked first by Ca-  
pell.

131. *Cannot...cannot*] *Can it...can*  
*it* Anon. conj.

*cannot be good*] *can it be good?*  
Jackson conj.

131, 132. *if ill...success,*] As in  
Rowe. One line in Ff.

133. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

135. *unfix*] *upfix* Warburton. *up-*  
*lift* A. Hunter.

*hair*] Rowe. *heire* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
*hair* F<sub>4</sub>.

137. *fears*] *feats* Theobald (War-  
burton). *acts* A. Hunter.

139. *whose*] *where* Collier MS.  
*murder.....fantastical*] *mur-*  
*ther's yet but fantasy* Hanmer.

140—142. *Shakes...not.*] Arranged  
as in Pope. Three lines, ending  
*man,...surmise,...not,* in Ff.

142. *partner's*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *partners*  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

143. [Aside] Rowe. om. Ff.  
*If...me,*] As in Rowe. Two  
lines in Ff.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould 145  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.  
Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,  
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly. 155

*Macb.* Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and  
Attendants.

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,

146. [*Aside*] Johnson. om. Ff.

147. *Time and the hour*] *Time!*  
*on!—the hour* Johnson conj. *Time*  
*and the honour* Jackson conj. *Time's*  
*sandy hour* Bailey conj.

149—153. *Give...time,*] Arranged  
as in Pope. As seven lines, ending  
*favour...forgotten...registred...leafe,*  
*...them...upon...time,* in Ff. Six lines,  
ending *favour:—...forgotten...regis-*  
*ter'd...them.—...king...time,* in Knight.

150. *forgotten*] *forgot* Pope.  
[To Rosse and Angus. John-

son.

153. [To Banquo. Rowe.

154. *The*] *I' th'* Steevens conj. *In*  
*the* Keightley.

156. *Till...friends.*] As in Pope.

Two lines in Ff.

SCENE IV.] Ff. SCENE VI. Pope.

*Forres. The palace.*] Foris.  
A Room in the Palace. Capell. A  
Palace. Rowe.

Duncan,] Capell. King, Ff.

Malcolm.....Lennox,] Rowe.  
Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Ff.

1. *Dun.*] Capell. King. Ff (and  
throughout).

*Is...not*] Arranged as by Capell.  
The line ends at *Cawdor?* in Ff.

*Cawdor?*] *Cawdor yet?* Pope.

*Are*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Or F<sub>1</sub>.

2—8. *My liege, ...died*] Arranged  
as by Pope. Seven lines, ending *back*

They are not yet come back. . . But I have spoke  
 With one that saw him die, who did report  
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, 5  
 Implored your highness' pardon and set forth  
 A deep repentance: nothing in his life  
 Became him like the leaving it; he died  
 As one that had been studied in his death,  
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10  
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
 To find the mind's construction in the face:  
 He was a gentleman on whom I built  
 An absolute trust.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.*

O worthiest cousin!  
 The sin of my ingratitude even now 15  
 Was heavy on me: thou art so far before  
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,  
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20  
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
 Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
 Are to your throne and state, children and servants; 25  
 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing

...die:...hee...pardon,...repentance:...  
 him,...dy'de, in Ff.

10. owed] *own'd* Warburton (John-  
 son conj.). *had* A. Hunter.

14. worthiest] *my most worthy*  
 Hanmer.

16. Was] *Is* A. Hunter.  
 thou art] *Thou'rt* Pope.

17. That] *The* Jennens.  
 wing] F<sub>1</sub>. wine F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*wind* Rowe.

18. thou hadst] *thou'dst* Pope.

20. mine] *more* Collier (Collier  
 MS.). *mean* Staunton conj.  
*I have] I've* Pope.

21. thou more] *ev'n more* Hanmer.  
*more* A. Hunter.

23—27. Your...honour.] Arranged  
 as in Pope. Five lines, ending duties:  
 ...state,...should,...love...honor, in Ff.

26, 27. by...Safe toward] *in doing*  
*nothing, Save tow'rd* Johnson conj.

Safe toward your love and honour.

*Dun.*

Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known  
No less to have done so: let me infold thee  
And hold thee to my heart.

30

*Ban.*

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

*Dun.*

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us further to you.

35

40

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not used for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

45

*Dun.*

My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

50

27. *Safe*] *Shap'd* Hanmer. *Fief'd* F<sub>4</sub>.  
Warburton. *Fiefs* Warburton conj.  
*Serves* Heath conj. *Saf'd* Malone  
conj.

*Safe toward your*] *Safe to ward*  
*your* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIX. p.  
713). *Safe-toward your* Seymour conj.  
*Your safeguards* Becket conj.

*your*] *you* Blackstone conj.  
*love*] *life* Warburton.

30. *nor*] *and* Rowe.

35. *kinsmen*] F<sub>1</sub>. *kinsman* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>

*thanes*] *and thanes*, Hanmer.

40. *unaccompanied*] *accompanied*  
Warburton and Johnson.

42. *From*] om. Pope.

*Inverness*] Pope. *Envernes* Ff.  
43, 44. S. Walker would end the  
lines *labour, ... you*.

45. *harbinger*] Rowe. *herbenger*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *harbenger* F<sub>4</sub>.

48. [*Aside*] Rowe. om. Ff.

Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
 The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be  
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,  
 And in his commendations I am fed; 55  
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,  
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
 It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

*Lady M.* "They met me in the day of success; and I  
 have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
 them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to  
 question them further, they made themselves air, into which  
 they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, 5  
 came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane  
 of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters sa-  
 luted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with  
 "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to  
 deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou 10  
 mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant

51. *not light*] *no light* Hanmer.  
*not night* Warburton.

54. *so valiant*] *of valour* Hanmer.

56. *Let's*] *let us* Pope.

58. *It*] *He* A. Hunter.

[Flourish. Exeunt.] F<sub>1</sub>. Ex-  
 eunt. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

SCENE V.] SCENE VII. Pope.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.]  
 An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.  
 Rowe. An... Castle at Inverness. Pope.

Enter Lady Macbeth.....] Enter  
 Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.  
 Ff. Enter Lady Macbeth alone with  
 a Letter. Rowe. Enter Lady Mac-

beth, reading. Capell.

1. Lady M.] Lady. Ff.

2. *perfectest*] Rowe (ed. 2). *per-  
 fectest*-F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *perfect'st* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *perfected*  
 Warburton.

5. *Whiles*] *While* Pope.

6. *all-hailed*] *all-hail'd* F<sub>1</sub>. *all  
 hail'd* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *all, hail'd* Rowe  
 (ed. 1).

7. *weird*] Theobald. *weyward* Ff.  
*wayward* Rowe.

9. *shalt be*] *shalt be hereafter* Up-  
 ton conj.

11. *the dues*] *thy dues* Capell conj.

of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart,  
and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature; 15  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, 20  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither, 25  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is your tidings?

*Mess.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it: 30  
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mess.* So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:  
One of my fellows had the speed of him, 35  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

14. *art*] *art now* Seymour conj.

15. *do I*] *I do* F<sub>4</sub>. *I* Pope.

16. *human*] Rowe. *humane* Ff.

21, 22. *And.....it;]* As in Pope.

Three lines, ending *winne...cries,...*  
*it*, in Ff.

21—24. *thou'ldst...undone.']* See  
note (1).

24. *Hie*] F<sub>4</sub>. *High* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

27. *impedes thee*] *impeides thee* F<sub>1</sub>.

*thee hinders* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

28. *metaphysical*] *metaphysic* Pope.

*doth seem*] *doth seek* Johnson conj.

*do strive* Anon. conj.

29. *thee crown'd*] *crown'd thee*  
Warburton.

*Enter a Messenger.] Enter*  
*Messenger. Ff. Enter an Attendant.*  
Capell.

30, 33. *Mess.] Att. Capell.*

Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.*

Give him tending;

He brings great news.

[*Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse

That croak<sup>s</sup> the fatal entrance of Duncan

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,

40

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,

Stop up the access and passage to remorse,

That no compunctious visitings of nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between

45

The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances

You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,

And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,

50

That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond

55

This ignorant present, and I feel now

37. *He...hoarse*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

[*Exit Messenger.*] Ff. Exit Att. Capell.

*himself is*] *himself's* not Warburton.

39. *you spirits*] *all you spirits* Pope (Davenant's version). *come, you spirits* Steevens (1793). *spirits of evil* Keightley.

40. *mortal*] *deadly* A. Hunter.

42. *direst*] *direct* Warburton and Johnson.

45. *peace*] *pace* Johnson conj.

46. *The effect and it*] *The effecting it* Becket conj.

*effect*] *essect* F<sub>2</sub>.

*it*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *hit* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

47. *for gall*] *with gall* Keightley.

52. *blanket*] Ff. *blank height* Coleridge conj. *blankness* Collier MS. *blackness* Bailey conj. *blankest* Jessopp conj. *blonket* Anon. (N. and Q.) conj.

53. [Embracing him. Rowe.

56. *present*] *present time* Pope.

*feel*] *feel e'en* Hunter conj. *feel me* Anon. conj.

The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

60

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He that's coming

65

Must be provided for: and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch;

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady Macb.* Only look up clear;

70

To alter favour ever is to fear:

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself

57. *My*] om. Pope.

60. *sun*] *his sun* Jackson conj.

61. *a*] om. F<sub>2</sub>.

62. *matters. To...time,*] Theobald.  
*matters, to...time.* Ff.

71. *to fear*] *and fear* Theobald  
(ed. 2).

SCENE VI.] SCENE VIII. Pope.

SCENE IV. Rowe (ed. 1).

Before.....] The Castle Gate.

Rowe. Before Macbeth's Castle Gate.

Theobald.

Hautboys and torches.] Hoboyes,  
and Torches. Ff (Hoboyes, F<sub>4</sub>). Haut-  
boys. Servants of Macbeth with  
Torches. Capell.

Enter Duncan...] Enter King  
... Ff.

1. *seat*] *site* Johnson conj.

1, 2. *the air...itself*] As in Rowe.

One line in Ff.



Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath 5  
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed  
The air is delicate.

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Dun.* See, see, our honour'd hostess! 10  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you  
How you shall bid God'ild us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service,  
In every point twice done, and then done double, 15  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,

3. *Unto...senses*] *Gentle unto our sense* Becket conj.

*gentle senses*] *general sense* Warburton. *gentle sense* Capell (Johnson conj.).

4. *martlet*] Rowe. *Barlet* Ff.

5. *loved mansionry*] *love-mansionry* Staunton conj.

*mansionry*] Theobald. *mansionry* Ff. *masonry* Pope (ed. 2).  
*the*] om. Pope.

6—10. *Smells...delicate*] Steevens (1793) ends the lines *buttress, ...made... they...air...delicate*.

6. *wooingly*] *sweet and wooingly* Hanmer.

*wooingly here: no*] *wooingly*. *Here is no* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).

*jutting, frieze*] Steevens (1793).  
*jutting frieze* Ff. *jutting frieze* Pope.  
*jutting*, (word omitted) *frieze* S. Walker conj.

7. *bird*] *bird on't* Keightley.

8, 9. *cradle:.....haunt*] Rowe.  
*cradle, ...haunt*: Ff.

9. *most*] Rowe. *must* Ff. *much* Collier (Collier MS.).

10. *Enter Lady Macbeth.*] *Enter Lady*. Ff (and passim).

*See, see,*] *See!* Hanmer.

11. *sometime is*] *sometime's* Pope (ed. 1). *sometimes* Pope (ed. 2). *sometimes is* Theobald. . .

12, 13. *you How you*] *you:—How?*  
*—You* Jackson conj.

13. *shall*] *should* Rowe (ed. 2).  
*God'ild*] *God-eyld* Ff. *Godild* Hanmer. *God-yeld* Warburton. *god-yield* Johnson. *God shield* Johnson conj.

17—20. *Against...hermits*] As in Pope. In Ff the first three lines end  
*broad, ...house: ...dignities*.

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor? 20  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath hold him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever 25  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30  
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,  
With his surcease, success; that but this blow

20. *hermits*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Ermites* F<sub>1</sub>. F<sub>3</sub>. Hoboys. Torches. F<sub>4</sub>.  
*Hermites* F<sub>2</sub>. Enter...and pass over...] Enter  
23. *as*] at F<sub>2</sub>. ...over... Ff.  
24. *To his*] *To's* Pope. a Sewer, and] om. Rowe.  
26. *theirs, in compt,*] *theirs, in* 1, 2. *well It...quickly: if*] *well, It*  
*compt* Pope. *theirs in compt,* Ff. ...*quickly: If* Ff. *well. It...quickly.*  
29. *host: we*] *host, we* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *host* *If* Anon. apud Johnson conj. *well. It*  
*we* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. ...*quickly if* Grant White (Anon. conj.  
31. [kisses her. Nicholson conj. N. and Q.).  
SCENE VII.] SCENE IX. Pope. 2. *assassination*] *assassinator*  
Macbeth's castle.] An Apart- Becket conj.  
ment. Rowe. An Apartment in Mac- 4. *his*] *its* Pope.  
beth's Castle. Theobald. *surcease, success*] *success, sur-*  
*Hautboys and torches.*] Ho-boyes. *cease* A. Hunter (Johnson conj.).  
*Torches.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. Ho boyes. Torches.

Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
 We still have judgement here; that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions, which being taught return  
 To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice 10  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
 Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15  
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20  
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed  
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur 25  
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
 And falls on the other.

5. *be...end-all*] *be the all, and be the end of all*—Rowe (ed. 2).

*be-all*] Hyphen inserted by Pope.

*end-all*] Hyphen inserted by Pope.

*end-all here,*] Hanmer. *end all.* Here, Ff (*Here* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>). *end all*—Here, Rowe (ed. 1). *end-all*—Here, Warburton.

6. *But here, upon*] *Here only* on Pope.

*shoal*] Theobald. *schoole* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, *school* F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. *shelve* Warburton. *school'd* Becket conj.

*time,*] *time*—Rowe.

9. *instructions*] *inductions* Becket conj.

10, 11. *the inventor...Commends*] F<sub>1</sub>. Omitted in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> and Rowe.

10. *this*] om. Pope. *thus*, Collier,

ed. 2 (Mason conj.).

11. *Commends*] *Returns* Pope.

*ingredients*] Pope. *ingredience* Ff.

17. *his*] F<sub>1</sub>. *this* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*faculties*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *faculty* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

19. *against*] *again* Johnson.

22. *cherubin*] Ff. *cherubim* Jennens.

23. *couriers*] Pope. *Curriers* Ff. *curriers*. Rowe. *coursers* Theobald (Warburton).

27. *itself*] *its self* Singleton conj. *its seat* Bailey conj.

28. *on the other.*] *on th' other.* Ff. *on th' other*—Rowe. *on th' other side.* Hanmer. *upon the other.* Steevens conj. *on the rider.* Mason conj. *on theory.* Jackson conj. *on th' earth.* or *upon th' earth.* Bailey conj. *on the other bank.* Anon. conj.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not he has? 30

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk 35  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour 40  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macb.* Prithee, peace: 45  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was't then  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;

SCENE X. Pope.

29. *He has*] *He's* Pope. *He hath* F<sub>4</sub>.  
Hammer.

30. *Know you not he has?*] *Know*  
*you not? he has.* Capell conj.

33. *sorts*] *sort* Theobald.

34. *would*] *should* Pope.

36. *dress'd*] *bless'd* Bailey conj.

38. *did*] *bid* Becket conj. *eyed*  
Bailey conj.

*time*] After this Keightley  
marks a line omitted.

39. *love*] *liver* Bailey conj.

*afear'd*] *affear'd* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *afraid*

F<sub>4</sub>.

41, 43. *have...And*] *leave...And* or  
*have...Or* Johnson conj. *crave...And*

Becket conj. *lack...And* Anon. conj.

45. *adage?*] Capell. *adage*. Ff.

47. *Who...none.*] Given to Lady  
M., reading *no*, Hunter conj.

*do*] Rowe and Southern MS.  
*no* Ff.

*beast was't*] *boast was't* Collier  
MS. *baseness was't* Bailey conj. *was*  
*it* Hunter conj.

And, to be more than what you were, you would 50  
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: 55  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
 Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail?

*Lady M.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—  
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
 That memory, the warder of the brain, 65  
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbec only: when in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70  
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only;  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two 75  
 Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,  
 That they have done't?

51. *the] than* Hanmer.  
 52. *adhere] co-here* Pope.  
 53. *They have] They've* Pope.  
 58, 59. *And...this.]* As in Steevens  
 (1793). In Ff the first line ends at  
*sworne.*

58. *brains] branes* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*out] on't out* S. Walker conj.  
*so] F<sub>1</sub>. but so* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. om.

Seymour conj.

59. *fail?] fail?—* Rowe. *fail,—*  
 Theobald (ed. 2).

*fail]* Rowe. *faile?* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*fail?* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *fail.* Capell.

62. *his] this* Pope.

64. *convince] confound* A. Hunter.

68. *lie] lyes* F<sub>1</sub>.

73. *mettle] metal* F<sub>4</sub>.

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in  
heaven,

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

79. *I am!* *F* in Pope.

81, 82. *Away...know.* } Given to  
*Lady M.*, *Hunter* conj.

*Inverness...castle.* } The same.  
Court within the Castle. *Capell* (*John-*  
*son* conj.). *A Hall.* *Rowe.* *A Hall*  
in *Macbeth's Castle.* *Pope.*

*Enter...!* } *Collier* (substantially).  
*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a*  
*Torch before him.* *Ff.* *Enter Banquo,*  
*and Fleance;* *Servant with a Torch*  
*before them.* *Capell.*

2. *The moon...clock.* } *I've not...*  
*clock: The moon is down.* *Seymour*  
*conj., ending the first line at clock.*

4. *Hold...heaven!* } One line in  
*Rowe.* Two in *Ff.*

*There's!* } *'Tis very dark; there's*  
*Seymour conj.*

7-9. *And...repose!* } As in *Rowe.*  
*In Ff* lines 7 and 8 end *sleep:.....*  
*thoughts.*

9, 10. *Gives...there?* } As in *Hanmer.*  
*In Ff* the lines end *repose...there?*

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

10

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

15

*Macb.* Being unprepared,  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

20

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis  
It shall make honour for you.

25

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,

9. Enter...] Ff. After *sword* in Capell. After *there?* in Dyce.

*Give*.....*sword*.] om. Seymour conj., reading *Gives*.....*friend* as one line.

13, 14. *He*...*offices*] See note (11).

16, 17. *By*...*content*.] Arranged as in Pope. The first line ends *hostesse*, in Ff.

16. *hostess*;) An omission here. Anon. conj.

*and shut up*] *And shut up* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*And shut it up* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *and 's shut up* Hanmer.

19. *All's*] *Sir, all is* Steevens conj.  
*well*] *very well* Hanmer.

20. *weird*] Theobald. *weyward* Ff.

21. *they have*] *they've* Pope.

23. *We would*] *Would* Pope.

*it in*] *it* Rowe (ed. 1). om. Rowe (ed. 2).

24. *kind'st*] F<sub>1</sub>. *kindest* F<sub>2</sub>. *kind* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *kindest* A. Hunter.

*leisure*] See note (111).

25. *my consent*] *my ascent* Capell conj. MS. *my content* Malone conj. *my concent* Id. conj. (withdrawn). *me constant* Jackson conj. *my convent* Becket conj. *my consort* Grant White conj.

25, 26. *when 'tis*.....*you*.] As in Rowe. One line in Ff.

I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you! 30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*]

*Macb.* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. 35

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still; 45

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50

The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

30. [*Exeunt...*] Theobald. Exit Banquo. Ff.

31. SCENE II. Pope.

32. [*Exit Servant.*] Rowe. Exit Ff.

41—43. *As..... use.*] S. Walker would end the lines *me...instrument...use.*

41—45. *As.....still;*] Five lines, ending *me...instrument...fools...rest...still;* in Keightley.

46. *thy blade and dudgeon*] *the blade of th' dudgeon* Warburton. *thy blade,*

*vain dudgeon,* Becket conj.

49. *Thus*] *This* Rowe (ed. 2).

*the one half-world*] *one half*

*the world* Pope.

51. *sleep*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *sleeps* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *sleeps* Rann (Steevens conj.).

*witchcraft*] *now 'witchcraft* Rowe (Davenant's version). *while witchcraft* Nicholson conj.

52. *wither'd*] *with her* Seward conj.

54. *howl's*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *howle's* F<sub>1</sub>. *howles* F<sub>2</sub>.



With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design 55  
 Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives: 60  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH.

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath made  
 me bold;  
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark!  
 Peace!  
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

55. *With Tarquin's...strides,*] Pope.  
*With Tarquins...sides,* Ff. *Tarquin's*  
*.....slides,* Anon. conj. (*Gent. Mag.*  
 LVIII. p. 766). *With Tarquin ravish-*  
*ing, slides* Johnson conj. *With ravish-*  
*ing Tarquin's sides,* Becket conj. *With*  
*Tarquin's ravishing ideas,* Jackson  
 conj. (*Which Tarquin's ravishing*  
*sides*) Knight conj. *Or Tarquin's*  
*ravishing strides* Hunter conj. *With*  
*ravishing Tarquin's strides,* Staunton  
 conj.

56. *sure*] Capell (Pope conj.). *sowre*  
 F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *sour* F<sub>3</sub>. *sour* F<sub>4</sub>. *sound* Pope.  
*sure and*] *sourand* Becket conj.

57. *Hear*] *Heed* Becket conj.  
*which way they*] Rowe. *which*  
*they may* Ff. *where they may* Barry  
 conj.  
*walk, for*] *walk.* For Becket

conj.

58. *Thy*] *The* A. Hunter.  
*of my whereabouts*] *of that*  
*we're about* Hanmer. *of me: veer*  
*about* or *of me: wheel about* Anon.  
 conj. (*Gent. Mag.* LVIII. p. 766).

59, 60. *And take.....Which*] *And*  
*talk—The present horror of the time!*  
*That* Johnson conj.

60. *Whiles*] *Whilst* Rowe. *While*  
 Capell.

61. *Words...gives.*] Put in the mar-  
 gin by Pope.

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope. Theo-  
 bald continues the scene.

The same.] Capell.

2—6. *What...posssets,*] Arranged as  
 in Rowe. In Ff the lines end *fire...  
 shriek'd,...night...open:...charge...pos-  
 sets.*

The doors are open, and the surfeited 'grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their  
possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Macb.* [Within] Who's there? what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack, I am afraid they have awaked  
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;  
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done 't.

*Enter MACBETH.*

My husband!

*Macb.* I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a  
noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!  
Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.]

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

6. *I have] I've* Pope.

8. *Macb.* [Within] Steevens. Enter  
Macbeth. *Macb.* Ff.

10. *attempt and.....deed*] Edd.,  
Globe ed. (Hunter conj.). *attempt*,  
*and...deed*, Ff.

12. *'eni] them* Capell.

13. Enter Macbeth.] Steevens  
(1793). Re-enter Macbeth. Dyce,  
after *husband!*

*My husband!]* As in Rowe.  
A separate line in Ff.

14. *I...noise?]* One line in Rowe.  
Two in Ff.

*I have] I've* Pope.

16. *Did...descended?]* *Macb.* *Did*  
*...speak?* *Lady M.* *When? Now?*  
*Macb.* *As...descended.* Hunter conj.

18, 19. *Hark!.....chamber?]* Ar-  
ranged as by Steevens (1793). One  
line in Ff.

20. [Looking...] Looks... Pope.  
om. Ff.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried  
'Murder!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodged together. 25

*Macb.* One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:  
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'  
When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply. 30

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?  
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!' 35  
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

*Lady M.* What do you mean? 40

*Macb.* Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor.

22—25. *There's...sleep.*] Arranged as by Rowe. The lines end *sleep*,... other:...prayers,...sleep, in Ff.

22. *in's*] in his Capell.

23. *That.....I*] *They wak'd each other; and I* Pope.

24. *address'd*] *address* Theobald.

27, 28. *hands:...fear,*] Pointed as in Ff. *hands,...fear;* Rowe.

28. *fear*] *prayer* Anon. conj.

29. *did say*] om. Steevens conj.

32, 33. *I had...throat.*] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

33, 34. *These...ways;*] As in Ff. One line in Rowe.

33. *thought*] *thought on* Hanmer.

35, 36. '*Sleep...sleep*'] See note (1v).

36. *does*] *doth* Rowe (ed. 2).

37. *Sleep...care,*] Put in the margin by Pope.

*sleeve*] Steevens (Seward conj.). *sleeve* Ff.

38. *death*] *birth* Warburton. *breath* Becket conj.

*life*] *grief* Jennens conj.

39. *course*] *source* Theobald conj. (withdrawn).

40. *feast,—*] *feast.*— Theobald. *feast.* Ff.

42, 43. '*Glamis...more.*'] See note (1v).

42. *Glamis*] *For Glamis* Seymour conj.

Shall sleep no more : Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think 45  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more: 50  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, 55  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood. 60  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour, but I shame

51. *what*] *on what* Keightley. gin.  
55. *do*] om. Pope. 62. *The*] *Thy* Theobald, after  
56. *gild*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *guild* F<sub>1</sub>. *gilde* Pope's margin.  
F<sub>2</sub>. *seas*] *sear* F<sub>4</sub>. *sea* Rowe.  
57. [*Knocking...*] *Knocke...* Ff. *incarnadine*] Rowe. *incarnardine* Ff.  
*Knocks...* Rowe (ed. 2). 63. *green one red.*] *Green one Red.*  
*knocking?*] *knocking?* [*Start-* F<sub>4</sub>. *Greene one, Red* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *green,*  
ing. Rowe. *One red—* Johnson. *green—one red.*  
58. *is't*] *is it* Theobald (ed. 2). Steevens, 1778 (Murphy conj.).  
62, 63. *The...red*] *Make the green* Re-enter.....] Capell. Enter  
*ocean red—* Pope, putting *Thy multi-* Lady. Ff.  
*tudinous sea incarnadine* in the mar-

To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a  
knocking 65

At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more  
knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70

And show us to be watchers: be not lost

So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter a Porter. Knocking within.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter  
of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking  
within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of  
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' ex-  
pectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about 5

65, 69, 73. [*Knocking within.*]  
Dyce. Knocke. Ff. Knocking with-  
out. Staunton.

65—69. *To...knocking:*] Arranged  
as in Pope. Seven lines, ending *white  
...entry:...chamber:...deed...constancie  
unattended...knocking*, in Ff.

73, 74. *To...couldst!*] Two lines in  
Pope. Four in Ff.

73. *To know*] *T<sup>n</sup> unknow* Hanmer.  
[*Knocking...*] Knocke. Ff. om.  
Pope.

74. *Wake.....thy*] *Wake Duncan  
with this* Rowe. *Wake, Duncan, with  
this* Theobald (Davenant's version).

• *I would*] *would* Pope. *Ay,  
'would* Steevens (1793).

SCENE III.] Scene continued in  
Rowe. SCENE IV. Warburton, fol-  
lowing Pope's margin. SCENE II.  
Staunton.

The same.] Capell.

1—37. *Porter. Here's...cast him.*]

Put in the margin by Pope.

1.—18. Blank verse, Maginn conj.

2, 6, 11, 14, 18. [*Knocking within.*]

Knock. Ff.

2. *he should have old*] *he could not  
have more* A. Hunter.

4. *on*] in Pope. *upon* Maginn conj.

5. *come in time*] *come in*; *Time  
Staunton. come in, farmer* Anon.  
conj.

*enow*] F<sub>1</sub>. *enough* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late? 20

*Port.* Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:  
and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially provoke?

*Port.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him. 25 30

*Macd.* I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for 35

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 6. <i>you'll</i> ] <i>you will</i> Rann.   | by Johnson. Two lines in Ff.  |
| 7. <i>in th'</i> ] <i>i'th'</i> Theobald (ed. 2).<br><i>Faith</i> ] <i>I' faith</i> Maginn conj. | 23—37. <i>of three things...cast him.]</i><br><i>of sleep.</i> A. Hunter. |
| 9. <i>who</i> ] <i>one who</i> Maginn conj.  | 31, 32. <i>in a sleep</i> ] <i>into a sleep</i> Rowe.                     |
| 18. <i>bonfire</i> ] <i>darkness.</i> So quoted<br>by Maginn.                                    | <i>into sleep</i> Mason conj. <i>asleep</i> Collier<br>MS.                |
| 22, 23. <i>Faith...things.]</i> Prose first  | 34. <i>on me</i> ] <i>o' me</i> Theobald (ed. 2).                         |

him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?

*Enter* MACBETH.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good morrow, both. 40

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him :  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;  
But yet 'tis one. 45

*Macb.* The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does : he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible 50

36. *up*] om. Warburton.

38. SCENE IV. Pope.  
*Enter* M.] Collier. After line  
37 in Ff. After *noble sir*, line 40, in  
Pope. After line 39 in Capell. Re-  
enter M. Dyce, after line 39.

43. *I have*] *I've* Pope.

46. *physics*] *Physicks* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Phy-*  
*sick's* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

47. *This*] *That* Capell (MS. cor-  
rection).

47, 48. *I'll.....service.*] As verse  
first by Hammer. Prose in Ff.

48. [*Exit.*] Capell. *Exit* Macduffe.

Ff.

49. *hence*] *From hence* Steevens  
(1793), reading *For...king From...so*,  
as two lines.

*He does.*] om. Pope.

50—52. *The...death,*] As in Rowe.  
Four lines, ending *unruly:...downe,...*  
*ayre...Death*, in Ff.

53. *And prophesying*] *And pro-*  
*phesyings* Hammer. *Aunts prophesy-*  
*ing* Warburton conj.

53—55. *And...time: the*] *And...*  
*time. The Ff. And,...time, the Knight*  
(Anon. conj.).

Of dire combustion and confused events  
 New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird  
 Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
 'Was feverous and did shake.

55

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
 A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
 Cannot conceive nor name thee. 60

*Macb.* }  
*Len.* } What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.  
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life? 65

*Len.* Mean you his majesty?

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
 With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;  
 See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!  
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!  
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
 And look on death itself! up, up, and see  
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

70

54. *combustion*] F<sub>1</sub>. *combustions*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

54, 55. *events New.....time: the*  
*events, New...time. The* Ff. *events.*  
*New...time, the* Johnson conj.

55—57. *New.....shake.*] Arranged  
 as in Hanmer. Four lines, ending  
*time...Night...fevorous...shake,* in Ff.  
 Three in Rowe, ending *time...night,*  
*...shake.*

55. *obscure*] *obscene* S. Walker conj.

59. *Re-enter M.] Re-enter M.,*  
*hastily. Capell. Enter M. Ff.*

60, 61. *Tongue...thee.*] As in Ca-  
 pell. One line in Ff

60. *Tongue nor*] *Or tongue or Pope.*  
*Nor tongue, nor* Theobald.

67. *Macd.*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Macb. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

69. [*Exeunt.....*] Ff, after *awake,*  
*awake.*

74. *Banquo!*] *Donalbain!* Han-  
 mer. *Banquo! rise!* Johnson conj.





The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd. 95

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* O, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:  
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows: 100  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, 105  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature 110  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

92. *Is]* *Are* Hanmer.

93, 94. *You are...head,]* *You are, and do not know it, The spring, the head:* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIX. p. 810).

93. *know 't]* *know it* Steevens.

97. *seem'd, had]* *seems, have* A. Hunter.

98. *badged]* *bath'd* Malone conj. (withdrawn).

100—102. *Upon.....them.]* As in Steevens (1793). Two lines, the first ending *distracted*, in Ff.

101. *no]* *As no* Hanmer, reading *As...them* as one line.

104. *them.] them—* Rowe.

105. *amazed]* and *max'd* Anon. conj. (Gent. Mag. LIX. p. 35).

108. *Outrun]* *Outran* Johnson.

109. *His.....blood]* *His snow-white skin streak'd with his crimson blood* A. Hunter.

*laced]* *laqu'd* Warburton conj. *golden]* *goary* Pope.

113. *Unmannerly breech'd]* *Unmanly reech'd* Warburton. *Unmanly*

That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage to make's love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, ho! 115

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,  
 That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here,  
 where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?  
 Let's away; 120

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow  
 Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work, 125

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulged pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.* And so do I.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness, 130  
 And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

*drench'd* Johnson. *Unmannerly*  
*hatch'd* Seward conj. *In a manner*  
*lay drench'd* Heath conj.

115. *make 's]* *make his* Capell.

[*Seeming to faint.* Rowe.

116—119. *Look...us?* S. Walker  
 would end the lines *lady...claim...  
 spoken...hole,...us?*

116. [*gather about her.* Capell.

117, 119, 121. [*Aside...*] Staunton.  
 om. Ff.

118—120. *What.....away*] As in  
 Dyce. Three lines, ending *here,.....*

*hole,...away*, in Ff. Malone ends the  
 lines at *spoken...hole...tears*. Knight  
 ends them at *here...hole...tears*.

119. *Hid in]* *hid in* F<sub>1</sub>. *hid within*  
 F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *hidden in* Jackson conj.

122. *Upon]* *on* Pope, reading *Are*  
 ...*on* as one line.

*Look]* *Look there* Hammer.

[*Lady...*] Rowe. om. Ff.

120. *Macd.]* *Macb.* Rowe.

*And]* om. Pope.

131. [*Exeunt all but...*] Hammer.  
 Exeunt. Ff.

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them:  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody. 135

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse; 140  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Outside Macbeth's castle.*

*Enter ROSS with an old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well:  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act, 5  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,

132. *What.....them:]* One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

134. *Which...England.]* One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

135—138. *To...bloody.]* As in Rowe. Four lines in Ff, ending *I...safer:... smiles;...bloody.*

137. *near] near'* Delius.

140. *horse] F<sub>1</sub>. house F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

SCENE IV.] SCENE II. Rowe.

SCENE VI. Pope.

Outside.....] The outside of Macbeth's Castle. Theobald.

2. *I have] I've* Pope.

4. *Ah] Rowe. Ha* Ff.

6. *Threaten] Rowe. Threatens* Ff. *his] this* Theobald.

*stage] strage* Warburton conj. (withdrawn).

7. *travelling] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. travelling* F<sub>1</sub>

F<sub>2</sub>.

That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural, 10

Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last  
A falcon towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

*Ross.* And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and  
certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, 15  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make  
War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said they eat each other.

*Ross.* They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't.

*Enter MACDUFF.*

Here comes the good Macduff. 20

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Ross.* Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Ross.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, 25  
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Ross.* 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up

10. *should*] *shall* F<sub>2</sub>.  
14. *And.....certain*] One line in  
Pope. Two in Ff.  
*horses*] *horse* S. Walker conj.  
15. *their*] *the* Theobald.  
16. *flung*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *flong* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
17, 18. *would make War*] Divided  
as in Steevens (1793). The first line  
ends *would* in Ff.  
18. *mankind*] *man* Pope.  
*eat*] *ate* Keightley.

19, 20. *They.....Macduff*] As in  
Pope. Three lines, ending *so:.....*  
*upon't...Macduffe*, in Ff.  
20. *Enter Macduff*] As in Ff.  
After the line in Johnson.  
24. *were*] *are* Theobald (ed. 1).  
*suborn'd*] Rowe. *suborned*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *suborned* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
28. *will*] Warburton. *will* Ff.  
*ravin up*] Theobald. *raven*  
*up* F<sub>1</sub>. *raven upon* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like  
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

30

*Macd.* He is already named, and gone to Scone  
To be invested.

*Ross.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill,  
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors  
And guardian of their bones.

*Ross.* Will you to Scone?

35

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Ross.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there:  
adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Ross.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

40

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.**Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and I fear  
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,

29. *Thine] Its* Hanmer.*life's] Pope. lives* Ff.*Then 'tis] Why then it is* Hanmer.

mer.

31. *gone] gons* F<sub>2</sub>.33. *Colme-kill] Colmeshill* Rowe.  
*Colmes-kill* Johnson.37. *Well, may] Theobald. Well*  
*may* Ff.40. *you] F<sub>1</sub>. you sir* F<sub>2</sub>. *you, sir*  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.41. [*Exeunt.] Exeunt omnes.* Ff.

Forres.] Foris. Capell.

The palace.] A royal Apartment. Rowe. An Apartment in the Palace. Theobald.

1. *king, Cawdor, Glamis] king,*  
*Glamis, and Cawdor* Seymour conj.2. *As] om.* Pope.*weird] Theobald. weyard* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*weyard* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*women] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. woman* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.3. *foully] foully* F<sub>1</sub>.

But that myself should be the root and father 5  
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them—  
 As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—  
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
 May they not be my oracles as well  
 And set me up in hope? But hush, no more. 10

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
 And all thing unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,  
 And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Let your highness 15  
 Command upon me, to the which my duties  
 Are with a most indissoluble tie  
 For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desired your good advice, 20  
 Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
 In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
 Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 25  
 'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
 I must become a borrower of the night  
 For a dark hour or twain.

7. *shine*] *shew* Collier MS.

10. *hope?*] F<sub>4</sub>. *hope*. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*Sennet sounded.*] *Senit sound-*  
*ed.* Ff.

Lady...Lennox, Ross,] Lady  
 Macbeth, Lennox, Ross, Rowe. Lady  
 Lenox, Rosse, Ff. Lady Macbeth,  
 Queen; Ross, Lennox, Capell.

Ladies] Capell. om. Ff.

13. *all-thing*] F<sub>1</sub>. *all-things* F<sub>2</sub>.  
*all things* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

15. *I'll*] I A. Hunter.

*Let your highness*] *Lay your*  
*highness's* Rowe. *Lay your highness'*  
 Pope. *Set your highness'* Mason conj.

16. *upon*] *be upon* Keightley.

20--23. *We...ride?*] As in Ff. In  
 Pope the lines end *desir'd...grave...*  
*but...ride?*

22. *council*] Rowe. *councell* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*council* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*take*] *talk* Malone. *take't*  
 Keightley.

23. *Is't*] *Is it* Pope.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing 30  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you? 35

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewell. [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time 40  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!

[Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.

*Sirrah*, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure? 45

*Attnd.* They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us. [Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares, 50  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

34. *you*] om. Pope.

34, 35. *adieu...you*] As in Pope.  
Two lines, the first ending *night*, in Ff.

36. *upon 's*] *upon us* Pope.

41, 42. *night; to...welcome,*] Theobald.  
*night, to...welcome:* Ff.

42, 43. *The sweeter.....you*] As in Rowe.  
Three lines, ending *welcome: ...alone:...you*, in Ff.

43. *while*] *till* Pope.  
*be with*] *ʋ wiʀ* Anon. conj.

[Exeunt...] Exeunt Lords. Ff.  
Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.  
Rowe.

44. SCENE II. Pope.

[To a Servant. Rowe.  
*with you*] om. Steevens (1793),  
reading *Sirrah...pleasure?* as one line.  
44—46. *Sirrah...gate.*] S. Walker  
would end the lines *you:...lord...gate.*

47. [Exit Attendant.] Exit Servant. Ff.

47—50. *To be.....dares,*] Arranged as in Rowe. Four lines, ending *thus:...deepe,...that...dares*, in Ff.

47, 48. *nothing; But*] *nothing.*  
*But* Pope. *nothing, but* Ff.



To act in safety. There is none but he  
 Whose being I do fear: and under him  
 My Genius is rebuked, as it is said 55  
 Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,  
 When first they put the name of king upon me,  
 And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
 Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown 60  
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,  
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd; 65  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the common enemy of man;  
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list, 70  
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*First Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.*

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know 75

- 55, 56. *as...Cæsar.*] om. Johnson F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 conj. 71. *And.....there?*] One line in  
 56. *Mark*] om. Pope. Pope. Two in Ff.  
*Cæsar*] *Cæsar's* Hanmer. Re-enter.....] Capell. Enter  
 58. *bade*] Theobald (ed. 2). *bad* Ff. Servant, and two Murderers. Ff.  
 62. *with*] by Capell conj. 72. *Now*] om. Pope.  
 63. *If't be*] *If'tis* Pope. *go*] om. Steevens (1793).  
 64. *filed*] *fil'd* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *fill'd* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. [Exit Attendant.] Capell. Exit  
 'filed Warburton. *soil'd* Long MS. Servant. Ff.  
 64—69. *mind;...murder'd;...them,* 74. *First Mur.*] i. Mur. Steevens  
*...kings, ...kings!*] *Minde, ...murther'd,* (1793). Murth. Ff.  
*...them, ...Kings, ...Kings.* Ff. *mind?* 74, 75. *now...speeches?*] As in Pope.  
*...murther'd?.....them?.....kings?...* One line in Ff.  
*kings?* Pope. 75. *I have you*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *You have*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 69. *seed*] Pope. *seeds* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *seeds* 75—81. *Know.....might*] As in

That it was he in the times past which held you  
 So under fortune, which you thought had been  
 Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
 In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,  
 How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments, 80  
 Who wrought with them, and all things else that might  
 To half a soul and to a notion crazed  
 Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went further, which is now  
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find 85  
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
 That you can let this go? Are you so gossell'd,  
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
 And beggar'd yours for ever?

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege. 90

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;  
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
 Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept  
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle, 95  
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one  
 According to the gift which bounteous nature  
 Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive  
 Particular addition, from the bill  
 That writes them all alike: and so of men. 100  
 Now if you have a station in the file,  
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,  
 And I will put that business in your bosoms

Rowe. Eight lines in Ff, ending *past*,  
 ...*fortune*, ...*selfe* ...*conference*, ...*you*:  
 ...*crost*: ...*them*: ...*might*.

79. *with you*] om. Steevens conj.,  
 ending the line *how*.

83. *You...us.*] *True, you made it*  
*known*. Pope.

84—90. *I did...ever?*] As in Rowe.  
 Nine lines, ending *so*: ...*now* ...*meeting*  
 ...*predominant*, ...*goe?* ...*man*, ...*hand*  
 ...*begger'd* ...*ever?* in Ff.

93. *Shoughs*] *Showghes* Ff. *shocks*  
 Capell. *Sloughs* Johnson conj. (with-  
 drawn).

*clept*] Capell. *clipt* Ff. *cleped*  
 Theobald. *clep'd* Hanmer.

99. *bill*] *quill* Collier MS.

102. *Not i' the*] *And not in the*  
 Rowe. *Not in the most* Keightley.  
*worst*] *worser* Jervis conj.  
*say it*] Rowe. *say't* Ff.

103. *that*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *the* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us, 105  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

*Sec. Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

*First Mur.* And I another 110  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

*Both Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine, and in such bloody distance 115  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine, 120  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*Sec. Mur.* We shall, my lord, 125  
Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.* Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within this  
hour at most

107. *my liege*] om. Pope.

109. *Have*] Rowe. *Hath* Ff.

109, 110. *Have...do*] As in Rowe.  
One line in Ff.

111. *weary*] *weary'd* Capell.  
*with disasters, tugg'd*] *with*  
*disastrous tuggs* Warburton. *of dis-*  
*astrous tuggs* A. Hunter.

113, 114. *Both.....enemy.*] As in

Rowe. One line in Ff.

120--122. *For certain...it is*] Sec  
note (v).

122. *Who*] *Whom* Pope.

127. *Your.....most*] One line in  
Pope. Two in Ff.

*Within*] In Pope.

*at most*] om. Steevens conj.

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night, 130  
 And something from the palace; always thought  
 That I require a clearness: and with him—  
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—  
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
 Whose absence is no less material to me 135  
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
 I'll come to you anon.

*Both Mur.* We are resolved, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*]

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight, 140  
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The palace.*

*Enter* LADY MACBETH *and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
 For a few words.

128. *yourselves,*] *yourselves.* Steevens (1793).

129. *you*] *ye* Seymour conj.  
*you.....spy o' the*] *you with a perfect spy o' the* Johnson conj. *you with the perfect spot, the* Tyrwhitt conj. *you with the perfectry o' the* Becket conj. *you with the precincts by the* Jackson conj. *you, with a perfect spy, o' the Collier MS.*

131. *always thought*] *a way, though,* Jackson conj.

131, 132. *always...clearness:*] Omit-

ted by Pope.

138. *to you*] om. Steevens conj.  
*my lord*] om. Hanmer.

139. [*Exeunt Murderers.*] Theobald. om. Ff.

141. [*Exit.*] Theobald. *Exeunt.* Ff.

SCENE II.] Rowe continues the Scene. SCENE III. Pope.

The palace.] Another Apartment in the Palace. Theobald.

Lady Macbeth] Macbeths Lady, Ff.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. [*Exit.*  
*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
 Where our desire is got without content: 5  
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter* MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making;  
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10  
 With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
 Should be without regard: what's done is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:  
 She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
 Remains in danger of her former tooth. 15  
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,  
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
 That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 25  
 Can touch him further.

4. *Madam*] om. Seymour conj. *disjoint.* Two in Steevens (1793), the first ending *let.*  
*Lady M.*] *Lady.* Ff. *Enter* Macbeth. *Macb.* Strutt conj. *the frame...suffer*] *both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer* Pope.  
*Nought's had*] om. Steevens conj. *frame*] *eternal frame* Collier (Collier MS.), arranging as Ff.  
6. *safer*] *better* Hanmer. 20. *our peace*] F<sub>1</sub>. *our place* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
8. *How...*] *Lady M.* *How...* Strutt conj. F<sub>4</sub>. *our seat* Keightley.  
9. *fancies*] *francies* F<sub>2</sub>.  
11. *all*] om. Hanmer. 22. *In...grave;*] As in Rowe. Two lines in Ff.  
13. *scotch'd*] Theobald. *scorch'd* *Duncan is in his*] *Duncan's* in 's S. Walker conj. .  
conj. 26—32. *Can...we*] S. Walker would end the lines *lord...jovial... love;...remembrance...both...we.*  
14. *close*] *coil* A. Hunter.  
16. *But...suffer,*] One line in Theobald. Two in Ff, the first ending 26. *further*] *farther* Collier.

*Lady M.* Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30  
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,  
And make our faces visards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*Lady M.* You must leave this. 35

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown 40  
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, 45  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow 50  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:

28. *among*] *F*<sub>1</sub>. *'mong* *F*<sub>2</sub>*F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>.

29—35. See note (vi).

30. *apply*] *F*<sub>1</sub>. *still apply* *F*<sub>2</sub>*F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>.

32. *Unsafe.....that we*] *Vouchsafe*  
*the while your presence.—O, that we*  
*Bullock* conj.

33. *flattering*] *so flattering* Rowe.

34. *visards*] *vizards* *Ff.* *vizors*  
*Theobald.*

*to our*] *t' our* Pope.

37. *Fleance*] Rowe. *Fleans* *F*<sub>1</sub>*F*<sub>3</sub>  
*F*<sub>4</sub>. *Feans* *F*<sub>2</sub>.

*lives*] *live* Hanmer.

38. *eterne*] *eternal* Pope.

42. *shard-borne*] *F*<sub>1</sub>*F*<sub>2</sub>. *shard-born*  
*F*<sub>3</sub>*F*<sub>4</sub>. *sharp-brow'd* Davenant's ver-  
sion. *sharn-bode* Daniel conj.

43, 44. *Hath...note.*] As in Rowe.  
In *Ff* the first line ends at *peale*.

46. *seeling*] *Ff.* *sealing* Rowe.

50. *Light*] *Night* Warburton conj.

50, 51. *and...wood*] As in Rowe.  
One line in *Ff*.

51. *to the rooky*] *to the murky* or

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
 Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill: 55  
 So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

*Third Mur.* Macbeth.

*Sec. Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers  
 Our offices, and what we have to do,  
 To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us.  
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day: 5  
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
 To gain the timely inn, and near approaches  
 The subject of our watch.

*Third Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

*Sec. Mur.* Then 'tis he: the rest  
 That are within the note of expectation 10  
 Already are i' the court.

*to the dusky Roderick conj. to the rocky Jennens. to rook i' th' Steevens conj.*

*wood:] wood: on earth below*

Keightley.

53. *Whiles] While Capell.*

*preys] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> prey's F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, prey Pope.*

SCENE III.] SCENE II. Rowe.  
 SCENE IV. Pope.

*A park...] A Park, the Castle at a Distance. Rowe.*

2. *He needs not our] We need not to Warburton conj. ap. Theobald MS. our] to Pope.*

3, 4. *do, To...just.] do.—To...just!*

Johnson conj. "

6. *lated] F<sub>1</sub>, latest F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

7. *and] end F<sub>1</sub>.*

*near] here Collier MS.*

9. *Give us a light] Give us light Pope. Give light Hanmer.*

*Then 'tis he] Then it is he Pope. 'Tis he Capell.*

9—11. *Give.....about.] S. Walker would end the lines ho!...within...already...about, reading it is for 'tis, line 9, and in for i', line 11.*

9, 10. *the rest...expectation] As in Pope. One line in Ff.*

10. *That are] om. Steevens conj.*

11. *Already] om. Steevens conj.*

*First Mur.* His horses go about.

*Third Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually—  
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Sec. Mur.* A light, a light!

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.*

*Third Mur.* 'Tis he.

*First Mur.* Stand to 't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

*First Mur.* Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.* Was't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

*Sec. Mur.* We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

*First Mur.* Well, let's away and say how much is  
done. [*Exeunt.*

13. *from*] om. Seymour conj.

14, 15. *A light...to 't.*] Marked as  
'Aside' by Capell.

14. *Enter...*] Ff (after *walk*). *Enter*  
Banquo, and Fleance; Servant,  
with a Torch, before them. Capell  
(after *walk*).

Fleance] Fleans, Ff.

16. *It will be*] *Twill* Steevens conj.,  
reading *Stand...down* as one line.

[*They...*] They fall upon Ban-  
quo and kill him; in the scuffle Fleance

escapes. Rowe. om. Ff.

17. *O...fly!*] One line in Hamner.  
Two in Ff.

*good*] *godd* F<sub>2</sub>. om. Pope.

18. [*Dies...*] Pope. Dies. Rowe.  
om. Ff.

20. *There 's...fled*] As in Ff. Pope  
ends the lines at *son...affair*.

*We have*] *We've* Pope.

21, 22. S. Walker would end the  
lines *away,...done*.



SCENE IV. *Hall in the palace.*

*A banquet prepared. Enter* MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS,  
LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants,

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down: at first  
And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society  
And play the humble host.  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

5

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*Enter first Murderer to the door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:  
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There's blood  
upon thy face.

10

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he despatch'd?

15

SCENE IV.] SCENE III. Rowe.  
SCENE V. Pope.

Hall.....] A Room of State.  
Rowe. A Room of State in the  
Castle. Pope. A Hall of State... Ca-  
pell.

A banquet.....] Banquet... Ff. A  
Banquet set out. Flourish. Capell.

1, 2. *You...welcome.*] Arranged as  
in Capell (Johnson conj.). The first  
line ends at *downe*: in Ff.

1. *at first*] *And first* Rowe (ed. 2).  
*To first* A. Hunter (Johnson conj.).

2. *last*] *next* Johnson conj.

[They sit. Rowe.

5. *best*] F<sub>1</sub>. *the best* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

8. *they are*] *they're* Pope. *their*  
Anon. conj.

Enter.....door.] Capell, after  
line 10. Enter first Murderer. Ff.

12. [*Approaching the door*] Edd.  
(Globe'ed.). To the Mur. Rowe. To  
the Murderer aside at the door. Pope.  
om. Ff.

12—32. *There's...again.*] Marked  
as 'Aside' by Capell.

14. [*Aside*. Hunter conj.

*he*] *him* Hanmer.

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's  
good

That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else  
been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that.

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow,  
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,  
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;  
From thence the saucè to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 16. <i>that I did</i> ] <i>I did that</i> Pope.     | Theobald. <i>hear thee ourselves</i> Han-                                  |
| 17—19. <i>Thou.....nonpareil.</i> ] Ar-             | mer. <i>hear, ourselves</i> Steevens. <i>hear,</i>                         |
| ranged as in Rowe. The lines end <i>Cut-</i>        | <i>ourselves,</i> Dyce. <i>hear thee ourselves</i>                         |
| <i>throats, ...Fleance: ...Non-pareil</i> in Ff.    | Keightley.   |
| 17. <i>o' the</i> ] of Pope.                        | <i>ourselves</i> ] <i>ourself</i> Capell conj.                             |
| <i>good</i> ] <i>as good</i> Long MS.               | 33. <i>sold</i> ] <i>cold</i> Pope.  |
| 21. [ <i>Aside</i> ] Grant White (Hunter            | 34. <i>vouch'd</i> ] Ff. <i>vouched</i> Rowe.                              |
| conj.).   | <i>while 'tis a-making,</i> ] <i>while 'tis</i>                            |
| <i>Then.....perfect,</i> ] One line in              | <i>a making:</i> F <sub>1</sub> . <i>while 'tis making:</i> F <sub>2</sub> |
| Pope. Two in Ff.                                    | F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> . <i>while 'tis making,</i> Pope. <i>the</i> |
| 24. <i>I am</i> ] <i>I'm</i> Pope.                  | <i>while 'tis making:</i> Collier MS.                                      |
| 29. [ <i>Aside</i> ] Indicated by Steevens.         | 35. <i>'Tis...feed</i> ] <i>Then give the wel-</i>                         |
| 32. <i>hear ourselves</i> ] <i>hear't ourselves</i> | <i>come: to eat</i> A. Hunter.   |

Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, 40  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

*Ross.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company. 45

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserved, sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your  
highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Ross.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought 55  
He will again be well: if much you note him,  
You shall offend him and extend his passion:  
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

39. [The Ghost...] Ghost of Banquo rises, ... Capell. Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and... Ff, after *it*, line 37. Staunton transfers, to follow *mischance!* line 43: Keightley, to follow *company*, line 45. The Ghost of Duncan... Seymour conj.

42. *Who? Whom?* Pope.

43. *mischance!*] Pope. *mischance*. Ff.

44. *Please't!*] *Please it* Steevens.

45. *company.*] Dyce. *company?* Ff. [starting. Rowe.

46. *Here is!* *Here's* Pope (ed. 2).

48. *Here...highness?*] One line in Capell. Two in Ff.

*my good lord!*] *my lord* Steevens (1793), reading *Where?...highness?* as one line.

55. *momentary!*] F<sub>1</sub>. *momentary* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*upon!* on Pope.

58. *Feed!* *Eat* A. Hunter.

[To Macbeth. Rowe. To Macb. aside. Pope.

58—83. *Are.....is.*] Marked as 'Aside' by Capell.

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff!

60

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,

Impostors to true fear, would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,

65

Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done,

You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say  
you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

70

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*Lady M.* What, quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.*

Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,  
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;

75

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again,

80

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

60. O] om. Pope.

61. [Aside. Pope.

64. *Impostors to true* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Imposters to true* F<sub>2</sub>. *Importers to true* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *Impostors of true* Hanmer. *Impostures true* to Johnson conj. *Impostures of true* Capell.

69. [Pointing to the Ghost. Rowe. *Prithee.....you?*] One line in Capell. Two in Ff.

73. [*Exit Ghost.*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Omit-

ted in F<sub>1</sub>. Ghost vanishes. Rowe.

*in folly*] om. Steevens conj.

75. *olden*] *olde* Rowe (ed. 1). *golden* Mason conj. *elden* Seymour conj.

76. *humane*] Ff. *human* Theobald (ed. 2).

*gentle*] *gen'ral* Theobald (Warburton). *ungentle* Seymour conj.

77. *have been*] *hath been* Johnson.

78. *time has*] Edd. *times has* F<sub>1</sub>. *times have* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; 85  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.  
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; 90  
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.

*Re-enter Ghost.*

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide  
thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 95  
Which thou dost glare with.  
*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.  
*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me 105

84. *do forget*] *forgot* Pope.

87. *Come,*] om. Pope.

89. *o']* of Rowe.

92. *And all*] *And hail* Johnson  
conj. (withdrawn).

93. [The Lords rise. Jennens conj.  
*Re-enter Ghost.*] The Ghost  
rises again. Pope. Enter Ghost. Ff,  
after line 88. As he is drinking, the  
Ghost rises again just before him.

Rowe, after line 88. Enter Banquo's  
Ghost. Seymour conj. Enter Duncan's  
Ghost. Strutt conj.

101. *the Hyrcan*] *th' Hyrcan* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*th' Hyrcan* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Hyrcanian* Pope  
(Davenant's version). *Hyrcan* John-  
son. *the Hircanian* Capell.

103. *or be alive*] *O be alive* Rowe  
(ed. 2). *Be alive* Pope.

105. *trembling I inhabit then,*] F<sub>1</sub>.

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Why, so: being gone,

I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displaced the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,

With most admired disorder.

*Macb.*

Can such things be,

110

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder? You make me strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,

115

When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Ross.*

What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and  
worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once.

*Len.* Good night; and better health

120

Attend his majesty!

*trembling I inhabit, then* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*trembling I inhibit, then* Pope. *trembling me inhibit, then* Theobald conj. (withdrawn). *trembling I evade it, then* Johnson conj. *trembling I inhabit then*, Jennens. *trembling I, inhabit then* Jennens conj. *trembling I inhibit thee*, Malone (Steevens conj.). *trembling I exhibit, then* A. Hunter (Robinson conj., Gent. Mag. Vol. LIX. 1201). *tremblingly inhabile, then* Becket conj. *trembling I inhibit then*, Elwin. *blenching I evade it, then* Bailey conj. *trembling I evade it, then* Keightley. *trembling I unknighth me, then* Bullock conj. *trembling I inherit, then* Anon. conj.

*protest*] *protect* F<sub>4</sub>.

106. *horrible*] *terrible* Theobald (ed. 2), Warburton and Johnson.

107. [*Exit Ghost.*] *Exit*. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>, after *shadow*, line 106. om. F<sub>1</sub>. *Ghost vanishes*. Rowe, after *gone*. *Ghost disappears*. Dyce.

*being gone*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *be gone* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

108. [The Lords rise. Rowe.

109, 110. *broke...disorder.*] As in Rowe. One line in Ff.

110—112. *Macb. Can..... You*] *Lady M. Can't...wonder?* *Macb. You* Warburton.

113. *to*] at Hanmer.

*owe*] *know* Johnson conj. (withdrawn).

114. *When now*] *Now when* Hanmer.

115. *checks*] *cheek* Hanmer.

116. *is*] *are* Malone.

*sights*] F<sub>1</sub>. *signes* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *signis*

F<sub>4</sub>.

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*

*Macb.* It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:  
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;  
Augures and understood relations have  
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth 125  
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person  
At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130  
There's not a one of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good 135  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,

121. *A kind*] om. Pope.  
[*Exeunt.....*] *Exeunt* Rosse,  
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants. Cap-  
pell. Exit Lords. F<sub>1</sub>. *Exeunt* Lords.  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

122. *It...blood:*] One line in Rowe.  
Two, the first ending *say*, in Ff.

*blood: they say*] *blood, they say*  
Pope. *blood they say*, Ff. *blood.—They*  
*say*, Johnson.

123, 124. *speak; Augures*] *speak*  
*Augures*; Singer conj.

124. *Augures*] Ff. *Augurs* Theo-  
bald. *Auguries* Rann (Steevens conj.).  
See note (VII).

*and understood*] *that understood*  
Rowe. *that understand* Warburton.

125. *maggot-pies and*] *mag-pies*,  
*and by* Pope.

*choughs*] *coughs* Warburton.

129. *sir?*] om. Collier conj.

130. *hear*] *heard* Keightley.

131. *There's not a one*] *There is*  
*not one* Pope.

*a one*] *a Thane* Theobald. *a*  
*man* Grant White.

132. *I keep*] *I'll keep* Collier MS.

132, 133. *I...sisters:*] S. Walker  
would end the lines *fee'd...will,...*  
*sisters*.

133. *And betimes...to*] *Betimes...*  
*unto* Pope. *And betimes...unto* Rann.  
*Ay, and betimes...to* Anon. conj.

*I will*] *will I* Lettsom conj.

*weird*] Theobald. *weyard* F<sub>1</sub>.

*wizard* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

134. *I am*] *I'm* Pope.

135. *worst. For...good*] Johnson.  
*worst, for...good*, Ff. *worst, for...good*;  
Rowe.

137. *Stepp'd*] *Stept* F<sub>1</sub>. *Spent* F<sub>2</sub>  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

138. *go*] *going* Hanmer.

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

140

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V. *A heath.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth  
In riddles and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron  
Meet me i' the morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny:  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your charms and every thing beside.

5

10

15

141. *natures*] *nature* A. Hunter.

142. *to*] *too* Warburton.

144. *We are*] *We're* Pope.

*in deed*] Theobald. *indeed*  
Ff. *in deeds* Hamner.

SCENE V.] SCENE IV. Rowe.

SCENE VI. Pope.

A heath.] The Heath. Rowe.

Hecate.] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Hecat. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

2. *reason, beldams*] Knight. *reason*  
(*Beldams*) Ff.

2, 3. *are, ...over-bold?*] Capell. *arc?*  
*...over-bold*, Ff.

11. *wayward*] *weyward* Pope.

12. *Spiteful...do,*] *A spiteful and a*  
*wrathful, who* Steevens conj.

13. *Loves*] *Lives* Halliwell conj.



I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end: 20  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound;  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground: 25  
 And that distill'd by magic sleights  
 Shall raise such artificial sprites  
 As by the strength of their illusion  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:  
 And you all know security  
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.*  
 Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit. 35

*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be  
 back again. [Exit.

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

*Enter LENNOX and another Lord.*

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
 Which can interpret farther: only I say—

20. *the] th'* Ff.  
 21. *dismal and a fatal] dismal,*  
*fatal* Pope. *dismal-fatal* Steevens  
 (1793).

26. *sleights] slights* Ff.  
 27. *raise] rise* F<sub>2</sub>.  
 33. *mortals']* Theobald (ed. 2).  
*mortals* Ff. *mortal's* Rowe.  
 [Music...away,' &c.] Capell,  
 substantially. Musicke, and a Song.  
 Ff.

35. *a] the* Rowe (ed. 2).  
 [Sing within. Come away,  
 come away, &c. Ff.

[Exit.] Capell. om. Ff.  
 36. *back again.]* As in Pope. As  
 a separate line in Ff.

SCENE VI.] SCENE V. Rowe.  
 SCENE VII. Pope.

Forres. The palace.] A Cham-  
 ber. Theobald. Foris. A Room in  
 the Palace, Capell.  
 another Lord.] Angus. A. Hunter  
 (Johnson conj.).

1. *My.....thoughts,]* One line in  
 Rowe. Two in Ff.

2. *farther] further* Johnson.

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan  
 Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead: 5  
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
 Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
 For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.  
 Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain  
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10  
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
 In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?  
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;  
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive 15  
 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,  
 He has borne all things well: and I do think  
 That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—  
 As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find  
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20  
 But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
 Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell  
 Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,  
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, 25  
 Lives in the English court, and is received  
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace

3. *borne*] *born* F<sub>4</sub>.  
 5. *right-valiant*] Hyphen inserted  
 by Theobald.

7—10. *late. Who.....father?*] Ff.  
*late Who...father.* Grant White conj.  
 (withdrawn).

8. *Who cannot want*] *You cannot  
 want* Hanmer. *Who can want or  
 Who cannot have* Jennens conj. *Who  
 care not, want* Jackson conj. *We can-  
 not want* Keightley.

*monstrous*] *monstrous too* Pope.  
*monsterous* Capell.

11. *it did grieve Macbeth!*] Capell.  
*it did grieve Macbeth?* Ff. *did it grieve*

*Macbeth?* Pope.

14. *not that*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *that not* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*and*] om. Pope.

16. *deny't*] *deny it* Capell.

18. *his key*] F<sub>1</sub>. *the key* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

19. *an't*] Theobald (ed. 2). *and't*  
 Ff.

*should*] F<sub>1</sub>. *shall* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

21. *'cause*] Pope. *cause* Ff.

24. 40. *Lord.*] Ang. A. Hunter  
 (Johnson conj.).

24. *son*] Theobald. *Sonnes* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>  
 F<sub>3</sub>. *Sons* F<sub>4</sub>.

26. *Lives*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Live* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*is*] Ff. *are* Rowe.

That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30  
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:  
 That by the help of these, with Him above  
 To ratify the work, we may again  
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, 35  
 Do faithful homage and receive free honours:  
 All which we pine for now: and this report  
 Hath so exasperate the king that he  
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40  
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
 And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time  
 That clogs me with this answer.'

*Len.* " And that well might  
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45  
 Fly to the court of England and unfold  
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
 May soon return to this our suffering country  
 Under a hand accursed!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

- 29, 30. Arranged as in Ff. Steevens (1773, 1778, 1785) transferred *is gone* to end of line 29.
30. *holy*] om. Pope.  
*upon*] on Capell. om. Anon. conj.  
*upon his aid*] *in aid* Anon. conj.
31. *Siward*] Theobald (ed. 2). Hamner. *Seyward* Ff.
35. *Free*] *Fright* or *Fray* Steevens conj.  
*Free...banquets*] *Our feasts and banquets free from* Malone conj.
38. *exasperate*] *exasperated* Rowe (ed. 2). *exasp'rated* Pope.  
*the king*] Hanmer. *their king* Ff. *our king* Anon. conj.
39. *of war*] om. Pope.
44. *to a caution, to*] *to a caution, t'* Ff. *is a care to* Pope. *caution and to* Steevens conj.
48. *suffering country*] *country, suffering* Capell conj.
49. *I'll send.....him.*] *My prayers with him!* Steevens (1793).

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.*

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

*First Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

*Sec. Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries "'Tis time, 'tis time.'

*First Witch.* Round about the cauldron go :

In the poison'd entrails throw. 5

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ; 10

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake ;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog, 15

ACT IV. SCENE I.] Actus Quartus.  
Scena Prima. F<sub>1</sub>. Actus Quintus...  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

A...cauldron.] Capell, substantially. A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning. Rowe.

2. *Thrice and*] Staunton and Delius. *Thrice, and* Ff. *Twice, and* Theobald. *Thrice; and* Steevens (1778).

*hedge-pig*] *Hedge-Pigge* F<sub>1</sub>. *Hedges Pigge* F<sub>2</sub>. *Hedges Pig* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

3. *Harpier*] *Harper* Pope. *Hark, her* Jackson conj. *Harpy* Steevens conj.

*cries* "'Tis] *cries, 'tis* Ff. *cries—'tis* Steevens (1773). *cries:—'tis* Steevens (1778).

5. *entrails*] *entremes* Warburton conj.

[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several Ingre-

dients as for the Preparation of their Charm. Rowe.

6. *Toad, that*] *This toad, which* Davenant's version. *Toadstool*, Bullock conj.

*under cold*] *under mossy* Davenant's version. *under the cold* Rowe (ed. 2). *under coldest* Steevens (1793). *under a cold* Staunton conj. *underneath cold* Keightley. *under cold cold* Anon. conj. *under some cold* Anon. conj.

7. *has*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *ha's* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *hast* Hammer.

*one*] *one*, Pope. *one*: Ff.

8. *venom sleeping*] *venom, sleeping* Delius.

10, 20, 35. *Double, double*] Steevens. *Double, double*, Ff.

12. *Sec. Witch.*] 2. Ff. 1 *Witch*. Pope (ed. 2).

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ; 20  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,  
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark, 25  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat and slips of yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,  
Finger of birth-strangled babe 30  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble ; 35  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Sec. Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your "pains ;  
And every one shall share i' the gains : 40  
And now about the cauldron sing,

16. *blind-worm's]* *blind-worm* Pope. 34. *ingredients]* Rowe. *Ingredientie*  
17. *howlet's]* *owlet's* Pope. Ff.  
23. *Witches']* Theobald (ed. 2).  
*Witches* Ff. *Witch's* Singer. *cauldron]* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>; *cauldron* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>;  
24. *ravin'd]* *ravening* Pope. *ravin* 38. *Enter.....]* Edd. (Globe ed.).  
Rann (Mason conj.). Enter Hecat, and the other three  
*salt-sea shark]* Capell. *salt Sea* Witches. Ff (Hecat, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>). Enter  
*sharke* Ff. *salt sea-shark* Pope. Hecat, and other three Witches.  
28. *Sliver'd]* *Silver'd* Rowe (ed. 2). Rowe. Enter Hecat, and other  
23. *chaudron]* *chaudron* Ff. *chaul-* Witches. Collier. Enter Hecat.  
*dron* Keightley. Dyce (Ritson conj.).  
39. O] om. Anon. conj.

Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*  
[*Hecate retires.*

*Sec. Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes: 45  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down; 55  
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60  
To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Sec. Witch.* Demand.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our  
mouths,  
Or from our masters?

43. *Black spirits, &c.*] See note (VIII).

[*Hecate retires.*] Edd. (Globe ed.). Exit *Hecate*. Dyce. om. Ff.

46, 47. *Open...knocks!*] As in Dyce. One line in Ff.

48. SCENE II. Pope.

55. *bladed*] *bleaded* Collier (Collier MS.). *bearded* Beisly conj.

56. *on*] *o'er* Collier MS.

57. *slope*] *stoop* Capell conj.

59. *germins*] Theobald. *germaine* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *germain* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *germins* Pope. *germen* Delius.

*all together*] Pope. *altogether* Ff.

62. *thou'dst*] Capell. *th' hadst* Ff.

63. *masters?*] Pope. *masters*. Ff. *masters?* Capell.

*Macb.* Call 'em, let me see 'em.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten 65  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder.* *First Apparition: an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

*First Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

*First App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.

[*Descends.*

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd<sup>m</sup> my fear aright: but one word more,—

*First Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's another, 75  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* *Second Apparition: a bloody Child.*

*Sec. App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*Sec. App.* Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born 80  
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

'em...em] *them...them* Capell. scnds. Ff.

65. *grease*] Pope. *greaze* F<sub>1</sub>. *greace* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *grace* Rowe (ed. 2).

68. First Apparition...] 1. Apparition, an Armed Head. Ff (Apparition, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>). Apparition of an armed Head rises. Rowe.

69. *power*,—] *power*— Rowe. *power*. Ff.

71. *Macbeth...Macduff*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

72. [*Descends.*] Rowe. He De-

74. *Thou hast*] *Thou'st* Pope.

*harp'd*] *happ'd* Becket conj.

*more*,—] *more*— Rowe. *more*. Ff.

76. Second Apparition...] 2 Apparition, a bloody Child. Ff. Apparition of a bloody Child rises. Rowe.

79—81. *Be...Macbeth.*] In Reed (1803) the lines end *bold*,...*man*,...*Macbeth.*

79. *Be...scorn*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
 But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
 And sleep in spite of thunder.

85

*Thunder.* *Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this,  
 That rises like the issue of a king,  
 And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
 And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to 't.

*Third App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
 Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
 Shall come against him.

[Descends.]

*Macb.* That will never be:  
 Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
 Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!  
 Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood  
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth  
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart  
 Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
 Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
 Reign in this kingdom?

95

100

83. *assurance double*] Pope. *assurance: double* F<sub>1</sub>. *assurance, double* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

86, 87. *What...king,*] As in Rowe.  
 One line in Ff.

86. *Third...*] 3 Apparition...hand.  
 Ff (*Apparition*, F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>). Apparition of  
 ...rises. Rowe.

89. *top*] type Theobald conj.  
*to 't*] om. Pope.

90. *lion-mettled*] Hyphen inserted  
 by Pope.

93. *Birnam*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Byrnam* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>

F<sub>3</sub>.

*high Dunsinane*] *high Duns-*  
*mane* F<sub>4</sub>. *Dunsinane's high* Pope.

94. [*Descends.*] Rowe. *Descend.*  
 Ff.

97. *Rebellion's head*] Hanmer  
 (Theobald conj.). *Rebellious dead* Ff.  
*Rebellious head* Theobald (Warburton).

98. *Birnam*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Byrnan* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*Byrnam* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

100, 110. *heart*] *hart* F<sub>1</sub>.

102. [*The Cauldron sinks into the*  
*ground.* Rowe.



*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied : deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know: 105  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*

*First Witch.* Show!

*Sec. Witch.* Show!

*Third Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110  
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's  
Ghost following.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does scar mine eye-balls. And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.  
A third is like the former. Filthy hags! 115  
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!  
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?  
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:  
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120  
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:  
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his. What, is this, so?

105. [Thunder; and the Cauldron sinks. Horrid Musick. Capell.

105, 106. *know: Why] know Why* S. Walker conj.

106. [Hautboys.] Hoboys. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>. Hoboys. F<sub>4</sub>.

111. A show...] A show of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand. Ff. Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo last, with a Glass in his Hand. Rowe. Eight...order, and Banquo; the last, with a glass in his hand. Theobald. Eight.....order, the last

holding a glass in his hand: with Banquo following them Hanmer.

113. *eye-balls. And thy hair,] eye-balls; and thy hair.* Collier MS.

*hair] hair* Ff. *air* Warburton (Johnson). *hair* Jackson conj.

114. *is] art* Collier MS.

116. *eyes] F<sub>1</sub>. eye F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

119. *eighth] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. eight F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.*

122. *Now] nay now* Pope. *Ay, now* Steevens (1793).

124. *What, is] Pope. What? is F<sub>1</sub>. What is F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

*First Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly? 125

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round, 130  
That this great king may kindly say  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*]

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious  
hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will? 135

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by? 140

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 145  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be

125. *First Witch.*] Hec. Edd. conj.  
125—132. *Ay,.....pay.*] Omit as  
spurious. Anon. conj,

127. *sprites*] *sprights* Ff.

130. *antic*] *antick* Theobald. *an-  
tique* Ff.

132. *The Witches...Hecate.*] Edd.  
(Globe ed.). *The Witches Dance,  
and vanish,* Ff.

133. *Where.....hour*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

136. *weird*] Theobald. *weyard*  
F<sub>1</sub>. *wizard* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *wizards* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*sisters*] *sihers* F<sub>2</sub>.

144. [*Aside*] Johnson.

147. *firstlings*] F<sub>1</sub>. *firstling* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>  
F<sub>4</sub>.

The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise; 150  
 Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:  
 But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen? 155  
 Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*

*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land?

*Ross.* You must have patience, madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
 Our fears do make us traitors.

*Ross.* You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear. 5

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,  
 His mansion and his titles, in a place  
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;  
 He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,  
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10  
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
 All is the fear and nothing is the love;  
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight

148. *firstlings*] *firstling* Rowe (ed. 2).

149. *be it*] *be't* Pope.

152. *unfortunate*] *th' unfortunate*  
 Heath conj.

153. *him in*] om. Johnson conj.

*No...fool;*] Omit as spurious,  
 ending lines 153, 154 *do...sights!* and  
 reading *Where...are* as prose. Anon.  
 conj.

154. *this purpose*] *the purpose* Han-  
 mer.

155. *sights*] *flights* Collier (Collier

MS. and Singer MS.). *sprites* Grant  
 White.

SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.

*Fife. Macduff's castle.*] Mac-  
 duff's Castle at Fife. Theobald. Mac-  
 duff's Castle. Rowe.

*Enter Lady Macduff...*] Rowe. *En-*  
*ter Macduff's Wife...* Ff.

1. *L. Macd.*] *Wife.* Ff (and through-  
 out).

10. *diminutive*] F<sub>4</sub>. *diminitive* F<sub>1</sub>,  
 F<sub>3</sub>. *diminutive* F<sub>2</sub>.

So runs against all reason.

*Ross.* My dearest coz,  
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband, 15  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before. My pretty cousin, 25  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Ross.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at once. [Exit.

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead: 30  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,

14. *My...coz*] *Dearest cousin* Pope.  
*My dearest cousin* Theobald.

16. *He is*] *He's* Pope.

17. *The fits o'*] *What fits* or *That fits* Anon. conj.  
*season*] *time* Pope.

19. *know*] *know't* Hamner.

19, 20. *we hold rumour...we*] *we bode ruin...we* or *the bold running...they* Johnson conj.

*rumour.....fear, yet*] *fear*  
*From rumor, and yet* Becket conj.

21. *float upon*] *floating on* Jackson conj.

22. *Each...move.*] *Each way and wave.* Theobald conj. *And move each way.* Capell. *And each way move.* Keightley (Steevens conj.). *Each way,*

*and move*— Johnson conj. *Each wail and moan.* Jackson conj. *Which way we move.* Ingleby conj. *And move each wave.* Anon. conj.

23. *Shall*] *'T' shall* Hamner. *It shall* Keightley.

26—29. *Blessing...discomfort:*] *S.* Walker would end the lines *yet...fool* —...*disgrace, ...discomfort.*

27. *Father'd...fatherless.*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

30. [Exit.] Exit Rosse. Ff.

32. *with*] *on* Pope.

33. *With*] *On* Pope.

*I mean*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

34. *Poor...lime,*] One line in Theobald. Two in Ff.

*lime*] F<sub>1</sub>. *line* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

- The pitfall nor the gin. 35  
*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not  
 set for.
- My father is not dead, for all your saying.  
*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?  
*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?  
*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40  
*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.  
*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,  
 With wit enough for thee.  
*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?  
*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was. 45  
*Son.* What is a traitor?  
*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.  
*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?  
*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and must  
 be hang'd. 50  
*Son.* And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?  
*L. Macd.* Every one.  
*Son.* Who must hang them?  
*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.  
*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there 55  
 are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and  
 hang up them.  
*L. Macd.* Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how  
 wilt thou do for a father?  
*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would 60  
 not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new  
 father.

35—43. *The.....thee.]* Capell ends the lines *mother?...father's...dead:...Nay,...buy me...buy 'em...wit;...thee.*

36. *Why...for.]* One line in Pope. Two in Ff.

37. *My father is] But my father's* Capell, reading *Poor...father's* as one line.

38. *Yes.....father?]* One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.  
*do] do now* Capell.

41. *buy] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> by F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.*

42. *with all] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> withall F<sub>1</sub>.*

42, 43. *and yet...thee.]* As in Pope. One line in Ff.

48. *so?] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub> so. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.*

49, 50. *Every...hang'd.]* Prose in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

54. *the] om. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*

56. *enow] enough* Capell.

58. *Now] om. F<sub>4</sub>.*

58, 59. *Now, God...father?]* Prose first in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honour I am perfect. 65  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 70  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*]

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember now  
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable, to do good sometime 75  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*First Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified 80  
Where such as thou mayst find him.

*First Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest; thou shag-ear'd villain!

*First Mur.* What, you egg!  
[*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery!

63. *L. Macd.*] Wife. F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>.  
Son. F<sub>2</sub>.

68, 69. *ones. To...thus,] ones: To*  
*...thus, F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. ones To...thus. F<sub>1</sub>.*

70. *worse to you] less, to you Han-*  
*mer. worship to you Warburton. less*  
*to you, Capell.*

72. [*Exit.*] Exit Messenger. Ff.  
*Whither] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. Whether F<sub>1</sub>*  
F<sub>2</sub>.

73. *I have] I've Pope.*

74. *I am] I'm Pope.*

78. *To say.....faces?] One line in*  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

*I have] F<sub>1</sub>. I had F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.*  
*I'ad Pope. I'd Theobald.*

79. First Mur.] i. M. Capell.  
Mur. Ff.

82. *shag-ear'd] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. shagge-ear'd*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *shag-hair'd Dyce (Steevens*  
conj.).

[*Stabbing him.*] Rowe. om. Ff.

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother :  
Run away, I pray you ! [Dies.  
[Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murder!'  
*Exeunt murderers, following her.*

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows 5  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* " What I believe, I'll wail ;  
What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10  
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something  
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom 15  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,

83. *He has] H' as Pope.*

84. *I pray] pray Pope.*

[Dies.] Capell. om. Ff.

[Exit.....] Edd. (Globe ed.).

Exit L. Macduff, crying Murther;  
Murtherers pursue her. Theobald.  
Exit crying Murther. Ff.

SCENE III.] SCENE IV. Pope.

England. Before.....] Dyce.  
The King of England's Palace. Rowe.  
A Room in Edward the Confessor's  
Palace. Capell. England. Steevens.

4. *down-fall'n] downfaln* Warburton (Johnson). *downfall* F<sub>1</sub> F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>.  
*downfal* F<sub>4</sub>. *down-fall* Capell.

*birthdom]* Johnson. *birthdome*  
F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *birth-dome* F<sub>4</sub>. *birth-doom*  
Pope. *birth-dame* Johnson conj.

8. *syllable] syllables* Pope.

14. *I am] I'm* Pope.

15. *deserve]* Theobald (Warburton).  
*discerne* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *discern* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*of him]* om. Steevens conj.

*and wisdom] 'tis wisdom* Hanmer.  
*and wisdom is it* Steevens conj.  
*and 'tis wisdom* Collier conj. *and wisdom 'tis* or *and wisdom bids* Staunton conj. *and wisdom 'twere* Keightley.

16. *To offer] 'Tis t' offer* Nicholson conj.

To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.*

But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon; 20

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.*

I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. 25

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,

Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,

Without leave-taking? I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just, 30

Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.*

Bleed, bleed, poor country:

'Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou think'st 35

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp

And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.*

Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds: I think withal 40

20. *But...crave*] *I crave* Pope. *But 'crave* Steevens (1793).

23. *wear*] *bear* F<sub>4</sub>.

24. *still look*] *look still* Theobald (ed. 2).

*I have*] *I've* Pope.

25. *Perchance...doubts.*] One line in Rowe. Two in Ff.

26. *child*] *childe* F<sub>1</sub>. *children* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

28. *Without*] *Without so much as* Anon. conj.

*I pray you*] om. Pope. *pray you* S. Walker conj. *O Macduff, I pray you* Anon. conj.

33. *dare*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *dares* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

34. *The*] Ff. *His* Pope. *Thy* Malone.

*affeer'd*] Steevens, 1793 (Heath conj.). *affear'd* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *afear'd* F<sub>3</sub>. *afear'd* F<sub>4</sub>. *assur'd* or *affirm'd* S. Walker conj. *affeer'd* Keightley.

*Fare*] *Far* F<sub>1</sub>.

35. *think'st*] *think'st me* Keightley.



There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
 And here from gracious England have I offer  
 Of goodly thousands: but for all this,  
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, 45  
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
 Shall have more vices than it had before,  
 More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,  
 By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean: in whom I know 50  
 All the particulars of vice so grafted  
 That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
 Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state  
 Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
 With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions 55  
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
 In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
 Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
 Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
 That has a name: but there's no bottom, none, 60  
 In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
 Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up  
 The cistern of my lust, and my desire  
 All continent impediments would o'erbear,  
 That did oppose my will: better Macbeth 65  
 Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
 In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
 To take upon you what is yours: you may 70

44. *Of*] *Of aid* of Keightley.  
*but*] *but yet* Hanmer.

F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

52. *open'd*] *ripen'd* Collier MS.

63. *cistern*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *cesterne* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.

57. *evils*] *ills* Pope.

66. *an*] *a* Capell.

*Mal.*] F<sub>1</sub>. *Macb.* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*Boundless*] om. Steevens conj.

59. *smacking*] F<sub>1</sub>. *smoaking* F<sub>2</sub>

Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
 And yet seem cold; the time you may so hoodwink:  
 We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
 That vulture in you, to devour so many  
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
 Finding it so inclined. 75

*Mal.* With this there grows  
 In my most ill-composed affection such  
 A stanchless avarice that, were I king,  
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands,  
 Desire his jewels and this other's house: 80  
 And my more-having would be as a sauce  
 To make me hunger more, that I should forge  
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
 Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
 Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root 85  
 Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been  
 The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
 Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will  
 Of your mere own: all these are portable,  
 With other graces weigh'd. 90

*Mal.* But I have none: the king-becoming graces,  
 As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
 I have no relish of them, but abound 95  
 In the division of each several crime,  
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,

71. *Convey*] *Enjoy* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS.).

72. *cold, the.....hoodwink:*] Theobald. *cold. The...hoodwinke:* Ff. *cold. The...hoodwink,* Rowe. *cold: the... hoodwink:* Pope.

73. *We have*] *We've* Pope.

83. *loyal*] *royal* Pope.

85. *Sticks*] *Strikes* Hanmer (Theobald conj.).

86. *summer-seeming*] *summer-teem-*

*ing* Theobald (Warburton). *summer-seeding* Rann (Heath conj.). *fume, or seething* Johnson conj. *summer-sinning* Jackson conj. *summer-seaming* Staunton conj.

88. *foisons*] *foysons* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *poison* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *foison* Anon. conj.

89. *portable*] *bearable* A. Hunter.

98. *Pour...hell*] *Sow'r...hate* Hanmer. *Sour...hell* Jackson conj.

Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland! 100

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live. O nation miserable!  
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, 105  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,  
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul 115  
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste: but God above 120  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,

99. *Uproar*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Uprore* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*Uproot* Keightley.

102, 103. *Fit...miserable!*] As in  
Pope. One line in Ff.

107. *accurs'd*] *accurst* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*accust* F<sub>1</sub>.

111. *lived*] *liv'd* Ff.

*Fare*] *Oh fare* Pope.

113. *Have*] Rowe. *Hath* Ff.

117. *thy*] *this* Hanmer (1745).

123. *detraction*] *detractions* Capell.  
conj.

126. *woman*] F<sub>1</sub>. *women* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*forsworn*] *forsworne* F<sub>1</sub>. *for-*

*swore* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *yet forsworn* Hanmer  
(1745).

At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow, and delight  
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking 130  
 Was this upon myself: what I am truly,  
 Is thine and my poor country's to command:  
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,  
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
 Already at a point, was setting forth. 135  
 Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness  
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?  
*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once  
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray  
 you? 140

*Doct.* Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls  
 That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
 The great assay of art; but at his touch,  
 Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
 They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.* 145

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:  
 A most miraculous work in this good king;  
 Which often, since my here-remain in England,

133. *Whither*] *Whether* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*thy*] *thÿ* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*here-approach*] Hyphen inserted by Pope.
134. *Siward*] Theobald. *Seyward* Ff.
135. *Already*] Ff. *All ready* Rowe.  
*at a point*] *at appoint* Warburton.  
*forth.*] F<sub>1</sub>. *foorth?* F<sub>2</sub>. *forth?* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.
136. *the chance of goodness*] *our chance, in goodness* Hanmer. *the chance, O goodness,* Johnson conj. *the chain of goodness* Jackson conj.
137. *Be like*] *Be-link* Jackson conj. *Belike* Staunton.  
*warranted*] *unwarranted* Capell (corrected in MS.).
140. SCENE V. Pope.  
*Well.....you?*] As in Rowe.  
 Two lines in Ff.
142. *convinces*] *defeats* A. Hunter.
145. [*Exit Doctor.*] Capell. Exit. Ff, after *amend*.
148. *here-remain*] Hyphen inserted by Pope.

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people, 150  
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures,  
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves 155  
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue  
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne  
 That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not. 160

*Macd.* My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now: good God, betimes remove  
 The means that makes us strangers!

*Ross.* Sir, amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?

*Ross.* Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot 165  
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,  
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,  
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
 A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170  
 Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives  
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
 Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation

149. *I have]* *I've* Pope.  
 150. *strangely-visited]* Hyphen inserted by Pope.  
 159. SCENE VI. Pope.  
 162. *God, betimes]* Capell. *God betimes* Ff.  
 163. *The means]* Twice in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *makes]* *make* Hanmer.

166. *nothing]* *no one* A. Hunter.  
 168. *rend]* Rowe. *rent* Ff.  
 170. *dead man's]* Johnson. *dead-mans* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *dead-man's* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
 171. *for who;]* *for whom?* Pope.  
 173. *Dying]* *Die* A. Hunter. *or ere]* *or e'er* Rowe. *O, relation]* *Relation, oh!* Hanmer.

Too nice, and yet too true!

*Mal.* What's the newest grief?

*Ross.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker; 175  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Ross.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Ross.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*Ross.* No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't? 180

*Ross.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot: 185  
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort  
We are coming thither: gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190  
An older and a better soldier none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Ross.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they? 195  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

173, 174. *O, ...true*] As in Theobald. One line in Ff.

174. *Too...true!*] *Too nice, yet true!* Stevens conj.

*What 's*] *What is* Hanmer.

*newest*] *new'st* S. Walker conj.

180. *goes 't*] *gos't* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>, *go's it* F<sub>4</sub>.

187. *make our women*] *and make women* Pope.

189. *We are*] *We're*] Pope.

190. *Siward*] Theobald. *Seyward* Ff.

195. *latch*] *catch* Rowe.

195, 196. *What...cause?*] Theobald. *What concerne they, The generall cause,* Ff. *What? concern they The gen'ral cause?* Rowe.

Due to some single breast?

*Ross.* No mind that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

*Ross.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Ross.* Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner, 205  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add 'the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. 210

*Macd.* My children too?

*Ross.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

*Ross.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief. 215

*Macd.* He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

203. *Hum*] *Ha* A. Hunter.

211—213. *Wife...too?*] As in Capell. Two lines in Ff.

213. *I have*] *I've* Pope.

216. *He has*] *You have* A. Hunter.

*All*] *What, all* Hanmer, ending the previous line at *children*.

217. *say all?*] *say all? what, all?*

Theobald.

217—219. *O hell-kite.....swoop?*] Put in the margin by Pope, who reads instead *what, all?*

217. *O hell-kite!*] *O vulture! hell-kite!* S. Walker conj.

*All?*] *what, all?* Pope's margin.

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so; 220

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am, 225

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,

Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly. 235

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt. 240

220. *Dispute*] *Endure* Pope.  
*do so*] om. Pope.

225. *struck*] Rowe. *strooke* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*strook* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

229. *anger*] *wrath* Pope.

231. *heavens*] *heav'n* Pope.

233. *Scotland and myself;*] *Scot-*

*land and myself*, Pope. *Scotland, and  
my selfe* Ff.

235. *Heaven*] *Then heaven* Pope.  
*O God, or Then God* Anon. conj.

*This tune*] Rowe (ed. 2).  
*This time* Ff. *Thus, time* Jackson  
conj.



## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 5

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say? 10

*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! 15

This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?"

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command. 20

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Dunsinane.] Capell.  
Ante-room...] An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle. Rowe.

1. two] too F.

12. report] repeat Warburton conj.

15. Lady Macbeth,] Rowe. Lady, Ff. Queen, Staunton.

22. sense is] Rowe. sense are Ff. sense' are Dyce (S. Walker conj.).

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour. 25

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 30

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell 'is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? 35

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 40

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known. 45

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body. 50

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have

30. [taking out his Tables. Capell. *satisfy*] *fortifie* Warburton.

32. *murky*.] *murky*! Steevens. See note (IX).

33. *afeard*] *afraid* Rowe.

33, 34. *fear who...account?*] Theobald. *feare? who.....account*: F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *fear? who...account*: F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *fear who...account*— Rowe (ed. 2).

36. *him?*] Rowe. *him*. Ff.

38. [Sings. Nicholson conj.

40. *this*] F<sub>1</sub>. om. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

42. *Go...not.*] Prose in Pope. Two lines in Ff.

46. *of the blood*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *of bloud* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

52. *well,— well—* Rowe. *well*. Ff.

known those which have walked in their sleep who have 55  
died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands; put on your nightgown;  
look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried;  
he cannot come out on's grave.

*Doct.* Even so? 60

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate:  
come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done  
cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly. 65

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all! Look after her; 70  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:  
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS,  
LENNOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:

55. *which.....who] who.....to A.  
Hunter.*

58. *Banquo's] Duncan's Hunter  
conj.*

59. *on 's] of his Pope. of 's Ca-  
pell.*

63. [*Exit.*] Exit Lady. Ff.

70. *God, God] Good God Pope.*

73... *she has] she 'as Pope.*

74. [*Exeunt.*] Exeunt severally.  
Capell.

The country...] Capell. A Field  
with a Wood at Distance. Rowe.

Caithness,] Dyce. Cathnes. Ff.  
and] om. Ff.

2. *Siward] Theobald. Seyward Ff.*

Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes  
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm  
Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Caith.* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Caith.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:  
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breach;  
Those he commands move only in command,  
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself for being there?

*Caith.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:  
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

- 3—5. *for...man.*] Omit as spurious, Anon. conj. 11. *tyrant?*] F<sub>4</sub>. *tyrant.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.  
3. *causes*] Quoted *cause* in Theobald's note. 13. *hate*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *hates* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
4. *Would...alarm*] F<sub>1</sub>. Omitted in F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. 15. *cause*] *course* Singer, ed. 2 (Collier MS. and S. Walker conj.). *corse* Anon. conj.  
5. *mortified*] *milkiest* Anon. conj. 25. *there?*] Pope. *there.* Ff.  
8. *I have*] *I've* Pope. 27. *medicine*] *Med'cine* Ff. *medecin* Steevens (Warburton conj.). *med'cin* Capell.  
10. *unrough*] Theobald. *unruffe* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *unruff* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *unruff'd* Pope. *unwrought* Mason conj. *untough* Col-

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30

Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

*Enter* MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures:  
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear  
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!  
Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

31. *Make we*] *Make me* Theobald      Steevens (1793).  
(ed. 1). *Make up* Theobald (ed. 2).      *me thus*] *it* Pope. *me* Capell.  
*Birnam*] *Birnan* F<sub>4</sub>.      7. *upon*] *on* Steevens (1793).  
[*Exeunt, marching.*] Ff. *Exeunt*.      *Then fly*] *Fly* Pope.  
Rowe.      9. *sway*] *stay* Anon. conj.  
Dunsinane. A room in the castle.]      10. *Enter a Servant.*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Enter*  
Capell. The Castle. Rowe. Dunsinane. Pope.      *Servant.* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Enter an Attendant,*  
hastily. Capell.  
2. *Birnam*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Byrnan* F<sub>1</sub>.      11. *loon*] F<sub>3</sub>. *loone* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *lown* F<sub>4</sub>.  
*Byrnam* F<sub>2</sub>.      12. *goose*] *ghost* Anon. apud Rann  
3. *taint*] *faint* S. Walker conj.      conj.  
4. *The spirits*] *Spirits* Pope.      13. *is*] *are* Rowe.  
5. *consequences have*] *consequents,*      *thousand—*] Rowe. *thousand.* Ff.

*Macb.* Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? 15  
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton!—I am sick at heart,  
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push 20  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, 25  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

*Sey.* What's your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more? 30

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round; 35  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 17. <i>whey-face</i> ] <i>whay-face</i> Ff.  | 22. <i>way</i> ] <i>May</i> Steevens, 1778,  |
| 19. [Exit Servant.] Dyce. om. Ff.  | (Johnson conj.).   |
| 19, 20. <i>Seyton...say!</i> —] Pointed as   | <i>of</i> ] <i>off</i> Jackson conj.   |
| in Rowe. <i>Seyton, I...hart,...behold:</i>  | 28. <i>and dare</i> ] <i>but dare</i> Reed (1803,  |
| <i>Seyton, I say,</i> Ff.  | 1813, 1821).   |
| 19. <i>I am</i> ] <i>I'm</i> Pope.   | 29. <i>Seyton</i> ] om. Rowe.  |
| 21. <i>cheer</i> ] F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> . <i>cheere</i> F <sub>1</sub> F <sub>2</sub> . | 30. <i>What's</i> ] <i>What is</i> Pope.   |
| <i>chair</i> Dyce (Percy conj.).   | 32. <i>be</i> ] F <sub>1</sub> . <i>is</i> F <sub>2</sub> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> .            |
| <i>disseat</i> ] Steevens (Jennens and   | 35. <i>moe</i> ] F <sub>1</sub> F <sub>2</sub> . <i>more</i> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> .         |
| Capell conj.). <i>dis-eate</i> F <sub>1</sub> . <i>disease</i> F <sub>2</sub>                    | <i>skirr</i> ] <i>scour</i> A. Hunter.   |
| F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> .  | 36. <i>talk of</i> ] F <sub>1</sub> . <i>stand in</i> F <sub>2</sub> F <sub>3</sub> F <sub>4</sub> . |

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient 45  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.  
Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.  
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast 50  
The water of my land, find her disease  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say.  
What rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug, 55  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. 60

*Doct.* [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

39. *Cure her*] F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Cure* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*Make cure* Anon. conj.

*of*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *from* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

40. *not*] om. Badham conj.

*a mind*] *minds* Pope.

42. *Raze*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Raise* F<sub>3</sub>. *Raze* F<sub>4</sub>.

44. *stuff'd...stuff*] *clogg'd...stuff* or  
*stuff'd...load* Staunton conj.

*stuff'd*] *stuff'd* F<sub>1</sub>. *stuff* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

*full* Pope. *foul* A. Hunter (Steevens  
conj.). *fraught* Anon. conj. *press'd*  
Anon. conj.

*stuff*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *stuffe* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *tuft* Jack-

son conj. *grief* Collier (Collier MS.).  
*matter* Keightley. *slough* Anon. conj.

46. *to*] F<sub>1</sub>. *unto* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

48. *mine*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. *my* F<sub>4</sub>.

52. *pristine*] *pristine* F<sub>1</sub>.

55. *cyme*] *Cyme* F<sub>1</sub>. *Caeny* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

*senna* F<sub>4</sub>. *clysm* Badham conj. *sene*  
Wellesley conj. *sirrah* Bullock conj.

60. *Birnam*] *Birname* F<sub>1</sub>.

[Exit. Steevens (1793). Exeunt  
all except Doctor. Dyce.

61. [*Aside*] Hanmer.

62. [Exeunt.] Exit. Steevens (1793).

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam wood.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, and Soldiers, marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.

*Soldiers.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before 't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope:  
For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures

Country.....] Edd. (Globe ed.). A Wood. Rowe. Birnam Wood. Pope. Plains leading to Dunsinane; a Wood adjacent. Capell. om. Steevens:

Drums and colours.] Ff. om. Rowe.

Enter...] Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching. Ff.

1. Cousins] *Cosins* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>. *Cousin* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

3. Birnam] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Byrnam* F<sub>2</sub>. *Birname* F<sub>1</sub>.

8. confident] *confin'd* Warburton.

11, 12. where...have given] *when ...do give* A. Hunter.

11. advantage to be given] *a 'van- tage to be gone* Johnson conj. *advan- tage to be gone* Capell. *advantage to be goi'* Steevens conj. *advantage to be taken* Keightley (Chedworth conj.). *advantage to be gain'd* Singer conj. (withdrawn). *advantage to be gotten* Collier (Collier MS.).

14, 15. Let...Attend] F<sub>1</sub>. *Let our best censures Before* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *Set our*

5

10



Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

15

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

20

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*]  
What is that noise?

5

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*]

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;

10

*best censures Before Rowe. Lst our  
best centuries Before:— Jackson conj.*

Dunsinane. Within.....] Malone.  
The Castle. Rowe. Dunsinane. Pope.  
The Castle of Dunsinane. Theobald.  
Before Dunsinane. Hanmer. Dunsinane.  
A Plat-form within the Castle.  
Capell.

...drums and colours.] ...Drum and  
Dolours. F<sub>3</sub>. ...Drums and Colours.  
F<sub>4</sub>.

1. banners on...walls;] banners on

.....walls, Ff. banners; on.....walls  
Anon. conj.

5. forced] forc'd Hanmer. farc'd  
Collier (Collier MS.).

7. [A cry...] A Cry within of Women.  
Ff (after noise?).

8. [Exit.] Dyce. om. Ff. Retires.  
Collier conj. Enter an Attendant,  
who whispers Seyton. Anon. conj.

10. cool'd] coil'd Malone conj.  
quail'd Collier (Collier MS.).

13. supp'd full] surfeited Hanmer.

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

15. *once*] *now* Hanmer. 24--26. *A poor...more:]* Omitted  
Re-enter Seyton.] Dyce. om. by A. Hunter.  
Ff. 30. *Gracious my*] F<sub>1</sub>. *My gracious*  
16. *my lord*] om. Pope. F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
17, 18. *died hereafter; There*] *died:* 31. *I say*] *I'd say* Hanmer. om.  
*hereafter There* Jackson conj. Keightley, reading *Gracious...which*  
18. *time...word.] time for--Such a* as one line.  
*world!*-- Johnson conj. (withdrawn). 32. *do it*] Knight. *do't* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
20. *Creeps*] *Creep* Capell conj. *do't* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
22. *fools*] *foules* Hunter conj. *say*] *say it* Pope.  
23. *dusty*] F<sub>1</sub>. *study* F<sub>2</sub> F<sub>3</sub> F<sub>4</sub>. 34, 44. *Birnam*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Byrname* F<sub>1</sub>.  
*dusky* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *Byrnam* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>.

- Macb.* Liar and slave! 35
- Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.
- Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy 'speech be sooth, 40  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.  
I pull in resolution, and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood 45  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,  
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. 50  
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

*Drum and colours.* Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and  
their Army, with boughs.

*Mal.* Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,  
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,

35. [Striking him. Rowe.  
37. *may you*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, *you may* F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
39. *shalt*] *shall* F<sub>1</sub>.  
40. *cling*] *clen* Anon. conj.  
42. *pull*] *pull* A. Hunter (John-  
son conj.).  
46. *toward*] *towards* Warburton.  
47—50. *If.....undone.*] Omit as  
spurious, Anon. conj.  
48. *nor flying*] F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>, *no flying*  
F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
49. *a-weary*] F<sub>1</sub>, *a weary* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.  
*weary* Johnson.
50. *the estate*] *th' estate* Ff. *the*  
*state* Pope.  
51. *Ring...bell*] A stage direction,  
Theobald conj.  
Dunsinane. Before...] Before Mac-  
beth's Castle. Rowe. Before Dunsinane. Pope.  
Drum and colours.] Ff. om. Rowe.  
Enter...old Siward...] Enter...  
Seyward... Ff.  
1. *Now...down,*] One line in Rowe.  
Two in Ff.  
*leavy*] Ff. *leafy* Collier.

Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

5

*Siw.* Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak; give them all  
breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. 5

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name 's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

4. *worthy*] *brave* Pope.  
5. *upon's*] *upon us* Capell.  
7. *Do we*] *Let us* Pope.  
10. [*Exeunt.*] Capell. *Exeunt.*  
Alarums continued. Ff.  
SCENE VII.] *Scena Septima.* Ff.  
Rowe, Pope, &c. continue the Scene.  
Another...] The same. Another

Part of the Plain. Capell.  
Alarums.] Alarums, as of a Battle  
join'd. Skirmishings. Capell. Alarums  
continued. Ff (at end of SCENE VI).  
1. *They have*] *They've* Pope.  
4. *Enter young Siward.*] Theobald.  
*Enter young Seyward.* Ff (*yong F<sub>2</sub>*).  
6. *hotter*] *hoter* F<sub>1</sub>.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. 10

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*]

*Mach.*

Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, 15  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruted: let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarums.*

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; 25  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Excunt. Alarum.*]

10. *abhorred*] F<sub>1</sub>. *thou abhorred* conj.  
F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

11. [*They fight.....*] Fight, and young Seyward slaine. F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub> (yong F<sub>2</sub>). Fight, and young Seyward's slain. F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>.

18. *either*] or Pope.

19. *unbatter'd*] Rowe. *unbattered* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *unbattered* F<sub>2</sub>.

22, 23. *Seems.....And*] As in Ff. One line in Hammer.

22. *bruted*] *bruted there* Steevens

*find*] but *find* Steevens conj.

23. *Alarums.*] Ff. *Alarum.* Rowe (ed. 2).

old Siward.] Seyward. Ff. Siward. Theobald. old Seyward. Capell.

27. *itself professes*] *professes itself* Johnson.

28. *We have*] *We've* Pope.

29. *Alarum.*] Ff. *Alarums.* Capell.

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.**Enter* MACBETH.

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Enter* MACDUFF.

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn!

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged 5  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words:  
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

*Macb.* Thou locest labour:  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed: 10  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm,  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb 15  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,  
That palter with us in a double sense; 20

SCENE VIII]. Dyce. SCENE VII.  
Pope. Scene continued in Ff.

...field.] ...plain. Dyce.

Enter...] Ff. Re-enter... Capell.

2. *whiles*] *whilst* Rowe.

3. Enter...] Ff. Re-enter... Ca-  
pell.

6. *I have*] *I've* Pope.

8. [*They fight.*] Malone. Fight :  
Alarum. Ff. Fight. Capell.

That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, 25  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last: before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'  
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

*Retreat. Flourish.* Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

*Mal.* I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. 35  
*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.  
*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only lived but till he was a man; 40  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

22. *I'll*] *I will* S. Walker conj., Ff. Exeunt, fighting. Capell.  
ending the lines *hope!...coward.* Retreat. Flourish.] Retreat,  
26. *pole*] *cloth* A. Hunter. and Flourish. Ff.  
27. *I will*] *I'll* Pope. old Siward,] Seyward, Ff.  
30. *Birnam*] F<sub>4</sub>. *Byrname* F<sub>1</sub>. Siward, Theobald. old Seyward, Ca-  
*Byrnam* F<sub>2</sub>F<sub>3</sub>. pell.  
31. *being*] *be* Theobald. the other Thanes,] Thanes,  
34. *him*] *he* Pope. Ff. Lenox, Angus, Cathness, Men-  
[Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.] teth, Malone.  
Pope. Exeunt fighting. Alarums. 35. SCENE VIII. Pope.  
Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine. 41. *his prowess*] *he well* A. Hunter.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth, for then 45  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow, 50  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:  
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands 55  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*]

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time 60  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,

43. *he is*] *is he* Pope.

44. *cause*] *course* Anon. conj.

53. *And so*] *So* Pope. *And* Collier  
MS.

*be with*] *b' w'* Anon. conj.

Re-enter...] Capell. Enter...

Ff.

...head.] Ff. ...head on a  
pole. Malone (from Holinshed). ...head  
on a pike. A. Hunter.

54. *Hail.....stands*] One line in  
Rowe. Two in Ff.

[Sticking the pike in the

ground. Collier (Collier MS.).

56. *pearl*] F<sub>3</sub>F<sub>4</sub>. *pearle* F<sub>1</sub>F<sub>2</sub>.  
*peers* Rowe. *pearls* Anon. conj.

59. *Scotland!*] *Scotland! hail!*  
Hanmer.

All. *Hail,*] All. *All hail,*  
Anon. conj.

*Hail.....Scotland!*] *King of*  
*Scotland, hail!* Steevens (1793).

60. *spend*] *make* Keightley.  
*expense*] *extent* Steevens conj.  
*expanse* Singer conj.

62. *My*] om. Pope.



Henceforth be earks, the first that ever Scotland  
 In such an honour named. What's more to do,  
 Which would be planted newly with the time, 65  
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,  
 Producing forth the cruel ministers  
 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands 70  
 Took off her life; this, and what needful else  
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace  
 We will perform in measure, time and place:  
 So thanks to all at once and to each one,  
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. 75

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

70. *self and*] *self-laid* Anon. conj.

Warburton.

71. *what*] *what's* Hanmer. ...

75. *Exeunt.*] *Exeunt omnes.* Ff.

72. *Grace*] *heaven* Pope. *God*



## NOTES.

### NOTE I.

I. 5. 21—24. Pope was the first to place the words 'Thus thou... undone' in inverted commas, and was followed substantially by all subsequent editors with the exception of those we are about to mention. Hanmer printed in italics 'Thus thou must do if thou have it' only, and was followed by Capell and Mr. Staunton, except that they restore the original reading 'Thus' for 'This.' Johnson proposed to read 'me' for 'it' in line 22, printing in italics the same words which Pope included in inverted commas. His reading was adopted by Rann. Dr. A. Hunter (Harry Rowe) read:

'Thou'dst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have me,*  
*And that's what rather thou dost fear to do, ...*  
*Than wishest should be undone.'*

Mr. Joseph Hunter (*New Illustrations &c. of Shakespeare*, II. p. 172) proposed to mark the words 'Thus thou must do' only as a quotation, and to read line 22 thus:

'That which cries "Thus thou must do" if thou wouldst have it.'

### NOTE II.

II. I. 13, 14. The first Folio reads here:

'He hath beene in vnusuall Pleasure,  
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.'

The second, followed substantially by the third and fourth :

‘ He hath beene in unusuall pleasure.  
And sent forth a great Largesse to your Offices.’

Rowe altered ‘ Offices ’ to ‘ Officers.’

Pope reads :

‘ He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,  
And sent great largess to your officers.’

‘ To-night ’ was first introduced in Davenant’s Version.

This reading was adopted by subsequent editors down to Capell, inclusive. Steevens (1773) has :

‘ He hath been in unusual pleasure ;  
Sent forth great largess to your officers.’

Jennens first adopted the arrangement given in our text, though he retained Rowe’s emendation ‘ officers.’

#### NOTE III.

II. I. 24. After this line Jennens proposes to add the following to Banquo’s speech :

‘ Those lookers into fate, that hail’d you, *Cawdor!*  
Did also hail you, king! and I do trust,  
Most worthy *Thane*, you would *consent* to accept  
What your deserts would grace, when offer’d you.’

#### NOTE IV.

II. 2. 35, 36. In the Folios and the earlier editors it is not clear from the mode of printing where the words of the ‘ voice ’ ended. Hanmer printed the whole in italics down to ‘ life’s feast ’ in line 40, omitting however line 37 with Pope. Johnson was the first to print only the words ‘ Sleep no more ! Macbeth doth murder sleep ’ as the cry of the voice, supposing the remainder to be Macbeth’s comment. In lines 42, 43, where the printing of the earlier editions is equally indecisive, Hanmer prints from ‘ Glamis ’ to ‘ Macbeth shall sleep no more ’ in italics, while Johnson prints only ‘ Glamis hath murder’d sleep ’ as the cry of the voice.

## NOTE V.

III. 1. 120—122. Dr. A. Hunter (Harry Rowe) arranges these lines as follows :

‘But wail his fall whom I myself struck down :  
For certain friends there are, both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop : and thence it is, &c.’

## NOTE VI.

III. 2. 29—35. In these lines we have followed the arrangement of Steevens (1793), which with the exception of the fourth and fifth lines is the same as that of the Folios. The Folios divide the fourth and fifth lines thus :

‘Vnsafe the while, that wee must laue  
Our Honors’ in these flattering streames.’

Rowe read them :

‘Unsafe the while, that we must lave our Honours  
In these so flattering streams,  
And make &c.’

Pope :

‘Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours  
In these so flatt’ring streams, and make our faces  
Vizards t’ our hearts, disguising what they are.

Capell rearranged the whole passage thus :

‘So shall I, love ;  
And so, I pray, be you : let your remembrance  
Apply to Banquo ; présent him eminence, both  
With eye and tongue : Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams ;  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.’

Steevens suggested that something was omitted, and proposed to read ‘Unsafe the while it is for us, that we,’ &c.

## NOTE VII.

III. 4. 124. ‘Augure,’ as was pointed out by Mr. Singer, was used for ‘augury.’ In Florio’s *Worlde of Wordes* (1598), we find

'Augurio, an *augure*, a soothsaying, a prediction, a signe, a coniecture, a divination, a bad or ill hap, a wishing of good hap, a forboding.'

## NOTE VIII.

IV. I. 43. Rowe, from Davenant's version, prints the song thus:

'Black Spirits and White,  
Blue Spirits and Gray,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
Yout that mingle may.'

In the second line Malone printed 'Red spirits,' &c., following Middleton's play of *The Witch*, Act v. Sc. 2.

## NOTE IX.

V. I. 32. *Hell is murky*. Steevens printed these words with a note of exclamation after them, with the following note. 'She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes,) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i.e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.'





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