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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

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A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

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VOLUME XIII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.
ROMEO AND JULIET. TIMON OF ATHENS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

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Titus Andronicus.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE can be no doubt whatever but that, in or before the year 1598, Shakespeare had written a tragedy on the subject of and entitled Titus Andronicus. This fact is established on the well-known and incontestable evidence of Meres in the *Palladis Tamia*, a work entered on the Stationers' Registers on September 7th, 1598, and published in that year. Those, therefore, who, like myself, cannot believe that any portion of the tragedy of Titus Andronicus emanated from Shakespeare, have found it difficult to reconcile this opinion with the positive testimony of Meres and with the fact of its being included in the collective edition of 1623. In venturing to suggest what is, I believe, a novel solution of this difficulty, I would premise that I pay no attention to the extravagant pretensions to editorial accuracy set forth by the editors of the first folio. It is known that those editors misrepresented the facts in their statement respecting the copies they made use of, so that the mere fact of their including a play in their collection is not a substantive evidence that it was written by Shakespeare. The carelessness displayed by them in the selection of those copies invalidates such an assumption; while the public of the day were indifferent in such matters, save in the exceptional case of the great popularity of a particular drama. It is true that the editors were no doubt aware that Shakespeare had written a tragedy of Titus Andronicus, but my belief is that, not being able to obtain a copy of it, they contented themselves with a late edition of another play on the same subject, published under this title,—“The Most Lament-

able Tragedie of Titus Andronicus, as it hath syndry Times beene plaide by the Kings Maiestics Seruants. London, Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde at his Shoppe, nere the little North Dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611," 4to. That Shakespeare's name is not on this title-page is a fact which is no evidenee in the question of authorship, but the assertion that the tragedy had been played by the King's Company is in all probability untrue, for the next half-title in the same edition speaks of it as "the most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus, as it was plaid by the Right Honorable the Earle of Darbie, Earle of Pembroke, and Earle of Sussex their Seruants." It was in fact reprinted from an earlier edition which was issued in 1600 under the following title,—“The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants. At London, Printed by I. R. for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paulcs, at the signe of the Gun. 1600.” 4to. There was an earlier edition in 1594, thus recorded in Langbaine's Account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691, p. 464.—“Titus Andronicus his Lamentable Tragedy; this play was first printed 4° Lond. 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants.” In all probability, *Essex* is here a misprint for *Sussex*, as in the title-pages above quoted. The edition of 1594 was thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on February 6th, 1593-4,—“John Danter, Entred for his cotype under thandes of bothe the wardens a booke intituled a noble Roman historye of Tytus Andronicus.” It is unquestionably the same play which Henslowe records as having been acted by the Earl of Sussex's company early in 1594, and by the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's men in June of the same year,—“Received at Titus and Ondronicous the 23 of Jenewary, iij.li. viij.s.—Receiued at Titus and Ondronicous the 28 of Jenewary, 1593, xxx.s.—Received at Tittus and Ondronicus the 6 of Febery, 1593, xxx.s.—5 of June, 1594, received at Andronicous, xij.s.—12 of June, 1594, reeeived at Andronicous, vij.s.” The sums here named are Henslowe's shares of the proceeds of the representation. It is extremely unlikely that Shakespeare, who was always attached exclusively to the Lord Chamberlain's company, should have written a play in which that company could only

have had a very small interest. The mere fact of this drama having been acted by the several private companies above referred to, satisfies me that it does not belong to Shakespeare, but that it is to be classed with the old play of *Lear* and the others the subjects of which constituted the chief obligations of the great dramatist to previous writers. The internal evidence points irresistibly in the same direction, and I am convinced that Shakespeare's play of *Titus Andronicus* has yet to be recovered.

The loss of Shakespeare's play on the subject may possibly be attributed to its having been a failure in comparison with his other productions. It was probably withdrawn from the stage soon after its first appearance, and the manuscript may have been lost before the editors of the folio of 1623 made their collection. Ben Jonson, writing in 1614, ignores Shakespeare's drama, and thus refers to the popularity of the older play,—“hee that will sweare Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best playes, yet shall passe unexcepted at heere as a man whose judgement shewes it is constant and hath stood still these five and twentie or thirty yeeres. Though it be an ignorance, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed errour does well; such a one the author knowes where to finde him,” *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, 1614. Jonson hardly means here to convey the idea of a precise date, but merely that it was about the same age as the old play of *Jeronymo*, which was written about the year 1588. It is again alluded to in *Father Hubburd's Tales*, 1604,—“Nevertheless, for all my lamentable action of one arm, like old *Titus Andronicus*, I could purchase no more than one month's pay for a ten months' pain and peril, nor that neither, but to convey away my miserable clamours, that lay roaring against the arches of their ears, marry, their bountiful favours were extended thus far,—I had a passport to beg in all countries.” It is also worth notice that a German translation of a play of *Titus Andronicus* occurs in the curious collection of *English Comedies and Tragedies* acted in Germany, and published in German in the year 1620. This play is supposed by Tieck to be a mutilated and abbreviated copy of a drama anterior to the published tragedy.

At the same time that Danter published the tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, 1594, he issued a ballad on the same subject, which was often reprinted. An early copy of it, now before me, is entitled,—“*The Lamentable and Tragical History of*

Titus Andronicus, with the fall of his five and twenty sons in the wars of the Goths, with the ravishment of his daughter Lavinia by the Empresse two sons through the means of a bloody Moor taken by the sword of Titus in the war, with his revenge upon them for their cruell and inhumane Act; to the tune of Fortune my Foe." This seems to be merely a ballad founded on the story of the play.

Edward Ravenscroft published an alteration of the following play in the year 1687, in the preface to which he says,—“ I think it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise then the living of their money : that I may not appear guilty of such a crime, 'tis necessary I should acquaint you that there is a play in Mr. Shakespears volume under the name of Titus Andronicus, from whence I drew part of this.” He then adds,—“ I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters; this I am apt to believe, because 'tis the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his works; it seems rather a heap of rubbish then a structure.” Langbaine, however, p. 465, gives part of a prologue to the tragedy, written by Ravenscroft, but afterwards suppressed, in which he distinctly speaks of this drama as wholly written by Shakespeare. The tradition above recorded can, therefore, hardly be safely relied upon.

It is worthy of remark that Thomas Pavier owned the copyright of a piece called Titus Andronicus, which was assigned by his widow to two other publishers in 1626; but whether it was a tragedy or a prose history is not stated. From the terms of the entry, I should be inclined to imagine that it was the latter.

Titus Andronicus is here printed in small type, as a production which, in the Editor's belief, is in no sense to be attributed to Shakespeare.

Titus Andronicus.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*
 BASSIANUS, *Brother to SATURNINUS; in love with LAVINIA.*
 TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*
 MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to TITUS.*
 LUCIUS, }
 QUINTUS, } *Sons to TITUS ANDRONICUS.*
 MARTIUS, }
 MUTIUS, }
 Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to LUCIUS.*
 PUBLIUS, *Son to MARCUS the Tribune.*
 ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*
 ALARBUS, }
 CHIRON, } *Sons to TAMORA.*
 DEMETRIUS, }
 AARON, *a Moor, beloved by TAMORA.*
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans. Goths and Romans.
 TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*
 LAVINIA, *Daughter to TITUS ANDRONICUS.*
A Nurse, and a black Child.
 Kinsmen of TITUS, *Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE—Rome; and the Country near it.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
 Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
 And, countrymen, my loving followers,
 Plead my successive title with your swords.
 I am his first-born son, that was the last
 That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
 Then, let my father's honours live in me,
 Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,
 If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
 And suffer not dishonour to approach
 Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
 To justice, continence, and nobility,
 But let desert in pure election shine;
 And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
 Ambitiously for rule and empery,
 Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
 A special party, have by common voice
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
 For many good and great deserts to Rome:
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls.
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
 Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength:
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
 And to the love and favour of my country
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
 As I am confident and kind to thee.—
 Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*]

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good Andronicus,
 Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,

Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour, and with fortune, is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, &c. Enter MARTIUS and MUTIUS: after them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then LUCIUS and QUINTUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo! as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The Tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O! think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away, with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,—
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen—
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their Swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpets sounded, and the Coffin laid in the Tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome:
O! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliant of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bus. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—“Long live our emperor!”

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor,
And say,—“Long live our Emperor Saturnine!”

[*A long Flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor.
[*To TAMORA;*]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bus. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bus. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Bus. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. [*Titus kills MUTIUS.*]
Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Erit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,
But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice ?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered :
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Ereunt SATURNINUS and his Followers ; TAMORA, and her Sons ; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs ?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done !
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no ; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family :
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons !

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes :
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away ! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame ; none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall ! What villain was it spoke that word ?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What ! would you bury him in my despite ?

Mar. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded :

My foes I do repute you every one ;

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself : let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the SONS of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous :

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,

That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius ;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome ?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is ;

Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.

Is she not, then, beholding to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

Yes, and will uobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended ; TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and AARON : at the other side, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize :
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less ; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife ?

But let the laws of Rome determine all ;

Mean while, I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir : you are very short with us ;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life :

Only thus much I give your grace to know.

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd ;

That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds :
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam ! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my lord : the gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you !
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit look graciously on him ;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

[*Aside to SAT.*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :

You are but newly planted in your throne ;

Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant you for ingratitude,

Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;

And make them know what 'tis to let a queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—

[*Aloud.*] Come, come, sweet emperor, — come,

Andronicus,—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise : my empress has prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;—

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia.—

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his

highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,

Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not : trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we may all be

friends.

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace :

I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend ; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come ; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot ; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills ;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress ;
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts !

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I ? to wanton with this queen,

This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,

This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,

And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.

Holla ! what storm is this ?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,

And so in this, to bear me down with braves.

'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,

Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate :

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the

peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?

Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy; grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame! put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd.
Without entrolment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choiee.

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulean's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then, why should he despair, that knows to
court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you
jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Luerece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardiee.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Stygia, per maues vehor. [*Ereunt.*

SCENE II.—*A forest near Rome. Horns, and
cry of Hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with* Hunters, &c.,
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

[*Horns wind a peal.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA,
DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lar. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then: horse and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

[*To TAMORA.*

Mor. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[*Hides the Gold.*]

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unrol
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll,—
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be, [*Erit.*]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-becoming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples shou'd be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have notice of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious
mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tie'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [Stabs BASSIANUS.
[Stabbing him likewise.]

Lav. Ay, come, Scmiramis!—nay, barbarous Tamora;

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her:

First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,

Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak: away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam?

O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.]

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard, O, could I find it now!

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away,

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her!

Lav. O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.—

Remember boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will:

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long:

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.

O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,

Where never man's eye may behold my body;

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou
her husband: [Dragging off LAVINIA.]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Ereunt.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The Same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I esp'y'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you: wer't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the Pit.]

Quin. What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother! with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now

Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here.

All on a heap like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother ! help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out ;
O, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave,
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more : I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me ; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ! I know, thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants ; TITUS ANDRONICUS,
and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound :
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ.
[*Giving a Letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him hand-
somenly,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning : look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O, Tamora ! was ever heard the like ?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To TITUS*] fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison :
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What ! are they in this pit ? O wondrous
thing !

How easily murder is discovered !

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed ;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd ! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter ? Tamora was it you ?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord : yet let me be their bail ;
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them : see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers :
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain ;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king :
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
ravished ; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue
cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. [*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Wind Horns. *Enter MARCUS, from hunting.*

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so
fast ?

Cousin, a word : where is your husband ?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches ; those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—

Alas ! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind.

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah ! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame ;

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
 As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
 Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titan's face
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
 O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O! had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life;
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come; let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble Tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed:
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 [*Throwing himself on the ground.*]
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
 [*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*]
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! O, gentle, aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father! you lament in vain:
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead.—
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
 They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
 They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
 And bootless unto them.
 Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale. [*Rising.*]
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
 stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
 For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
 Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
 From these devourers to be banished?
 But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
 Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea,
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. Oh! that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
 Sweet varied notes, enlanguing every ear.

Luc. O! say thou for her, who hath done this
 deed?

Mar. O! thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of farther misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece.— Good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy checks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O! what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor

Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O! none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go
along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's
care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*
[*He cuts off TITUS'S Hand.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it is a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:

More hath it merited; that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVINIA.]

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then, be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then, must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then, must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then, give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now, let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA kisses him.]

Mar. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus.
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,

And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Livia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine, and his empress,
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in TITUS's House. A
Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then, thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,

To LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote
already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.
 Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk!
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands.—
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
 Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
 lamentations:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS Strikes the Dish with a Knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buz lamenting doings in the air?
 Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favor'd fly,
 Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah,
 sirrah!—

Yet I think we are not brought so low,
 But that between us we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man: grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
 I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
 Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

Exeunt.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Same.* Before TITUS'S House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS,
 LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
 Follows me every where, I know not why.—
 Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
 Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she
 mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care
 Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
 Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 Unless some fit, or frenzy do possess her;
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
 Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
 Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
 Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS
 had let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means
 this?

Some book there is that she desires to see.—
 Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed—
 What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
 than one

Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was;
 Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis:
 My mother gav't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
 Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I
 read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see! note how she quotes the
 leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
 Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never, hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O! why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down
by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his Name with his Staff,
and guides it with Feet and Mouth.*]
I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides
it with her Stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O! do you read my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O! calm thee, gentle lord, although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion decply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman: Marcus, let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee: and withal, my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.*]

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Erit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one
Door; at another Door, young LUCIUS, and an
Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses
writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods, confound you
both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd,
that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll, and written round
about?

Let's see;
*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O! 'tis a verse in Horace. I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you
have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their
guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not a happy
star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
over. *[Trumpets sound.]*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you
see Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep.
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam: a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man
but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.]
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all this threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice:

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we join in league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself;

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said.—

[Stabbing her; she screams.]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore
did'st thou this?

Aar. O lord! sir, 'tis a deed of policy.

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court,
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physic,
 [Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me:
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then, let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave; I'll bear you hence,
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat.
 And eabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit with the Child.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters on the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the way.—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery:
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astra reliquit:

Be ye remember'd Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
 Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
 Happily you may catch her in the sea,
 Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition;
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd:
 This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius! is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night attend him carefully;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
 What!

Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
 Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
 bear:

And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—here, *ad Apollinem*:—

Ad Martem, that's for myself:—

There, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy: Marcus, loose, when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
 We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
 said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon:
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
 See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius
 shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Arics such a knock
 That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
 And who should find them but the empress' villain.
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
 But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship
 joy.

Enter a Clown with a Basket and Two Pigeons.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
 come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
 hath taken them down again, for the man must not
 be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never
 drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there.
 God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven
 in my young days. Why, I am going with my
 pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter
 of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's
 men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold:—mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration, For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.— And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir: I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords and Others: SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his Hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
 Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
 My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,—
 However these disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears—there nought hath pass'd,
 But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,

Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick;
 Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den. I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the Letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds.

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords? Rome never had more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march again, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.

'Tis he the common people love so much:

Myself hath often heard them say,

When I have walked like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,

He can at pleasure stint their melody:

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit ; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep ;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will ;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador : [To *ÆMILIUS*.
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably :
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit* *ÆMILIUS*.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt*.]

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Enter *LUCIUS*, and an Army of Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him,

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a Goth leading *AARON*, with his Child in his Arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :—

“Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain thou might'st have been an emperor :
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace !”—even thus he rates the
babe,—

“For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.”

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth ! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ? hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy ; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aar. Get me a ladder.—Lucius, save the child ;
And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear :

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more ; but vengeance rot you all !

Luc. Say on ; and if it please me which thou
speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee ? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak ;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind : I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Whom should I swear by ? thou believ'st
no god :

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do not ;

Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,

Therefore I urge thy oath :—for that, I know,

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears,

To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,

To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the
empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman !

Aar. Tut ! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
 'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou
 saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that
 trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
 and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind, I think they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never
 blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous
 deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day,—and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse—

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

“Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.”

Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die

So sweet a death as hanging, presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire,

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

I Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March! away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *Before TITUS's House.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,

I will encounter with Andronicus,

And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,

To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.—

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*]

TITUS opens his study door.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick, to make me open the door,

That so my sad decrees may fly away,

And all my study be to no effect?

You are deceived; for what I mean to do,

See here, in bloody lines I have set down,

And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word. How can I graec my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk
 with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:

Witness this wretched stump, witness these erinson
 lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;

Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.

There's not a hollow eave, or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity, or misty vale,

Where bloody murder, or detested rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo! by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand;
Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long.
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord! how like the empress' sons they
are;

And you, the empress: but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* TITUS.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son,
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house:—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him: he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor:
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will
you 'bide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they sup-
pose me mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons

I take them; Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore, bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c. seize CHIRON,
and DEMETRIUS.]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.—

Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a bason, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains! Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia come,

[He cuts their throats.]

Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.—
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths; with AARON, Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exeunt Goths with AARON. Trumpets sound.]
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.]

Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[He kills LAVINIA.]

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind!

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[Killing TAMORA.]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[Killing TITUS.]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Killing SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their Partisans, ascend the
steps before TITUS'S House.]

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Roman Lord. Lest Rome herself be bane unto
herself;

And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise. O! pardon me;
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this
child;

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And, as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor.—

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[To an Attendant.]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.—
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task.—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips;
O! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
O lord! I cannot speak to him for weeping:
My tears will choke me, if I open my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with
woes.

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O! why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:

If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey.

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*]

Romeo and Juliet.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of Romeo and Juliet, which had long previously been favourably received in Italy and France, was introduced into England soon after the middle of the sixteenth century. The outline of the tale, but with characters under different names, was originally published in the novels of Masuccio di Salerno, printed at Naples in the year 1476 ; but the first story in which the lovers appear under the well-known names of Romeo and Juliet is *La Guilietta* by Luigi da Porto, published in 1535. Afterwards, in 1554, the history of the lovers experienced a further degree of popularity in the able hands of Bandello, who included it in his collection of tales which appeared at Lucca in 1554. These were the Italian versions of the story, from the last of which, though with many variations, it was turned into French by Pierre Boistreau ; and from the French, with further alterations and several additions, it appeared in an English garb in the year 1562 in a long poem by Arthur Brooke, who refers to Bandello as his sole authority, although the version by Boistreau was the one he evidently used. That Brooke was the writer of this poem is shown by an allusion to it in an epitaph on his death published in Turbervile's Epitaphes, 1567. It was again entered by Tottell on the registers of the Stationers' Company in 1582, no edition of that date, however, being known ; but it was republished by R. Robinson in 1587 under the title of, "The Tragickall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare Example of true Constancie, with the subtill Counsels and Practices of an old Fryer,

and their ill event." The story had appeared in a dramatized form on the English stage previously to 1562, as is known from the preface to the first edition of Brooke's poem; but no such play is now believed to exist, nor will it ever in all probability be discovered to what extent Shakespeare availed himself of any early drama on the subject. All that is at present known is that he largely used the materials found in Brooke's poem of 1562, and also that a few slight hints were taken by him from a prose version of Boistean inserted in Paynter's Palace of Pleasure, 1567. Both of these sources are here reprinted. The great popularity of the story in this country is evinced by the numerous notices of it in contemporary works, *e. g.*,— "Juliet, a noble mayden of the cytye Verona in Italye, whyche loved Romeus, eldest sonne of the Lorde Montesehe, and beinge pryvely maryed togyther, he at last poysoned hymselfe for love of her; she for sorowe of hys deathe slewe herselfe in the same tombe, wyth hys dagger," Peend's Hermaphroditus, 1565. "Fye, pleasure, fye, thou cloyest me withe delyghte. Nowe, Priam's sone, give place; thy Helen's hew is stainde! O Troylus, weepe no more, faire Cressed thyne is lothlye fowle. Nor Hercules thou haste cause to vaunt for thy swete Omphale; nor Romeo thou hast cause to weepe for Juliets losse, if ever Aurelia had saluted your sight whose bright eyes beam like the precious carbuncle," &c., Philotimus, 1583. Mr. Collier records other notices of it in Rich's Dialogue betwene Mercury and a Souldier, 1574; the Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578; a Poore Knight his Palace of Private Pleasure, 1579; and Saker's Narbonus, 1580.

The Tragical Historye of Romeus and Iuliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br.—In ædibus Richardi Tottelli.—Cum Privilegio.

TO THE READER.

THE God of all glorye created universallie all creatures, to sette forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteeme profitable in use and pleasure, and also those, whiche we accompte noysome, and lothisome. But principally he hath appointed man, the chiefest instrument of his honour, not onely, for ministryng matter thereof in man himselfe: but aswell in gatheryng out of other, the occasions of publishing Gods goodnes, wisdom, & power. And in like sort, everye dooyng of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good doynge of the good, and the evill actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull procedinges of the miserable, doe in divers sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee: so every example ministreth good lessons to

24^o. Augusti 1642.

Francis Smethwicke Entered for his Copies by order of a
full Court of Aldermen this day all his
Copies hereafter mentioned by
which did belong unto Mr John
Smethwicke his late father deceased.
Salus Juris & iustitiae &

12^o.

Hamblett. a play.

The taming of a shrew.

Romeo & Juliett.

Our Labour Lost.

14^o die Septembris 1642.

Mr. Fletcher

Mr. Nigod our wnto him by virtue
of a Note under the hand & seal
of Francis Smethwicke subscribed
by both the Wardens all his
estate right title interest wth
the said Francis hath in his
Copies hereafter following -
the w^{ch} did lately belong unto
Mr John Smethwicke his father
deceased &

12^o.

Hamblett; a play;

The taming of a shrew.

Romeo & Juliett

Our Labour Lost.

With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,
 Of noble tryumphes, and deedes of martial might,
 And shall geve rules of chast and honest lyfe.
 The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
 Or rather not reprove the laughing game
 Of this thy muse.

THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight,
 And both do graunt the thing that both desyre;
 They wed in shrift by counsell of a frier;
 Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.
 Three monthes he doth enioy his cheefe delight:
 By Tybalt's rage, provoked unto yre,
 He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
 A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight:
 New mariage is offred to his wyfe:
 She drinckes a drinke that seemes to reve her breath;
 They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
 Her husband heares the tydings of her death;
 He drinckes his bane; and she, with Romeus knyfe,
 When she awakes, her selfe (alas) she sleath.

ROMEUS AND IULIET.

THERE is beyonde the Alps, a towne of auncient fame,
 Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;
 Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle:
 Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.
 The fruitefull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
 The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth flow;
 The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease:
 And other moe commodities, which profite may and please;
 Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
 To fyll the houngrny eyes of those that curiously beholde;
 Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest
 Of Lumbard townes, or at the least compared with the best.
 In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raigne,
 To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
 Alas (I rewe to thinke) an heavy happe befell:
 ✓ Which Boccace skant (not my rude tonge) were able forth to tell.
 Within my trembling hande, my penne doth shake for feare,
 And, on my colde amased head, upright doth stand my heare.
 But sith shee doth commaunde, whose hest I must obaye,
 In moorning verse, a woful chaunce to tell I will assaye.
 Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muses with your art,
 Helpe, all ye damned feends to tell of joyes retournd to smart.
 Help eke ye sisters three, my skillesse pen tindyte:
 For you it causd which I (alas) unable am to wryte.
 There were two auncient stockes, which Fortune high did place
 Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race,
 Loved of the common sort, loved of the prince alike,
 And like unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to strike.

Whose prayse with equal blast, Fame in her trumpet blew ;
 The one was clipped Capulet, and thother Montague.
 A wouted use it is, that men of likely sorte,
 (I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eche others porte.
 So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
 And then of grudging envyes roote, blacke hate and rancor grewe.
 As of a little sparke, oft ryseth mighty fyre,
 So of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flashe oute theyr yre :
 And then theyr deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling stryfe,
 Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes ; it reved breth and lyfe.
 No legend lye I tell, scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
 That did behold the grisly sight, with wet and weping eye.
 But when the prudent prince, who there the scepter helde,
 So great a new disorder in his common weale behelde ;
 By jentyll meane he sought, their choler to asswage ;
 And by perswasion to appease, their blameful furious rage.
 But both his woords and tyme, the prince hath spent in vayne :
 So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buysy payne.
 When frendly sage advise, ne gentyll woords avayle ;
 By thondring threats, and princely powre their courage gan he quayle.
 In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,
 In time he should quyte quench the sparks that boornd within their brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
 And eche with outward frendly shew dooth hyde his inward hate :
 Cne Romeus, who was of race a Montague,
 Upon whose tender chyn, as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne :
 That from the cheefe of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,
 Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he found so foule his happe)
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,
 That from his owne affayres, his thought she did remove ;
 Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
 At length (in hope of better spede) himselfe the lover went ;
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde :
 And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
 But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
 With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes skilfull lore :
 By aunswere did cutte of thaffections of his love,
 That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move.
 So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
 That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke.
 And yet how much she did with constant minde retyre :
 So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by desyre.
 But when he many monthes, hopelesse of his recure,
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure :
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
 If chaunge of place might chaunge awaye his ill-bestowed love ;
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone :
 “ What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,
 Sith that my humble sute and labour sowede in vayne,
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne ?

What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne :
 But she the path wherein I treade, with spedy flight doth shunne.
 I can not live, except that nere to her I be ;
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight ;
 Perhaps mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,
 This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded.”

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
 A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his breast so depe :
 That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best :
 In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorrow and unrest,
 He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery night ;
 So deepe hath love with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright
 Within his brest, and hath so mastred quite his hart :
 That he of force must yeld as thrall ;—no way is left to start.
 He can not staye his steppe, but forth still must be ronne,
 He languisheth and melts awaye, as snow against the sonne.
 His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
 And eche of them in friendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.
 But one emong the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,
 Farre more than he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
 Gan sharply him rebuke, such love to him he bare :
 That he was felow of his smart, and partner of his care.
 “ What meanst thou Romeus (quoth he) what doting rage
 Dooth make thee thus consume away the best parte of thine age,
 In seking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,
 Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,
 Which are of force (I weene) to move the hardest hart to ruthe.
 Now for our frendships sake, and for thy health I pray ;
 That thou hencefoorth become thine owne ;—O give no more away
 Unto a thankeles wight thy precious free estate :
 In that thou lovest such a one, thou seemst thy selfe to hate.
 For she doth love els where (and then thy time is lorne)
 Or els (what bootest thee to sue) Loves court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace :
 What man is better shapd than thou ? who hath a swetter face ?
 By painfull studies meane, great learning hast thou wonne :
 Thy parentes have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater griefe (trowst thou ?) what wofull dedly smart
 Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart ?
 As in his age to see thee plinged deepe in vyce,
 When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise.
 What shall thy kinsmen thinke, thou cause of all their ruthe ?
 Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne thy yll employed youth.
 Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne
 To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.
 Remove the veale of love, that keepes thine eyes so blynde,
 That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
 Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.

Choose out some worthy dame, her honor thou and serve,
 Who will geve eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterve.
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barrayne soyle :
 As yeldes in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.
 Ere long the townishe dames together will resort :
 Some one of bewty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
 With so fast fixed eye, perhaps thou mayst beholde :
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love, and passions past of olde.”

The yong mans lystning eare receivde the holesome sounde,
 And reasons truth yplanted so, within his head had grounde ;
 That now with healthy coole ytempred is the heate,
 And piecemeale weares away the greefe that erst his heart dyd freate.
 To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,
 At every feast ykept by day, and banquet made by night,
 At pardons in the church, at games in open streate,
 And every where he would resort where ladies went to meete ;
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
 For he would view and judge them all with unallured eye.
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne ;
 But twyse as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
 For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
 False Fortune cast for him, poor wretch, a myschiefe newe to brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
 And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames.
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begyn.
 No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
 No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne ;
 But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
 Or by his name in paper sent, appoynted as a geast.
 Yong dansels thether flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to searche out.
 But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
 For as you heard, the Capilets, and they were at debate.
 Save Romeus, and he, in maske with hydden face :
 The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.
 When they had maskd a while, with dames in courtly wise,
 All did unmaske, the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes ;
 But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forsooke
 The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers nooke.
 But brighter then the sunne, the waxen torches shone :
 That maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one.
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe
 To woonder at his sightly shape and bewties spotles hewe ;
 With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
 That Ladies thought the fayrest dames were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head besyde, an other woonder rose,
 How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes.
 Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede :
 And women love an hardy hart as I in stories rede.
 The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,
 Yet they suppress the styrrd yre, the cause I doe not knowe :

Perhaps toffend theyr gestic the courteous knights are loth,
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreadyng the Princes wroth.
 Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage :
 Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.
 They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre deede :
 They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say God speede.
 So that he freely might the Ladies view at ease :
 And they also behelding him, their chaunge of fansies please.
 Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,
 That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
 With upright beame he wayd the bewty of eche dame,
 And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in natures frame.
 At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape,
 Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape.
 Whom erst he never sawe, of all she pleasde him most ;
 Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste
 Of perfit shapes renoune, and beautics sounding prayse,
 Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
 And whilset he fixed on her his partiall perced eye,
 His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
 Is nowe as quite forgotte, as it had never been :
 The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene.
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
 So novell love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,
 That onely death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.
 When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,
 Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost :
 He doubtfull, skasely knew what countenance to keepe ;
 In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenched and drenched deepe.
 Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde
 To aske her name, that without force hath him in bondage folde.
 Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,
 But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngrny eyes :
 Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete empoysonde baite :
 How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte ?
 So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,
 That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.
 Whilst Juliet (for so this gentle damsell hight)
 From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her sight :
 At last her floting eyes were anchored fast on him,
 Who for her sake dyd banishe health and fredome from eche limme.
 He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest as farre
 As Phœbus shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.
 In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,
 And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he raft.
 Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte :
 Till now he listed not assaulte her yong and tender hart.
 His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the quicke,
 That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did sticke.
 It booted not to strive, for why, she wanted strength ;
 The weaker eye unto the strong of force must yeld, at length,

The pomps now of the feast her heart gins to despise ;
 And onely joyeth when her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.
 When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving gleames :
 Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, ymingled were theyr beames.
 Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,
 That frendship in their brest had roote, and both would have it grow.
 When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache :
 And eche of them had sought the meane to end the warre by speache,
 Dame Fortune did assent theyr purpose to advaunce :
 With torehc in hand a comly knight did fete her fourth to daunce ;
 She quit herselfe so well, and with so trim a grace,
 That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race.
 The whilst our Romens a place had warely wonne,
 Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunee once beyng donne.
 Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,
 And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.
 At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
 And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;
 A courtier that eche where was highly had in pryce,
 For he was coorteous of his speche, and pleasant of devise.
 Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
 Such was emong the bashfull maydes, Mercutio to beholde.
 With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliets snowish hand :
 A gyft he had that Nature gave him in his swathing band,
 That frosen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,
 As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he did them holde.
 As soone as had the knight the vyrgins right hand raught,
 Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.
 For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,
 And well he wist she lovd him best, unles she list to fayne.
 Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest ;
 What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus cloven brest ?
 The soodain sweete delight had stopped quite his tong,
 Ne can he elaime of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.
 But she espyd straight waye, by ehaunging of his hewe
 From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe ;
 That vehment love was cause, why so his tong dyd stay,
 And so much more she longde to heare what Love could teach him saye.
 When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,
 And her desire of hearing him, by sylence did encrease,
 At last, with trembling voyee and shamefast ehere, the mayde
 Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde :

O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here :

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere :
 And so within her mouth, her tong he glewed fast,
 That no one woord could seape her more, then what already past.
 In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt :
 What chaunce (q' he) unware to me O lady mine is hapt ?
 That geves you worthy cause, my cumming here to blisse ?
 Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this :
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smylyng ehere :
 Mervayle no whit my heartes delight, my only knight and fere,

Mercutious ysy hande had all to frozen myne,
 And of thy goodness thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne.
 Whereto with stayed brow, gan Romeus to replye
 If so the Gods have graunted me suche favour from the skye,
 That by my being here some service I have donne
 That pleaseth you I am as glad, as I a realme had wonne.
 O wel bestowed tyme, that hath the happy hyre,
 Which I woulde wysh if I might have, my wished harts desire.
 For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,
 To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :
 As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
 His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.
 But if my tooched hand have warmed yours some dele,
 Assure your self the heat is colde, which in your hand you fele,
 Compard to suche quick sparks and glowing furious gleade
 As from your bewties pleasant eyne, Love caused to proceade ;
 Which have to set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,
 That lo, my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utwerd parts doe pyne.
 And but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;
 Wherefore (alas) have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne.

Even with his ended tale, the torches daunce had ende,
 And Juliet of force must part from her new chosen frend.
 His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes did shake,
 When laysureles with whispriing voyce thus did she aunswer make :
 You are no more your owne (deare friend) then I am yours
 (My honour saved) prest to bay your will, while life endures.
 Lo, here the lucky lot that sild true lovers finde,
 Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
 A happy life is love if God graunt from above,
 That hart with hart by even waight doo make exchaunge of love.
 But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde ;
 He hath forgot to ask her name that hath his hart in holde.
 With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,
 Both how she hight, and whence she canme, that him enchanted so.
 So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
 Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
 Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,
 That scarscly can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.
 Wherefore with piteous plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,
 That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seek her laughing game.
 And he reproveth love, cheefe cause of his unrest,
 Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest.
 Twyse hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde ;
 Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene the choyse were harde.
 Fyrst to a ruthlesse one he made him sue for grace,
 And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
 Amyd these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,
 He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde.
 And therefore is content, and chooseth still to serve :
 Though hap should sweare that guerdonles the wretched wight should sterve.
 The lot of Tantalus is Romeus like to thine ;
 For want of foode amid his foode, the myser still doth pine.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise
 To learne his name, that intertaind her in so gentlc wise ;
 Of whome her hart received so deepe so wyde a wound.
 An auncient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde :
 This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,
 With slender nedel taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.
 What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease unto the doore,
 Whose pages in their hand doe beare, two torches light before ?
 And then as eche of them had of his houshold name,
 So she him named yet once agayne the yong and wyly dame.
 And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,
 That yender doth in masking weede besyde the window stand.
 His name is Romeus (said shee) a Montagewe,
 Whose Fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your householdes rewe.
 The woord of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,
 And straight in steade of happy hope, despayre began to growe.
 What hap have I quoth she, to love my fathers foe ?
 What, am I wery of my wele ? what, do I wishe my woe ?
 But though her grievouse paynes distraind her tender hart,
 Yet with an outward shewe of joye she cloked inward smart ;
 And of the courtlyke dames her leave so courtly tooke,
 That none dyd gesse the sodain change by changing of her looke,
 Then at her mothers hest to chamber she her hyde,
 So well she faynde, mother ne nurce, the hidden harme descride.
 But when she should have slept as wont she was, in bed,
 Not halfe a winke of quiet slepe could harber in her hed.
 For loe, an hugy heape of dyvers thoughtes arise,
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.
 And now from side to side she tosseth and she turnes,
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes.
 And now she lykcs her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,
 And now eche houre within her head a thousand fansyes frames.
 Sometime in mynde to stop amynd her course begonne,
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to ronne.
 Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought :
 The fight was feerce, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
 In tourning masc of love she wandreth too and fro,
 Then standeth doutful what to doe, last, overprest with woe.
 How so her fansies cease, her teares did never blyn,
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begyn.
 Ah sily foole (quoth she) ycought in soottill snare :
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe ! ah caytife clad with care.
 Whence come these wandring thoughtes to thy unconstant brest ?
 By straying thus from raysons lore, that reve thy wonted rest.
 What if his suttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong ?
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte ?
 As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte ?
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshod served her lust ;
 And toornd theyr honor into shame, that did so slightly trust.
 What, was not Dido so, a crouned queene, defamd ?
 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus blamd ?

A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,
 In Boccace and in Ovids bookes too playnely written are.
 Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,
 By suttel sleight (my honor staynde) he hopes to worke at length,
 So shall I seeke to finde my fathers foe, his game ;
 So I befylde Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,
 Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so shrill
 Of my dispraysse, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.
 Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becommē,
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow toombe.
 Straight underneth her foote she treadeth in the dust
 Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, ybred of fond distrust.
 No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,
 Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,
 That where such perfet shape with pleasant bewty restes,
 There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted gēstes.
 Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne ;
 Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.
 The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd ;
 So that I see he loveth me, shall I then be unkynd ?
 His faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke ;
 And straight againe it flashed forth, and spread in eyther cheeke.
 His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
 His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed to rehearce.
 What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale ?
 The trembling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale ?
 And whilst I talke with him, him self he hath exylde
 Out of himself (as seemed me) ne was I sure begylde.
 Those arguments of love Craft wrate not in his face,
 But Natures hande, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.
 What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil ?
 These doo suffice ; and stedfast I will love and serve him still,
 Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
 So that he mynde to make of me his lawfull wedded wyfe.
 For so perchance this new aliance may procure
 Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall endure."

Oh how we can perswade our self to what we like,
 And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mynd mislyke.
 Weake arguments are stronge, our fansies streyght to frame
 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.
 The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughtes, when every shining starre
 Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spred in skies
 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,
 Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.
 And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,
 And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast :
 His love that looked for him there gan he straight espie.
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is ; she followeth with her eye
 His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
 But not so oft as he desyres ; warely he doth refrayne.

What life were like to love, if dred of jeopardy
Ysowerd not the sweete; if love were free from jelosy.
But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,
When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.
In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye;
For lo, it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where she is wont to show her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye;
But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,
Well armd he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadfull foes doth dred.
Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blynde?
He reveth daungers dread oft times out of the loves minde.
By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
And for the missing of his marke his griefe hath hym nye slaine.
And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe:
Her Romeus pleasant eyen (I mean) is almost dead for greefe.
Ech day she chaungeth howres (for lovers keepe an howre)
When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did sline so bright
That she espyde her love: her hart revived sprang;
And now for joy she clappes her handes, which erst for woe she wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desired sight,
His moorning cloke of mone cast off, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more:
His care was great, hers wise as great was all the time before;
For whilst she knew not why he dyd himselfe absent,
Ay douting both his health and life, his death she dyd lament.
For love is fearefull oft where is no cause of feare,
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.
Of greater cause alway is greater woorke ybred;
While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.
When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,
By happy hope of sight agayne he feedes his faynting hart.
What woonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?
What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joye?
His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;
Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love:
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The welbeloving knight and eke the welbeloved dame.
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaynes ronne,
With whispering voyce, ybroke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne:
Oh Romeus (of your life) too lavas sure you are,
That in this place, and at thys tyme, to hasard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen, saw you here?
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.
In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloody knyfe.

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare?
And eke my honor staynde, which I then lyfe doe holde more deare.

Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod he)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.
They may in spyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they also, who so sayth nay, a sonder may it shreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,
I should restore agayne to death, of lyfe my borrowde light,
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,
That part he should before that you by certaine trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I doe hope to win:
And how I wishe for lyfe, not for my propre ease,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,
Tyll dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pittie boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary hed doth rest:
Her bosome bathd in teares, to witnes inward payne,
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne:
Ah my deere Romeus, keepe in these woords, (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
For pittie and for dred welnigh to yelde up breath;
In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
For so my heart is knitte, yea, made one selfe with yours,
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynde endures,
But as you suffer payne, so I doe beare in part
(Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.
But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
You have respect, or pittie ought my teery weeping eyen,
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you doe intende my honor to defile,
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this whyle:
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the ende and marke which your desire hath found,
Obedience set aside, unto my parents dewe,
The quarell eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,
Both me and myne I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke my maydenhods dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseekes
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes.
Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,
Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
Or, till they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse.

And then with joynd hands, heavd up into the skies,
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance downe he cries,
 If he have other thought but as his Lady spake ;
 And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did aunswer make :
 Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
 As to accept me for your spouse, I yeld my selfe for such.
 In true witnes wherof, because I must depart,
 Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.
 Tomorrow eke bestimes, before the sunne arise,
 To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.
 He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught
 What I should doe in things of wayght, when I his ayde have sought.
 And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my fayth,
 I will be here (if you think good) to tell you what he sayth.
 She was contented well ; els favour found he none
 That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woordes alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
 For he of Frauncis order was, a fryer as I reede.
 Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,
 But doctor of divinitie proceded he in schoole.
 The secretes eke he knew in Natures woorkes that loorke ;
 By magiks arte most men supposd that he could wonders woorked.
 Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skills to know,
 If on no harmefull deede they do such skilfulnes bestow ;
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
 But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
 The townes folks herts, that welnigh all to fryer Lawrence ronned,
 To shrive them selfe ; the olde, the young, the great and small ;
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.
 And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
 The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
 Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montegue.
 Loved of this yong man more then any other geste,
 The frier eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best ;
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,
 (As erst you heard) by skilfull lore found out his harmes redresse.
 To him is Romeus gonned, ne stayth he till the morowe ;
 To him he paynteth all his case, his passed joy and sorow.
 How he hath her espyde with other dames in daunce,
 And how that first to talke with her himselfe he did advaunce ;
 Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both ycoupled are,
 That neither hope of lyfe, nor dred of cruel death,
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him breath.
 And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly syre
 To further and accomplish all theyr honest hartes desire.
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,
 A thousand daungers like to come the olde man doth disclose,
 And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,
 Perhaps he shalbe bet advise within a weeke or twayne.

Advise is banishd quite from those that followe love,
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
 As well the father might have counseld him to stay
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the way,
 As warne his frend to stop amynd his race begonne,
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforeeth foorth to ronne.
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the fryer doth graunt at last ;
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,
 Of both the householdes wrath, this mariage might apease ;
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever ease.
 The respite of a day he asketh to devyse
 What way were best, unknowne, to ende so great an enterprise.
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paines endure,
 Scarce pacient tarieth whilst his leeché doth make the salve to cure :
 So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
 Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely hearts delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare ;
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of eare.
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap
 Into the friers brest ; but where shall Juliet unwrap
 The secretes of her hart ? to whom shall she unfolde
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and cares so eolde.
 The nurce of whom I spake, within her chaumber laye,
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still ; to her she doth bewray
 Her new received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
 In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.
 Not easely she made the froward nurce to bowe,
 But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne vowe
 To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest ;
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of him she doth desyre
 To know the meane of mariage, by councill of the fryre.
 On Saterdag, quod he, if Juliet come to shrift,
 She shalbe shrived and married ; how lyke you, noorse, this drift ?
 Now by my truth (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,
 For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.
 Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,
 If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes.
 An easy thing it is with cloke of holines
 To mocke the sely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.
 But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,
 For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it searse.
 Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone ;
 To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone ;
 For that her golden loekes by sloth have been unkempt,
 Or for unwares some wanton dreame the youthfull damsell drempt,
 Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,
 Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be slent.
 I know her mother will in no case say her nay ;
 I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saterdag.
 And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well ;
 And how she gave her sueke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.

A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong ;
 Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong !
 A thousand times and more I laid her on my Jappe,
 And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.
 And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,
 Then I had been to have a kisse of some olde lechers mouth.
 And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,
 And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.
 For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,
 The message aunswer seemed him to be of more behove.
 But when these beldams sit at ease upon theyr tayle,
 The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall fayle.
 And part they say is true, and part they do devise,
 Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
 Then he vj crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
 And gave them her ; a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.
 In seven yeres twise tolde she had not bowd so lowe
 Her crooked knees, as now they bowe : she sweares she will bestowe
 Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,
 To helpe him to his hoped blisse ; and, covingr downe agayne,
 She takes her leave, and home she hyes with spedy pace ;
 The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling face ;
 Good newes for thee, my gyrl, good tydinges I thee bring.
 Leave off thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
 For thou mayst hold thy selfe the happiest under sonne,
 That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast woone.
 The best yshapde is he, and hath the fayrest face,
 Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace :
 So gentle of his speche, and of his counsell wise :
 And still with many prayses more she heaved him to the skies.
 Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought ;
 But of our mariage, say at once, what aunswer have you brought ?
 Nay, soft, quoth she, I feare your hurt by sodain joye ;
 I list not play, quod Juliet, although thou list to toye.
 How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,
 No farther of then Saterdag differred was the day.
 Againe, the auncient nurce doth speake of Romeus,
 And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.
 Nothing was done or said that she hath left untolde,
 Save onely one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.
 There is no losse, quod she, (sweete wench) to losse of time,
 Ne in thine age shalt thou repent so much of any crime.
 For when I call to mynde my former passed youth,
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endles ruth.
 At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,
 And I was fully ripe before, (I dare well say) a yere.
 The pleasure that I lost, that yere so overpast,
 A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, while life doth last.
 In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, ywisse
 When thou mayst live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse.
 She that this mornyng could her mistres mynde disswade,
 Is now becomeme an oratresse, her lady to perswade.

If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
 To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not spare,
 Two sortes of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,
 The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.
 For glittring gold is woont by kynd to moove the hart;
 And often times a slight rewarde doth cause a more desart.
 Ywritten have I red, I wot not in what booke,
 There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.
 Of Romeus these two doe sitte and chat awhyle,
 And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,
 And leave for her to goe to shrift on Saterdag she got.
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench dyd know
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.
 The Saterdag betimes, in sober weed yclad,
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.
 With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,
 With her the mother sendes a mayde almost of equall trust.
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the Jenet now hath cought,
 So warely eke the vyrgin walkes, her mayde perceiveth nought.
 She gaseth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth downe
 Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,
 And there upon her tender knees the very lady staves;
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certain truth to know,
 If fryer Lawrence laysure had to heare her shrift, or no.
 Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;
 The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere.
 Some great offence (q' he) you have committed late,
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.
 Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
 Go, heare a masse or two, quod he which straight way shalbe sayde.
 For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne
 The charge that I receivd of you restore to you agayne.
 What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde?
 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungde her yong mistrusting mayde?
 I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,
 But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
 Thus to the fryers cell they both fourth walked bin;
 He shuts the doore as soone as he and Juliet were in.
 But Romeus, her frend, was entred in before,
 And there had wayted for his love, two howers large and more.
 Eche minute seemde an howre, and every howre a day,
 Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.
 Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,
 For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.
 And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,
 For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart.
 Both theyr confessions first the fryer hath heard them make,
 And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:
 Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly doughter deere,
 As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you standeth here,

Twixt you it is agreed, that you shalbe his wyfe,
 And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.
 Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest?
 And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely harts request.
 When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
 When in the prayse of wedlocks state somme skilfull talke was past.
 When he had told at length the wife what was her due,
 His duety eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew;
 How that the wife in love must honor and obay,
 What love and honor he doth owe, and dette that he must pay.
 The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
 Appointed hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde
 Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.

To whom the frier then said: Perchaunce apart you will disclose,
 Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
 Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.
 Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to parte so soone)
 Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce this after noone.
 Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time;
 By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe clime.
 Then we will talke of love and of our olde dispayres,
 And then with longer laysure had dispose our great affaires.

These said, they kisse, and then part to theyr fathers house,
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the spouse;
 Contented both, and yet both uncontented still,
 Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
 The painfull souldiour, sore ybet with very warre,
 The merchant eke that nedefull things doth dred to fetch from farre,
 The ploughman that for doute of feerce invading foes,
 Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,
 Rejoyce to heare proclaymd the tydinges of the peace;
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much; but, when the warres do cease,
 Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;
 Dredelesse the husband man doth till his fertile feeld.
 For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so precious held:
 So lovers live in care, in dread, and in unrest,
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest:
 But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.
 The newes of ended warre these two have hard with joy,
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,
 Thy stearles ship (O Romeus) hath been long while betost;
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
 Art comme in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
 Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long desyred port.
 God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,
 That thou do misse the chanel that doth leade to thy delight.
 God graunt, no daungers rocke, ylurking in the darke,
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy seabeaten barke.

A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,
 'That with his life (if nede requierd) his master would him trust.
 His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of olde ;
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
 Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
 To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.
 The bryde to send the nurce at twylight fayleth not,
 To whom the bridegroome yeven hath the ladder that he got.
 And then to watch for him appointeth her an howre,
 For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,
 He will not misse to come to his appoynted place,
 Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliets face.
 How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
 Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay :
 For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty yere :
 So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
 The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
 Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all over hyde.

Thappoynted howre is comme ; he, clad in rich araye,
 Walkes toward his desyred home : good fortune gyde his way.
 Approching nere the place from whence his hart had life,
 So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he spyde his wife,
 Who in the windowe watcht the cumming of her lorde ;
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,
 Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand times.
 The windowes close are shut ; els looke they for no gest ;
 To light the waxen quarriers, the auncient nurce is prest,
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might beholde her husbands bewty bright.
 A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,
 Such as she wonted was to weare, attyre meete for the bed.
 As soone as she hym spyde, about his necke she clong,
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.
 A thousand times she kist, and him unkist agayne,
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so fayne.
 And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is ;
 She fettes a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his :
 And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,
 That loe, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,
 And she unto her selfe agayne returned home at last.
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.
 O Romeus, quoth she, in whome all vertues shyne,
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of myne
 Such teary streames dyd flowe, that I suppose welny
 The source of my bitter teares is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,
 And of thy safetie and thy health so much I stood in dred.
 But now what is decreed by fatall destiny,
 I force it not ; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.

Full recompens an I for all my passed harmes,
 In that the Gods have granted me to claspe thee in myne armes.
 The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,
 When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunswere in this wise :
 Though cruell Fortune be so much my dedly foe,
 That I ne can by lively prooffe eause thee (fayre dame) to knowe
 How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,
 Ne tormentes that for thee I did ere this endure,
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure ;
 The least of many paynes which of thy absence sprong,
 More paynefully then death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.
 Ere this, one death had reft a thousand deathes away,
 But lyfe prolonged was by hope of this desyred day ;
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone
 Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Inde.
 Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde :
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
 So is it skill behinde our backe the cursed care to cast.
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,
 Where we with pleasure may content our uneontented minde,
 In Lethes hyde we deepe all greefe and all annoy,
 Whilst we do bath in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy eare
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware ;
 Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
 And us throwe backe from happy state to more unhappy plight.
 Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
 But foorth in hast the old nurce stept, and so her aunswere stayde.
 Who takes not time (quoth she) when time well offred is,
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.
 And when oecasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,
 Is worthy sure (if I might judge) of lashes with a whippe.
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,
 And eche of you hath been the eause of others wayled woe,
 Loe here a fielde (she shewd a fieldbed ready dight)
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge your selfe by fight.
 Whereeto these lovers both gan easely assent,
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went,
 Where they were left alone, the nuree is gone to rest :
 How can this be ? they restles lye, ne yet they feele unrest.
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in ;
 O that I might have found the like, I wish it for no sin,
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
 As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
 By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endite.
 The blyndfold goddesse that with frowning faec doth fraye,
 And from their seate the mighty kinges throwes downe with hedlong sway,

Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face ;
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes grace.
 If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
 I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead (O Juliet) this pleasant time she spent.

This passe they foorth the night, in sport, in joly game ;
 The hastines of Phoebus steeds in great despyte they blame.
 And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,
 In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,
 And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place :
 How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers parts embrace.
 The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,
 The nigh approche of dayes retoorne these seely foles diseasd.
 And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,
 Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty mornings crime,
 With frendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,
 And every other night, to come, a solemne othe he makes,
 By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre :
 And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.
 But who is he that can his present state assure ?
 And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure ?
 So wavering fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge ;
 And every wight ythralld is by Fate unto her change :
 Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
 (Although not aye, perchaunce, alike) of pleasure and of smart.
 For after many joyes some feele but little paine,
 And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
 But other somme there are, that living long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so ;
 Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,
 Because the sodayne change of thinges doth make it seeme the more.
 Of this unlucky sorte our Romeus is one,
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.
 And joyfull Juliet an other leafe must toorne ;

As wont she was (her joyes bereft), she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,
 But winters blast with spedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
 Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,
 By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
 She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled gayne,
 But now, for pleasures usery, tenfolde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those housholds so agree,
 But that some sparcles of their wrath as yet remaining bee ;
 Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,
 Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.
 At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;
 The morowe after Easter day the mischiefe new begonne.
 A band of Capilets did meete (my hart it rewes)
 Within the walles, by Pursers gate, a band of Montagewes.
 The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,
 Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,

Our Juliets unkles sonne, that clipped was Tibalt ;
He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.
They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,
So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth outstretched large :
Now, now (quod he) my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,
That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may speake.
Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage ;
Let none of them escape alive. Then he with furious rage,
And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,
And then forthwith a skyrmishe great upon this fray arose.
For, loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,
And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did choose to dye.
The woordes that Tybalt usd to styre his folke to yre,
Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
With Lyons hartes they fight, warely themselfe defende ;
To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,
That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the thought.
The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
And partes are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hye.
Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrideth him ;
And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lim :
His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,
And who he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his cracked skull.
Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde ;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull wounde.
Thus foote by foote long while, and shield to shield set fast,
One foe doth make another faynt, but makes him not agast.
And whilst this noyse is rife in every townes mans eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus heare.
With spedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace ;
With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pittie much to see the slaughter made so greate,
That wetshod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.
Part frendes (said he) part frendes, helpe, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.
Gods farther wrath you styrrre, besides the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they so busy are in fight, so egar and feerce,
That through theyr eares his sage advise no leysure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of those that were his frendes, as of his dedly foes.
As soone as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,
He threw a thrust at him that would have past from side to side ;
But Romeus ever went (douting his foes) well armde,
So that the swerd (kept out by mayle) had nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doest me wrong (quoth he) for I but part the fraye ;
Not dread, but other waightly cause my hasty hand doth stay.
Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
Wherfore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to parte.
Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye :
No, coward, traytor boy (q' he) straight way I mynd to trye,

Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smothely fylde,
 Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shyld.
 And then, at Romeus hed a blow he strake so hard,
 That might have clove him to the brayne but for his cunning ward.
 It was but lent to him that could repay agayne :
 And geve him death for interest, a well forborne gayne.
 Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,
 Pinched with dog, or els with speare ypricked to the quicke,
 His bristles stiffe upright upon his backe doth set,
 And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet ;
 Or as a lyon wylde, that rampeth in his rage,
 His whelpes bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage ;
 Such seemed Romeus in every others sight,
 When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himself by fight.
 Even as two thunderboltes throwne downe out of the skye,
 That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have power to flye ;
 So met these two, and while they chaunge a blow or twayne,
 Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt slayne.
 Loe here the ende of those that styrre a dedly stryfe ;
 Who thyrsteth after others death, himselfe hath lost his life.
 The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,
 The courage of the Mountagewes by Romeus sight doth growe.
 The townes men waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force ;
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the brethles corce
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
 May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath their kinsman slaine.
 The Montagewes do plead theyr Romeus voyde of falt ;
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
 The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.
 His foes would have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong ;
 His frendes do think (but dare not say) that Romeus hath wrong.
 Both housholds straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
 Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrred stryfe.
 This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
 From side to syde the towne is filld with murmour and with mone.
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
 He should (had this not chaunced) been riche and of great powre,
 To helpe his frendes, and serve the state ; which hope within a howre
 Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
 More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
 And other somme bewayle (but ladies most of all)
 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt that is so late befall,
 (Without his falt) unto the seely Romeus ;
 For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,
 From heavenly bewties light and his well shaped parts,
 The sight of which was wont (faire dames) to glad your youthfull harts,
 Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
 What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne ?
 This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,
 Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face

(Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,
 And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seers sight)
 A certain charme was graved by Natures secret arte,
 That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
 So every one doth wish to beare a parte of payne,
 That he released of exyle might straight retorne agayne.
 But how doth moorne among the moorners Juliet?
 How doth she bathe her brest in teares? what depe sighes doth she fet?
 How doth she tear her heare? her weede how doth she rent?
 How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment?
 How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well?
 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
 For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,
 With wretched sorowes cruell sound she fils the empty ayre;
 And to the lowest hell downe falles her heavy crye,
 And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
 The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,
 And from the hard resounding rockes her sorowes do rebounde,
 Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,
 That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and flowre.
 But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,
 Unto her chaumber straight she hide; there, overcharged with wo,
 Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,
 And in so wondrous wise began her sorowes to renewe,
 That sure no hart so hard (but it of flint had byn,)
 But would have rude the pitious plaint that she did languishe in.
 Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side
 Did cast her restles eye, at length the windowe she espide,
 Through which she had with joy seene Romeus many a time,
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to clyme.

She cryde, O cursed windowe, acurst be every pane,
 Through which (alas) to sone I raught the cause of life and bane,
 If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,
 Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,
 Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous?
 Of heaped greefe and lasting care? and sorowes dolorous?
 That these my tender partes, which nedeful strength do lacke
 To beare so great unwelody lode upon so weake a backe,
 Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorowes rife,
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
 That so my wery sprite may somme where els unlode
 His deadly lode, and free from thrall may seeke els where abrode;
 For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,
 Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest?
 O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
 When to thy paynted promises I lent my listning eare,
 Which to the brinkes you fild with many a solemne othe,
 And I them judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
 I thought you rather would continue our good will,
 And seeke tappease our fathers strife, which daily groweth still.
 I little wend you would have sought occasion how
 By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;

Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipsed is,
 And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.
 But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
 Why have you often spared mine? myne might have quencht it first.
 Since that so many times and in so secret place,
 (Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,)
 My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand
 In mercy of your cruell hart, and of your bloody hand.
 What? seemd the conquest which you got of me so small?
 What? seemd it not enough that I, poore wretch, was made you thrall?
 But that you must increase it with that kinsmans blood,
 Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle
 Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
 And, where I comme, see that you shonne to shew your face,
 For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.
 And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
 Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament.
 That soone my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,
 And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayde, her tender hart, by payne oppressed sore,
 Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong to keepe her talke in store;
 And then as still she was, as if in sownd she lay,
 And then agayne, wroth with herselfe, with feeble voyce gan say:

Ah cruell murthering tong, murthrer of others fame,
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
 Whose dedly foes doe yelde him dewe and erved prayse;
 For though his freedome be bereft, his honor not decayes.
 Why blamst thou Romeus for sleying of Tybalt,
 Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
 Whether shall he (alas) poore banishd man, now flye?
 What place of succor shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?
 Synce she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.
 Receive the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her lyfe,
 In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,
 So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth.
 These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,
 And dedly panges began straight way her tender hart assayle;
 Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath:
 Who had been there might well have seene the signes of present death.
 The nurce that knew no cause why she absented her,
 Did doute lest that some sodain greefe too much tormented her.
 Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,
 Last, of the chamber where she lay she haply her bethought;
 Where she with piteous eye her nurce child did beholde,
 Her limmes stretched out, her outward parts as any marble colde.
 The nurce supposde that she had payde to death her det,
 And then, as she had lost her wittes, she cryed to Juliet:
 Ah my dere hart (quoth she) how greeveth me thy death?
 Alas what cause hast thou thus soone to yelde up living breath?

But while she handled her, and chafed every part,
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name ;
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tryde the same :
 She openeth wide her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringes her fingers and her toes,
 And on her bosome colde she layeth clothes hot ;
 A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth downe her throte.
 At length doth Juliet heave fayntly up her eyes,
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she spyes.
 But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
 Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she) what drave thee (with mischaunce)
 To come to see my sprite forsake my brethles corce ?
 Goe hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne ?
 Alas, I see my greefe begoone for ever will remayne.
 Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past ?
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my hart at once, and let me dye.
 The nurce with trieling teares, to witnes inward smart,
 With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
 Thus spake to Juliet, yclad with ougly care ;
 Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare ;
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heavines.
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes stresse,
 This hower large and more I thought (so god me save)
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely grave.
 Alas, my tender nurce, and trusty frend, (quoth she)
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou canst not easely see
 The lawfull cause I have to sorow and to moorne,
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne.
 Her nurce then aunswered thus, Me thinkes it fits you yll
 To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles spill.
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce ;
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me wurse.
 Tibalt your frend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares
 To call him backe agayne ? thinke you that he your crying heares ?
 You shall perceve the falt (if it be justly tryde)
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,
 To suffer himselfe causeless to be outraged of his foe ?
 To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve ?
 Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romcus doth live,
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
 With greater glory shalbe calde home from his hard exile,
 How well yborn he is, thy selfe I know canst tell,
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
 With patience arme thy selfe, for though that Fortunes cryme.
 Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time.

I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
 With such contented ease as never erst you had ;
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be ne more so sad.
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme
 He mindes to doe ; which knowne by me, you shall know all and somme.
 But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,
 Straight would I hie where he doth lurke, to frier Lawrence cell.
 But if you gyn eftsones (as erst you did) to moorne,
 Whereto goe I, you will be ded, before I thence retooorne.
 So I shall spend in wast my time and busy payne.
 So unto you (your life once lost) good aunswere commes in vayne ;
 So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knife,
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of their life ;
 So shall your Romeus (despysing lively breath)
 With hasty foote (before his time) ronne to untimely death
 Where if you can a while by reason rage suppressse,
 I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,
 Or promesse me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest
 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her brest.
 When hugy heapes of harmes are heapd before her eyes,
 Then vanish they by hope of scape ; and thus the lady lyes
 Twixt well assured trust, and doubtfull lewd dispayre :
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts ; now seeme they white and fayre.
 As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do ronne ;
 So Juliets wandring mynd yclouded is with woe,
 And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,
 What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
 When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,
 And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,
 He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,
 And doubting much what penal doome the troubled prince myght gyve,
 He sought some where unseene to lurke a little space,
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.
 In doutfull happe ay best a trusty frend is tride ;
 The frendly fryer in this distresse doth graunt his frend to hyde.
 A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,
 The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out ;
 But roome there is to walke, and place to sitte and rest,
 Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft and trimly drest.
 The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme,
 That neither wind nor smoky dampes have powre him ought to harme.
 Where he was wont in youth his fayre frendes to bestowe,
 There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goeth to knowe
 Both what is sayd and donne, and what appoynted payne
 Is published by trumpets sound ; then home he hies agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurce with spedy pace
 Was comme the nerest way ; she sought no ydel resting place.
 The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,
 And promesse made (what so befell) he should that night by stelth
 Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise
 Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thorowly devyse.
 Those joyfull newes the nurce brought home with mery joy ;
 And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoye.
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or els of death.
 Thy hap quoth he, is good, daunger of death is none,
 But thou shalt live, and doe full well, in spite of spitefull fone.
 This onely payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloude,
 A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shroude.

These heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
 And like a frantike man hath torne the garmentes that he ware.
 And as the smitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
 So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.
 He rises eft, and strikes his head against the wals,
 He falleth downe againe, and lowde for hasty death he cals.
 Come spedy death (quoth he) the readiest leache in love,
 Since nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of grieve remove,
 Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering stayes,
 Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe that faintly yet decayes.
 But you (fayre dame) in whome dame Nature dyd devise
 With cunning hand to woorke that might seeme wondrous in our eyes,
 For you, I pray the Gods, your pleasures to increase,
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.
 And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,
 Whose lofty pryde (without our gylt) our blisse doth overblowe.
 And Cupide graunt to those theyr spedy wrongs redresse,
 That shall bewayle my cruell death and pity her distresse.
 Therewith a cloude of sighes he breathd into the skies,
 And two great streames of bitter teares ran from his swollen eyes.
 These thinges the auncient fryre with sorow saw and heard,
 Of such begynning eke the ende the wise man greatly feard.
 But loe, he was so weake by reason of his age,
 That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.
 His wise and frendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.
 With colour pale and wan, with armes full hard yfold,
 With wofull cheere his wayling frend he standeth to beholde.
 And then our Romeus with tender handes ywrong,
 With voyce with plaint made horce, w' sobs, and with a foltring tong,
 Renewd with novel mone the dolours of his hart ;
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart,
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes aye so ryfe ;
 The time and place of byrth he fiersly did reprove,
 He cryed out (with open mouth) against the starres above :

The fatall sisters three, he said had done him wrong,
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne foorth too long.
 He wished that he had before this time been borne,
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his life he had forlorne.
 His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe ;
 And then did he complaine on Venus cruell sonne,
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should warely shonne :
 By meane wherof he lost both lyfe and libertie,
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
 Loves troubles hasten long, the joyes he gives are short ;
 He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest is his sport.
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.
 On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
 Uinconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
 And to him selfe he layd a great part of the falt,
 For that he slewe and was not slayne, in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions (powred forth) gan partly to asswage,
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.
 Art thou quoth he a man ? thy shape saith, so thou art ;
 Thy crying, and thy weping eyes denote a womans hart.
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed :
 So that I stode in doute, this howre (at the least)
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seeks his harmes redres.
 As when the winter flawes with dredfull noyse arise,
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the starry skyes,
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
 The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle ;
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wracke full shore,
 In greater daunger to be wract then he had been before,
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perilous rocke to shonne ;
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,
 The roder smitten of, and over boord the mast,
 Doth win the long desyred porte, the stormy daunger past :
 But if the master dread, and overprest with woe
 Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
 And eke the coward drenched is : So, if thou still beweepe
 And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.

Other account thee wise, prove not thy selfe a foole ;
 Now put in practise lessons learnd of old in wisdomes schoole.
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twayne.
 As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,
 As to endeavor helping thinges by study to increase.
 The prayse of trew fredom in wisdomes bondage lyes,
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords be wise.
 Sickenes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd ;
 If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true fredome shalt thou finde.
 Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,
 But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.
 Vertue is alwayes thrall to troubles and annoye,
 But wisdom in adversitie findes cause of quiet joye.
 And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,
 And afther great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.
 Like as there is no weale but wastes away sometime,
 So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
 If thou wilt master quite the troubles that the spill,
 Endeavor first by reasons help to master witles will.
 A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt disease,
 But pacience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.
 The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
 Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce must not seem to a wise man straunge.
 For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
 But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant minde.
 Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,
 And sorow seeke to set him selfe in banishd pleasures place,
 Yet may thy marred state be mended in a while,
 And she eftsones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall smyle.
 For as her happy state no long whyle standeth sure,
 Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
 What nede so many woordes to thee that art so wyse ?
 Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advyse.
 Wisdom, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
 A wise mans wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.
 I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
 But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantikly to fare.
 Affections foggy mist thy febled sight doth blynde ;
 But if that reasons beames agayne might shine into thy mynde,
 If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,
 I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighing, and thy crye.
 With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,
 Thou hast escapd his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
 By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
 And by his death thy deadly focs are laden with annoy.
 Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part ?
 Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart ?
 Why cryest thou out on love ? why doest thou blame thy fate ?
 Why dost thou so crye after death ? thy life why dost thou hate ?
 Dost thou repent the choyce that thou so late didst choose ?
 Love is thy Lord ; thou oughest obay and not thy prince accuse.

For thou hast found (thou knowst) great favour in his sight,
 He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely hartes delight.
 So that the gods envyde the blisse thou livedst in ;
 To geve to such unthankefull men is folly and a sin.
 Me thinkes I heare thee say, the cruell banishment
 Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament
 That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,
 Enforst to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart :
 And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feele,
 Thou dost complaine of Cupides brand, and Fortunes turning wheele.
 Unto a valiant hart there is no banishment,
 All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.
 As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,
 So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.
 Though froward fortune chase thee hence into exyle,
 With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a whyle.
 Admyt thou shouldst abyde abrode a year or twayne,
 Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greevous payne ?
 Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
 They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mast be.
 Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,
 And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.
 Yea, but this while (alas) thy Juliet must thou misse,
 The onely pillar of thy helth, and ancor of thy blisse.
 Thy hart thou leavest with her, when thou dost hence depart,
 And in thy brest inclosed bearest her tender frendly hart.
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,
 With thought of passed joyes content thy uncontented mynde ;
 So shall the mone decrease wherwith thy mynd doth melt,
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.
 Call now agayne to mynde thy first consuming flame ;
 How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame ?
 Hadst thou not welnigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne ?
 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne ?
 Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,
 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last !
 From whence thou art now falne, that, raysed up agayne,
 With greater joy a greater while in pleasure mayst thou raygne.
 Compare the present while with times ypast before,
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.
 The whilst, this little wrong receive thou paciently,
 And what of force must nedes be done, that doe thou willingly.
 Foly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,
 And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.
 To geve to Fortune place, not ay deserveth blame,
 But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame.
 Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,
 His sighes are stopt, and stopped are the conduits of his teares.
 As blackest cloudes are chaced by winters nimble winde,
 So have his reasons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.

As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,
 So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.
 Now is affections veale removed from his eyes,
 He seeth the path that he must walke, and reson makes him wise.
 For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,
 He thanks the father for his lore, and farther ayde he seekes,
 He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,
 And anger oft with hastines are joind to want of witte ;
 But sound advise aboundes in heddes with horish heares,
 For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares,
 But aye from this time forth his ready bending will
 Shalbe in awe and governed by fryer Lawrence skill.

The governor is nowe right carefull of his charge,
 To whom he doth wisely discourse of his affaires at large.
 He telles him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
 Both mindful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne
 How he shall gyde him selfe, how he shall seeke to winne
 The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
 The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
 Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away ;
 The choller of his foes by gentle meanes tasswage,
 Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage :
 And last he chargeth hym at his appointed howre
 To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,
 And there with holesome woordes to salve her sorowes smart,
 And to revive (if nede require) her faint and dying hart.

The old mans woords have fild with joy our Romeus brest,
 And eke the old wives talke hath set our Juliets hart at rest.
 Whereto may I compare (o lovers) this your day ?
 Like dayes the painefull mariners are woonted to assay ;
 For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye
 Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth through the skie,
 To cleare the shadowde earth by clearenes of his face,
 They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of their race ;
 Yea they assure them selfe, and quite behynd theyr backe
 They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the wracke ;
 But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,
 And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe ;
 The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
 And twise as hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell ;
 With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,
 In greater perill of their life then they had been before.

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,
 The full moone eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest ;
 When restles Romeus and restles Juliet
 In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.
 And from the windowes top downe had he leaped scarce,
 When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him embrace,
 That welnigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)
 Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce,
 Thus muete stood they both the eight part of an howre,
 And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre ;

But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,
 And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
 Theyr scalding sighes ascende, and by theyr cheekes downe fall
 Their trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far then gall.
 Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
 Did kysse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin :
 My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
 To you I purpose not as now with length of woords declare
 The diversenes and eke the accidents so straunge
 Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in chaunge ;
 Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
 Of her swift turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her frendship straight.
 O wondrous change, even with the twinkling of an eye
 Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,
 The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,
 And while she treades, and spurneth at the lofty state laid lowe,
 More sorow doth she shape within an howers space,
 Than pleasure in an hundred yeres ; so geyson is her grace.
 The prooffe wherof in me (alas) too plaine apperes,
 Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feers,
 In prosperous hygh degree, mayntayned so by fate,
 That (as your selfe did see) my foes envyde my noble state.
 One thing there was I did above the rest desire,
 To which as to the soveraigne good by hope I would aspyre.
 Thol by our mariage meane we might within a while
 (To worke our perfect happines) our parentes reconcile :
 That safely so we might, (not stopt by sturdy strife)
 Unto the boundes that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
 But now (alack) too soone my blisse is overblowne,
 And upside downe my purpose and my enterprise are throwne.
 And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave,
 (O graunt it God) from daungers dread that I may suertie have.
 For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,
 (So hard I finde the princes doome) exyled from myne owne.
 Which thing I have thought good, to set before your eyes,
 And to exhort you now to prove your selfe a woman wise,
 That patiently you beare my absent long abod,
 For what above by fatall doomes decreed is, that God—”
 And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish teares besprent,
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speche he stayde,
 These selfe same wordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she saide :
 Why Romeus can it be, thou hast so hard a hart ?
 So farre removed from ruth ? so farre from thinking on my smart ?
 To leave me thus alone (thou cause of my distresse)
 Beseged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse,
 That every hower now, and moment in a day,
 A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away ?
 Yet such is my mishap, (O cruell destenye)
 That still I live, and wish for death, but yet can never dye :
 So that just cause I have to thinke as seemeth me)
 That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree

To lengthen lothed life, to pleasure in my payne,
 And tryumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrant lust fulfill :
 Art not a whit ashambe (as farre as I can see)
 To cast me of, when thou hast culd the better part of me.
 Whereby (alas) to soone, I, seely wretch, do prove,
 That all the auncient sacred laws of friendship and of love
 Are quelde and quenched quite, since he, on whom alway
 My cheefe hope and my steady trust was woonted still to stay,
 For whom I am becommе unto myself a foe,
 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my frendship so.
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two thinges choose the one,
 Either to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,
 Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,
 Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,
 Where so thou goe (Fortune thee gyde), till thou retoorne agayne.
 So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,
 So oft (me thinkes) my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,
 Which I retayne to no end els but to the end I may,
 In spite of all thy foes, thy present partes enjoey,
 And in distres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.
 Wherefore, in humble sort (Romeus) I make request,
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart ;
 Receave mc as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart :
 Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to leade me as a wyfe,
 Art thou all counsellesse ? canst thou no shift devise ?
 What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguyse ?
 What, shall I be the first ? hath none done so ere this,
 To scape the bondage of theyr frendes ? thy selfe can aunswer, yes.
 Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can
 By service pleasure thec as much as may thy hyred man ?
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse ?
 Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.
 What, hath my-bewty now no powre at all on you,
 Whose brightnes, force, and praise, sometime up to the skyes you blew ?
 My teares, my frendship and my pleasures donne of olde,
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede ?"—When Romeus dyd behold
 The wildnes of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,
 The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred ;
 And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
 And kist her with a loving kysse, and thus to her he spake :
 " Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,
 For whom (even now) thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,
 Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,
 And for the fervent frendships sake that thou dost owe to mee,
 At once these fansies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
 Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about

To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore teache every wight to shonne.
 For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frende.
 For why, thy absence knowne, thy father wil be wroth,
 And in his rage no narrowly he will pursue us both,
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,
 And vainely seeke a loorking place to hyde us from his sight.
 Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,
 Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence ;
 I as a ravishor, thou as a careles childe,
 I as a man who doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde ;
 Thinking to leade in ease a long contented life,
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death : but, if (my loving wife)
 Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,
 (That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath ;
 If thou be bend tobyay the love of reasons skill,
 And wisely by her princely powre suppressse rebelling will,
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine owne delight,
 Since suerty standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of sight,
 Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile :
 So shall no slaunders blot thy spotles life destayne,
 So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, and I exempt from payne.
 And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last ;
 These stormy broyles shall overblowe, much like a winters blast.
 For Fortune chaungeth more than fickel fantasie ;
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restles cocose,
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorse,
 And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne :
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.
 Ere fowre monthes overpasse, such order will I take,
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,
 That of my wandring race ended shalbe the toyle,
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.
 But if I be condemnd to wander still in thrall,
 I will returne to you (mine owne) befall what may befall.
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
 From Verone will I cary thee into a forein lande,
 Not in mans weede disguisd, or as one scarcely knowne,
 But as my wife and only feere, in garment of thyne owne.
 Wherfore repressse at once the passions of thy hart,
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy smart.
 For of this one thing thou mayst well assured bee,
 That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee.
 The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,
 And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere straight :
 Decre Syr, nought els wish I but to obay your will ;
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tary still,
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,
 Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me ;

And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill ;
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,
 The tydinges of your health, and how your doutfull case shall stand.
 And all the very whyle that you shall spend abrode.
 Cause me from time to time to knowe the place of your abode.
 His eyes did gushe out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the hest.

Thus these two lovers passe away the very night,
 In payne and plaint, not (as they wont) in pleasure and delight.
 But now (somewhat too soone) in farthest east arose
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose ;
 Whose course appoynted is with spedy race to ronne,
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.
 Then freshe Aurora with her pale and silver glade
 Did cleare the skyes, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.
 When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phœbus from our hemysphere in westerne wave doth sinke,
 What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
 The same, (or like) saw Romeus in farthest esterne skyes.
 As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do take ;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady frendship shake.
 Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
 And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
 Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorrow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of their gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.
 When golden crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,
 And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is as to the world the sunne.
 The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,
 But blackfaced night with winter rough (ah) beaten over sore.

The very watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,
 The warders, and the skowtes were chargde theyr place and coorse to keepe,
 And Verone gates awyde the porters had set open,
 When Romeus had of hys affayres with frier Lawrence spoken,
 Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
 Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
 He spurd apace, and came, withouten stop or stay,
 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away
 With words of comfort to his olde afflicted syre ;
 And straight, in mynd to sojorne there, a lodgeing doth he hyre,
 And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt,
 And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his plaint.
 He practiseth by friends for pardon of exyle ;
 The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.
 But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest ?
 Alas his cares denye his hart the sweete desyred rest ;

No time findes he of myrth, he findes no place of joye,
 But every thing occasion geves of sorow and annoye.
 For when in toorning skyes the heavens lampes are light,
 And from the other hemysphere fayre Phœbus chaceth night,
 When every man and beast hath rest from painfull toyle,
 Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gyn to boyle.
 Then doth he wet with teares the cowehe whereon he lyes,
 And then his sighes the chamber fill, and out aloud he cries
 Against the restles starres in rolling skyes that raunge,
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,
 He thinketh Titans restles stedes of restines do stay ;
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,
 Or (gyded yll) have lost theyr way and wandred farre about.
 Whyle thus in ydel thoughts the very time he spendeth,
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.
 Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
 In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone :
 For if his feeres rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoy?
 But if with heavy cheere they shewe their inward greefe,
 He wayleth most his wretchednese that is of wretches cheefe.
 When he doth heare abrode the praise of ladies blowne,
 Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth preferre his owne.
 When pleasant songes he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,
 The melody of musike doth styrre up his mourning voyce.
 But if in secret place he walke some where alone,
 The place itselfe and secretnes redoubleth all his mone.
 Then speakes he to the beastes, to fethered fowles and trees,
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and to what so beside he sees.
 To them he shewth his smart, as though they reason had,
 Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may make him glad.
 And (wery of the day) agayne he calleth night,
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when fyrst his eyes saw light.
 And as the night and day their course do enterchaunge,
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchaunge.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could
 Kepe trowse betwene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne she would ;
 And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes smart,
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.
 Her sighing every howre, her weping every where,
 Her recheles heed of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her gearc.
 The carefull mother markes ; then of her helth afrayde,
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde :
 Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,
 I stand in doute that over soone your sorowes will make short
 Your loving fathers life and myne, that love you more
 Than our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore
 Your greefe and payne, yourselfe on joy your thought to set,
 For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death forget.
 Of whom since God hath claymd the lyfe that was but lent,
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament ?

You can not call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill :
It is a falt thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will.
The seely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
No longer could she hyde her harme, but aunswered thus agayne,
With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded :
Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed ;
Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,
That empty quite and moystureless I gesse it now to be.
So that my payned hart by conduites of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping bryne.
The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
And loth to vexe her childe by woordes, her peace she warely hent.
But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted sorow,
All meanes she sought of her an.l boushold folk to know
The certain roote whereon her gicefe and booteless mone doth growe.
But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labour lore,
Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented sore.
And sith her selfe could not fynd out the cause of care,
She thought it good to tell the syre how yll his childe did fare.
And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde :
Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
(Before his time, forst by his foe) did yeld his living breath,
Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynge eke so straunge,
That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
Not onely she forbearcs her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,
But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
No greater joy hath she, nothing contentes her hart
So much, as in the chaumber close to shut her selfe apart :
Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except somme helpe we fynde.
But (out alas) I see not how it may be founde,
Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus abounde.
For though with busy care I have employde my wit,
And used all the wayes I knew to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote ;
She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowes roote.
This was my fyrst conceite, that all her ruth arose
Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly foes ;
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought ;
Some greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her selfe assured me that many dayes agoe
She shed the last of Tybalts teares ; which woord amasd me so
That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve :
But now at length I have bethought me ; and I doe beleve
The onely crop and roote of all my daughters payne
Is grudgeing envies faynt disease : perhaps she doth disdayne
To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,
Whilst onely she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.
And more perchaunce she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so ;
Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe.

Therefore (deere Syr) in time take on your daughter ruth ;
 For why, a brickel thing is glasse, and frayle is fraylesse youth.
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age :
 So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest.
 Wherto gan easely her husband to agree,
 And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straightway aunswerd he.
 Oft have I thought (deere wife) of all these thinges ere this,
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
 By farther leysure had a husband to provyde ;
 Scarce saw she yet full xvi. yeres : too yong to be a bryde.
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,
 And that a mayden daughter is a treasour daungerous,
 With so great speede I will endeavour to procure
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sickenes faynt to cure,
 That you shall rest content, (so warely will I choose)
 And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.
 The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
 Already hath (unware to us) fixed her frendly hart ;
 Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
 Then to our daughters quiet life, and to her happy helth :
 Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
 And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
 Then leave my goodes and her ythrald to such a one,
 Whose chorlish dealing (I once dead) should be her cause of mone.”

This pleasaunt aunswere heard, the lady partes agayne,
 And Capilet, the maydens sire, within a day or twayne,
 Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
 And many gentlemen there were with busy care that sought her ;
 Both, for the mayden was well shaped, yong and fayre,
 As also well brought up, and wise ; her fathers onely heyre.
 Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desire,
 Who County Paris cliped was ; an earle he had to syre.
 Of all the suters him the father liketh best,
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wife unto his will, and to perswade the mayde.
 The wife dyd joy to heare the joyfull husband say
 How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day ;
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet ; to her she telles, apart,
 What happy talke (by meane of her) was past no rather
 Betwene the woing Paris and her carefull loving father.
 The person of the man, the fewters of his face,
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and semely grace,
 With curious wordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,
 And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the skyes.
 She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
 Wherby (she sayth) both she and hers in great delight shall live.
 When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,
 Wherto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,

Within her selfe she thought rather then be forsworne,
 With horses wilde her tender partes asonder should be torne.
 Not now, with bashful brow, (in wonted wise) she spake,
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these woordes she brake :

Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
 Of me your childe, (your jewell once, your onely joy and care,)
 As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,
 Before you know if I doe like or els mislike my lover.
 Doo what you list, but yet of this assure you still,
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.
 For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to lose,
 Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part ;
 First, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart,
 Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife ;
 And you, my mother, shall becomene the murdresse of my lyfe,
 In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
 Ne ought, to love : wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
 To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore :
 Ceasse all your troubles for my sake, and care for me no more ;
 But suffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
 In her it lyeth to doe me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.
 For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.

So deepe this aunswere made the sorowes downe to sinke
 Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke
 Of these her daughters woords, but all appalde she standes,
 And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and handes.
 And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she sought ;
 She telles him all ; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
 The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,
 Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no leysure :
 Ne on her teares or plaint at all to have remorse,
 But (if they cannot with her will) to bring the mayde perforce.
 The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,
 And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
 Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,
 Of whom (as much as duety would) the daughter stooode in awe,
 The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),
 The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
 Which she doth washe with teares as she thus groveling lyes :
 So fast, and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes :
 When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
 Muet she is ; for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The syre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage,
 Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens mother mylde :
 Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe ;
 Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,
 That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord ?
 How much the Romaine youth of parentes stood in awe,
 And eke what powre upon theyr seede the fathers had by lawe ?

Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,
 (When they so stode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
 The parentes had the powre of life and sodayn death.
 What if those goodmen should agayne receive the livyng breth,
 In how straight bondes would they the stubberne body bynde?
 What weapons would they seeke for thee? what tormentes would they fynde?
 To chasten (if they saw) the lewdnes of thy lyfe,
 Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy stryfe?
 Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to me,
 That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee
 One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,
 And for his many vertues sake a man of great renowe.
 Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
 So rich ere long he shalbe left, his fathers welth is such,
 Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
 From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case
 The dainty foole, and stubberne gyrle; for want of skill
 Thou dost refuse thy offred weale, and disobay my will.
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,
 On lesse by Wensday next thou bende as I am bent,
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely doe assent
 To Counte Paris sute, and promise to agree
 To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,
 Not onely will I geve all that I have away
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,
 But also too so close and to so hard a gayle,
 I shall thee wed, for all thy lyfe, that sure thou shalt not fayle
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee breath.
 Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,
 And thinke not that I speak in sporte, or mynd to breake my vowe.
 For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
 My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,
 Ere thou go hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy duetie how to knowe;
 And what revenge of olde the angry syres did finde
 Against theyre children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe unkinde.
 These sayd, the olde man straight is gone in hast away;
 Ne for his daughters aunswere would the testy father stay.
 And after him his wife doth follow out of doore,
 And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore,
 Then shee that oft had seene the fury of her syre,
 Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrre his yre.
 Unto her chamber she withdrew her selfe aparte,
 Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.
 There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,
 As overprest with restles thoughts in piteous booteless weeping.
 The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,
 Ne, by the powing forth of plaint, the cause of plaint doth cease.
 So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,
 The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.

Her very bed betime the woful wight forsakes,
 And to saint Frauncis church to masse her way devoutly takes.
 The fryer forth is calde ; she prayes him heare her shrift ;
 Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and precious gyft.
 When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
 In minde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,
 With sighes and salted teares her shryving doth beginne,
 For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.
 Her voice with piteous playnt was made already horce,
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes parforce.
 But as she may, peece meale, she powreth in his lappe
 The mariage newes, a mischief newe, prepared by mishappe,
 Her parentes promisse erst to Counte Paris past,
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last :
 Once was I wcedded well, ne will I wed agayne ;
 For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twayne,
 For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,
 My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my jorney take,
 With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,
 The hasty death which I desire, unto my selfe to reache.
 This day (O Romeus) this day, thy wofull wife
 Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
 So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,
 And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
 Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frende.

When this her heavy tale was tolde, her vowe eke at an ende,
 Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring looke,
 Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
 Whereat the fryer astonde, and gastfully afrayde
 Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he sayde :
 Ah Lady Juliet, what nede the woordes you spake ?
 I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.
 Measure somewhat your greefe, holde here a while your peace,
 Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes cease.
 Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
 And for thassaltes of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,
 So holesome salve will I for your afflictions finde,
 That you shall hence depart agayne with well contented mynde.
 His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,
 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
 So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
 And he out of the church in hast is to his chaumber gone ;
 Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head arise ;
 The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.
 His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
 To let her take Paris to spouse, since he himselfe hath byn
 The chefest cause, that she unknowne to father or mother,
 Not five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
 An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
 His restles thought hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
 Even of it selfe thattempt he judgeth perilous ;
 The execucion eke he demes so much more daungerous,

That to a womans grace he must himselfe commit,
 That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty affaires unfit,
 For if she fayle in ought, the matter published,
 Both she and Romeus were undonne, himselfe eke punished.
 When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last ;
 He thought he rather would in hasard set his fame,
 Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
 Out of his closet straight he tooke a litle glasse,
 And then with double hast retornde where wofull Juliet was ;
 Whom he hath found welnigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
 Of whom he did enquire of the appointed day ;
 On Wensday next, (quod Juliet) so doth my father say,
 I must geve my consent ; but (as I do remember)
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September.
 Deere daughter, quoth the fryer of good chere see thou be,
 For loe, saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a way to me,
 By which I may both thee and Romeus together
 Out of the bondage which you feare assuredly deliver.
 Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.
 For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
 And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart ;
 I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
 And I him hold as dere as if he were my propre sonne.
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
 Should wrongfully in ought be harmde, if that it lay in me
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wife, thee am I bound to love,
 For Romeus frindship sake, and seeke thy anguishe to remove,
 And dreadful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde ;
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good eare unto my counsels sounde.
 Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,
 Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight ;
 For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.
 Thou art not ignorant, (because of such renowne
 As every where is spred of me, but chefely in this towne,)
 That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,
 Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited ;
 So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,
 I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,
 But in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,
 Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,
 I have committed them, to ruth of rovers hand,
 And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.
 But not, in vayne (my childe) hath all my wandring byn ;
 Beside the great contentednes my sprete abydeth in,
 That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth grow,
 One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly know :

What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to woorke,
 And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
 With care I have sought out, with payne I did them prove;
 With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,
 (Although the science be against the lawes of men)
 When sodain daunger forceth me; but yet most cheefly when
 The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God
 (Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)
 For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
 But now am comme unto the brinke of my appointed grave,
 And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,
 But shalbe calde to make account of all that I have donne,
 Now ought I from hence forth more depely print in mynde
 The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde,
 When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly rest.
 Knowe therefore, (daughter) that with other gyftes which I
 Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
 Of certain rootes, and savory herbes to make a kinde of dowe,
 Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fine,
 And dronke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
 It doth in halfe an howre astonne the taker so,
 And mastreth all his sences, that he feeleth weale nor woe:
 And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,
 That even the skilfull leche would say, that he is slayne by death.
 One vertue more it hath, as mervelous as this;
 The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;
 But painelesse as a man that thinketh nought at all,
 Into a swete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall;
 From which, (according to the quantitie he taketh)
 Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh;
 And thence (theeffect once wrought) agayne it doth restore
 Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.
 Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
 And therby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.
 Cast off from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
 With manly courage arme thy selfe from heele unto the head;
 For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest
 The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.
 Receive this vyoll small and keepe it as thine eye;
 And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
 Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
 Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne and lim
 A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispreed at length
 On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength;
 Withouten moving thus thy ydle parts shall rest,
 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
 But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce:
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodain chaunce;
 The corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
 Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparte,

Both for himselfe and eke for those that should come after,
 Both deepe it is, and long and large, where thou shalt rest, my daughter,
 Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight ;
 Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
 And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,
 Then mayst thou goe with him from hence ; and, healed of thy payne,
 In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant life ;
 And yet perhaps in time to comme, when cease shall all the strife,
 And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
 My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to dysclose,
 Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,
 That daungerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy.

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
 To which our Juliet so well her eare and wits dyd bend,
 That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
 Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought,
 And then to him she said—Doubte not but that I will
 With stoute and unappauled hart your happy hest fulfill.
 Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should sinke,
 Then I (not drinking it) into his handes should fall,
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
 Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
 To greatest daunger yelde my selfe, and to the dedly smart,
 To comme to him on whome my life doth wholly stay,
 That is my onely hartes delight, and so he shalbe aye.
 Then goe (quoth he) my childe, I pray that God on hye
 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
 God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
 That no inconstant toy thee let thy promesse to fulfill.

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the fryer,
 And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre ;
 And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
 In mynd to aske if she her purpose yet did holde,
 In mynd also, apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde ;
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with unwonted chere,
 As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begin :
 Madame, at sainct Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,
 Where I did make abode a longer while (percase)
 Then dewty would ; yet have I not been absent from this place
 So long a while, whitout a great and just cause why ;
 This frute have I receaved there ;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,
 Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,
 Released from affliction, restored is to rest !
 For lo, my troubled gost (alas too sore diseasde)
 By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde ;
 To whome I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,
 And in confession did I tell of all our passed strife ;
 Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my syre,
 By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre ;

But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore
 Made me another woman now then I had been before.
 By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,
 That (though I sought) no sure defence my serching thought could finde.
 So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
 And promist to be orderd by the friers praysed skill.
 Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,
 The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,
 Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
 Ready (if you commaunde her ought) your pleasure to fulfill.
 Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,
 To goe unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay ;
 Of hym fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,
 And shew him (if it pleaseth you) his child is now at last
 Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,
 And that I will (God lending lyfe) on Wensday next, be prest
 To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
 Where I will, in your hearing, and before my fathers face,
 Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
 And take him for my lord and spouse ; thus fully am I bent ;
 And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
 Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
 The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,
 Which (better him to please) I mynd on Wensday next to weare ;
 For if I did excell the famous Gretian rape,
 Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my shape.
 The simple mother was rapt in to great delight ;
 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
 With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
 Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
 She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer ;
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded syer.
 With handes and eyes heaved up he thankes God in his hart,
 And then he sayth : This is not (wife) the friers first desart ;
 Oft hath he shewde to us great frendship heretofore,
 By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious lore.
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
 But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
 Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
 But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne !
 So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
 So much (in faith) his extreme age my frendly hart doth greve.
 These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode ;
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
 At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
 But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
 And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost,
 For then he knoweth well the charges wilbe great ;
 The whilst, his hart desyareth still her sight, and not his meate.
 He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
 Fayre Juliet ; wher to he doth right willingly agree.

The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare ;
 She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare
 Her curteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
 But liberally to geve them forth when Paris commes in place :
 Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shewe,
 As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set their wares on rew ;
 That ere the County did out of her sight depart,
 So secretly unwares to him she stale away his hart,
 That of his lyfe and death the wyly wench hath powre.
 And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre
 And with importune sute the parentes doth he pray
 The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The woer hath past forth the first day in this sort,
 And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.
 At length the wished time of long hoped delight
 (As Paris thought) drew nere ; but nere approched heavy plight.
 Against the bridall day the parentes did prepare
 Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty fare,
 That they which did behold the same the night before
 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wishe for any more.
 Nothing did seeme to deere ; the deerest thinges were bought ;
 And (as the written story saith) in dede there wanted nought,
 That longd to his degree, and honor of his stocke ;
 But Juliet, the whilst, her thoughts within her brest did locke ;
 Even from the trusty nurce, whose secretnes was tryde,
 The secret counsell of her hart the nurce childe seekes to hide.
 For sith, to mocke her dame, she did not sticke to lye,
 She thought no sinne with shew of truth to bleare her nurces eye.
 In chamber secretly the tale she gan renew,
 That at the doore she tolde her dame, as though it had been trew.
 The flattring nurce dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,
 And said that she had done right well by wit to order will.
 She setteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,
 And eke she praiseth much to her the second mariage ;
 And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,
 By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus praysde before.
 Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not retourne ;
 What shall it boote her lyfe to languish still and mourne.
 The pleasures past before she must account as gayne ;
 But if he doe retourne, what then ?—for one she shall have twayne.
 The one shall use her as his lawful wedded wyfe,
 In wanton love with equall joy the other leade his lyfe ;
 And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,
 Of husband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
 These wordes and like the nurce did speake, in hope to please,
 But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde disease ;
 But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,
 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
 But when the bryde perceived her howre approched nere,
 She sought (the best she could) to fayne, and tempted so her cheere,
 That by her outward looke no living wight could gesse
 Her inward woe ; and yet anew renewde is her distresse.

Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,
 And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the stayre.
 In Juliets chamber was her wonted use to lye ;
 Wherefore her mistres, dreading that she should her work descrye,
 As sone as she began her pallet to unfold,
 Thinking to lye that night where she was wont to lye of olde,
 Doth gently pray her seeke her lodgeing some where els ;
 And, lest she crafty should suspect, a ready reason telles.
 Dere frend (quoth she) you knowe, to morow is the day
 Of new contract ; wherefore, this night, my purpose is to pray
 Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
 And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
 That they so smyle upon the doynge of to morow,
 That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow :
 Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
 But see that you to morow comme before the dawning light,
 For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre.
 And easely the loving nurse dyd yelde to her desire,
 For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute ;
 She little knew the close attempt her nurce childe went about.

The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
 Assured that no living wight her doing myght disclose,
 So powred forth into the vyole of the fryer,
 Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boord stode by her.
 The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
 Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed :
 Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
 And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
 That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
 That same she calleth into doute ; and lying doutfully
 Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
 With handes ywrong, and weping eyes, thus gan she to complaine :—
 What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
 So much unfortunate as I ? so much past hope as I ?
 What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
 The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne ?
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde ;
 Since that the cruel cause of my unhappines
 Hath put me to this sodaine plonge, and brought to such distres,
 As (to the end I may my name and conscience save)
 I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
 Whose woorking and whose force as yet I doe not know.
 And of this piteous plaint began another doute to growe :
 What doe I knowe (quoth she) if that this powder shall
 Sooner or later then it should or els not worke at all ?
 And then my craft descride as open as the day,
 The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remayn for aye.
 And what know I (quoth she) if serpentis odious,
 And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venomous,
 That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
 And commonly, as I have heard, in dead mens tombes are found,

Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—
 Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
 Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
 Of carkases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before
 Intombcd were, where I my sleping place shall have,
 Where all my auncesters doe rest, my kindreds common grave?
 Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
 Fynd me (if I awake before) ystified in the tombe?"

And whilst she in these thoughtes doth dwell somewhat to long,
 The force of her ymagining anon dyd waxe so strong,
 That she surmysde she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,
 (A griesly thing to looke upon) the carkas of Tybalt;
 Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before
 Had seene him in his blood embrewde, to death eke wounded sore.
 And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde
 That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,
 All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,
 But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
 Her dainty tender partes gan shever all for dred,
 Her golden heares did stand upright upon her chillish hed.
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
 A sweat as colde as mountaine yse pearst through her slender skin,
 That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:
 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she feares,
 A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,
 And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in dout.
 But when she felt her strength began to weare away,
 By little and little, and in her hart her feare increased ay,
 Dreading that weakenes might, or foolish cowardise,
 Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,
 As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
 And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
 Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,
 And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
 And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,
 The nurce unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,
 And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her slepe;
 Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,
 Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by.
 But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,
 She thinkes to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.
 If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,
 Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders sound,
 Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
 The sleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
 So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;
 Wherwith the seely carefull nurce was wondrously apalde.
 She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,
 But loe, she found her parts were stiffe and more than marble colde;
 Neither at mouth nor nose found she recourse of breth;
 Two certaine argumentes were these of her untimely death.

Wherefore as one distraught she to her mother ranne,
With seratched face, and heare betorne, but no woord speake she can,
At last (with much adoe) Dead (quoth she) is my childe.
Now, (Out alas) the mother eryde and as a tyger wilde,
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gonne out of her denne to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away ;
So rageing forth she ranne unto her Juliets bed,
And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breth,
And then (that pity was to heare) thus cryde she out on death :
Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,
Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in despite I erye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Whereto stay I (alas) since Juliet is gone ?
Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone ?
Alacke, dere chyld, my teares for thee shall never cease ;
Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase :
Such store of sorow shall affliet my tender hart,
That dedly panges, when they assayle shall not augment my smart.
Than gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would brast ;
And while she crieth thus, behold, the father at the last,
The County Paris, and of gentilmen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and eountry round about,
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,
For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast ;
But when the heavy newes the bydden geastes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr countnance and theyr cheere,
Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity [to] have beene.
But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so
Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodain woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd his teares and plaint to keepe.
In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent ;
And, hearyng of her passed life, they judge with one assent
The cause of this her death was inward care and thought ;
And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,
The same was it in which through Veron towne was spred
The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.
For so she was bemonde both of the yong and olde,
That it might seeme to him that would the commen plaint behold,
That all the commen welth did stand in jeopardy ;
So universall was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.
For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues prayses grewe,
She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles childe,
She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,
Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,
 Our fryer Lawrence hath by this sent one to Romeus,
 A frier of his house, there never was a better,
 He trusted him even as himselfe, to whom he gave a letter,
 In which he written had of every thing at length,
 That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders strength;
 The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
 To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
 For by that time, the drinke, he saith, will cease to woorke,
 And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall loorke;
 Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,
 (Till fickle Fortune favour him,) disguise in mans aray.

Thys letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother;
 He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.
 Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
 And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse
 That friers in the towne should seeldome walke alone,
 But of theyr covent ay should be accompanide with one
 Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
 In mynde to take some frier with him, to walke the towne about.
 But entred once he might not issue out agayne,
 For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne
 Dyed of the plague, (a sickenes which they greatly feare and hate)
 So were the brethren charged to kepe within theyr covent gate,
 Bard of theyr felowship that in the towne do wonne;
 The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers house to shonne,
 Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew;
 Wherof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there grewe.
 The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,
 Not knowing what the letters held, differd untill the morowe;
 And then he thought in tyme to send to Romeus.
 But whilst at Mantua where he was, these dooinges framed thus,
 The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly busied
 About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.
 Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
 And now to sorow is retornde the joy of every one;
 And now the wedding weedes for mourning weedes they chaunge,
 And Hymene into a dyrge;—alas! it seemeth straunge:
 In steade of mariage gloves, now funerall gloves they have,
 And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
 The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
 Hath every dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoye.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
 That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;
 For every houshold, if it be of any fame;
 Doth hyde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the housholdes name;
 Wherein (if any of that kindred hap to dye)
 They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps in such a one dyd lay,
 Where Tybalt slayne of Romeus was layde the other day.
 An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,

In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete.
So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man dyd meete
His masters wyfe ; the sight with sorow straight dyd wounde
His honest heart ; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.
And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,
The doynge of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,
And for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,
(Alas) too soone, with heavy newes he hyed away in post ;
And in his house he found his maister Romeus,
Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speak him thus :
Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,
That sure, except with constancy you seeke your selfe to arme,
I feare that strayght you will brethe out your latter breath,
And I, most wretched wight, shalbe thoccasion of your death.
Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wyfe,
I wot not by what sodain grefe, hath made exchaunge of life ;
And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest ;
And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde,
Within the tombe of Capilets : and here withall he stayde.
This sodayne message sounde, sent forth with sighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening eares ;
And therby hath sonke in such sorow in his hart,
That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
Was like to breake out of his prison house perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce :
But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende :
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his death :
Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,
And more also (he vainely thought) his lady better pleased.
Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleene,
Lest that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be seene,
And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,
Which he with all his care dyd seeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, verry of the house, he walketh forth abrode :
His servant, at the maisters hest, in chamber styll abode ;
And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,
To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A salve meete for his sore, an oyle fitte for his wounde ;
And seeking long (alac too soone) the thing he sought, he founde.
An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed to be poore.
And in his shop he saw his boxes were but fewe,
And in his window (of his wares) there was so small a shew ;
Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
What by no frendship could be got, with money should be bought ;
For nedy lacke is lyke the poore man to compell
To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart :

Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
 So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
 Kill him whose wretched hap shalbe the potion to devowre.
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
 In hast he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde :
 Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure this is the speeding gere,
 And more there is then you shall nede ; for halfe of that is there
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse then halfe an howre
 To kill the strongest man alive ; such is the poysons power.

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
 Provyde both instruments to open wyde the toombe,
 And lightes to shew him Juliet ; and stay (till he shall comme)
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wyfe doth rest,
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.
 Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his maister take ;
 Betyme he commes to towne, such hast the paynfull man dyd make :
 And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,
 But doth dysclose unto no wight his wofull maisters will.
 Would God, he had herein broken his maisters hest !
 Would God, that to the fryer he had dysclosed all hys brest !
 But Romeus the whyle with many a dedly thought
 Provoked much, hath caused ynke and paper to be brought,
 And in few lynes he dyd of all his love dyscourse,
 How by the fryers helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,
 The wedlocke knot was knyht, and by what meane that night
 And many moe he dyd enjoy his happy hartes delight ;
 Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende ;
 And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.

The letters cload and seald, directed to his syre,
 He locketh in his purse, and then a post hors doth he hyre.
 When he approached nere, he warely lighted downe,
 And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne ;
 Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should comme,
 With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliets toomme.
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,
 And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
 See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
 I charge thee that thou comme not nere whyle I abyde beneath,
 Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,
 Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
 Take there a letter, which, as soone as he shall ryse,
 Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes ;
 Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
 Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
 Obediently a little way withdrew himselfe apart ;

And then our Romeus (the vault stone set up upright)
Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
He gan beholde, who surely was the organ of his lyfe ;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst ;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyst ;
And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight :
His fearfull handes he layd upon her stomacke colde,
And them on divers parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought ;
Wherof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning hart :
Oh Juliet, of whom the world unwoorthy was,
From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy gost dyd passe,
What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde
Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde ?
Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved ?
What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memorye, could any man invente,
As this our mutuell and our piteous sacrifice
Of lyfe, set light for love ?"—but while he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms force ;
Which little and little gan to overcommе hys hart,
And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,
He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.
To whom (as having life) in this sort speaketh he :
Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreke desyrest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now ?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,
The same with his owne hand (thou seest) doth poyson himselfe to death.
And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,
Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by.
These said, when he gan feele the poysons force prevayle,
And little and little mastred lyfe for aye beganne to fayle,
Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,—
Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe
Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe
Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde ;
Take pity on my sinneful and my poore afflicted mynde !
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay.

Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
 His overpressed parts upon his ladies wayled corse,
 That now his wekened hart, weakened with tormentes past,
 Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
 Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
 And so the long imprisoned soule hath freedome wonne at length.
 Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,
 Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy corse.

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
 Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken ;
 But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
 Out of Saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight ;
 Tyll Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,
 When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde :
 There hath he been (quoth he) this halfe howre at the least,
 And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast.
 Then both they entred in, where they (alas) dyd fynde
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde ;
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceive,
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce death dyd reve.
 But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
 An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe ;
 And much amasde to see in tombe so great a light,
 She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.
 But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :
 What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ?
 And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare
 Lest if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,
 In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
 And with his fingar shewd his corps out stretched, stiffe, and colde ;
 And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde
 This sodain great mischaunce, and sayth, that he will soone provyde
 In somme religious house for her a quiet place,
 Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase
 She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,
 And unto her tormented soule call backe exiled rest.
 But loe, as soone as she had cast her ruthfull eye
 On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,
 Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,
 And out they gushie ;—with cruell hand she tare her golden heares.
 But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickeness furious rage,
 False on his corps she lay long panting on his face,
 And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did embrace,
 As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,
 She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne :
 A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,
 And it unkist againe as oft ; then gan she thus to mone :

Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
 Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
 Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,
 That in this place and at this time, thy churchyard thou hast chose?
 Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make?
 And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake?
 Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to be,
 How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight
 Of furious death, that wons to fray the stoutest with his sight?
 How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
 In this so fowle infected place (to dwell) where now thou art?
 Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to be
 The dainty foode of greedy woormes, unworthy sure of thee.
 Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
 My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, againe thus to renewe?
 Which both the tyme and eke my patient long abode
 Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have trode?
 Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
 To find my painefull passions salve, I myst the thing I sought;
 And to my mortall harme the fatall knyfe I grounde,
 That gave to me so deepe, so wyde so cruell dedly wounde.
 Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe!
 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme
 Of the most perfect leage betwixt a payre of lovers,
 That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others
 Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,
 Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay wrang.”
 And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,
 The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone;
 For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,
 And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stooode in feare.
 When Juliet saw her selfe left in the vaulte alone,
 That freely she might worke her will, for let or stay was none,
 Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,
 The body dead of Romeus, and claspd it in her armes;
 Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,
 That more than by the feare of death, she was attaint by love;
 And then past deadly feare, for lyfe ne had she care,
 With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.
 “O welcome death (quoth she) end of unhappines,
 That also art beginning of assured happines,
 Feare not to darte me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;
 For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,
 At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite emong so many ded.
 And thou my loving lord, Romeus my trusty feer,
 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,
 Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
 That causd (alas) thy violent death, although unwillingly;
 And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,
 To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to boste

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved
 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved :
 That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,
 In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live yfere.”
 These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart :
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly smart !
 She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
 And from her corps the sprite doth flye ;—what should I say ? she dyes.
 The watehemen of the towne the whilst are passed by,
 And through the gates the eandle light within the tombe they spye ;
 Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,
 That with prepared instrumentes had opend wide the tombe,
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,
 Which by their seience ayde abusde, do stand them oft in sted.
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth herof to know ;
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below,
 In elased armes ywraopt the husband and the wyfe,
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,
 The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew :
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,
 That at the length hidden they found the murthrers ;—so they thought.
 In dongeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde :
 The next day do they tell the prince the mischefe that they found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,
 Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
 Thether you might have seene whole housholdes forth to ronne,
 For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was donne,
 The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
 With hasty paece do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.
 And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
 Like as the murders brute abrode through all the towne was blowne
 The prince did straight ordaine, the corses that wer founde
 Should be set forth upon a stage hie raysed from the grounde,
 Right in the selfe same fourme, (shewde forth to all mens sight)
 That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night ;
 And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence should
 Be openly examined ; for els the people would
 Have murmered, or faynd there were some waighty cause
 Why openly they were not calde, and so eonvict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
 In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,
 (A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)
 His beard as white as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling teares :
 Whom straight the dredfull judge eommaundeth to declare
 Both, how this murder had been donne, and who the murthrers are ;
 For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
 And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fite.
 The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,
 The judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.
 But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,
 And then with bold assured voyee aloud thus gan he say :

“ My lordes, there is not one emong you, set togyther,
 So that (affection set aside) by wisdom he consider
 My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
 And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,
 But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
 So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.
 For I, that in the space of lx yeres and tenne,
 Since first I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,
 And with the worldes vaine thinges, my selfe I did acquaint,
 Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
 With any cryme, in waight as heavy as a rushe,
 Ne is there any stander by can make me gyilty blushe ;
 (Although before the face of God, I doe confesse
 My selfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.)
 When readiest I am and likeliest to make
 My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake ;
 When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every howre,
 Tappeare before the judgment seate of everlasting powre,
 And falling ripe, I steppe upon my graves brinke,
 Even then, am I, most wretched wight, (as eche of you doth thinke,)
 Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne downe,
 In greatest daunger of my life, and damage of renowne.
 The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,
 And in your hart increaseth till your vayne and wrong surmise :
 May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, (percase,)
 That so aboundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face ;
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept
 That Christ our Saviour himselve for ruth and pittie wept ;
 And more, whoso will reade, ywritten shall he fynde,
 That teares are as true messengers of mans ungyltie mynde.
 Or els, (a liker prooffe) that I am in the cryme,
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected tyme ;
 As though all howres alike had not been made above !
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve ? whereby he sought to prove,
 That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,
 But at all times men have the choyce of dooing good or bad ;
 Even as the sprite of God the hartes of men doth guyde,
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path asyde.
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
 As now I deeme, I neede not seeke to make ye understande
 To what use yron first was made, when it began ;
 How of it self it helpeth not, ne yet can helpe a man.
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they flowe,
 Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,
 Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme :
 No one of these hath powre, ne powre have all the three,
 To make me other then I am, how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience, (if so my gylt deserve,)
 For an appeacher, witsnesse, and a hangman, eke should serve ;

For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were hore,
 And credyt great that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.
 But (God I prayse) I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
 And from remorse pricking sting I joy that I am free :
 I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
 Wherewith you should be troubled still, if I my speche should spare.
 But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,
 And plucke out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasing more and more,
 Within your conscience also increase your curelesse sore,
 I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
 And for a witness of my woordes my hart attesteth him,
 Whose mighty hande doth welde them in theyr vyolent sway,
 And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay :
 That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse
 Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and sourse
 Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no lesse
 Will wonder at then they (alas) poore lovers in distresse,
 Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
 With strong and patient hart did yelde themselfe to cruell death :
 Such was the mutuall love wherein they burned both,
 And of their promyst frendshippes fayth so stedy was the troth.

And then the auncient frier began to make dyscourse,
 Even from the first, of Romeus and Juliets amours ;
 How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,
 And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might lose ;
 And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,
 Under confessions cloke, to him them selfe they have adrest,
 And how with solemne othes thy have protested both,
 That they in hart are maried by promise and by othe ;
 And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
 They shall be forst by earnest love in sinneful state to live :
 Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode
 That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest, good,
 And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meet to bee
 For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree ;
 Hoping that so at length ended myght be the stryfe,
 Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
 Thinking to woorke a woorke well pleasing in Gods sight,
 In secret shrift he wedded them ; and they the selfe same night
 Made up the mariage in house of Capelet,
 As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,
 And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to hys wyfe ;
 And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,
 And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne ;
 And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound

Her harmeles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde
 To dysappoynt the earles attempt ; and spotles save her mynde,
 Wherfore, he doth conclude, (although that long before)
 By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore
 The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
 And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge
 His closed conscience he had opened and set at large ;
 And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme
 His soule to be spotted some deale with small and easy cryme,
 Then that the lady should, (wery of lyving breath,)
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death :
 Wherfore his auncient artes agayne he puttes in ure,
 A certaine powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,
 That they her held for dead ; and how that frier John
 With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone ;
 Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become ;
 And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.
 He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterved,
 Supposing Juliet dead ; and how that Juliet hath carved,
 With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
 Desyrous to accompany her lover after death ;
 And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,
 And hidde them selfe, dreding the noyse of watchmen, that they heard.
 And for the prooffe of thys his tale, he doth desyer
 The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to reade his letter ;
 And, more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause the better,
 He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,
 And Romeus man whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much erst as he was, dismayd :
 My lordes, (quoth he) too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.
 And when my maister went into my mystres grave.
 This letter that I offer you, unto me then he gave,
 Which he himselfe dyd write, as I do understand,
 And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
 That erst the skilfull frier said ; and eke the wretches name
 That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,
 The price of it, and why he bought, his letters playne have tolde.
 The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
 That they could wishe no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr eyes :
 So orderly all thinges were tolde and tryed out,
 That in the prease there was not one that stode at all in doute.

The wyser sort, to councell called by Escalus,
 Have geven advyse, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus :
 The nurce of Juliet is banisht in her age,
 Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,
 Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
 Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne ;
 And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters hest,
 In woonted freedome had good leave to lead his lyfe in rest :

Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
 And for the paynes he tooke with him the hangman had his cote.
 But now what betyde of this gray-bearded syre?
 Of fryer Laurence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
 Because that many times he woorthely did serve
 The commen welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,
 He was discharged quyte, and no marke of defame
 Did seeme to blot or touch at all the honor of his name.
 But of him selfe he went into an hermitage,
 Two myles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his age;
 Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
 Fyve years he lived an hermite and an hermite dyd he dye.
 The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
 The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
 That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
 Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could asswage,
 Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynd of murthers donne,
 At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.

And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
 The memory of so perfect, sound and so approved love,
 The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
 In stately tombe, on pillers great of marble, rayse they hye.
 On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,
 Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
 And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;
 So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
 There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
 Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

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THE TWENTY-FIFTH NOVELL.

The goodly hystory of the true, and constant love betweene Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of poyson, and the other of sorrow, and hevinesse: wherein be comprysed many adventures of love, and other devises touchinge the same.

I AM sure that they which measure the greatnesse of goddes workes accordinge to the capacity of their rude, and simple understandinge, wyll not lightly adhibite credite unto thys history, so wel for the variety of straunge accidents which be therein described, as for the novelty of so rare, and perfect amity. But they that have red Plinie, Valerius Maximus, Plutarche, and divers other writers, do finde, that in olde time a great number of men and women have died, some of excessive joy, some of overmutch sorrow, and some of other passions: and amongs the same, love is not the least, whych when it seazeth upon any kynde and gentle subject, and findeth no resistance to serve for a rampart to stay the violence of his course, by little and little undermineth, melteth and consumeth the virtues of naturall powers, in sutch wyse as the spyrite yealdinge to the burden, abandoneth the place of lyfe: which is verified by the pitifull, and infortunate death of two lovers that surrendered their last

breath in one tounge at Verona a citty of Italy, wherein repose yet to thys day: (with great marvell) the bones, and remnauntes of their late loving bodies: an hystory no lesse wonderfull than true. If then perticular affection which of good right every man ought to beare to the place where he was borne, doe not deceyve those that travayle, I thincke they will confesse wyth me, that few citties in Italy, can surpass the sayd citty of Verona, as well for the navigable river called Adissa, which passeth almost through the midst of the same, and thereby a great trafique into Almayne, as also for the prospect towards the fertile mountaynes, and pleasant valeys whych do environ the same, with a great number of very clere and lyvely fountaynes, that serve for the ease and commodity of the place. Omittinge (bisides many other singularities) foure bridges, and an infinite number of other honourable antiquities dayly apparaunt unto those, that be to curious to viewe and looke upon them. Which places I have somewhat touched, bycause thys most true history which I purpose hereafter to recite, dependeth thereupon, the memory whereof to thys day is so wel known at Verona, as unneths their blubbred eyes be yet dry, that saw and beheld that lamentable sight.

When the Senior Escala was lorde of Verona, there were two families in the citty, of farre greater fame than the rest, aswell for riches as nobility: the one called the Montesches, and the other the Capellets: but lyke as most commonly there is discorde amongs theym which be of semblable degree in honour, even so there hapned a certayne emnity betweene them: and for so much as the beginning thereof was unlawfull, and of ill foundation, so lykewyse in processe of time it kindled to sutch flame, as by divers and sundry devyses practised on both sides, many lost their lyves. The lord Bartholomew of Escala, (of whom we have already spoken) being lord of Verona, and seeing sutch disorder in his common weale, assayed divers and sundry waies to reconcile those two houses but all in vayne: for their hatred had taken sutch roote, as the same could not be moderated by any wyse counsell or good advice: betweene whom no other thing could be accorded, but geving over armour, and weapon for the time, attending some other season more convenient, and with better leysure to appease the rest. In the time that these thinges were adoining, one of the family of Montesches called Rhomeo, of the age of xx. or xxi. yeares, the comliest and best conditioned gentleman that was amonges the Veronian youth, fell in love with a young gentlewoman of Verona, and in few dayes was attached with hir beauty, and good behaviour, as he abandoned all other affaires and busines, to serve and honour hir: and after many letters, ambassades, and presents, he determined in the ende to speake unto hir, and to disclose hys passions, which he did without any other practise. But she which was vertuously brought up, knew how to make him so good answere to cut of his amorous affections, as he had no lust after that time to returne any more, and shewed hir selfe so austere, and sharpe of speach, as she vouchsafed not with one looke to behold him. But how much the young gentleman saw hir whist, and silent, the more he was inflamed; and after he had continued certayne months in that service wythout remedy of his grieffe, he determined in the ende to depart Verona, for prooffe if by chaunge of the place he might alter his affection, saying to himselfe: "What do I meane to love one that is so unkinde, and thus doth disdain me: I am all hir owne, and yet she flieth from me: I can no longer live, except hir presence I doe enjoy: and she hath no contented mynde, but when she is furthest from me: I will then from henceforth estraunge my selfe from hir, for it may so come to passe by not beholding hir, that thys fire in me which taketh increase and nourishment by hir fayre eyes, by little and little

may dy and quench." But minding to put in prooffe what he thought, at one instant hee was reduced to the contrary, who not knowing whereupon to resolve, passed dayes and nights in marveilous playnts, and lamentations: for love vexed him so neare, and had so well fixed the gentlewoman's beauty within the bowels of his heart, and mynde, as not able to resist, hee faynted with the charge, and consumed by little and little as the snow agaynst the sunne: whereof hys parenttes, and kinred did marvayle greatly, bewaylinge hys misfortune, but above all other one of hys companyons of riper age, and counsell than hee, began sharply to rebuke him: for the love that he bare him was so great as hee felt hys martirdome, and was pertaker of hys passion: which caused him by ofte viewyng his friend's disquietnesse in amorous panges, to say thus unto him: "Rhomeo, I marvell much that thou spendest the best time of thine age, in pursute of a thing, from which thou seest thy self despised and banished, wythout respecte either to thy prodigall dispense, to thine honor, to thy teares, or to thy myserable lyfe, which be able to move the most constant to pity: wherefore I pray thee for the love of our auncient amity, and for thyne health sake, that thou wilt learn to be thine owne man, and not to alenat thy lyberty to any so ingrate as she is: for so farre as I conjecture by things that are passed betwene you, either she is in love wyth some other, or else determineth never to love any. Thou arte yong, rich in goods and fortune, and more excellent in beauty than any gentleman in thys cyty: thou art well learned, and the onely sonne of the house wherof thou comest: what gryef would it bee to thy poore olde father and other thy parentes, to see the so drowned in this dongeon of vyce, specially at that age wherein thou oughtest rather to put them in some hope of thy vertue? begyn then from henceforth to acknowledge thyne error, wherein thou hast hitherto lyved, doe away that amorous vaile or coverture whych blyndeth thyne eyes and letteth thee to folow the ryghte path, wherein thine auncestors have walked: or else if thou do feele thy selfe so subject to thyne owne wyll, yelde thy hearte to some other place, and chose some mistresse accordyng to thy worthynesse, and henceforth doe not sow thy paynes in a soyle so barrayne whereof thou reapest no fruycte: the tyme approacheth when al the dames of the cyty shal assemble, where thou mayst behold sutch one as shall make thee forget thy former gryefs." Thys younge gentleman attentyvely hearyng all the persuadyng reasons of hys fryend, began somewhat to moderate that heate and to acknowledge all the exhortatyon which hee had made to be directed to good purpose: and then determined to put them in prooffe, and to be present indifferently at al the feasts and assemblies of the city, without bearing affection more to one woman than to an other: and continued in thys manner of lyfe, ii. or iii. monthes, thinking by that meanes to quench the sparks of auncient flames. It chaunced then within few dayes after, about the feast of Chrystmasse, when feasts and bankets most commonly be used, and maskes accordinge to the custome frequented, that Anthonie Capellet being the chief of that familye, and one of the principall lords of the city too, made a banket, and for the better solempnization thereof, invited all the noble men and dames, to which feast resorted the moste parte of the youth of Verona. The family of the Capellts (as we have declared in the beginninge of thys hystory) was at variance with the Montesches, which was the cause that none of that family repaired to that banket, but onely the yong gentleman Rhomeo, who came in a maske after supper with certaine other yong gentlemen: and after they had remained a certayne space with their visards on, at length they did put of the same, and Rhomeo very shamefast, withdrew himself into a corner of the hall: but by reason of the light of the torches which burned very bright,

he was by and by knowen and loked upon of the whole company, but specially of the ladies, for besides his native beauty wherewyth nature had adorned him, they marvelled at his audacity how hee durst presume to enter so secretly into the house of that famyllye which had litle cause to do him any good. Notwithstanding, the Capellets dissembling their mallice, either for the honor of the company, or else for respect of his age, did not misuse him eyther in worde or deede: by meanes whereof wyth free liberty he behelde and viewed the ladies at hys pleasure, which hee dyd so well, and wyth grace so good, as there was none but did very well lyke the presence of his person: and after hee had particularly given judgement uppon the excellency of each one, according to his affection, hee sawe one gentlewoman amonges the reste of surpassinge beautye who (althoughe hee had never seene hir tofore) pleased him above the rest, and attributed unto hir in heart the chyefest place for all perfection in beautye: and feastyng hir incessantlye with piteous lookes, the love whych hee bare to his first gentlewoman was overcomen with this newe fire, that tooke sutch norishment and vigor in his hart, as he was not able never to quench the same but by death onely: as you may understande by one of the strangest discourses, that ever any mortall man devised. The yong Rhomeo then felyng himselfe thus tossed wyth thys newe tempest, could not tell what countenance to use, but was so surprised and chaunged with these last flames, as he had almost forgotten himselfe in sutch wise as he had not audacity to enquire what shee was, and wholly bente himself to feede hys eyes with hir sighte, wherewyth hee moystened the sweete amorous venome, which dyd so empoyson him, as hee ended hys dayes with a kinde of most cruell death. The gentlewoman that dydde put Rhomeo to sutch payne, was called Julietta, and was the daughter of Capellet, the mayster of the house wher that assembly was, who as hir eyes did rolle and wander too and fro, by chaunce espied Rhomeo, which unto hir seemed to be the goodliest personage that ever shee sawe: and love (which lay in wayte never untill that time,) assayling the tender heart of that yong gentlewoman, touched hir so at the quicke, as for any resistance she coulde make, was not able to defend his forces, and then began to set at naught the royalties of the feast, and felt no pleasure in hir heart, but when she had a glimpse by throwing or receiving some sight or looke of Rhomeo. And after they had contented eche others troubled heart with millions of amorous lookes which oftentimes interchangeably encountred and met together, the burning beames gave sufficient testimony of loves privy onsettes.

Love having made the heartes breache of those two lovers, as they two sought meanes to speake together, fortune offered them a very meete and apt occasion. A certayne lord of that troupe and companye tooke Julietta by the hande to daunce, wherein shee behaved hir selfe so well, and wyth so excellent grace, as shec wanne that daye the prise of honour from all the damosels of Verona. Rhomeo, havynge foreseene the place whereunto shee mynded to retire, approached the same, and so dyscretelye used the matter, as hee founde the meanes at hir returne to sit beside hir: Julietta when the daunce was finished, returned to the very place where she was set before, and was placed betwene Rhomeo and an other gentleman called Mercutio, which was a courtlyke gentleman, very well be loved of all men, and by reason of his pleasaunt and curteous behavior was in every company wel intertayned. Mercutio that was of audacity among maydens, as a lyon is among lambes, seized incontynently upon the hande of Julietta, whose hands wontedly werc so cold both in wynter and sommer as the mountayne yce, although the fire's heat did warm the same. Rhomeo whych sat upon the left side of Julietta, seyng that

Mercutio held hir by the right hand, toke hir by the other that he myght not be deceived of his purpose, and straying the same a little, he felt himself so prest wyth that newe favor, as he remayned mute, not able to aunswer: but she pereevyng by his chaunge of color, that the fault proceeded of the vehemence of love, desyryng to speake unto hym, turned hir selfe towards hym, and wyth tremblyng voyce joyned with virginal shamefastnesse, intermedled with a certayn bashfulnesse, sayd to hym: "Blessed be the howre of your neare approche:" but mynding to proeede in further talke, love had so closed up hir mouth, as she was not able to end hir tale.

Wherunto the yong gentleman all ravished with joy and contentation, sighing, asked hir what was the cause of that ryght fortunate blessing: Julietta, somewhat more emboldened with pytyful loke and smyling eountenance, said unto him: "Syr, do not marvell yf I do blesse your comminge hither, bicause sir Mercutio a good tyme wyth frosty hand hath wholly frosen mine, and you of your curtesy have warmed the same agayne." Wherunto immediatly Rhomeo replied: "Madame, if the heavens have ben so favorable to employe me to do you some agreable service, being repaired hither by chance amongs other gentlemen, I esteeme the same well bestowed, eraving no greater benefite for satisfaction of all my contentations receeived in this world, than to serve obey and honor you as long as my lyfe doth last, as experience shall yeld more ample prooffe when it shall please you to geve further assaye: moreover, if you have receeived any heat by touche of my hand, you may be well assured that those flames be dead in respect of the lyvely sparkes and violent fire which sorteth from your fayre eyes, which fire hath so fiercely inflamed all the most sensible parts of my body, as if I be not succored by the favoure of your good graces, I do attend the time to be consumed to dust." Searse had he made an ende of those last words, but the daunce of the torche was at an end: whereby Julietta, which wholly burnt in love, straightly claspyng her hand with hys, had no leysure to make other aunswer, but softly thus to say: "My deare frend, I know not what other assured wytnesse you desire of love, but that I let you understand that you be no more your own, than I am yours, beyng ready and dysposed to obey you so farre as honour shal permyt, beseechyng you for the present tyme to content your selfe wyth thys aunswere, untill some other season meeter to communicate more seeretly of our affaires." Rhomeo seeing himselfe pressed to part of the company, and for that hee knew not by what meanes he myght see hir agayne that was hys life and death, demaunded of one of his friends what shee was, who made aunswer that she was the daughter of Capellet, the lord of the house, and mayster of that dayes feast (who wroth beyonde measure that fortune had sent him to so daungerous a place, thought it impossible to bring to end his enterprise begon.) Julietta covetous on the other side, to know what yong gentleman he was which had so curteously intertayned hir that nyght, and of whome shee felt the new wound in hir heart, called an olde gentlewoman of honor which had nursed hir and brought hir up, unto whom she sayd leaning upon hir shoulder: "Mother, what two yong gentlemen be they which first goe forth with the two torches before them." Unto whome the old gentlewoman told the name of the houses wherof they came. Then she asked hir againe, what young gentleman that was which holdeth the visarde in his hand, wyth the damaske cloke about hym. "It is" (quod she) "Romeo Montesche, the sonne of youre father's capytall enimye and deadly foe to all your kinne." But the mayden at the onely name of Montesche was altogyther amazed, despayrynge for ever to attayne to husband hir great affectyoned fryend Rhomeo, for the aunevent hatreds betweene those two families. Neverthelesse

she knewe so well how to dissemble hir grief and discontented minde, as the olde gentlewoman perceived nothing, who then began to persuade hir to retire into hir chamber: whom she obeyed, and being in bed, thinking to take hir wonted rest, a great tempest of divers thoughtes began to environ and trouble hir mynde, in sutch wyse as shee was not able to close hir eyes, but turninge heere and there, fantasied divers things in hir thought, sometimes purposed to cut of the whole attempte of that amorous practise, sometimes to continue the same. Thus was the poore pucell vexed with two contraries, the one comforted hir to pursue hir intent, the other proposed the immynente perill whereunto undyscretly she headlong threwe hir self: and after she had wandred of long time in this amorous laberinth, she knew not whereuppon to resolve, but wept incessantly, and accused hir self, saying: "Ah, caitife and myserable creature, from whence do rise these unaccustomed travayles which I feele in mynde, provokynge mee to loose my rest: but infortunate wretch, what doe I know if that yong gentleman doe love mee as hee sayeth. It may be under the vaile of sugred woordes he goeth about to steale away mine honore, to be revenged of my parentes whych have offended his, and by that meanes to my everlastyng reproche to make me the fable of the Verona people."

Afterwardes sodainly as she condempned that which she suspected in the beginning, sayd: "Is it possible that under sutch beautye and rare comelynesse, dysloyaltye and treason may have theyr syedge and lodgyng? If it bee true that the face is the faythfull messenger of the myndes concepte, I may bee assured that hee doeth love mee: for I marked so many chaunged colours in his face in time of his talke with me, and sawe hym so transported and besides himselfe, as I cannot wyshe any other more certayne lucke of love, wherein I wyll persyst immutable to the laste gaspe of lyfe, to the intentc I may have hym to bee my husband: for it maye so come to passe, as this newe aliaunce shall engender a perpetuall peace and amity betweene hys house and mine." Arrestinge then upon this determynation styll, as she saw Rhomeo passynge before hir father's gate, she shewed hir selfe with merry countenance, and followed him so with loke of eye, untill she had lost his sight. And continuing this manner of lyfe for certayne dayes, Rhomeo not able to content himself with lookes, daily did behold and marke the situation of the house, and one day amongs others hee espyed Julietta at hir chamber window, bounding upon a narrow lane, ryght over against which chamber he had a gardein, which was the cause that Rhomeo fearing discovery of their love, began the day time to passe no more before the gate, but so soone as the night with his browne mantell had covered the earth, hee walked alone up and downe that little streat: and after he had bene there many times, missing the chiefest cause of his comming, Julietta impacient of hir evill, one night repaired to hir window, and perceived throughe the bryghtnesse of the moone hir friend Rhomeo under hir window, no lesse attended for, than hee hymselfe was waighting. Then she secretly with teares in hir eyes, and wyth voyce interrupted by sighes, sayd: "Signior Rhomeo, me thinke that you hazarde your person to mutch, and commyt the same into great daunger at thys time of the nyght, to protrude your self to the mercy of them which meane you little good. Who yf they had taken would have cut you in pieces, and mine honor (which I csteme dearer than my lyfe), hindred and suspected for ever." "Madame," answered Rhomeo, "my lyfe is in the hand of God, who only can dispose the same: howbeyt yf any man had soughte menes to berycve mee of my lyfe, I should (in the presence of you) have made him knowen what mine ability had ben to defend the same. Notwythstandyng lyfe is not so deare, and of sutch estimation wyth me, but that I coulede vouchsafe to sacryfice the same for your

sake: and although he my mishap had bene so greate, as to bee dyspatched in that place, yet had I no cause to be sorrye therefore, excepte it had bene by losynge the meanes and way how to make you understande the good wyll and duty which I beare you, desyringe not to conserue the same for anye commoditye that I hope to have thereby, nor for anye other respecte, but onely to love, serve, and honor you, so long as breath shal remaine in me." So soone as he had made an end of his talke, love and pity began to seaze upon the heart of Julietta, and leaning hir head upon hir hand, having hir face all besprent wyth teares, she said unto Rhomeo: "Syr Rhomeo, I pray you not to renue that grief agayne: for the onely memory of sutch inconvenyence, maketh me to counterpoise betwene death and lyfe, my heart being so united with yours, as you cannot receyve the least injury in this world, wherein I shall not be so great a partaker as your self: beseechyng you for conclusion, that if you desire your owne health and mine, to declare unto me in fewe wordes what youre determynation is to attaine: for if you covet any other secrete thing at my handes, more than myne honoure can well allowe, you are marvelously deceived: but if your desire be godly, and that the frendship which you protest to beare mee, be founded uppon vertue, and to bee concluded by maryage, receiving me for your wyfe and lawfull spouse, you shall have sutch part in me, as whereof without any regard to the obedience and reverence that I owe to my parentes, or to the auncient enimity of oure famylyes, I wyll make you the onely lord and mayster over me, and of all the thyngys that I possesse, being prest and ready in all poyntes to folow your commaundement: but if your intent be otherwyse, and thinke to reape the fruycte of my virginity, under pretense of wanton amity, you be greatly deceived, and doe pray you to avoide and suffer me from henceforth to lyve in rest amonges myne equals." Rhomeo whych looked for none other thyng, holding up his handes to the heavens, wyth incredible joy and contentation, answered: "Madame, for so much as it hath pleased you to doe me that honour to accepte me for sutch a one, I accorde and consent to your request, and do offer unto you the best part of my heart, which shall remayn with you for guage and sure testimony of my saying, untill such time as God shall give me leave to make you the entier owner and possessor of the same. And to the intent I may begyn mine enterpryse, to morrow I will to the frier Laurence for counsell in the same, who besides that he is my ghostly father, is accustomed to give me instruction in al my other secret affaires, and fayle not (if you please) to meete me agayne in this place at this very hour, to the intent I may give you to understand the device betwene him and me." Which she lyked very well, and ended their talke for that time. Rhomeo receyving none other favour at hir hands for that night, but only wordes. Thys fryer Laurence, of whom hereafter wee shall make more ample mention, was an auncient doctor of divinity, of the order of the fryers minors, who besides the happy profession which he had made in study of holy writ, was very skilful in philosophy, and a great searcher of natures secrets, and exceeding famous in magike knowledge, and other hidden and secret sciences, which nothing diminished his reputation, bicause hee did not abuse the same. And this frier through his vertue and piety, had so well won the citizens hearts of Verona, as he was almost the confessor to them all, and of all men generally revered and beloved: and many tymes for his great prudence was called by the lords of the citty, to the hearing of their weighty causes. And amonges other he was greatly favored by the lorde of Escal, that tyme the principall governor of Verona, and of all the family of Montesches, and of the Capellets, and of many other. The young Rhomeo (as we have already declared) from his tender age, bare a certayne particuler amity to frier

Laurence, and departed to him his secrets, by meanes whereof so soone as he was gone from Julietta, went strayght to the fryers Franciscans, where from point to point he discoursed the successe of his love to that good father, and the conclusion of mariage betwene him and Julietta, adding upon the ende of talke, that hee woulde rather choose shamefull death, than to fayle hir of his promise. To whom the good frier after he had debated divers matters, and proposed al the inconveniences of that secret mariage, exhorted hym to more mature deliberation of the same: notwithstandinge, all the alleged persuasions were not able to revoke his promyse. Wherefore the frier vanquished with his stubbornesse, and also forecasting in his mynde that the mariage might be some meanes of reconciliation of those two houses, in th'end agreed to his request, intreating him, that he myght have one dayes respite for leysure to excogitate what was best to be done. But if Rhomeo for his part was carefull to provide for his affayres, Julietta lykewise did her indeavour. For seeing that shee had none about her to whom she might discover hir passions, shee devised to impart the whole to hir nurse which lay in her chamber, appoynted to wayte upon hir, to whom she committed the intier secrets of the love betwene Rhomeo and hir. And although the olde woman in the beginninge resisted Julietta hir intent, yet in the ende she knew so wel how to persuade and win hir, that she promised in all that she was able to do, to be at her commaundement. And then she sent hir with all diligence to speake to Rhomeo, and to know of him by what meanes they might be married, and that he would do hir to understand the determination betwene fryer Laurence and him. Whom Rhomeo aunswered, how the first day wherein he had informed fryer Laurence of the matter, the sayde fryer deferred aunswere until the next, which was the very same, and that it was not past one houre sithens he returned with finall resolution, and that frier Laurence and he had devised, that she the Saterdag following, should crave leave of hir mother to go to confession, and to repayre to the church of Saynct Francis, where in a certayne chappell secretly they should be married, praying hir in any wyse not to fayle to be there. Which thinge she brought to passe with sutch discretion, as hir mother agreed to hir request: and accompanied onely wyth hir governesse, and a young mayden, she repayed thither at the determined day and tyme. And so soone as she was entred the church, she called for the good doctor fryer Laurence, unto whom aunswere were made that he was in the shriving chappell, and forthwith advertisement was gieven him of hir comming. So soone as fryer Laurence was certified of Julietta, hee went into the body of the church, and willed the olde woman and yong mayden to go heare service, and that when hee had heard the confession of Julietta, he would send for them agayn. Julietta beinge entred a little cell wyth frier Laurence, he shut fast the dore as he was wont to do, where Rhomeo and he had bin together shut fast in, the space of one whole hour before. Then friar Laurence that after he had shrived them, sayd to Julietta: "Daughter, as Rhomeo here present hath certified me, you be agreed, and contented to take him to husband, and he likewise you for his espouse and wyfe. Do you now still persist and continue in that mynde?" The lovers aunswered that they desired none other thing. The fryer seeing theyr conformed and agreeable willes, after he had discoursed somewhat upon the commendation of mariage dignity, pronounced the usuall woordes of the church, and she having receyved the ring from Rhomeo, they rose up before the fryer, who sayd unto them: "If you have any other thing to conferre together, do the same wyth speede: for I purpose that Rhomeo shall goe from hence so secretly as he can." Rhomeo sory to goe from Julietta sayde secretly unto hir, that shee shoulde send unto hym after diner the old woman, and that he would cause to be made a

corded ladder the same evening, thereby to climbe up to her chamber window, where at more leisure they would devise of their affaires. Things determined betwene them, either of them retýred to their house with incredible contentation, attending the happy houre for consummation of their mariage. When Rhomeo was come home to his house, he declared wholly what had passed betwene him and Julietta, unto a servaunt of his called Pietro, whose fidelity he had so greatly tryed, as he durst have trusted him with hys lyfe, and commaunded him wyth expedition to provide a ladder of cordes wyth ii. strong hookes of iron fastned to both endes, which hee easily did, because they were much used in Italy. Julietta did not forget in the evening about five of the clocke, to send the olde woman to Rhomeo, who having prepared all things necessary, caused the ladder to be delivered unto her, and prayed hir to require Julietta the same evening not to fayle to bee at the accustomed place. But if this jorney seemed long to these two passioned lovers, let other judge, that have at other tymes assayed the lyke: for every minute of an houre seemed to them a thousande yeares, so that if they had power to commaund the heavens (as Josua did the sunne) the earth had incontinely bene shadowed wyth darkest cloudes. The appoynted houre come, Rhomeo put on the most sumptuous apparell hee had, and conducted by good fortune neere to the place where his heart tooke lyfe, was so fully determined of hys purpose, as easily hee clymed up the garden wall. Beinge arrived hard to the wyndow, he perceyved Julietta, who had already so well fastned the ladder to draw him up, as without any daunger at all, he entred hir chambre, which was so clere as the day, by reason of the tapers of virgin wax, which Julietta had caused to be lighted, that she might the better beholde hir Rhomeo. Julietta for hir part, was but in her night kerchief: who so soone as she perceyved him colled him about the neck, and after she had kissed and rekissed hym a million of times, began to imbrace hym betwene hir armes, having no power to speake unto him, but by sighes onely, holding hir mouth close against his, and being in this traunce beheld him with pitifull eye, which made him to live and die together. And afterwards somewhat come to hir selfe, she sayd with sighes deeply fetched from the bottom of hir heart: "Ah Rhomeo, the exampler of al vertue and gentlenes, most hartely welcome to this place, wherein for your lacke, and absence, and for feare of your person, I have gushed forth so many teares as the spring is almost dry: but now that I hold you betwene my armes, let death and fortune doe what they list. For I count my selfe more than satisfied of all my sorrowes past, by the favour alone of your presence." Whom Rhomeo with weeping eye, giving over silence aunswered: "Madame, for so much as I never receyved so much of fortune's grace, as to make you feele by lively experience what power you had over me, and the torment every minute of the day sustained for your occasion, I do assure you the least grief that vexeth me for your absence, is a thousand times more paynefull then death, which long time or this had cut of the threede of my lyfe, if the hope of this happy journey had not bene, which paying mee now the just tribute of my weepings past, maketh me better content, and more glad, than if the whole worlde were at my commaundement, beseeching you (without further memory of auncient griefe) to take advice in tyme to come how we may content our passionate hearts, and to sort our affayres with sutch wysedome and discretion, as our enimies without advantage may let us continue the remnant of our dayes in rest and quiet." And as Julietta was about to make answeare, the olde woman came in the meane time, and sayd unto them: "He that wasteth time in talke, recovereth the same to late. But for so much as eyther of you hath endured sutch mutuall paynes, behold (quoth shee) a campe which I have

made ready :” (shewing them the fiede bed which shee had prepared and furnished,) whereunto they easily agreed, and being then betwene the sheets in privy bed, after they had gladded and cherished themselves with al kinde of delicate embracements which love was able to devise, Rhomco unloosing the holy lines of virginity, tooke possession of the place, which was not yet besieged, with sutch joy and contentation as they can judge which have assayed like delites. Their marriage thus consumate, Rhomco pereeyving the morning make to hasty approeh, tooke his leave, making promise that he would not fayle wythin a day or two to resort agayne to the place by lyke meanes, and semblable time, until fortune had provided sure oecasion unfearfully to manyfest their marriage to the whole worlde. And thus a month or twaync, they continued their joyful mindes, to their incredible satisfaction, until lady Fortune, envious of their prosperity, turned hir wheele to tumble them into sutch a bottomlesse pit, as they payed hir usury for their pleasures past, by a certayne most cruell and pitifull death, as you shal understand hereafter by the discourse that followeth. Now as we have before declared, the Capellets and the Montesches were not so well reconciled by the lord of Verona, but that there rested in them sutch sparks of auncient displeasures, as either partes waited but for some light oecasion to draw together, which they did in the Easter holy dayes, (as bloody men eommonly be most willingly disposed after a good time to commit some nefarious deede) besides the gate of Boursarie leading to the olde castel of Verona, a troupe of Capellets rencountred with certayne of the Montesches, and without other woordes began to set upon them. And the Capellets had for chiefe of their glorious enterprise one called Thibault, cosin germayne to Julietta, a yong man strongly made, and of good experience in armes, who exhorted his companions with stout stomakes to repress the boldnes of the Montesches, that ther might from that time forth no memory of them be left at all. The rumoure of this fray was disperssed throughout al the corners of Verona, that suecour might come from all partes of the citty to depart the same. Whereof Rhomeo advertized, who walked alonges the citty with certayne of his companions, hasted him speedily to the place where the slaughter of his parents and alies were committed : and after he had well advised and beholden many wounded and hurt on both sides, he sayd to hys companions : “ My frends let us part them, for they be so flesht one upon an other, as will all be hewed to pieces before the game be done.” And saying so, he thrust himselfe amidst the troupe, and did no more but part the blowes on eythier side, crying upon them aloud : “ My freends, no more, it is time henceforth that our quarel cease. For besides the provocation of God’s just wrath, our two families be slaunderous to the whole world, and are the cause that this common wealth doth grow unto disorder.” But they were so egre and furious one agaynst the other, as they gave no audienee to Rhomeo his counel, and bent theymselves too kyll, dysmember and teare eche other in pieces. And the fyght was so eruell and outrageous betweene them as they which looked on were amased to sec theym endure those blowes, for the grounde was all covered with armes, legges, thighes, and bloude, wherein no signe of cowardnes appeared, and mayntayned their feyghte so longe, that none was able to judge who hadde the better, untill that Thibault cousin to Julietta inflamed with ire and rage, turned towardes Rhomeo thinkinge with a pricke to runne him through. But he was so wel armed and defended with a privye coate whiche he wore ordinarily for the doubt he had of the Capellets, as the pricke rebounded : unto whom Rhomeo made answeare : “ Thibault, thou maiest know by the pacience which I have had untill this present tyme, that I came not hether to fyght with thee or thyne, but to seeke peace and attonemente betweene

us, and if thou thinkest that for default of courage I have fayled myne endeavor, thou doest greate wronge to my reputacion. And impute thys my suffrance to some other perticular respecte, rather than to wante of stomacke. Wherefore abuse mee not but be content with this greate effusion of bloude and murders already committed. And provoke mee not I beseeche thee to passe the boundes of my good will and mynde." "Ah traitor," sayd Thibaulte, "thou thinkest to save thy selfe by the plotte of thy pleasaunt tounge, but see that thou defende thy selfe, els presently I will make thee feele that thy tounge shal not gard thy corps, nor yet be the buckler to defende the same from present death." And saying so, he gave him a blow with such furye, as hadde not other warded the same hee had cutte of his heade from his shoulders, and the one was no readyer to lende, but the other incontinentlye was able to paye agayne, for hee being not onelye wroth with the blowe that hee had received, but offended with the injury which the other had don, began to pursue his ennemy with suche courage and vivacity, as the third blowe with his swerd hee caused him to fall backwarde starke deade uppon the ground with a pricke vehementlye thruste into his throte, whiche hee followed till hys sworde appeared through the hynder parte of the same, by reason wherof the conflicte ceased. For besides that Thibault was the chiefe of his companye he was also borne of one of the noblest houses within the citty, which caused the potestate to assemble his souldiers with diligence for the apprehension and imprisonment of Rhomeo, who seyng y^e fortune at hand, in secrete wise convayed himselfe to fryer Laurence at the friers Franciscanes. And the fryer understandinge of his facte, kepte him in a certayne secret place of his covente until fortune did otherwise provyde for his safe goinge abroad. The bruite spred throughout the citty, of this chaunce don upon the lorde Thibault, the Capellets in mourning weedes caused the deade bodye to be caryed before the sygnory of Verona, so well to move them to pyttye, as to demaunde justice for the murder: before whom came also the Montesches, declaryng the innocencye of Rhomeo, and the wilfull assault of the other. The councill assembled and witnesses heard on both partes, a straight commaundement was geven by the lorde of the citty to geeve over their weapons, and touchinge the offence of Rhomeo, because he hadde killed the other in his owne defence, he was banished Verona for ever. This common misfortune published throughout the citty, was generally sorowed and lamented. Som complayned the death of the lorde Thibault, so well for his dexteritye in armes as for the hope of his great good service in time to come, if hee hadde not bene prevented by sutch cruell death. Other bewailed (specially the ladies and gentlewomen) the overthrow of yong Rhomeo, who besides his beauty and good grace wherewith he was enriched, had a certayne naturall allurement, by vertue whereof he drew unto him the hearts of eche man, like as the stony adamante doth the cancred iron, in sutch wise as the whole nation and people of Verona lamented his mischaunce: but above all infortunate Julietta, who advertised both of the death of hir cosin Thibault, and of the banishment of hir husband, made the ayre sound with infinite number of mornefull playnts and miserable lamentations. Then feeling herselfe to mutch outraged with extreeme passion, she went into hir chamber, and overcome with sorrowe threwe hir selfe upon hir bed, where she began to reinforce hir dolor after so straunge fashion, as the most constant would have bene moved to pity. Then like one out of hir wits, she gazed heere and there, and by fortune beholding the window wher at Rhomeo was wont to enter into hir chamber, cried out: "Oh unhappy windowe, oh entry most unlucky, wherein were woven the bitter toyle of my former mishaps, if by thy meanes I have receyved at other times some light pleasure or transitory conten-

tation, thou now makest me pay a tribute so rigorous and paynefull, as my tender body not able any longer to support the same, shall henceforth open the gate to that lyfe where the ghost, discharged from this mortal burden, shal seeke in some place els more assured rest. Ah Rhomeo, Rhomeo, when acquayntaunee first began betweene us, and reclined myne eares unto thy suborned promisses, confirmed with so many othes, I would never have beleved that in place of our continued amyty, and in appeasing of the hatred of our houses, thou wouldest have sought occasion to breake the same by an acte so shamefull, whereby thy fame shall be spotted for ever, and I miserable wretch desolate of spouse and companion. But if thou haddest beene so greedy after the Cappelletts bloud, wherefore didst thou spare the deare bloud of mine owne heart when so many tymes, and in sutch secret place the same was at the merey of thy eruell handes? The victory which thou shouldest have gotten over me, had it not bene glorious inough for thine ambitious minde, but for more triumphant solempnity to bee crowned wyth the bloude of my dearest kinsman? Now get thee hence therefore into some other place to deceive some other, so unhappy as my selfe. Never come agayne in place where I am, for no excuse shall hereafter take holde to asswage mine offended minde: in the meane tyme I shall lament the rest of my heavy lyfe, with sutch store of teares, as my body dried up from all humidity, shall shortly search reliefe in earth." And having made an ende of those hir woordes, hir heart was so grievously strayned, as shee coulde neyther weepe nor speake, and stode so immoveable, as if she had bene in a traunce. Then being somewhat come agayne unto hirselfe, with feeble voyce shee sayd: "Ah, murderous tongue of other men's honor, how darest thou so infamously to speake of him whom his very enimies doe commend and prayse? How presumest thou to impute the blame upon Rhomeo, whose unguiltines and innocent deede every man alloweth? Where from henceforth shall be hys refuge, sith she which ought to bee the onely bulwarke, and assured rampire of his distresse, doth pursue and defame him? Receyve, receyve then, Rhomeo, the satisfaction of mine ingratitude by the sacrifice which I shal make of my proper lyfe, and so the faulte whiche I have committed agaynste thy loyaltie, shall bee made open to the worlde, thou being revenged and my selfe punished." And thinking to use some further talke, all the powers of hir body fayled hir wyth signes of present death. But the good olde woman whych could not imagine the cause of Julietta hir long absence, doubted very much that she suffred some passion, and sought hir up and downe in every place wythin hir father's pallace, untill at length shee founde her lying upon hir bed, all the outwarde parts of hir body so colde as marble. But the good olde woman which thought hir to bee deade, began to cry like one out of hir wittes, saying: "Ah deare daughter, and noursechylde, howe much doeth thy death now grieve mee at the very heart?" And as she was feeling all the partes of hir body, shee perceyved some sparke of lyfe to bee yet within the same, whych caused hir to call hir many tymes by her name, til at length she brought her oute of her sounde, then sayde unto her: "Why Julietta, myne owne deare darelyng, what meane you by this tormoylinge of your selfe? I cannot tel from whence this youre behaviour and that immoderate heavines doe procede, but wel I wot that within this houre I thought to have accompanied you to the grave." "Alas good mother" (answered woful Julietta) "do you not most evidently perceive and see what just cause I have too sorrow and complayne, loosyng at one instante two persons of the world which wer unto mee most deare?" "Methinke," answered the good woman, "that it is not seemely for a gentlewoman of your degree to fall into such extremetye: for in tyme of tribulation wysedome should most prevaile. And if the lord Thibault be deade do you

thinke to get him agayn by teares? What is he that doth not accuse his over-mutch presumption: woulde you that Rhomeo hadd done that wronge to him, and hys house, to suffer himselve outraged and assayled by one to whom in man-hood and prowesse he is not inferioure? Sufficeth you that Rhomeo is alyve, and his affayres in sutch estate whoe in tyme may be called home agayne from banishmente, for he is a greate lorde, and as you know well allied and favored of all men, wherefore arme your selfe from henceforth with pacyence: for albeit that fortune doth estraunge him from you for a tyme, yet sure I am, that hereafter shee will restore him unto you agayne wyth greater joye and contentatyon than before. And to the ende that wee bee better assured in what state he is, yf you wyll promyse me to gyve over your heavynesse, I wyll to daye knowe of fryer Laurence whether he is gone." To which request Julietta agreed, and then the good woman repayred to S. Frauncis, wher shee founde fryer Laurence who tolde her that the same nyghte Rhomeo would not fayle at hys accustomed houre to visite Julietta, and there to do hir to understande what he purposed to doe in tyme to come. This jorney then fared like the voiages of mariners, who after they have ben tost by greate and troublous tempest seeyng some sunne beame pearce the heavens to lyghten the lande, assure themselves agayne, and thinkinge to have avoyded shipwracke, and sodaynlye the seas begynne to swell, the waves do roare with sutch vehemence and noyse, as if they were fallen agayne into greater danger than before. The assigned hour come, Rhomeo fayled not accordinge to hys promise to bee in his garden, where he found his furniture prest to mount the chamber of Julietta, who with displayed armes, began so strayghtly to embrace hym, as it seemed that the soule would have abandoned hir body. And they two more than a large quarter of an hour were in sutch agony, as they were not able to pronounce one word, and wetting ech others face fast closed together, the teares trickled downe in sutch abundance as they seemed to be thoroughly bathed therein, which Rhomeo perceyving, thinking to stay those immoderate teares, sayd unto hir: "Myne owne dearest freend Julietta, I am not now determined to recite the particulars of the straung happes of frayle and inconstaunte fortune, who in a moment hoisteth a man up to the hyghest degree of hir wheele, and by and by, in lesse space than in the twynckeling of an eye, she throweth hym downe agayne so lowe, as more misery is prepared for him in one day, than favour in one hundred yeares: whych I now prove, and have experience in my selfe, which have bene nourished delicately amonges my frends, and maynteyned in sutch prosperous state, as you doe little know, (hoping for the full perfection of my felicity) by meanes of our mariage to have reconciled our parents, and frends, and to conduct the residue of my lyfe, according to the scope and lot determined by Almighty God: and neverthelesse all myne enterprises be put backe, and my purposes tourned cleane contrary, in sutch wise as from henceforth I must wander lyke a vagabonde through divers provinces, and sequestrate my selfe from my frends, wythout assured place of myne abode, whych I desire to let you weete, to the intent you may be exhorted, in tyme to come, patiently to beare so well myne absence, as that whych it shal please God to appoint." But Julietta, al affrighted wyth teares and mortal agonies, would not suffer hym to passe any further, but interruptinge his purpose, sayd unto hym: "Rhomeo, how canst thou be so harde hearted and voyde of all pity, to leave mee heere alone, besieged with so manye deadlye myseries? There is neyther houre nor minute, wherein death doth not appeare a thousand tymes before mee, and yet my missehappe is sutch, as I can not dye, and therefore doe manyfestlye perceyve that the same death preserveth my lyfe, of purpose to delight in my gryefes, and tryumphe over my cvyls. And thou, lyke the mynister and tyrante of hir cruelty, doest make no

conscience (for ought that I can see) having atchieved the summe of thy desyres and pleasures on me, to abandon and forsake me: whereby I well perceyve that all the lawes of amity are deade and utterly extinguyshed, forsomutch as he in whom I had greatest hope and confidence, and for whose sake I am become an enemy to my self, doth disdayne and contemne me. No, no, Rhomeo, thou must fully resolve thy selfe upon one of these ii. points, either to see me incontinently throwen down headlong from this high window after thee: or else to suffer me to accompany thee into that countrey or place whither fortune shall guide thee: for my heart is so much transformed into thine, that so soone as I shall understande of thy departure, presently my lyfe will depart this wofull body: the continuance whereof I doe not desire for any other purpose, but only to delight my selfe in thy presence, to bee pertaker of thy misfortunes: and therefore if ever there lodged any pity in the heart of gentleman, I beseeche the, Rhomeo, with al humility, that it may now finde place in thee, and that thou wilt vouchsafe to receyve me for thy servaunt, and the faithful companion of thy mishaps: and if thou thinke that thou canst not conveniently receyve me in the estate and habite of a wyfe, who shall let me to chaunge myne apparell? Shall I be the first that have used lyke shiftes, to escape the tyranny of parentes? Doste thou doubt that my service will not bee so good unto thee as that of Petre thy servaunte? Wyll my loyaltie and fidelity be lesse than his? My beauty which at other tymes thou hast so greatly commended, it is not esteemed of thee? my teares, my love, and the aunciente pleasures and delights that you have taken in mee shal they be in oblivyon?" Rhomeo seeing hir in these alterations, fearing that worsse inconvenience would chaunce, tooke hir agayne betweene hys armes, and kissing hir amorously, sayd: "Julietta, the onely mistresse of my heart, I pray thee in the name of God, and for the fervent love whych thou bearest unto me, to doe away those vayne cogitations, excepte thou meane to seeke and hazard the destruction of us both: for yf thou persever in this purpose, there is no remedye but wee muste both perish: for so soone as thyne absence shalbe knowen, thy father will make sutch earnest pursute after us, that we cannot choose but be discried and taken, and in the ende cruelly punished, I as a theefe and stealer of thee, and thou as a dysobedyent daughter to thy father: and so instead of pleasaunt and quiet lyfe, our dayes shalbe abridged by most shamefull death. But if thou wyll recline thy self to reason, (the ryght rule of humane lyfe), and for the tyme abandon our mutuall delyghts, I will take sutch order in the time of my banishment, as within three or foure months wythoute any delay, I shalbe revoked home agayne: but if it fall out otherwyse (as I trust not), howsoever it happen, I wyll come agayne unto thee, and with the helpe of my fryendes wyll fetch thee from Verona by strong hand, not in counterfeit apparell as a straunger, but lyke my spouse and perpetuall companion: in the meane time quyete your selfe, and be sure that nothing else but death shall devide and put us a sunder." The reasons of Rhomeo so much prevailed with Julietta, as shee made hym thys aunswere: "My deare fryend, I wyll doe nothing contrary to your wyll and pleasure: and to what place so ever you repayre, my hearte shall bee your owne, in like sorte as you have given yours to be mine: in the meane while I pray you not to faile oftentimes to advertise me by frier Laurence, in what state your affaires be, and specially of the place of your abode." Thus these two pore lovers passed the night together, until the day began to appeare which did dyvyde them, to their extreame sorrow and gryef. Rhomeo havinge taken leave of Julietta, went to S. Fraunces, and after he hadde advertysed frier Laurence of his affaires, departed from Verona in the habit of a marchaunt straunger, and used sutch expedytyon, as without hurt he arrived at Mantuao, (accompanied onely wyth

Petre his servaunt, whome hee hastily sente backe agayne to Verona, to serve his father) where he tooke a house: and lyvyn in honorable compayne, assayed certayne monthes to put away the gryefe which so tormented him. But durynge the tyme of his absence, miserable Julietta could not so cloke hir sorrow, but that through the evyll colour of hir face, hir inwarde passion was discryed: by reason whereof hir mother, who heard hir oftentimes sighing, and incessantly complaining, coude not forbear to say unto hir: "Daughter, if you continue long after thys sort, you wyl hasten the death of your good father and me, who love you so dearely as our owne lyves: wherefore henceforth moderate your heavynesse, and endeavor your self to be mery: think no more upon the death of your cosin Thibault, whome (sith it pleased God to cal away) do you thinke to revoke wyth teares, and so withstande his almighty will?" But the pore gentlewoman not able to dyssemble hir griefe, sayd unto hir: "Madame, long time it is sithens the last teares for Thibault were poured forth, and I beleve that the fountayne is so well soked and dried up, as no more will spryng in that place." The mother which could not tell to what effect those words were spoken held hir peace, for feare she should trouble hir daughter: and certayne dayes after seeing hir to continue in heavynesse and continuall griefs, assaid by al meanes possible to know, aswell of hir, as of other the housholde servauntes, the occasion of their sorrow, but al in vayne: wherwith the pore mother vexed beyond measure, proposed to let the lord Antonio hir husband to understand the case of hir daughter: and uppon a day seeing him at convenient leisure, she sayd unto him: "My lord, if you have marked the countenance of our daughter, and hir kinde of behavior sithens the death of the lord Thibault hir cosyn, you shall perceive so straunge mutation in hir, as it will make you to marvell, for she is not onely contented to forgoe meate, drinke, and slepe, but she spendeth her tyme in nothing else than in weeping and lamentatyon, delighting to kepe hir selfe solytarye wythin hir chamber, where she tormenteth hir selfe so outragiously as yf wee take not heede, hir lyfe is to be doubted, and not able to knowe the oryginall of hir payne, the more difficulte shall bee the remedye: for albeit that I have sought meanes by all extremity, yet cannot I learne the cause of hir sicknesse: and where I thought in the beginning, that it proceeded upon the death of hir cosin, now I doe manifestly perceive the contrary, specially when she hir selfe did assure me that she had already wept and shed the last teares for him that she was mynded to doe: and uncertayne whereuppon to resolve, I do thinke verily that she mourneth for some despite, to see the most part of hir companions married, and she yet unprovdyed, persuading with hir selfe (it may be) that wee hir parents do not care for hir: wherefore deare husband, I heartely beseech you for our rest and hir quiet, that hereafter ye be carefull to provyde for hir some maryage worthy of our state." Whercunto the lord Antonio, willingly agreed, saying unto hir: "Wyfe, I have many times thought uppon that whereof you speake, notwithstanding sith as yet shee is not attayned to the age of xviii. yeares, I thought to provide a husband at leysure: neverthelesse, things beinge come to these termes, and knowing that virgins chastity is a daungerous treasure, I wyl be mindfull of the same to your contentation, and she matched in sutch wyse, as she shall thynke the tyme hitherto well delayed. In the meane while marke dylygently whyther she bee in love wyth any, to the end that we have not so greate regard to goodes, or the nobylity of the house wherein we mean to bestow hir, as to the lyfe and health of our daughter who is to me so deare as I had rather die a begger without landes or goods, than to bestow hir upon one which shall use and intreat hir ill." Certayne dayes after that the lorde Antonio had bruted the maryage of his daughter, many gentlemen were suters, so wel for the excellency of hir beauty, as

for hir great rychesse and revenue. But above all others the alyaunce of a young earle named Paris, the count of Lodronne, lyked the lord Antonio: unto whom lyberally he gave his consent, and told his wyfe the party uppon whom he dyd mean to bestow his daughter. The mother very joyful that they had found so honest a gentleman for theyr daughter, caused her secretly to be called before hir, doyng hir to understande what things had passed betwen hir father and the counte Paris, discoursing unto hir the beauty and good grace of the yong counte, the vertues for which he was commended of al men, joyning thereunto for conclusion the great richesse and favor which he had in the goods of fortune, by means whereof she and hir fryends should live in eternal honor: but Julietta which had rather to have ben torne in pieces than to agree to that maryage, answered hir mother with a more than accustomed stoutnesse: "Madame, I mutch marvel, and therewithal am astonned that you, being a lady discrete and honorable, wil be so liberal over your daughter as to commit her to the pleasure and wil of an other, before you do know how her mind is bent: you may do as it pleaseth you, but of one thing I do wel assure you, that if you bring it to passe, it shal be against my wil: and touching the regard and estimation of counte Paris, I shal first lose my lyfe before he shal have power to touch any part of my body: which being done, it is you that shal be counted the murderer, by delivering me into the handes of him, whome I neyther can, wil, or know whiche way to love: wherefore I pray you to suffer me henceforth thus to lyve, without taking any further care of me, for so mutche as my cruell fortune hath otherwyse disposed of me."

The dolorous mother which knewe not what judgement to fixe upon hir daughter's aunswere, lyke a woman confused and besides hir selfe went to seeke the lord Antonio, unto whom without conceyling any part of hir daughter's aunswer, she dyd him understand the whole. The good olde man offended beyonde measure, commaunded her incontinently by force to be brought before him, if of hir own good will she would not come: so soone as she came before hir father, hir eyes full of tears, fel down at his fete, which she bathed with the luke warme drops that distilled from hir eyes in great abundance, and thynkyng to open hir mouth to crye him mercy, the sobbes and sighes many times stopt hir speach, that shiee remained dumbe, not able to frame a woorde. But the olde man nothing moved with his daughter's teares, sayd unto hir in great rage: "Come hither, thou unkynd and dysobedient daughter, hast thou forgotten how many tymes thou hast hearde spoken at the table, of the puissance and authority our auneynte Romane fathers had over their chyldren? unto whome it was not onelye lawfull to sell, guage, and otherwyse dyspose them (in theyr necessity) at their pleasure, but also which is more, they had absolute power over their death and lyfe? With what yrons, with what torments, with what racks would those good fathers chasten and correct thee if they were a live againe, to see that ingratitude, misbehavior, and disobedience which thou usest towards thy father, who with many prayers and requestes hath provided one of the greatest lords of this province to be thy husband, a gentleman of best renoume, and indued wyth all kynde of vertues, of whom thou and I be unworthy, both for the notable masse of goods and substance wherewith he is enriched, as also for the honoure and generositie of the house whereof hee is discended, and yet thou playest the parte of an obstinate and rebellyous chyld agaynst thy fathers will. I take the omnipotency of that Almightye God to witenesse, which hath vouchsafed to bryng thee forth into this world, that if upon Tuesday nexte thou failest to prepare thy selfe to be at my castell of Villafranco, where the counte Paris purposeth to meete us, and there give thy consent to that whych thy mother and I have agreed

uppon, I will not onely deprive thee of my worldly goodes, but also will make thee espouse and marie a pryson so straight and sharpe, as a thousande times thou shalt curse the day and tyme wherein thou wast borne; wherfore from henceforth take advisement what thou doest, for execepte the promise be kept which I have made to the counte Paris, I will make thee feele how greate the just cholere of an offended father is against a ehylde unkynde." And without staying for other answer of his daughter, the olde man departed the chamber, and lefte hir uppon hir knees. Julietta knowing the fury of hir father, fearing to incurre his indignation, or to provoke his further wrath, retired for the day into hir chamber, and contrived that whole nyght more in weeping then slepyng. And the next morning fayning to goe heare service, she went forth with the woman of hir chamber to the fryers, where she caused father Laurenee to be called unto hir, and prayed him to heare hir confession: and when she was upon hir knees before hym, shee began hir confession wyth teares, telling him the greate mischyeffe that was prepared for hir, by the maryage acorded betweene hir father and the counte Paris: and for conclusion sayd unto him: "Sir, for so much as you know that I cannot by God's law bee married twice, and that I have but one God, one husband, and one faith, I am determined when I am from hence, with these two hands which you see joyned before you, this day to end my sorrowful lyfe, that my soule may beare wytnesse in the heavens, and my bloude uppon the earth of my faith and loyalty preserved." Then havynge ended hir talke, shee looked about hir, and seemed by hir wylde countenaunce, as though she had devised some sinister purpose: wherfore frier Laurence, astonned beyonde measure, fearyng least she would have executed that which she was determyned, sayd unto hir: "Mistresse Julietta, I pray you in the name of God by little and little to moderate youre conceived grieffe, and to content your self whilst you bee heere, untill I have provided what is best for you to doe, for before you part from hence, I will give you suteh consolation and remedy for your afflictions, as you shall remaine satysfied and contented." And resolved uppon thys good minde, he speedily wente out of the churche unto his chamber, where he began to consider of many things, his conscience beyng moved to hinder the marriage betwene the counte Paris and hir, knowing by his meanes she had espoused an other, and callynge to remembraunce what a dangerous enterprise he had begonne by committyng hymself to the mercy of a synple damosell, and that if shee fayled to bee wyse and secrete, all theyr doyngs should be discried, he defamed, and Rhomeo hir spouse punished. Hee then, after he had well debated upon infinite numbere of devises, was in the end overcome with pity, and determined rather to hazarde his honour, than to suffer the adultery of the counte Paris with Julietta: and being determined hereupon, opened his closet, and takynge a vyall in his hande, retourned agayne to Julietta, whom he founde lyke one that was in a traunce, wayghtinge for newes, eyther of lyfe or death: of whome the good olde father demaunded upon what day hir maryage was appoynted. "The firste daye of that appoyntment (quod shee) is uppon Wednesdaye, whych is the daye ordeyned for my consente of maryage acorded betweene my father and counte Paris, but the nuptiall solemnitye is not before the x. day of September." "Wel then" (quod the religious father) "be of good cheere, daughter, for our Lord God hathe opened a way unto me both to deliver you and Rhomeo from the prepared thraldom. I have knowne your husband from his cradle, and hee hath daily committed unto me the greatest secretes of hys conscience, and I have so dearely loved him agayne, as if hee had been mine owne sonne: wherfore my heart can not abide that anye man should do him wrong in that specially wherein my counsell may stande him in stede. And for

somutch as you are his wyfe, I ought lykewyse to love you, and seke meanes to delyver you from the martyrdome and anguish wherewyth I see your heart besieged: understande then (good daughter) of a secrete which I purpose to manifest unto you, and take heede above all thinges that you declare it to no living creature, for therein consisteth your life and death. Ye be not ignorant by the common report of the cityzens of this city, and by the same published of me, that I have travailed throughe all the provinces of the habyttable earthe, wherby duryng the continuall tyme of xx. yeres, I have soughte no rest for my wearied body, but rather have many times protruded the same to the mercy of brute beasts in the wyldernesse, and many times also to the mercillesse waves of the seas, and to the pity of common pirates, together with a thousand other daungers and shipwracks uppon sea and land: so it is, good daughter, that all my wandring voyages have not bene altogethers unprofitable. For besides the incredible contentation received ordinarily in mind, I have gathered some particular fruyct, whereof by the grace of God you shall shortly feele some experience. I have proved the secrete properties of stones, of plants, metals, and other thinges hydden within the bowels of the earth, wherewith I am able to helpe my selfe againste the common lawe of men, when necessity doth serve: specyally in thynges wherein I know mine eternal God to be least offended. For as thou knowest I beyng approached as it were, even to the brymme of my grave, and that the tyme draweth neare for yeldyng of myne accompte before the audytor of all audytors, I oughte therefore to have some deepe knowledge and apprehension of God's judgement more than I had when the heat of inconsidered youth did boyle within my lusty body. Know you therefore, good daughter, that with those graces and favours which the heavens prodigally have bestowed upon me, I have learned and proved of long time the composition of a certayne paaste, which I make of divers soporiferous simples, which beaten afterwards to powder, and dronke wyth a quanty of water, within a quarter of an houre after, bringeth the receiver into sutch a sleepe, and burieth so deeply the senses and other sprites of life, that the cunningest phisitian will judge the party dead: and besides that it hath a more marvellous effect, for the person which useth the same feeleth no kinde of grieve, and according to the quantity of the dough, the pacient remayneth in a sweete sleepe, but when the operation is wrought and done, hee returneth into his first estate. Now then Julietta receive myne instruction, put of all feminine affection by taking uppon you a manly stomacke for by the only courage of your minde consisteth the hap or mishap of your affayres. Beholde here I geve you a vyale which you shall keepe as your owne propre heart, and the night before your mariage, or in the morninge before day, you shal fil the same up with water, and drink so much as is contayned therein. And then you shall feele a certayne kynde of pleasaunt sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the partes of your body, wil constrayne them in sutch wyse, as unmoveable they shal remayne: and by not doing their accustomed dueties, shall loose their naturall feelinges, and you abide in sutch extasie the space of forty houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be deade, and accordinge to the custome of our citty, you shal be caried to the churchyarde hard by our church, where you shal be intombd in the common monument of the Capellets your auncestors, and in the meane tyme we will send word to lord Rhomeo by a speciall messanger of the effect of our device, who now abideth at Mantua. And the night following I am sure he will not fayle to be heere, then he and I together will open the grave, and lift up your body, and after the operation of the powder is past, hee shall convey you secretly to Mantua, unknowen to all your

parents and friends. Afterwards (it may be) tyme, the mother of truth, shall cause concord betwene the offended city of Verona and Rhomeo. At which time your common cause may be made open to the generall contentacion of all your friends." The words of the good father ended, new joy surprised the heart of Julietta, who was so attentive to his talke as she forgat no one poynt of hir lesson. Then she sayd unto him: "Father, doubt not at all that my heart shall fayle in performauce of your commanndement: for were it the strongest poyson, or most pestiferous venome, rather woulde I thrust it into my body, than to consent to fall into the hands of him, whom I utterly mislike: with a right strong reason then may I fortifie my selfe, and offer my body to any kinde of mortall daunger to approach and draw neare to him, upon whom wholly dependeth my life and all the solace I have in this world." "Go your wayes then, my daughter" (quod the frier) "the mighty hand of God keepe you, and hys surpassing power defende you, and confirme that will and good mynde of yours, for the accomplishment of this worke." Julietta departed from frier Laurence, and returned home to hir father's pallace about xi. of the clock, where she found hir mother at the gate attending for hir: And in good devotion demaunded if shee continued still in hir former follies? But Julietta with more gladsome cheere than she was wont to use, not suffering hir mother to aske agayne, sayd unto hir: "Madame I come from S. Frauncis church, where I have taried longer peradventure than my duety requireth: how be it not without fruiet and great rest to my afflicted conscience, by reason of the godly persuasions of our ghostly father frier Laurence, unto whom I have made a large declaration of my life. And chiefly have communicated unto him in confession, that which hath past betwene my lord my father and you, upon the mariage of counte Paris and me. But the good man hath reconciled me by his holy words, and commendable exhortations, that where I had minde never to mary, now I am well disposed to obey your pleasure and commaundement. Wherefore, madame, I beseech you to recover the favor and good wyll of my father, aske pardon in my behalfe, and say unto him (if it please you) that by obeying his fatherly request, I am ready to meete the counte Paris at Villafranco, and there in your presence to accept him for my lorde and husband: In assurance whereof, by your pacience, I meane to repayre into my closet, to make choise of my most pretious jewels, that I being richly adorned, and decked, may appeare before him more agreeable to his mynde, and pleasure." The good mother rapt with exceeding great joy, was not able to aunswere a word, but rather made speede to seeke out hir husband the lord Antonio, unto whom she reported the good will of hir daughter, and how by meanes of frier Laurence hir minde was changed. Whereof the good olde man marvellous joyfull, prayesd God in heart, saying: "Wife, this is not the firste good turne which we have received of that holy man, unto whom every cittizen of this common wealth is dearely bounde. I would to God that I had redeemed xx. of his yeares with the third parte of my goods, so grievous is to me his extreme olde age." The selfe same houre the lord Antonio went to seeke the counte Paris, whom hee thought to perswade to goe to Villafranco. But the counte told him agayne, that the charge would be to great, and that better it were to reserve that cost to the mariage day, for the better celebration of the same. Notwithstanding if it were his pleasure, he would himselfe goe visite Julietta: and so they went together. The mother advertised of his comming, caused hir daughter to make hir selfe ready, and to spare no costly jewels for adorning of hir beauty agaynst the counte's comming, which she bestowed so well for garnishing of hir personage, that before the counte parted from the house, shee had so stolne away his heart, as he lived not from that time forth, but upon meditation of hir beauty, and

slacked no time for acceleration of the marriage day, ceasing not to be importunate upon father and mother for th'ende and consummation thereof. And thus with joy inough passed forth this day and many others until the day before the marriage, against which time the mother of Julietta did so well provide, that there wanted nothing to set forth the magnificence and nobility of their house. Villafanco whereof we have made mention, was a place of pleasure, where the lord Antonio was wont many tymes to recreate himselfe a mile or two from Verona, there the dynner was prepared, for so much as the ordinary solemnity of necessity muste be done at Verona. Julietta perceyving hir time to approche dyssembled the matter so well as shee coulde: and when tyme forced hir to retire to hir chamber, hir woman would have waited upon hir, and have lyen in hir chambre as hir custome was: but Julietta sayd unto hir: "Good and faithfull mother, you know that to morrow is my maryage day, and for that I would spend the most parte of the nyght in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and to morrow in the mornyng about vi. of the clocke come to me agayne to helpe make mee readie." The good olde woman willing to follow hir minde, suffred hir alone, and doubted nothyng of that which she did meane to do. Julietta beinge within hir chambre having an eawer ful of water standing upon the table filled the viole which the frier gave her: and after she had made the mixture, she set it by hir bed side, and went to bed. And being layde, new thoughtes began to assaile hir, with a concept of grievous death, which brought hir into sutch case as she could not tell what to doe, but playning incessantly sayd: "Am not I the most unhappy and desperat creature that ever was borne of woman? For mee there is nothyng left in this wretched worlde but mishap, misery, and mortall woe; my distresse hath brought me to sutch extremity, as to save mine honor and conscience, I am forced to devoure the drynke whereof I know not the vertue: but what know I (sayd she) whether the operatyon of thys pouder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due tyme, and that my fault being discovered, I shall remayne a fable to the people? What know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crawling wormes, whych commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth wyll hurt me, thynkyng that I am deade. But howe shall I indure the stynche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors whych rest in the grave, yf by fortune I do awake before Rhomeo and fryer Laurence doe come to help me?" And as shee was thus plunged in the deepe contemplatyon of thynges, she thought that she saw a certayn vision or fansie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as shee sawe him wounded and imbrued wyth bloud, and musing how that she must be buried quick amongs so many dead carcasses and deadly naked bones, hir tender and delycate body began to shake and tremble and hir yellowe lockes to stare for feare, in sutch wyse as fryghtened with a terroure, a cold sweate beganne to pierce hir heart and bedewe the rest of al her membres, in sutch wise as she thought that an hundred thousand deathes did stande about hir, haling her on every side, and plucking her in pieces, and feelyng that hir forces diminyshed by lyttle and lyttle, fearing that through to great debilyty she was not able to do hir enterpryse, like a furious and insensate woman, with out further care, gulped up the water wythin the voyal, then crossing hir armes upon hir stomacke, she lost at that instante all the powers of hir body, restyng in a traunce. And when the morning lyght began to thrust his head out of his oryent, hir chaumber woman which had lockte hir in with the key, did open the doore, and thynkyng to awake hir, called her many tymes, and sayde unto hir: "Mistresse, you sleepe to long, the counte Paris will come to raise you." The poore olde woman spake unto the wall, and sange a song unto the deafe. For if all the horrible and tempestuous soundes of the world had bene

cannoned forth out of the greatest bombardes, and sounded through hir delicate eares, hir spirites of lyfe were so fast bounde and stopt, as she by no meanes coulde awake, wherewith the pore olde woman amazed, began to shake hir by the arme and handes, whych she found so colde as marble stone. Then puttyng hande unto hir mouthe, sodainely perceyved that she was deade, for shee perceyved no breath in hir. Wherefore lyke a woman out of hir wyttes, shee ranne to tell hir mother, who so madde as a tigre berefte of hir faons hied hir selfe into hir daughter's chaumber, and in that pitiful state beholdynge hir daughter, thynkyng hir to be deade, cried out: "Ah cruell death, which hast ended all my joye and blysse, use the last scourge of thy wrathfull ire agaynst me, least by sufferynge mee to lyve the rest of my woefull dayes, my torment doe increase." Then she began to fetch sutch straying sighes, as hir heart did seeme to cleave in pieces. And as hir cries began to encrease, behold the father, the counte Paris, and a great troupe of gentlemen and ladies, which were come to honour the feaste, hearing no sooner tell of that which chaunced, were stroke into sutch sorrowfull dumpes as he which had beheld their faces would easily have judged that the same had ben a day of ire and pity, specially the lord Antonio, whose heart was frapped with sutch surpassing woe, as neither teare nor word could issue forth, and knowing not what to doe, straight way sent to seeke the most expert phisicians of the towne, who after they had inquired of the life past of Julietta, deemed by common reporte, that melancoly was the cause of that sodayne death, and then their sorows began to renue a fresh. And if ever day was lamentable, piteous, unhappy, and fatall, truly it was that wherein Julietta hir death was published in Verona: for shee was so bewayled of great and small, that by the common playnts, the common wealth seemed to be in daunger, and not without cause: for besides hir naturall beauty (accompanied with many vertues wherewith nature had enriched hir) she was else so humble, wise and debonaire, as for that humility and curtesie she had stollen away the hearts of every wight, and there was none but did lament hir misfortune. And whilest these things were in this lamented state, frier Laurence with diligence dispatched a frier of his covent, named frier Anselme, whom hee trusted as himselfe, and delivered him a letter written with hys owne hande, commaunding him expressly not to give the same to any other but to Rhomeo, wherein was conteyned the chaunce which had passed betwene him and Julietta, specially the vertue of the poudre, and commaunded him the nexte ensuinge nighte to speede himselfe to Verona, for that the operation of the poudre that time would take ende, and that he should cary wyth him back agayne to Mantua his beloved Julietta, in dissembled apparell, untill fortune had otherwise provided for them. The frier made sutch hast as (too late) hee arrived at Mantua, within a while after. And bicause the maner of Italy is, that the frier travayling abroad ought to take a companion of his covent, to doe his affaires wythin the city, the fryer went into his covent, and for that he was within, it was not lawfull for him to come oute againe that day, bicause that certayn dayes before, one relygious of that covent, it was sayd, dyd dye of the plague: wherefore the magistrates appoynted for the health and visitation of the sick, commaunded the warden of the house that no friers should wander abrode the city, or talke with any citizen, untill they were licensed by the officers in that behalfe appoynted, which was the cause of the great mishap, which you shal heare hereafter. The frier being in this perplexitye, not able to goe forth, and not knowyng what was contayned in the letter, deferred hys jorney for that day. Whilst things were in thys plyght, preparation was made at Verona, to doe the obsequies of Julietta. There is custome also (whych is common in Italy,) to place all the best of one lignage and familye in one tombe, whereuppon Julietta was

intombed, in the ordinary grave of the Capelletes, in a churchyard, hard by the church of the fryers, where also the lord Thibault was interred, whose obsequies honorably done, every man returned: whercunto Pietro, the servaunt of Rhomeo, gave hys assystance: for as we have before declared, hys mayster sente hym backe agayne from Mantua to Verona, to do his father service, and to advertise him of that which should chaunce in hys absence there: who seeyng the body of Julietta, inclosed in tounge, thinkyng with the reste that shee had bene dead in deede, incontynently tooke poste horse, and with dyligence rode to Mantua, where he founde his mayster in his wonted house, to whome he sayde, wyth hys eyes full of teares: "Syr, there is chaunced unto you so straunge a matter as if so be you do not arme your selfe with constancye, I am afrayd that I shall be the cruell minyster of your death: be it known to you, sir, that yesterday morning my mistresse Julietta left hir lyfe in thys worlde to seeke rest in an other: and wyth these eyes I saw hir buryed in the churchyard of S. Frauncis." At the sounde of whych heaue message, Rhomeo begann woefullye to lamente, as though he spyrites gryeved wyth the torment of hys passion at that instant would have abandoned his bodye. But stronge love which woulde not permytte him to faynt untyl the extremity, framed a thoughte in hys fantesie, that if it wer possyble for him to dye besides hir his death should be more gloryous, and shee (as he thought) better contented: by reason whereof, after hee had washed his face for feare to discover his sorrowe, hee wente out of his chamber, and commaunded hys man to tarry behynd him, that he myght walke through out all the corners of the citye, to fynde propre remedye (if it were possyble) for hys gryefe. And amonges others, beholdyng an apotecaryes shop of lyttle furnytur and lesse store of boxes and other thinges requisite for that scyence, thought that the verye poverty of the mayster apothecarye would make hym wyllingle yeld to that which he pretended to demaunde: and after he had taken hym aside, secretly sayde unto hym: "Syr, if you be the mayster of the house, as I thinke you be, beholde here fifty ducates, whych I gyve you to the intent you delyver me some strong and vyolente poyson that within a quarter of an houre is able to procure death unto hym that shall use it." The couetous apothecarye entysed by gayne, agreed to his request, and fayning to gyve hym some other medycine before the peoples face, he speedily made ready a strong and cruell poyson, afterwardes he sayd unto him softly: "Syr, I gyve you more than is needefull, for the one halfe is able to destroy the strongest manne of the world:" who after he hadde receyved the poyson, retourned home, where he commaunded his man to departe with diligence to Verona, and that he should make provision of candels, a tynder boxe, and other instrumentes meete for the opening of the grave of Julietta, and that above all things hee shoulde not fayle to attende hys commynge besides the churchyard of S. Frauncis, and uppon payne of life to keepe hys intende in silence. Which Pietro obeyed in order as hys maister had requyred, and made therein sutch expedyon, as he arrived in good time to Verona, taking order for al things that wer commaunded him. Rhomco in the meane while beyng solycyted wyth mortall thoughtes caused incke and paper to be broughte unto hym, and in few words put in wryting all the discourse of his love, the mariage of him and Julietta, the meane observed for consummation of the same, the helpe that he had of frier Laurence, the buying of his poyson, and last of all his death. Afterwardes having finished his heavy tragedy, hee closed the letters, and sealed the same with his seale, and directed the superscription thereof to hys father: and puttyng the letters into his pursse, he mounted on horsebacke, and used sutch dyligence, as he arrived uppon darke nyght at the citye of Verona, before the gates were shut, where he founde his servaunte taryng for hym with a lanterne

and instrumentes as is before sayd, meete for the opening of the grave, unto whome hee said: "Pietro, helpe mee to open this tombe, and so soone as it is open I commaunde thee uppon payne of thy life, not to come neere mee, nor to stay me from the thing I purpose to doe. Beholde, there is a letter which thou shalt present to morrow in the mornynge to my father at his uprysing, which peradventure shall please him better than thou thinkest." Pietro, not able to imagine what was his maisters intent, stode somewhat aloofe to beholde his maisters gestes and countenance. And when they had opened the vaulte, Rhomeo descended downe two steppes, holdyng the candel in his hand, and began to behold wyth pityfull eye, the body of hir, which was the organ of his eyes, and kyst it tenderly, holdyng it harde betwen his armes, and not able to satisfie him selfe with hir sight, put hys fearefull handes uppon the colde stomacke of Julietta. And after he had touched her in many places, and not able to feele anye certayne judgemente of lyfe, he drewe the poyson out of hys boxe, and swallowyng downe a great quantytye of the same, cryed out: "O Julietta, of whome the worlde was unworthy, what death is it possyble my hearte coulde choose oute more agreeable than that whych yt suffereth harde by thee? what grave more gloryous, than to bee buried in thy tombe? what more woorthy or excellent epytaphe can bee vowed for memorye, than the mutuall and pytyfull sacryfice of our lyves?" And thinkyng to renue his sorrowe, his hearte began to frette through the vyolence of the poyson, which by lyttle and lyttle assailed the same, and lookyng about hym, espyed the bodye of the lorde Thibault, lyng nexte unto Julietta, whych as yet was not al together putryfied, and speakyng to the bodye as though it hadde bene alyve, sayde: "In what place so ever thou arte (O cousyn Thibault) I most heartely do crye the mercy for the offence whych I have done by depryving of thy lyfe: and yf thy ghost doe whyshe and crye out for vengeance vppon mee, what greater or more cruell satisfaction canste thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see him whych murdered thee, to bee empoysoned with his owne handes, and buried by thy side?" Then endynge hys talk, felyng by lyttle and lyttle that his lyfe began to fayle, falling prostrate uppon his knees, wyth feeble voyce hee softly sayd: "O my Lord God, which to redeeme me didest discend from the bosom of thy father, and tookest humane fleshe in the wombe of the vyrgine, I acknowledge and confesse, that this body of myne is nothing else but earth and dust." Then seized uppon wyth desperate sorrow, he fell downe uppon the body of Julietta with sutch vehemence, as the heart, faint and attenuated with too great torments, not able to beare so hard a vyolence, was abandoned of all his sense and naturall powers, in sutch sorte as the siege of hys soule fayled him at that instant, and his members stretched forthe, remayned stiff and colde. Fryer Laurence whych knew the certayne tyme of the pouders operation, marvelled that he had no answeere of the letter which he sent to Rhomeo by his fellowe fryer Anselme, departed from S. Frauncis, and with instruments for the purpose, determined to open the grave to let in aire to Julietta, whych was ready to wake: and approchyng the place, hee espied a lyght within, which made him afraide untill that Pietro, whych was hard by, had certyfied hym that Rhomeo was within, and had not ceased there to lamente and complayne the space of halfe an houre: and when they two were entred the grave and finding Rhomeo without lyfe, made sutch sorrowe as they can well conceyve whych love their dear fryende wyth lyke perfection. And as they were making theyr complaints, Julietta rising out of hir traunce, and beholding light within the tombe, uncertayne wheather it were a dreame or fantasie that appeared before his eyes, comming agayne to hir selfe, knew frier Laurence, unto whom she sayd: "Father, I pray thee in the name of God to perfourme thy promise, for I am almost deade." And then frier

Laurence concealing nothing from hir, (bycause he feared to be taken through his too long abode in that place) faythfully rehearsed unto hir, how he had sent frier Anselme to Rhomeo at Mantua, from whom as yet hee had receyved no aunswere. Notwithstanding he found Rhomeo dead in the grave, whose body he poynted unto, lying hard by hir, praying hir, sith it was so, patiently to beare that sodayne misfortune, and that if it pleased hir, he would convey hir into some monastery of women where she might in time moderate hir sorrow, and give rest unto hir minde. Julietta had no sooner cast eye upon the deade corps of Rhomeo, but began to breake the fountayne pipes of gushing teares, which ran forth in sutch aboundance, as not able to support the furor of hir grieffe, she breathed without ceasing upon his mouth, and then throwen hir selfe upon his body, and embracing it very hard, seemed that by force of sighes and sobs, she would have revived, and brought him againe to life, and after she had kissed and rekissed hym a million of times, she cried out: "Ah the sweete rest of my cares, and the onely port of all my pleasures and pastimes, hadst thou so sure a hearte to choose thy churchyarde this in place betwene the armes of thy perfect lover, and to ende the course of thy life for my sake in the floure of thy youth when lyfe to thee should have bene most deare and delectable? how had this tender body power to resist the furious cumbat of death, very death it selfe here present? how coulde thy tender and delicate youth willingly permit that thou shouldest approach into this filthy and infected place, where from henceforth thou shalt be the pasture of worms unworthy of thee? Alas, alas, by what meanes shall I now renue my playnts, which time and long pacience ought to have buried and clearely quenched? Ah I, miserable and caitife wretch, thinking to finde remedy for my griefs, have sharpned the knife that hath gieven me this cruell blow, whereof I receive the cause of mortall wound. Ah, happy and fortunate grave which shalt serve in world to come for witsnesse of the most perfect aliaunce that ever was betwene two most infortunate lovers, receyve now the last sobbing sighes, and intertayment of the most cruell of all the cruell subjects of ire and death." And as she thought to continue hir complaynts, Pietro advertised Frier Laurence that he heard a noyse besides the citadell, wherewyth being afraid, they speedily departed, fearing to be taken: and then Julietta seeing hir selfe alone, and in full liberty, tooke agayne Rhomeo betwene hir armes, kissing him with sutch affection, as she seemed to be more attaynted with love than death, and drawing out the dagger which Rhomeo ware by his side, she pricked hir selfe with many blowes against the heart, sayinge with feeble and pitiful voice: Ah death, the end of sorrow, and beginning of felicity, thou art most hartely welcome: feare not at this time to sharpen thy dart: give no longer delay of life, for feare that my sprite travayle not to finde Rhomeo's ghost amongs sutch number of carion corpses: and thou, my deare lord and loyall husband Rhomeo, if there rest in thee any knowledge, receyve hir whom thou hast so faythfully loved, the onely cause of thy violent death, which frankley offreth up hir soule that none but thou shalt joy the love whereof thou hast made so lawfull conquest, and that our soules, passing from this light, may eternally live together in the place of everlasting joy." And when she had ended those wordes, shee yelded up hir ghost. While these thinges thus were done, the garde and watche of the citty by chaunce passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that there were some necromancers which had opened the tounge to abuse the deade bodies for ayde of their arte: and desirous to knowe what it ment, went downe into the vault, where they found Rhomeo and Julietta, with their armes imbracing ech other's neck, as though there had bene some token of lyfe. And after they had well viewed them at leysure, they perceyved in what case they were: and then all

amazed they sought for the theeves which (as they thought) had done the murther, and in the ende founde the good father fryer Laurence, and Pietro the servaunte of deade Rhomeo (whych had hid themselves under a stall) whom they caryed to pryson, and advertysed the lord of Escala, and the magistrates of Verona, of that horrible murder, which by and by was published throughout the city. Then flocked together al the citizens, women and children leavyng their houses, to loke uppon that pityful sighte, and to the ende that in presence of the whole cytie, the murder should be knowne, the magistrates ordayned that the two deade bodies should be crected uppon a stage to the view and sight of the whole world, in sutch sorte and manner as they were founde withyn the grave, and that Pietro and frier Laurence should publikely bee examyned, that afterwarde there myght be no murmure or other pretended cause of ignoraunce. And thys good olde frier beyng uppon the scaffold, havinge a whyte bearde all wet and bathed with teares, the judges commaunded him to declare unto them who were the authors of that murder, sith at untimely houre hee was apprehended with certayne irons besides the grave. Fryer Laurence, a rounde and franke man of talke, nothyng moved with that accusation, answered them with stoute and bolde voyce: "My maisters, there is none of you all (if you have respect unto my forepassed life, and to my aged yeres, and therewithall have consideration of this heavy spectacle, whereunto unhappy fortune hathe presently brought me) but doeth greatly marvell of so sodaine mutation and change unlooked for, for so much as these three score and ten or twelve yeares sithens I came into this worlde, and began to prove the vanities thereof, I was never suspected, touched, or found guilty of any crime which was able to make me blushe, or hide my face, although (before God) I doe confesse my self to be the greatest and most abhominable sinner of al the redeemed flocke of Christ. So it is notwithstanding, that sith I am prest and ready to render mine accompte, and that death, the grave and wormes do dailye summon this wretched corps of myne to appeare before the justyce seate of God, still wayghtyng and attending to be carried to my hoped grave, this is the houre I say, as you likewise may thinke wherein I am fallen to the greatest damage and prejudice of my lyfe and honest porte, and that which hath ingendred thys synyster opynyon of mee, may peradventure bee these greate teares which in abundaunce tryckle downe my face as though the holy scriptures do not wnesse, that Jesus Christ moved with humayne pittie, and compassion, did weepe, and pour forth teares, and that many times teares be the faythfull messengers of a man's innocency. Or else the most likely evidence, and presumption, is the suspected houre, which (as the magistrate doth say) doth make mee culpable of the murder, as though all houres were not indifferently made equall by God their Creator, who in his owne person declareth unto us that there be twelve houres in the day, shewing thereby that there is no exception of houres nor of minutes, but that one may doe eyther good or ill at all times indifferently, as the party is guided or forsaken by the sprite of God: touching the irons which were founde about me, needefull it is not now to let you understand for what use iron was first made, and that of it selfe it is not able to increase in man eyther good or evill, if not by the mischievous minde of hym which doth abuse it. Thus much I have thought good to tell you, to the intent that neyther teares nor iron, ne yet suspected houre, are able to make me guilty of the murder, or make me otherwyse than I am, but only the wnesse of mine owne conscience, which alone if I were guilty should be the accuser, the wnesse, and the hangman, whych, by reason of mine age and the reputation I have had amonges you, and the little time that I have to live in this world shoulde more torment me within, than all the mortall paynes that coulde be devised: but (thankes be to myne eternall God) I feele no worme that

gnaweth, nor any remorse that prieketh me touching that faet, for which I see you all troubled and amazed: and to set your harts at rest, and to remove the doubts which hereafter may torment your consciences, I swear unto you by all the heavenly parts wherein I hope to be, that forthwith I will disclose from first to last the entire discourse of this pitifull tragedy, whych peradventure shall drive you into no lesse wondre and amaze, than those two poore passionate lovers were strong and pacient, to expone themselves to the mercy of death, for the fervent and indissoluble love betwene them." Then the fatherly frier began to repeate the beginning of the love betwene Julietta, and Rhomeo, which by eertayne space of time confirmed, was prosecuted by wordes at the first, then by mutual promise of mariage, unknown to the world. And as within few dayes after, the two lovers feelinge themselves sharpned and incited with stronger onset, repaired unto him under colour of confession, protesting by othe that they were both married, and that if he woulde not solempnize that mariage in the face of the church, they should be constraigned to offend God to live in disordred lust: in consideration whereof, and specially seeing their alliaunce to be good, and comfortable in dignity, richesse and nobility on both sides, hoping by that meanes perchaunce to reconeile the Montesches, and Capellets, and that by doing suteh an acceptable worke to God, he gave them the churehes blessing in a certayne chappel of the friers church whereof the night following they did consummate the mariage fruicts in the pallace of the Capellets. For testimony of which copulation, the woman of Juliettaes chamber was able to depose: Adding moreover, the murder of Thibault, which was cousin to Julietta: by reason whereof the banishment of Rhomeo did followe, and howe in the absenee of the sayd Rhomeo, the mariage being kept secret betwene them, a new matrimony was intreated, wyth the counte Paris, which misliked by Julietta, she fell prostrate at his feete in a chappell of S. Frauncis church, with full determination to have killed herself with hir owne hands, if he gave hir not counsell how she should avoyde the mariage agreed betwene hir father and the counte Paris. For conclusion, he sayd, that although he was resolved by reason of his age, and nearnesse of death, to abhorre all secret sciences, wherein in his younger yeares he had delight, notwithstanding, pressed with importunity, and moved with pittie, fearing lest Julietta should do some crueltie agaynst herselfe, he strayned his conscience, and chose rather with some little fault to grieve his minde, than to suffer the young gentlewoman to destroy hir body, and hazarde the daunger of hir soule: and therefore he opened some part of his auncient cunning, and gave her a certayne powder to make hir sleepe, by meanes whereof she was thought to be deade. Then he tolde them how he had sent frier Anselme to eary letters to Rhomeo of their enterprise, whereof he had no aunswere. Then briefly he concluded how he found Rhomeo dead within the grave, who as it is most likely did impoyson himselfe, or was otherwise smothered or suffocated with sorow by findinge Julietta in that state, thinking shee had bene dead. Then he tolde them how Julietta did kill herselfe with the dagger of Rhomeo to beare him company after his death, and how it was impossible for them to save hir for the noyse of the watch which forced theym to flee from thence. And for more ample approbation of his saying, he humbly besought the lord of Verona and the magistrats to send to Mantua for frier Anselme to know the cause of his slack returne, that the content of the letter sent to Rhomeo might be seene: to examine the woman of the chamber of Julietta, and Pietro the servaunt of Rhomeo, who not attending for furder request, sayd unto them: "My lordes, when Rhomeo entred the grave, he gave me this pacquet, written as I suppose with his owne hand, who gave me expresse commaundement to deliver it to his father." The pacquet opened, they founde the

whole effect of this story, specially the apothecaries name, which sold him the poyson, the price, and the cause wherefore he used it, and all appeared to be so cleare and evident, as there rested nothing for further verification of the same, but their presence at the doing of the particulars thereof, for the whole was so well declared in order, as they were out of doubt that the same was true: and then the lord Bartholomew of Escala, after he had debated with the magistrates of these events, decreed that the woman of Julietta hir chamber should bee banished, because shee did conceale that privy marriage from the father of Rhomeo, which if it had beene knowne in tyme, had bred to the whole citty an universall benefit. Pietro because he obeyed hys maysters commaundement, and kept close hys lawfull secrets, according to the well conditioned nature of a trusty servaunt, was set at liberty. The poticary taken, rackt, and founde guilty, was hanged. The good olde man frier Laurence, as well for respect of his auncient service which he had done to the common wealth of Verona, as also for his vertuous life (for the which hee was specially recommended) was let goe in peace, without any note of infamy. Notwithstanding by reason of his age, he voluntarily gave over the world, and closed himselfe in an hermitage, two miles from Verona, where he lived v. or vi. yeares, and spent hys tyme in continuall prayer, untill he was called out of this transitory worlde, into the blisfull state of everlasting joy. And for the compassion of so straunge an infortune, the Montesches and Capellets poured forth sutch abundaunce of teares, as with the same they did evacuate their auncient grudge and choler, whereby they were then reconciled: and they which coulde not bee brought to attonement by any wisdom or humayne counsell, were in the ende vanquished and made frends by pity: and to immortalizate the memory of so intier and perfect amity, the lord of Verona ordayned that the two bodies of those miraculous lovers should be fast intoumbed in the grave where they ended their lyves, in which place was erected a high marble piller, honoured with an infinite number of excellent epytaphes, which to this day be apparaunt, with sutch noble memory, as amongs all the rare excellencies, wherewith that city is furnished, there is none more famous than the monument of Rhomeo and Julietta.

Shakespeare's play of Romeo and Juliet was, in its original state, one of his early productions. It was printed in an imperfect state in 1597, under the title of, "An Excellent conceited Tragedie of Romco and Juliet, as it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publicquely, by the Right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants. London, Printed by Iohn Danter, 1597." Although this was a piratieal edition, there is a little doubt but that it is in all essential particulars Shakespeare's first sketch of this drama. The statement that it was played by Lord Hunsdon's servants, the title under which the Lord Chamberlain's eompany performed between July, 1596, and April, 1597, appears to indicate with tolerable accuraeay the date of its first production. The tragedy was shortly afterwards greatly enlarged by its author, the first edition of the amended version appearing in 1599 under the title of,—“The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. Newly



AN
EXCELLENT
conceited Tragedie
OF
Romeo and Iuliet.

As it hath been often (with great applause)
plaid publicly, by the right Honourable
the L. of *Hunsdon*
his Seruants.



LONDON,
Printed by Iohn Danter.
1597.

THE
MOST EXCELLENT
and lamentable
Tragedie, of *Romeo*
and *Iuliet*.

Newly corrected, augmented, and
amended:

As it hath bene sundry times publicly acted, by the
right Honourable 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.

corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath been sundry times publicly acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. London, Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exehange. 1599." Cuthbert Burby retained the eopyright in his hands until the 22nd of January, 1606-7, when he assigned it to Nieholas Linge, who only kept possession of it until the following November, when he parted with his interest in it to John Smethwiek. Smethwiek held the eopyright until his death, after whieh, in 1642, his son disposed of it to Flesher. During the time that Smethwieke owned the play, he printed three editions of it. One of these, evidently printed, as appears from the eharacter of the type and the orthography, within a few years at the utmost after Smethwieke obtained the eopyright, is without date,—“The most exeellent And Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet, As it hath beene sundrie times publikely Aeted, by the Kings Maiesties Servants at the Globe. Written by W. Shake-speare. Newly eorrected, augmented, and amended. London, Printed for Johu Smethwieke, and are to bee sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Chureh-yard, in Fleete-streete under the Dyall.” It is singular that the text of this edition differs materially from that of 1609, being as a rule a more eorreet and reliable eopy. The latter appeared under the following title, “The most exeellent and Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath beene sundrie times publicly Aeted, by the Kings Maiesties Servants at the Globe. Newly eorrected, augmented, and amended: London Printed for John Smethwiek, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Churehyard, in Fleetestreete under the Dyall. 1609.”

The folio of 1623 was printed from the edition of 1609. There was a late quarto, published in 1637, which is a reprint of the undated edition. It is very diffieult to say whieh is the earliest eopy, the edition of 1609 or the one without a date, the differences between the texts hardly being eonelusive of the priority of the former. It is a eurious fact that after some eopies of the undated edition had been published, having Shake-speare's name on the title-page, that name was omitted in the eopies whieh were subsequently issued. This looks as if the undated eopy were published soon after the entry in the Stationers' Registers, most probably in 1608; Shakespeare's

name not appearing in any known copies of the edition of 1609.

In the first act of this play, there is an evident allusion to the earthquake of 1580, which continued for so many years to be cited as an era in chronology; but it does not, I imagine, follow that Shakespeare was writing it in the year 1591 merely because he makes the Nurse say,—“ ’tis since the earthquake now eleven years.” There are no other notes of time in the tragedy worthy of consideration. Marston, in his tenth satire, published in 1599, alludes to the popularity of *Romeo and Juliet*, a drama, he says, which was received by “curtain plaudities,” an allusion which Mr. Collier rightly observes does not necessarily imply that the tragedy had been performed at the Curtain Theatre.

About the year 1660, Shakespeare’s play was altered by James Howard into a tragi-comedy, in which *Romeo and Juliet* were not allowed to die. According to Downes, it was played by Davenant’s company alternately as a tragedy and a comedy. Pepys, who saw a performance of it on March 1st, 1661-2, thus mentions it,—“My wife and I by coach, first to see my little picture that is a-drawing, and thence to the Opera, and there saw *Romeo and Juliet*, the first time it was ever acted, but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.” Shakespeare’s play was not republished separately during this century, but Otway made use of considerable portions of it in his *Caius Marius*, published in 1680 by Thomas Flesher, the person who secured the copyright of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1642.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

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

MONTAGUE, }
CAPULET, } *Heads of two hostile Houses.*

Uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

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

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

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } *Servants to Capulet.*

PETER, *Another Servant to Capulet.*

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

CHORUS. *Boy ; Page to Paris ; an Officer.*

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

*Citizens of Verona ; Male and Female Relations to both Houses,
Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—During the greater Part of the Play, in Verona : once, in
the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

Prologue.¹

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life ;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could 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.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

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

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.²

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 of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

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

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

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

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

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

Gre. The heads of the maids ?

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

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

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

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool ; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.³

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

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

Gre. How ! turn thy back, and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No marry : I fear thee !

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

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

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

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

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

Sam. 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 ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you : I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a Distance.

Gre. 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.⁵

[*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do.
 [Beats down their Swords.]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

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

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word, As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward. [They fight.]

Enter several Persons of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs or Partisans.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down! Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter 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, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
 Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets ;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace :
 For this time, all the rest depart away.
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our farther pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?—

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began ?

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

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

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
 Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,
 So early walking did I see your son.
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood :
 I, measuring his affections by my own,
 Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
 Being one too many by my weary self,

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs :
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself ;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends :
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

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

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

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

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

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

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love?

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

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

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!⁶
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!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz; I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

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

Ben. Tell me in sadness, 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;

A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

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

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

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

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' 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.⁷

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

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd 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:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

Rom. O! teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call her's, exquisite, in question more.⁸

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

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 liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before ;
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years :
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
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.⁹
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth :
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,
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 :
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'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,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Such, amongst view of many,¹⁰ 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,
 Whose names are written there, [Giving a Paper.
 and to them say,
 My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.

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

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man ! one fire burns out another's burning,
 One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
 Turn giddy, and be holp 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.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.¹¹

Ben. For what, I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is :
 Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
 Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book ; but I pray,
 can you read any thing you see ?

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

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow ; I can read. [*Reads.*

“ Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters ; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters ; the lady widow of Vitruvio ; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces ; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine ; mine 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? to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

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

Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a eup of wine.¹² Rest you merry. [*Exit.*

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

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

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in those crystal scales, 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 shows best.

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

SCENE III.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*¹³

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? eall her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again :
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

And yet, to my teen¹⁴ be it spoken, I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
That shall she, marry : I remember it well.—
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day ;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,¹⁵
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall :
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do bear a brain :¹⁶—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house : 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years ;
For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before she broke her brow :
And then my husband—God be with his soul !

'A was a merry man,—took up the child :
 “ Yea,” quoth he, “ dost thou fall upon thy face ?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;
 Wilt thou not, Jule ?” and, by my holy-dam,
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—“ Ay,”
 To see, now, how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it : “ Wilt thou not, Jule ?” quoth he ;
 And, pretty fool, it stinted,¹⁷ and said—“ Ay.”

La. Cap. Enough of this : I pray thee, hold thy peace.

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 its brow
 A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
 A perilous knock ; and it cried bitterly.

“ Yea,” quoth my husband, “ fall'st upon thy face ?
 Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age ;
 Wilt thou not, Jule ?” it stinted, and said—“ Ay.”

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

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

Jul. 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,
 Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
 Are made already mothers : by my count,
 I was your mother, much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief ;—
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,
 As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.¹⁸

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 ?
 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 ;
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
 Find written in the margin of his eyes.
 This preeious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover :
 The fish lives in the sea ; and 'tis much pride,
 For fair without the fair within to hide.
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story ;
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger : women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move ;
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

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

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and Others.

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

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity :¹⁹
 We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,²⁰
 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,²¹ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch ;²² I am not for this ambling :
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

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

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

Mer. You are a lover : borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

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

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

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too rough,
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 : [*Putting on a Mask.*
A visor for a visor !—what care I,
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,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;²³
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on :
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse,²⁴ the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire²⁵
Of this save-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.²⁶

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment 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.

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;²⁷ and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,²⁸
Drawn with a team of little atomies²⁹
Over men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's 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
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'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,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
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,
Then dreams he 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;³⁰ and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes ;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;³¹
 And bakes the elf-locks³² in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,³³
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage.
 This is she —

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air;
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
 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.

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, clos'd 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.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in CAPULET'S House.*

Musicians *waiting.* *Enter* Servants.

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

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

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,³⁴ look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;³⁵ and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

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

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day, That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.

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

A hall! a hall!³⁶ give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,³⁷

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

Were in a mask?

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

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

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
I never 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?
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. Unele, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
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,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

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

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

I Cap.

Go to, go to ;

You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scathe you ;—I know what.

You must contrary me !³⁸ marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts !—You are a princox ;³⁹ go :—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light !—for shame !

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 bitter gall.

[*Exit.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [To JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim,⁴⁰ you do wrong your hand too much,
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 ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O ! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips ? O, trespass sweetly urg'd !

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

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

Rom. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.

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

I tell you—he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet ?

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

Ben. Away, begone : the sport is at the best.

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

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
 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.*]

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 Petruelio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance ?

Nurse. I know not.

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

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

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate !
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late !
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
 That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this ? what's this ?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
 Of one I dane'd withal. [One calls within, JULIET !]

Nurse. Anon, anon :—
 Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.]

Enter CHORUS.

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 belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks ;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks :
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear ;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved any where :
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Tempering extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*]

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Prologue.*

Under the word *Prologue*, in the copy of 1599, is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same person who personated the chorus at the end of the first Act. The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, stands thus :—

Two household frends, alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay our scene,
From civill broyles broke into enmitie,
Whose civill warre makes civill handes uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of these two foes
A paire of starre-crost lovers tooke their life ;
Whose misadventures, 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.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee'll studie to amend.—*Malone.*

² *We'll not carry coals.*

Collier was a very ancient term of abuse. "Hang him, foul *collier!*" says Sir Toby Belch, speaking of the devil, in the fourth Act of *Twelfth-Night*. Any person, therefore, who would *bear* to be called a *collier*, was said to carry coals. It afterwards became descriptive of any one who would endure a gibe or flout. So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1598 :—

He made him laugh, that lookt as he would sweare ;
He *carried coales*, that could abide no gest.—*Steevens.*

The phrase should seem to mean originally, We'll not submit to servile offices ; and thence secondarily, We'll not endure injuries.—*Malone.*

Again, Nash, in his *Have With you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, says : "We will *bear no coles*, I warrant you." Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*,

2nd part, 1602: "He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*" Again, in *Law Tricks, or, Who Would Have Thought It?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608: "I'll *carry coals* an you will, no horns." Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610: "You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must *carry no coals.*" And again, in the same play: "Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit," &c. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo, will hold my dog." And, lastly, in the poet's own *King Henry V.*: "At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would *carry coals.*" Again, in the *Malcontent*, 1604: "Great slaves fear better than love, born naturally for a *coal-basket.*"—*Steevens.*

This phrase continued to be in use down to the middle of the last century. In a little satirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, *Two Centuries* [of Books] of St. Paul's Churchyard, &c. published after the death of King Charles I. No. 22, p. 50, is inserted, "*Fire, fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of Scripture, that John Lillburn will not *carry coals.*" By Dr. Gouge.—*Percy.*

He makes the contention of Wales exceed the wranglings of Norfolk already. His valour is that he can by no meanes *carry coales*, and is ever therefore fittest for an action of the case.—*Stephens' Essayes*, 1615.

And soe in all things justifie themselves, their members, and their proceedings, shewing plainly they would *carrie no coals*, beare no reproofe, nor suffer themselves nor any of their members to be thought lyable to error.—*Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, p. 42.

Or could your Amsterdam by her commands
Make London *carry coals* to warm her hands.

Wild's Iter Boreale, 1670, p. 65.

But we'll fire 'um out of their holes:
I tell you we cannot carry coals.

Cunidia or the Witches, 1683.

³ *Here comes two of the house of the Montagues.*

"It should be observed," says Malone, "that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the Right Honourable Viscount Mountacute, 1575:"—

And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat
Thys token which the *Montacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,
For ancient grutch which long ago 'twene these two houses was.

⁴ *I will bite my thumb at them.*

This mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel, seems to have been common in Shakespeare's time. Decker, in his *Dead Term*, 1608, describing the various groups that daily frequented St. Paul's Church, says, 'What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs*, to beget quarrels!' And Lodge, in his *Wits Miserie*, 1596:—'Behold, next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico with his thumbe in his monthe.*' The mode in which this contemptuous action was performed is thus described by Cotgrave, in a passage which has escaped the industry of all the commentators:—'Faire la nique: to mocke by nodding or lifting up of the chinne; or more pro-

perly, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a jerke (from the upper teeth) make it to knacke.’—*Singer*.

Now was I in greater danger, being in peace, then before, when I was in battaile: for a generall murmure filled the ayre with threatnings at me; the soldiers especially *bit their thumbes*, and how was it possible for me to scape?—*Peeke’s Three to One*, 1625.

This very curious illustration is derived by Mr. Fairholt from the very rare collection of engravings by Jacques Lagniet entitled “Recueil des plus Illustres proverbes. Troisième livre. Proverbes contenant La Vie des Jeux. pl. 19. 1640—57” As the plates are all separate, and were printed at intervals during a series of years, a complete copy of the book is of the utmost rarity.



⁵ *Remember thy swashing blow.*

“To fence, to swash with swords, to swagger,” Florio, p. 127. “To swash, *clango, gladii concurepo*,” Coles. Forby has *swash*, to affect valour, to vapour, or swagger; but these are secondary meanings.

When as the fight therefore grew exceeding sharpe and hot, with much slaughter and bloudshed, every one who was more readie to rush upon the thickest of the enemies, whiles on all sides swords *swashed* and darts flew as thicke as haile, lost his life; and the horsemen followed both on the one side and the other, with strong arme slashing those that fled in the necke and backe: likewise on both parts the footmen hewed the houx or hamstrings of as many as slipped away or lagged behind for feare.—*Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Holland, 1609.*

⁶ *See pathways to his will.*

What Romeo seems to lament is, that love, though blind, should discover pathways to his will, and yet cannot avail himself of them; should perceive the road which he is forbidden to take. The quarto, 1597, reads:—“Should without *laws*, give path-ways to our will!”—i. e., being lawless itself, prescribe laws to others.—*Steevens*.

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

⁷ *With beauty dies her store.*

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

Theobald’s alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in Swetnam Arraign’d, a comedy, 1620:—

Nature now shall boast no more
Of the riches of her store;

Since, in this her chiefest prize,
All the stock of beauty dies.

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare:—

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

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

———— with her dies

The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman.—*Steevens*.

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

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will “lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy.”—*Malone*.

⁸ *To call hers, exquisite, in question more.*

That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation. It is in this sense, and not in that of doubt, or dispute, that the word *question* is here used.—*Heath*.

More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. *Question* means *conversation*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:—

And after supper long he *questioned*
With modest Lucrece.

And in many passages in our author's plays.—*Malone*.

⁹ *Are those so early made.*

The quarto, 1597, reads:—And too soon *marr'd* are those so early *married*. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesy*, 1589, uses this expression, which seems to be proverbial, as an instance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound*:—

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

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

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

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems.—*Steevens*.

¹⁰ *Such, amongst view of many.*

The first of these lines I do not understand. The old folio gives no help; the passage is there, Which *one* more view. I can offer nothing better than this:—

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

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

Which one [on] more veiew of many, &c.—*Malone*.

No explanation of this yet given is at all satisfactory.

¹¹ *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*

The tode being smitten of the spyder in fighte, and made to swell with hir

poyson, recovereth himselve with plantaine.—*Withals' Little Dictionarie for Children*, 1586.

¹² *Come and crush a cup of wine.*

This cant expression seems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599 :—

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

Again, in Hoffman's Tragedy, 1631 :—

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

Again, in the *Pinder of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobbler says :—

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

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

¹³ *Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

In all the old copies the greater part of this scene was printed as prose. Capell was the first who exhibited it as verse, and has been followed by all the subsequent editors, but perhaps erroneously. The reader shall judge by seeing a portion of one of the Nurse's speeches as it originally appeared. "Even or odde, of alle dayes in the yeare come Lammas Eve 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.—Nay, I do beare a braine, but as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to see it teachie, and fall out with the dugge."—*Boswell*.

¹⁴ *To my teen be it spoken.*

To my *sorrow*. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. i. c. ix :—"—— for dread and doleful *teen*."—This old word is introduced by Shakspeare for the sake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*.—*Steevens*.

Saying thus much moreover, that by such jugling trickes, a myst being cast before their eyes, he was changed in the shape of divers other things, and passed by them invisible; and would (no doubt) worke much woe and *teene*, in case he should remaine alive after this scornefull illusion.—*Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Holland*, 1609.

¹⁵ *For I had then laid wormwood to my dug.*

Like as when a mother willing to weane her child, shall say unto him, night and day: "My child, it is time to weane thee, thou art growne great inough, and I am with child, my milke is corrupt, it will make thee sicke;" yet he is so fond of the breast, that he can not forsake it: but if the mother put *wormewood or mustard* upon the breast, the child sucking it, and feeling the bitterness, he quite forsaketh it, without sucking any more: Even so, though Gods Preachers preach unto us, and exhort us to forsake the corrupt milke of the world, and of the flesh, yet we seeme deafe still, and are alwayes backward, untill God put upon these cursed teates, the mustard and worme-wood of afflictions to weane us.—*Cawdray's Treasure or Storehouse of Similies*, 1600.

For that which wee cannot doe, because we know not, wee dare not doe freely when wee are acquainted. But Nature beeing discovered by having once enjoyed, yeares will then easily admit a contrarietie. And as *wormewood*, rubbed upon the nipple of a nurses teate, weanes the childe; so thy detestation or continuall invective against that vice which thou wouldst abolish in another makes it unsavory sooner then rage or violence.—*Stephens' Essayes and Characters*, 1615.

¹⁶ *Nay, I do bear a brain.*

That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So, in the *Country*

Captain, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51 : “ When these wordes of command are rotten, wee will sow some other military seedes ; you *beare a braine* and memory.”—*Reed*.

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

Dash, we must *bear some brain*.

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

— may an I *bear not a brain* —.

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

As I can bear a pack, so I can *bear a brain*.—*Steevens*.

(Quoth Jones.) For he half tired with pains, would needs
Go straight to heaven : and thus the question breeds.

Jones was no schoolman, yet he *bore a brain*

Which ne'er forgot what ere it could contain.

Legend of Captain Jones, 1659.

¹⁷ *It stinted*.

“ I stynt, I cesse, *je cesse* ; let him go to it, I praye God he never stynt,”
Palsgrave, 1530. “ To stint weeping, to weepe no more,” *Baret's Alvarie*, 1580.

¹⁸ *Why, he's a man of wax*.

That is a smart and clever fellow. So, in *Wily Beguiled* :—“ Why, he's a man as one should picture him in *wax*.”—*Steevens*.

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

With passion swells my fervid breast,
With passion hard to be suppress.

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

¹⁹ *The date is out of such prolixity*.

That is, *masks* are now out of fashion. That *Shakspeare* was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none ; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable.—*Warburton*.



The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque*, but a *masquerade*. In *Henry VIII*, where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by *Wolsey*, he appears, like *Romeo* and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer ; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe *Romeo* is made to allude. So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the *maskers* enter without any compliment :—

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

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that

of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading, see a specimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech.—*Steevens*.

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

The annexed curious engraving represents a masker at the court of Charles VI. at Paris.

²⁰ *Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath.*

The *Tartarian* bows, as well as most of those used by the Asiatick nations, resemble in their form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas reliefs. Shakspeare used the epithet to distinguish it from the English bow, whose shape is the segment of a circle.—*Douce*.

²¹ *We'll measure them a measure.*

The "measure" was the courtly dance of the days of Elizabeth: not so solemn as the pavan—the "doleful pavan," as Davenant calls it, in which princes in their mantles, and lawyers in their long robes, and courtly dames with enormous trains, swept the rushes like the tails of peacocks. From this circumstance came its name, the pavan—the dance of the peacock. The "measure" may be best described in Shakspeare's own words, in the mouth of the lively Beatrice, in 'Much Ado about Nothing':—"The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, *a measure*, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.—*C. Knight*.

²² *Give me a torch.*

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

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

Again, in the same play:

— a gallant crew,
Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;
Before whom, unintreated, I am come,
And here prevented, I believe their page,
Who, with his *torch* is enter'd.

Before the invention of chandeliers, all rooms of state were illuminated by flambeaux which attendants held upright in their hands. This custom is mentioned by Froissart, and other writers who had the merit of describing every thing they saw. To *hold a torch*, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cambridge, and *held torches* while a play was acted before her in the Chapel of King's College, on a Sunday

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

King Henry VIII. when he went masked to Wolsey's palace, (now Whitehall), had sixteen torch-bearers. See Henry VIII, Act I. Sc. IV.—*Malone*.

Froissart, describing a dinner on Christmas day in the hall of the castle of Gaston Earl of Foix, at Ortern, in the year 1388, has these words:



“At mydnyght when he came out of his chambre into the halle to supper, he had ever before hym *twelve torches* brennyng, borne by *twelve varlettes* standyng before his table all supper.” In Rankin's *Mirroure of monsters*, 1587, 4to, is the following passage: “This *maske* thus ended, wyth visardes accordingly appointed, there were certain petty fellows ready, as the custome is, *in maskes to carry torches*, &c.” In the *Weis kunig*, being a collection of wood engravings representing the actions of Maximilian the First, there is a very curious exhibition of a masque before the emperor, in which the performers appear with their visards, and one of them holds a torch in his hand. There is another print on the same subject by Albert Durer. The practice of carrying torch lights at entertainments continued even after the time of Shakspeare.—*Douce*.

The annexed representation of a torch-bearer in a masque is from a sketch by Inigo Jones.

²³ *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*

It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. See Henry IV. Part I. Act III. Sc. I. So Hentzner, in his Itinerary, speaking of Queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: “The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*,” meaning *rushes*. So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:—

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

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

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

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

²⁴ *Tut! dun's the mouse.*

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

“Why, then, 'tis done, and dun's the mouse, and undone all the courtiers,”
Comedy of the Two Merry Milkmaids.

²⁵ *We'll draw thee from the mire.*

To draw dun out of the mire was a rural pastime, in which *dun* meant a dun horse, supposed to be stuck in the mire, and sometimes represented by one of the persons who played, at others by a log of wood. Gifford has described the game, at which he remembers often to have played, in a note to Ben Jonson's *Masque of Christmas*, vol. vii, p. 282:—“A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room; this is *dun* (the cart horse), and a cry is raised that he is stuck in the mire. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when *dun* is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes.”

I see I'm born still to draw *dun out a' th' mire* for you; that wise beast will I be. I'll be that ass that shall groan under the burden of that abominable lie.—*Westward Hoe*, 1607.

When we expect they should serve another apprenticeship to the state to maintain the war, they meant to leave reformation, like *Dun in the mire*, and are become so Popish as to cross us with treaties.—*Butler's Remains*.

²⁶ *We burn daylight.*

That is, we waste time. Lilly uses the phrase, to burn time, which would lead us to suppose it meant originally nothing more than destroying time. *Liking*, constitution of body. “If one be in better plight of bodie, or better liking,” Baret, 1580.

'Sblood! *we burn daylight*; they will think, anon,
We are afraid to see their glittering swords.

Heywood's Edward IV. First Part.

²⁷ *She is the fairies' midwife.*

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

²⁸ *On the fore-finger of an alderman.*

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

²⁹ *Atomies.*

God graunte, my Liege! the tyme may never end,
And yet vouchsafe to beare my plaint of tyme,
Sith every fruitlesse fly hath found a friend,
And I cast downe when *atomies* doth climbe. *MS. Poems*, c. 1630.

³⁰ *Of healths five fathom deep.*

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

³¹ *That plats the manes of horses in the night.*

This line alludes to a very singular superstition not yet forgotten in some parts of the country. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places, assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William of Auvergne, bishop of Paris in the 13th century. There is a very uncommon old print by Hans Burgmair relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch: and previously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practises her enchantments on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the nightmare. The *Belemnites*, or elf-stones, were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease, and against evil spirits of all kinds; but the *ceraunia* or *batuli*, and all perforated flint-stones, were not only used for the same purpose, but more particularly for the protection of horses and other cattle, by suspending them in stables, or tying them round the necks of the animals.—*Douce*.

³² *And bakes the elf-locks.*

Elf-locks are locks of hair clotted together. It was supposed to be a spiteful amusement of queen Mab, and her subjects, to twist the hair of human creatures, as the manes and tails of horses, into hard knots, which it was not fortunate to untangle.—*Nares*. In reading, “*cakes* the elf-locks,” instead of “*bakes* the elf-locks,” I have printed the words as I find them quoted in the invaluable glossary from which the above note is taken.—*Harness*.

“His haire are curl'd and full of *elves-locks*, and nitty for want of keming.”—*Wits Miserie*, 1596.

³³ *When maids lie on their backs.*

And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
Which plagues them out of measure.—*Drayton's Nymphidia*.

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

In quarto 1597, it is thus read:—

This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs;
and the other circumstances of platting the manes and elf-locks conclude the speech.—*Boswell*.

³⁴ *Remove the court-cupboard.*

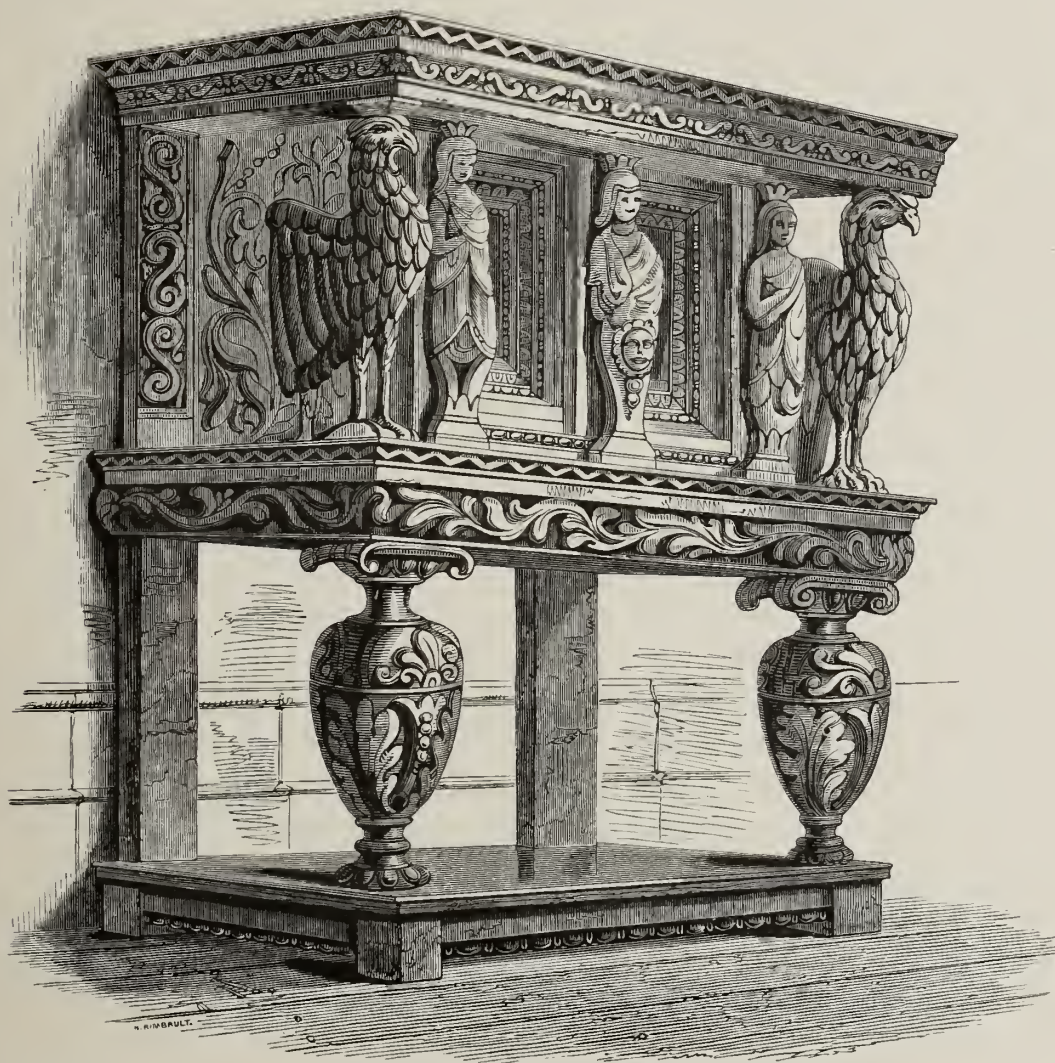
Perhaps by this the servant means that the plate was to be removed off the court-cupboard, an article of furniture which served the purpose of what we call at present the *side-board*. It is, however, frequently mentioned in the old plays. So, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth*, 1599: “— shadow these tables with their white veils, and accomplish the *court-cupboard*.” Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606,

by Chapman : "Here shall stand my *court-cupboard*, with its furniture of plate." Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611 :—

Place that in the *court-cupboard*.

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

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



"*Dressoir*, a cupboard ; a court-cupboard (without box or drawer) onely to set plate on," Cotgrave.

John being in London, in a gallant garb passing along, espieth a silver flagon standing on a *court-cupboard*, a young gentlewoman being at door, he pretended his bird flew in : she gave him admittance, he thanked her, but the silver flagon was never heard of.—*The Witty Jestes and Mad Pranks of John Frith*, 1673.

³⁵ *Save me a piece of marchpane.*

"Marchpanes are made of verie little flower, but with addition of greater

quantitie of filberds, pine nuts, pistaces, almonds, and rosed sugar," Markham's Countrey Farme, 1616, p. 585. According to Forby, ii. 208, the term was retained up to a very recent period. Marchpane was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors. See Ben Jonson, ii. 295; Topsell's Serpents, p. 165; Warner's Antiq. Culin. p. 103; Harrison's England, p. 167; Florio, p. 134.

As to surresse by message sad,
The feast for which they all have had
their *march-pane* dream so long.

Songs of the London Prentices, p. 31.

In the Closet for Ladies and Gentlewomen, is the following receipt—"To make a *March-pane*, to ice it, and garnish it after the *Art of Confit-making*.—Take two pound of small Almonds blanched, and beaten into perfect paste, with a pound of Sugar finely seared, putting in now and then a spoonfull or two of Rose-water, to keep it from oyling; and when it is beaten to perfect Paste, roule it thin, and cut it round by a Charger: then set an edge on it, as you doe on a Tart: then dry it in an Oven or a baking Pan: then ice it with Rose-water and Sugar, made as thiek as batter for Fritters: when it is iced, garnish it with conceits, and stiek long Comfits in it, and so gild it, and serve it."

³⁶ *A hall! a hall!*

Such is the old reading, and the true one, though the modern editors read—*A ball! a ball!* The former exelamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of Doctor Dodypoll, 1600:—

Room! room! *a hall! a hall!*

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

—— Then cry, *a hall! a hall!*

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

Cry not, *a hall, a hall*; but chamber-roome;
Daneing is lame, &c.

and numberless other passages.—*Stevens*.

³⁷ *Turn the tables up.*

Before this phrase is generally intelligible, it should be observed that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*. So, in the ancient translation of Marco Paolo's Voyages, 1579: "After dinner is done, and the tables *taken uppe*, everie man goeth aboute his businesse." Again, in the Seventh mery Jest of the Wyddow Edyth, 1573:—

And when that *taken up* was *the borde*,
And all payde for, &c.

Again, in Mandeville's Travels, p. 285-6: "And such playes of desport they make, till the *taking up of the boordes*."—*Stevens*.

³⁸ *You must contrary me.*

The use of this verb is common to our old writers. So, in Tully's Love, by Greene, 1616: "— rather wishing to die than to *contrary* her resolution." Many instances more might be selected from Sidney's Arcadia. Again, in Warner's Albion's England, 1602, b. x. e. 59:—"—— his countermand should have *contraried* so." The same verb is used in Arthur Hall's version of the

eighth Iliad, 4to. 1581; and in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.—*Stevens.*

³⁹ *You are a princox.*

A pert saucy youth. Brockett has *princox* as still in use, and *princy-cock* is given by Carr, ii. 58.

If hee bee a little bookish, let him write but the commendation of a flea, straight begs he the coppie, kissing, hugging, grinning, and smiling, till hee make the yong *princocks* as proud as a pecocke.—*Lodge's Wits Miserie*, 1596.

You do well, sir Raderick, to bestow your living upon such an one as will be content to share, and on sunday to say nothing; whereas your proud university *princox* thinks he is a man of such merit the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment, an unthankful viper, that will sting the man that revived him.—*The Return from Parnassus.*

⁴⁰ *Good pilgrim.*

The subjoined engraving, from a sketch by Inigo Jones, presents us with the Palmer's, or Pilgrim's dress, worn by Romeo in the Masquerade scene, the figure being simply subscribed "Romeo," in pencil, in the original. It is the usual costume of such personages, consisting of a long loose gown, or robe, with large sleeves, and a round cape covering the breast and shoulders; a broad-leafed hat, turned up in front, and fastened to the crown by a button, apparently, if it be not intended for a small cockle-shell, the absence of which customary badge would otherwise be the only remarkable circumstance in the drawing. In the left hand of the figure is the *bourdon*, or staff, peculiar to Pilgrims. The modern representatives of Romeo have inaccurately carried a cross. In the text of the play, the only indication of his being in a Pilgrim's habit is derived from Juliet's addressing him, "Good Pilgrim," &c. The drawing is therefore most interesting authority for the actor; and it is probable that Mercutio, Benvolio, and the "five or six maskers," were also attired in similar dresses; as at this period, the parties attending such entertainments appeared generally in sets of 6 or 8 shepherds, wild men, pilgrims, or other characters, preceded by their torchbearers, music, and sometimes, as Benvolio intimates, "a cupid hoodwinked with a scarf, bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath," or some other allegorical personage, to speak a prologue, or introductory oration, setting forth the assumed characters and purpose of the maskers.—*J. B. Planché.*



Act the Second.

SCENE I.—*An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

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

Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid,¹ he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.²—

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ;
 The ape is dead,³ 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,
 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' eirele
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;
 That were some spite. My invocation
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consorted with the humorous night :⁴
 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,
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
 O Romeo ! that she were, O ! that she were
 An open *et-cætera*, thou a poprin pear !⁵
 Romeo, good night :—I'll to my truekle-bed ;⁶
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
 Come, shall we go ?

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—CAPULET'S *Garden.*

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,
 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 :
 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,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp : her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
 O ! that I were a glove upon that hand,⁷
 That I might touch that cheek.

Jul. Ah me !

Rom. She speaks :

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 wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

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

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy :
 Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
 What's Montague ? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O ! be some other name.
 What's in a name ? that which we call a rose,
 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?

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

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

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

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How can'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch 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.

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.

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

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face ;
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !
 Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say—Ay ;
 And I will take thy word ; yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs.⁸ O, gentle Romeo !
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.⁹
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore, pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

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

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

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

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

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

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

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

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

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. 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.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

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

Nurse. [Within.] Madam.

Jul. By and by; I come.—
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks. [Retiring.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle baek again!¹⁰
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the eave where echo lies,
And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

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

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. Madam!¹¹

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

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee baek.

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

Jul. 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,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
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,
And with a silk thread plucks it baek again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

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

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE'S *Cell*.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *with a basket*.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Cheequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
 And flecked darkness¹² like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :
 Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
 I must up-fill this osier eage 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 ;
 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
 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 :
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes¹³ encamp them still
 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.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri.

Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
 But where unbruised youth, with unstuff'd brain,
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature :
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

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

Fri. God pardon sin ! wert thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast thou been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded : both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physie lies :
 I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo !
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

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

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

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

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !
 How much salt water thrown away in waste
 To season love, that of it doth not taste !
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
 Lo ! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yct.
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline :
 And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence, then—
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

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

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love now,
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow :
 The other did not so.

Fri. O ! she knew well,
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O ! let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow : they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
 Came he not home to night ?

Ben. Not to his father's : I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

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.

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; run 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?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,¹⁴ I can tell you. O! he is 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,¹⁵ a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,¹⁶ of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso!¹⁷ the hay!¹⁸—

Ben. The what!

Mer. The pox of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticoes,¹⁹ these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why! is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*,²⁰ who stand so much on the new form,²¹ that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!²²

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; 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?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip:²³ 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.

Rom. Meaning—to courtesy.

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.²⁴

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!²⁵ solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase,²⁶ 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;²⁷ it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O! here's a wit of cheverel,²⁸ that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived! I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.²⁹

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir;³⁰ unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*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.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant³¹ was this, that was so full of his ropery?³²

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Seurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.³³—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Seurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in 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 thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there

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.

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,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O!—There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?³⁴

Rom. Ay, Nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.³⁵ R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.

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 lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine to twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
 And his to me:
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news?
 Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit PETER.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?
 Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
 If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
 By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—
 Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
 Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?
 Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
 To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
 The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
 Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
 Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
 Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
 Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not
 how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face
 be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for
 a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked
 on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of cour-
 tesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways,
 wench: serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
 What says he of our marriage? what of that?

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.—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st;
“Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?”

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Friar LAURENCE'S *Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. 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:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare ;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die : like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite :
Therefore, love moderately ; long love doth so ;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O ! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet ! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs 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 half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Athens. *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 bason and ever 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.

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.

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 have dined with 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. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

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.

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.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—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 solidares¹ 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 liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [Throws the Money at him.]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.
[Exit LUCULLUS.]

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!
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?
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.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with Three Strangers.*

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 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.

Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, 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, 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,— [To LUCIUS.]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my 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, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He 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.

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.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable ! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part,² and undo a great deal of honour !—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able 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 it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no 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.

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* LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit.³ 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 monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars,

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *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,⁴
 And the best half should have returned 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.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! '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,
 They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
 For they have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
 Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
 And does he send to me? Three? humph!
 It shows but little love or judgment in him:
 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
 Thrice give him over!⁵ must I take the cure upon me?
 He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That c'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 to the rest,
 And amongst lords I be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He 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;
 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 villainies of man will set him clear.⁶ How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
 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;
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The Same. 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.

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.

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.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed 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;
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 t' 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,
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,
And send for money for 'em.

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.

I Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's
yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

I Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.⁷

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

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* FLAMINIUS.]

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?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat? 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;
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.*]

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 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.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

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.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Young Abraham Cupid.*

So all the old copies. Upton altered *Abraham* to *Adam*, on the supposition that the allusion was to the famous archer, Adam Bell; but the idea of Adam Cupid in this sense seems forced. Mr. Dyce is of opinion that *abraham*, a corrupted form of *auburn*, is intended. This form is certainly met with in our old writers.

By the eleventh house you can judge of what haire he shall be of, of a browne or *Abraham* colour, as the English; of a yellow, as the Dane; flaxen, as the Irish; or blacke, as the Spaniard.—*Melton's Astrologaster*, 1620.

² *When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.*

This story is constantly referred to in the works of the old English dramatists. A version contemporary with Shakespeare is entitled "a Song of a Beggar and a King," published in Johnson's *Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, and here given at length,—

I read that once, in Affrica,
A prince that there did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine,
From natures workes he did incline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdain.
But marke what happen'd by the way,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
Which did increase his paine.

The *blinded* boy, that shootes so *trim*,
From heaven downe so high,
He drew a dart, and shot at him,
In place where he did lye :

XIII.

Which soone did pierce him to the quick,
For when he felt the arrow prick,
Which in his tender heart did stick,
He looketh as he would dye.
"What sudden change is this," quoth he,
"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?"

Then from his window he did come,
And laid him on his bed,
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head.

For now he means to crave her love,
And now he seeks which way to proove
How he his fancie might remove,
And not this beggar wed.

23

But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poore beggar must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And, as he musing thus did lie,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her company,
That so did maze his eyes.

“In thee,” quoth he, “doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife
The Gods shall sure suffice.”

Then from his bed he ‘soon’ arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this beggar knowes
When she the king espied.

“The Gods preserue your Majesty!”
The beggars all gan cry,
“Vouchsave to give your charity
Our childrens food to buy.”

The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;
The silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.

The king he cal’d her back again,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And said, “With us you shall remain
Till such time as we dye:

“For thou,” quoth he, “shalt be my
wife,

And honoured like the queene;
With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene:

Our wedding day shall appointed be,
And every thing in their degree:
Come on,” quoth he, “and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.

What is thy name?—go on,” quoth he.
“Penelophon, O king!” quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtsey;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus, hand in hand, along they walke
Unto the king’s palace:
The king with courteous, comly talke,
This beggar doth embrace.

³ *The ape is dead.*

This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author’s time, without any reference to the mimickry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. Nashe, in one of his pamphlets, men-

The beggar blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.

At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, “O king; I do rejoyce
That you will take me for your choice,
And my degree so base.”

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded straight
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to waight.
And she behav’d herself that day,
As if she had never walk’t the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did wear of late.

The proverb old is come to passe,
The priest when he begins the masse,
Forgets that ever clarke he was;
He know’th not his estate.

Hear may you read, Cophetua,
Through fancie long time fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The beggar for to wed:
He that did lovers’ lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and fain,
Or else he would himself have slaine,
In stories as we read.

Disdain no whit, O lady deere!
But pittie now thy servant heere,
Lest that it hap to thee, this yeare
As to the king it did.

And thus they lead a quiet life
During their princely raigne,
And in a tomb were buried both;
As writers shew us plaine.

The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pittiously,
Their death to them was pain.
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the earth did flye,
To every prince’s realme.

tions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge.—*Malone*.

⁴ *To be consorted with the humorous night.*

I suppose Shakspeare means *humid*, the moist *dewy* night. Chapman uses the word in that sense in his translation of Homer, b. ii. edit. 1598:—

The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous* night.

Again, in the 21st book:—

Whence all floods, all the sea, all founts, wells, all deeps *humorous*,
Fetch their beginnings —.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3:—

Such matter as she takes from the gross *humorous* earth.

Again, song 13th:—

—— which late the *humorous* night
Bespangled had with pearl—.

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto i.:—

The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.—*Steevens*.

In *Measure for Measure* we have “the *vaporous* night approaches;” which shows that *Steevens* has rightly interpreted the word in the text.—*Malone*.

⁵ *An open et-cætera, thou a poprin pear.*

This pear is mentioned in the *Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638: “What needed I to have grafted in the stock of such a choke-pear, and such a goodly *poprin* as this to escape me?” Again, in *A New Wonder, a Woman Never Vexed*, 1632:—

—— I requested him to pull me
A Katherine Pear, and, had I not look'd to him,
He'd have mistook, and given me a *popperin*.

In the *Atheist's Tragedy*, by Cyril Turner, 1611, there is much conceit about this pear. I am unable to explain it with certainty, nor does it appear indeed to deserve explanation. Thus much may safely be said: viz. that our pear might have been of French extraction, as *Poperin* was the name of a parish in the *Marches of Calais*. So, in *Chaucer's Rime of Sire Thopas*, ver. 13,650:—

In Flandres, al beyonde the see,
At *Popering* in the place.—*Steevens*.

⁶ *I'll to my truckle-bed.*

The original quarto has, “I'll to my *trundle*-bed.” It appears somewhat strange that *Mercutio* should speak of sleeping in a truckle-bed, or a trundle-bed, both which words explain the sort of bed—a running-bed. The furniture of a sleeping-chamber in Shakspeare's time consisted of a standing-bed and a truckle-bed. “There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed,” says mine host of the *Garret*, in ‘*The Merry Wives of Windsor*.’ The standing-bed was for the master; the truckle-bed, which ran under it, for the servant. It may seem strange, therefore, that *Mercutio* should talk of sleeping in the bed of his page; but the next words will solve the difficulty:—

This *field-bed* is too cold for me to sleep,

The field-bed, in this case, was the ground; but the field-bed, properly so called, was the travelling-bed; the *lit de champ*, called, in old English, the “trussyng-bedde.” The bed next beyond the luxury of the trussyng-bed was the truckle-bed; and therefore Shakspeare naturally takes that in preference to the standing-bed.—*C. Knight*.

⁷ *O, that I were a glove upon that hand.*

Steevens seems to think that this is imitated in Shirley’s *Love Tricks*, 1631, “O that I were a flea upon thy lip,” but this opinion is disputed by Gifford, i. 57, as altogether untenable. The world, he observes, has had more than enough of this folly. The line in Shakespeare is not susceptible of ridicule: whereas I have seen, and Steevens must have seen, scores of madrigals of this date scarcely less ridiculous than the complement of Gorgon.

⁸ *At lovers’ perjuries, they say, Jove laughs.*

This Shakespeare found in Ovid’s *Art of love*, perhaps in Marlow’s translation, book I,—

For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at lovers perjuries.

With the following beautiful antithesis to the above lines, every reader of taste will be gratified. It is given *memoriter* from some old play, the name of which is forgotten;—

When lovers swear true faith, the list’ning angels
Stand on the golden battlements of heaven,
And waft their vows to the eternal throne.—*Douce*.

⁹ *Than those that have more cunning to be strange.*

Cunning is the reading of the quarto 1597, and I have restored it. *To be strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So, in Greene’s *Mamillia*, 1593: “Is it the fashion in Padua to be so *strange* with your friends?” Again, in one of the Paston Letters, vol. iii. p. 327: “I pray ye that ye be not *strange* of writing of letters to me.”—*Steevens*.

In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *To lure this tassel-gentle back again.*

The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, Gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in the *Guardian*, by Massinger;—

— then, for an evening flight,
A *tiercel-gentle*.

Again, in Spenser’s *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. iv. :—

Having far off espyde a *tassel-gent*,
Which after her his nimble wings doth straine.

Again, in Decker’s *Match Me in London*, 1631 :—

Your *tassel-gentle*, she’s lur’d off and gone.

This species of hawk had the epithet of *gentle* annexed to it, from the ease with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man.—*Steevens*.

It appears from the old books on this subject that certain hawks were considered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may suppose, was chosen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatise entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, with the true Measures of Blowing*, is the following passage:—"The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:—*For a Prince*. There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and these are for a prince."—*Malone*.



So she, by going the further about, comes the neerer home, and by casting out the lure, makes the *tassell gentle* come to her fist.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630, ii. 95.

¹¹ *Madam!*

Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio we have—*My niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to say. The editor of the second folio substituted—*My sweet*. I have already shown, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preserved the original word, though less tender than that which was arbitrarily substituted in its place.—*Malone*.

¹² *And flecked darkness.*

Flecked is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk*. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says:—

All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,
They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*.

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the fourth *Æneid*:—

Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly staine.

The same image occurs also in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Act V, Sc. III.:—"Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey."—*Steevens*.

The word is still used in Scotland, where "a *flecked* cow" is a common expression. See the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit*.—*Malone*.

¹³ *Two such opposed foes encamp them still.*

Shakespeare might have remembered the following passage in the old play of the Misfortunes of Arthur, 1587 :—

Peace hath three *foes encamped* in our breasts,
Ambition, wrath, and envie—.—*Steevens.*

So, in our author's Lover's Complaint :—

— terror, and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies, read—such opposed *kings*. Our author has more than once alluded to these *opposed foes*, contending for the dominion of man.—So, in Othello :—

Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side.

Again, in his 44th Sonnet :—

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my *better angel* from my side :
Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,
Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out.—*Malone.*

¹⁴ *More than prince of cats.*

Tybert, the name given to the *cat*, in the story-book of Reynard the Fox.—*Warburton.*

So, in Decker's Satiromastix, 1602 :—

— tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of cats.

Again, in Have with You to Saffron Walden, &c. 1598 :—

— not *Tibalt* prince of cats, &c.—*Steevens.*

¹⁵ *The very butcher of a silk button.*

So, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606 :—" Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth."—This phrase also occurs in the Fantaisies de Bruscombille, 1612, p. 181 :—" — un coup de mousquet sans fourchette dans le sixiesme *bouton* —." *Steevens.*

¹⁶ *A gentleman of the very first house.*

That is, a gentleman of the very first rank (alias, an upstart fellow), who understands all the terms of the duello, and prates about the first and second cause on which quarrels may be grounded. Steevens was certainly mistaken in supposing that a *gentleman of the very first house* meant a gentleman of the first rank among duellists.—*A. Dyce.*

¹⁷ *The punto reverso.*

The next harpie of this breed is Scandale and Detraction. This is a right malecontent devill. You shall alwaies find him his hat without a band, his hose ungartered, his rapier *punto reverso*, his lookes suspititious and heavie, his left hand continually on his Dagger.—*Lodge's Wits Miseric*, 1596, p. 17.

¹⁸ *The hay!*

All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out, *ha!*—*Johnson.*

¹⁹ *Affecting fantasticoes.*

Thus the oldest copy, and rightly. The modern editors read—*phantasies*. Nash, in his *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, says—“Follow some of these new-fangled Galiardo’s and Signor *Fantastico’s*,” &c. Again, in Decker’s comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—“I have danc’d with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen *fantasticoes*, convers’d with humorists,” &c.—*Steevens*.

²⁰ *These pardonnez-moy’s.*

Pardonnez-moi became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured.—*Johnson*.

²¹ *Who stand so much on the new form.*

This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to.—*Farmer*.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, Act I. Sc. I.:—sitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following.—*Steevens*.

“Who stand so much on the new *form*,” &c. Perhaps here is a further allusion. I have read that during the reign of large breeches (for which see *Strype*, *Annals*, v. i. Appendix, p. 78, and v. ii. Appendix, No. 17; also a note of *Steevens’s* on *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. I.) it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches in the House of Commons, to make room for those monstrous protuberances, without which contrivance they who stood on the new form could not sit at ease in the old bench.—*Blakeway*.

²² *O, their bons, their bons!*

Mercutio is here ridiculing those Frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi’s*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too, “O, their *bon’s!* their *bon’s!*” i. e., how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described them before: “—— a very good blade!” &c.—*Theobald*.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones!* *Theobald’s* emendation is confirmed by a passage in *Greene’s Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon jour* was the common salutation of those who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author’s time: “No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has.”—*Malone*.

²³ *The slip, sir, the slip.*

To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author’s time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances:—“And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*,” *Thieves falling out*, *True Men come by their Goods*, by *Robert Greene*.—*Steevens*.

Nash, in his *Life of Jacke Wilton* 1594, has the following passage,—There was a delicate wench called *Flavia Æmilia* lodging in *St. Markes streete* [in *Venice*] at a goldsmiths, which I wd faine have had to the grand test, to trie whether she were curant in alcumic or no. Aie me, shee was but a *counterfeit slip*, for she not only gave me the slip, but had welnie made me a slipstring.

Is he not fond then, which a slip receaves
 For currant money? She, which thee deceaves
 With copper guilt, is but a slip, and she
 Will one day shew thee a touch as slippery;
 She's counterfait now, and it will goe hard,
 If ere thou find her currant afterward.

Skialetheia, or a Shadowe of Truth, 1598.

²⁴ *Then is my pump well flowered.*

Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures.—*Johnson.*

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So, in the *Masque of Flowers*, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614:—"Every masker's *pump* was fasten'd with a *flower* suitable to his cap."—*Steevens.*

²⁵ *O single-soled jest.*

Single meant *simple*, silly. *Single soled* had also the same meaning:—"He is a good *senyill soule*, and can do no harm; *est doli nescius non simple.*"—*Horman's Vulgaria.* So in Hall's Second Satire of his second book:—

And scorn contempt itselpe that doth excite
 Each *single sol'd* squire to set you at so light.

The '*single soule kings*,' in the passage from Holinshed, the '*single sole fidler*,' and the '*single soal'd gentlewoman*,' in the other extracts, were all *simple* persons. It sometimes was synonymous with *THREADBARE*, *coarse spun*, and this is its meaning here. The worthy Cotgrave explains '*Monsieur de trois au boisseau et de trois à un épée*: a threadbare, coarse-spun, *single-soled gentleman.*'—*Singer.*

²⁶ *If thy wits run the wild-goose chace.*

One kind of horse-race, which resembled the flight of *wild-geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diversion in Chambers's Dictionary, last edition, under the article *Chace*.

This barbarous sport is enumerated by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, as a recreation much in vogue in his time among gentlemen: "Riding of great horses, running at ring, tilts and turnaments, horse races, *wild-goose chases*, are the disports of great men." P. 266, edit. 1632, fol. This account explains the pleasantry kept up between Romeo and his gay companion. "My wits fail," says Mercutio. Romeo exclaims briskly—"Switch and spurs, switch and spurs." To which Mercutio rejoins—"Nay, if thy wits run the *wild-goose chace*," &c.—*Holt White.*

²⁷ *Thy wit is very bitter-sweeting.*

A bitter-sweeting is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:—

— as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits.

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

— what, in displeasure gone!
 And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. viii. fol. 174, b :—

For all such tyme of love is lore,
And like unto the *bitter swete* ;
For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,
He shall well felen at laste
That it is sower, &c.—*Steevens*.

²⁸ *Here's a wit of cheverel.*

Cheverel is soft leather for gloves. So, in the *Two Maids of More-Clack*, 1609 :—

Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,
Not *cheveril* stretching to such profanation.

Again, in the *Owl*, by Drayton :—

A *cheverell* conscience, and a searching wit.—*Steevens*.

Cheveril is from chevrenil, *roe buck*.—*Musgrave*.

²⁹ *Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.*

The business of Peter carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called the *Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*."—*Farmer*.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

"To see him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan*."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*; "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with *her fan*." &c. This custom of having a *fan-carrier* is also mentioned by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603 :—

— doe you heare, good man ;
Now give me pearle, and *carry you my fan*.—*Steevens*.

³⁰ *No hare, sir.*

Mercutio having roared out, *So ho!* the cry of the sportsmen when they start a hare, Romeo asks *what he has found*. And Mercutio answers, *No hare*, &c. The rest is a series of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not understand, needs not lament his ignorance.—*Johnson*.

So ho! is the term made use of in the field when the hare is found in her seat, and not when she is *started*.—*A. C.*

Hoar or *hoary*, is often used for *mouldy*, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyles's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "— as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in *F. Beaumont's Letter to Speght* on his edition of *Chaucer*, 1602: "Many of *Chaucer's* words are become as it were *vinew'd* and *hoarie* with over long lying." Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* :—

— mice and rats
Eat up his grain; or else that it might rot
Within the *hoary* ricks e'en as it stands.—*Steevens*.

A wenching fellow, having been out all night, was asked where he had been, who was answered, a hunting. A hunting, quoth the other; where, I prethee? Marry, in *Bloomsbury Park*, replied the fellow. How, quoth his friend, in *Bloomsbury Park*? That was too little purpose, for I am sure there is nere a *hare* in it.—*Mirth in Abundance*, 1659.

³¹ *What saucy merchant was this.*

Steevens has justly observed that the term *merchant* was anciently used in contradistinction to *gentleman*. Whetstone, in his *Mirour for Majestrates of Cyties*, 1584, 4to, speaking of the usurious practices of the citizens of London who attended the gaming-houses for the purpose of supplying the gentlemen players with money, has the following remark: "The extremity of these mens dealings hath beene and is so cruell as there is a natural malice generally impressed in the hearts of the gentlemen of England towards the citizens of London, insonmuch as if they odiously name a man, they foorthwith call him, a *trimme merchaunt*. In like despight the citizen calleth every rascall a *joly gentleman*. And truly this mortall envie betweene these two woorthie estates, was first engendred of the cruell usage of covetous merchaunts in hard bargaines gotten of gentlemen, and nourished with malitious words and revenges taken of both parties."—*Douce*.

Barnaby Rich, in his *New Description of Ireland*, 1610, p. 69, speaking of the shopkeepers of Dublin, says,—“The trade that they commonly use is but to London; from thence they do furnish themselves with all sortes of wares for their shoppes, for shipping they have none belonging to the towne that is worth the speaking of, yet they will bee called merchantes; and hee that hath but a barrell of salt, and a barre or two of iron, in his shop, is called a merchant: he that doth but sel earthen pottes and pannes, sope, otmeale, trenchers, and such other like trash, is no lesse then a merchant: there be shopkeepers in Dublin that all the wares they are able to shewe are not worth a poore English pedler’s packe, and yet all these bee merchantes.”

³² *That was so full of his ropery.*

Roper was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:—

Thou art very pleasant and full of thy *roperye*.

Rope-tricks are mentioned in another place.—*Steevens*.

This word seems to have been deemed unworthy of a place in our early dictionaries, and was probably coined in the mint of the slang or canting crew. It savours strongly of the halter, and appears to have signified a low kind of knavish waggery. From some other words of similar import, it may derive illustration. Thus a *rope-rype* is defined in Huloet’s *Abcedarium* to be “an ungracious waghalter, *nequam*;” and in Minsheu’s dictionary, “one ripe for a rope, or for whom the gallows grones.” A *roper* has nearly the same definition in the English vocabulary at the end of *Thomasii Dictionarium*, 1615, 4to; but the word occasionally denoted a crafty fellow, or one who would practise a fraud against another (for which he might deserve hanging). So in the book of blasing of arms or coat armour, ascribed to Dame Juliana Bernes, the author says, “which crosse I saw but late in tharmes of a noble man: the whiche in very dede was somtyme a *crafty man*, a *roper*, as he himself sayd,” sig. Aij. b. *Roper* had also another sense, which, though rather foreign to the present purpose, is so quaintly expressed in one of our old dictionaries, that the insertion of it will doubtless be excused:—“*Roper*, *restio*, is he that loketh in at John Roper’s window by translation, he that hangeth himselfe.”—Huloet’s *Abcedarium Anglico-Latinum*, 1552, folio. *Rope-tricks*, elsewhere used by Shakspeare, belongs also to this family.—*Douce*.

³³ *I am none of his skains-mates.*

This has been explained *cut-throat companions*, and *frequenters of the fencing*

school, from *skein*, a knife or dagger. The objection to this interpretation is, that the nurse could not very well compare herself with characters which it is presumed would scarcely be found among females of any description. One commentator thinks that she uses *skains-mates* for *kins-mates*, and *ropery* for *roquery*; but the latter words have been already shown to be synonymous, and the existence of such a term as *kins-mates* may be questioned. Besides, the nurse blunders only in the use of less obvious words. The following conjecture is therefore offered, but not with entire confidence in its propriety. It will be recollected that there are *skains of thread*; so that the good nurse may perhaps mean nothing more than *sempstresses*, a word not always used in the most honourable acceptance. She had before stated that she was “none of his flirt-gills.”—*Douce*.

I rather take it to mean one who assists another in winding off a skein of silk, for it must be done by two; and I am told these are at this time, among the weavers in Spital-fields, look'd upon as the lowest kind of people.—*Warner*.

³⁴ *Doth not rosemary and Romeo, &c.*

By this question the Nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reason probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in a *Handfull of Pleasant Delites, &c.* 1584:—

Rosemary is for *remembrance*,
Betweene us daie and night,
Wishing that I might alwaies have
You present in my sight.

Again, in our author's *Hamlet*:—

There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*.

That rosemary was much used at weddings, appears from many passages in the old plays. So, in the *Noble Spanish Soldier*, 1634: “I meet few but are stuck with *rosemary*; every one ask'd me who was to be *married*?” Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604: “What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *rosemary*, and *nosegaies*? What, a *wedding*?”—*Malone*.

On a former occasion, the author of the preceding note has suspected me of too much refinement. Let the reader judge whether he himself is not equally culpable in the present instance. The Nurse, I believe, is guiltless of so much meaning as is here imputed to her question.—*Steevens*.

What then does she mean? We are told, immediately afterwards, that Juliet has “the prettiest sententious of it.”—*Malone*.

³⁵ *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name.*

There is good classical authority for so calling R, though Warburton has quoted a verse from Lucilius, that does not exist. The verse really is,—

Irritata canis quod, homo quam, planiu' dicit.

It alludes, indeed, to the letter R, but does not introduce it. Persius also says,—

— Sonat hæc de nare canina litera.

But the idea has been taken up in all ages, and must have been very familiar in Shakespeare's time, or he would not have put it into the mouth of his old Nurse, whom the context shows to be unable to spell. She will not allow R to be the letter that Rosemary and Romeo begin with, because “R is for the dog.” As for the exact form of the old woman's words, it is not worth disputing, this is

her idea. Shakespeare would find it in the commonest books of his time. His friend Jonson's Grammar was not published, perhaps, in his life; but he might have heard from him in conversation, that "R is *the dog's letter*, and hurreth in the sound." Or he might have studied the curious rebus in the *Alchemist*, (ii. 6.) on Abel Drugger's name. Barclay's *Ship of Fools* also has it:—

Though all be well, yet he none answer hath,
Save *the dogges letter* glowming with *nar, nar*.

So in several other of his cotemporaries quoted by the commentators; but it was surely common and popular at that time, as the mode of introducing it in the *Alchemist* also implies.—*Nares*.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire :
The day is hot,¹ 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 him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy ; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou ! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes : what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a

quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old 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!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT, and Others.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.²—

Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mereutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the 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.

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;

Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate 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
To such a greeting :—villain am I none ;
Therefore farewell : I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore, turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !
A la stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws.*

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What would'st 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 pilcher³ by the ears ? make haste, lest mine be
about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;

Beat down their weapons :—gentlemen, for shame !
Forbear this outrage !—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt !—good Mercutio !

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

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.—

Where is my page ?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [Exit Page.

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church
door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for me to-morrow, and
you shall find me a grave man.⁴ 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.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin;—O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercurio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercurio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercurio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; TYBALT falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away! begone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—

Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken.—Hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am Fortune's fool.⁵

Ben. Why dost thou stay ?

[*Exit* ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio ?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir :—go with me ;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended ; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives,
and Others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince ! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin !—O my brother's child !
O prince ! O cousin ! husband ! O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin !

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay :
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was ; and urg'd withal
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 ;
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,
“ 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 Mereutio, and then Tybalt fled ;
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning ; for ere I
 Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague ;
 Affection makes him false,⁶ he speaks not true :
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give :
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mereutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend ;
 His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses ;
 Therefore, use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.⁷

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
 Towards Phoebus' mansion ; such a waggoner

As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
 And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
 Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
 That Run-away's eyes may wink,⁸ and Romeo
 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,
 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,
 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,
 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.⁹—
 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,
 And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse.

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
 That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,¹⁰
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not—no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood;¹¹—I swoounded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty:
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-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,

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,
 No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
 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!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
 For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
 Sole monarch of the universal earth.
 O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
 Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
 When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
 But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
 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;
 And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
 All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
 Some word there was, worsè than Tybalt's death,
 That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;
 But, O! it presses to my memory,
 Like damnd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
 Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!
 That—banished, that one word—banished,
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
 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 mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
 Romeo is banished!—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished!—
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
 Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd:
 He made you for a highway to my bed,
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
 Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo
 To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
 Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
 I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
 And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
 Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
 Is my dear son with such sour company:
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
 Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then, banished
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies,¹² 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;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:
But Romeo may not; he is 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,
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,
To mangle me with that word—banished?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,¹³
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy :
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not : talk no more.

Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

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 might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise ; one knocks : good Romeo, hide thyself.

[*Knocking within.*]

Rom. Not I ; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise ;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up ; [*Knocking.*]
Run to my study.—By and by :—God's will !

What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my
errand :

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri.

Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case ;
Just in her case.

Fri. O woeful sympathy !
Piteous predicament !

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and 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 ?

Rom. Nurse !

Nurse. Ah sir ! ah sir !—Death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet ? how is it with her ?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own ?
Where is she ? and how doth she ? and what says
My eoneeal'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,
And Tybalt ealls ; 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,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge ? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy form eries out, thou art ;
Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild aets denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast :
Unseemly 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 temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,
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
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man ;¹⁴
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish ;
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,¹⁵
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What! rouse thee, man : thy Juliet is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead ;
 There art thou happy : Tybalt would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st Tybalt ; there art thou happy too :
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
 And turns it to exile ; there art thou happy :
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back ;
 Happiness courts thee in her best array ;
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the night,
 To hear good counsel : O, what learning is!—
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit Nurse.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Eri. Go hence. Good night ; and here stands all your
 state :—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
 Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,

And he shall signify from time to time
 Every good hap to you that chances here.
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late : farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
 It were a grief, so brief to part with thee :
 Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
 And so did I :—well, we were born to die.—
 'Tis v'ry late, she'll not come down to-night :
 I promise you, but for your company,
 I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

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.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender¹⁶
 Of my child's love : I think, she will be rul'd
 In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
 But, soft ! What day is this ?

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 late, that we

May call it early by and by.—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.¹⁷

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon 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.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light; I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a toreh-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.

I have more care to stay, than will to go:—

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;¹⁸
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;¹⁹
 O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.²⁰
 O! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
 The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband, 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.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
 That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. 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.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
 Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
 As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
 Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
 Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
 For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
 But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho! daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your eousin's death?
 What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
 Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
 But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
 Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
 As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
 God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
 And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
 Would none but I might venge my eousin'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 unaccustomed dram
 That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
 And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
 With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
 Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.—
 Madam, if you could find out but a man
 To bear a poison, I would temper it,
 That Romeo should upon receipt thereof
 Soon sleep in quiet.—O! how my heart abhors
 To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
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.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship ?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child ;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that ?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris,²¹ at Saint Peter's church
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste ; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet ; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed !

La. Cap. Here comes your father ; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew ;²²
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
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind :
For still thy eyes, which I may eall the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears ; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood ; the winds, thy sighs ;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife !
Have you deliver'd to her our decree ?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, ehop-logic!²³ What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
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!
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 bless'd,
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O! God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.
 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,
 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,
 To answer—"I'll 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.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
 An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
 For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
 Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
 O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
 Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
 My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems
 Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
 Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
 Is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
 Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.
 O! he's a lovely gentleman ;
 Romeo's a dishelout to him : an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green,²⁴ so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first : or if it did not,
 Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse.

And from my soul too ;

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul.

Amen !

Nurse.

What !

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
 To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

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.

[*Exit.*

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *The day is hot.*

It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. In Sir Thomas Smith's Commonwealth of England, 1583, b. ii. c. xix. p. 70, it is said—"And commonly every yeere or each second yeere in the beginning of sommer or afterwards (*for in the warme time the people for the most part be more unruly*) even in the calm time of peace, the prince with his counsell chooseth out," &c.—*Reed.*

² *Follow me close, for I will speak to them.*

In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;" and the above line is inserted; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation: for would Tybalt's partisans suffer him to be killed without taking part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio says, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes a *Capulet*." Instead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599—the *Capulets*.—*Malone.*

Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio; and he himself re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo.—*Steevens.*

³ *Pluck your sword out of his pilcher.*

We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard.—*Warburton.*

The old copy reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in Pierce Pennyless his Supplication, 1595, speaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in Decker's Satiromastix, 1602:—

I'll beat five pounds out of his leather *pilch*.

Again, "Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-

waggon in the highway, and took'st mad Jeronimo's part, to get service among the mimicks." It appears from this passage that Ben Jonson acted the part of *Hieronimo* in the Spanish tragedy, the speech being addressed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed.—*Steevens*.

⁴ *You shall find me a grave man.*

After this, the quarto 1597 continues Mercutio's speech as follows:—"A pox o' both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantry rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause.—Where's the surgeon?"

"*Boy*. He's come, sir.

"*Mer*. Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o' both your houses!"—*Steevens*.

This jest was better in old language, than it is at present. Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:—"My master *Chaucer* now is *grave*."—*Farmer*.

We meet with the same quibble in the Revenger's Tragedy, 1608, where Vindici dresses up a lady's *scull*, and observes: "— she has a somewhat *grave* look with her."—*Steevens*.

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, Characters, 1616: "At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a *grave drunkard*."—*Maloue*.

⁵ *O! I am Fortune's fool.*

In the first quarto, 'O! I am fortune's slave.' Shakspeare is very fond of alluding to the *mockery* of fortune. Thus we have in *Lear*:—"I am the natural fool of fortune." And in *Timon of Athens*:—"Ye fools of fortune." In *Julius Cæsar* the expression is, 'He is but fortune's knave.' *Hamlet* speaks of 'the fools of nature.' And in *Measure for Measure* we have 'merely thou art death's fool.' See *Pericles*, Act iii, Sc. 2.—*Singer*.

⁶ *Affection makes him false.*

The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality.—*Johnson*.

⁷ *Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.*

So, in *Hale's Memorials*: "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

So, in *Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses*, 2d part: "And yet let the Prince be sure of this, to answer at the day of judgment before the tribunall seate of God for all the offences that the partie pardoned shall commit any time of his life after. For if the Prince had cutte him off when the lawe had passed on him, that evill had not been committed. To this purpose I remember I have heard a certeine pretie apothegue [apothegme] uttered by a jester to a king. The king had pardoned one of his subjectes that had committed murther, who, being pardoned, committed the like offence againe, and by meanes was pardoned the second time also, and yet filling up the measure of his iniquitie, killed the third, and being brought before the king, the king being very sorie, asked him why he had killed three men, to whom his jester, standing by, replied, saieing, No, (O king) he

killed but the first, and thou hast killed the other two; for if thou hadst hanged him up at the first, the other two had not beene killed, therefore thou hast killed them and shall answere for their blood. Which thing being heard, the king hanged him up straightway, as he very well deserved.”—*Maloue*.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his speech with these words:

Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still;
Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.—*Maloue*.

⁸ *That Runaway's eyes may wink.*

This passage in the soliloquy of Juliet, in which her unlimited passion resolves itself into a storm of rapture, deserves to be viewed through this special position—that Love is blind, and that Cupid himself would blush did lovers see “the pretty follies that themselves commit.” So thought Jessica, when attired in the costume of the other sex, and Juliet’s ardent and tumultuous expression of affection must be referred to a somewhat more obscure delineation of the same belief. The prayer of the lover is for secrecy and rapidity, secrecy during the celebration of their rites, and the speedy approach of night to overshadow the eyes of Love. Her desire is for the departure of day, “bring in cloudy night immediately;” for concealment, *only a secondary wish*, “spread thy close curtains, love-performing night.” But why? There can only be one answer,—that the eyes of the god of Love may be closed, and Romeo reach his love “untalked of and unseen.” Lovers can see by their own beauties, or, *if Love be bliud*, “It best agrees with night.” The strange love, afterwards mentioned, is the generic idea, not the divinity here intended. Runaway was a common pet name for Cupid, and the authenticity of the word is beyond all doubt, and not one of the conjectural emendations can be adopted without destroying the poetical beauty of the passage in which it occurs. But it could be substantiated by a *reductio ad absurdum*, for suppose that night, or Juliet, be intended, and we at once arrive at an impossibility, or, to say the least, at a foolish tautology. Let night spread her close curtains, that night may sleep, and Romeo find his Juliet! Where is there in this the congruity so invariably observed by Shakspeare in similar flights of his luxuriant fancy? The conjecture that Juliet is the Runaway implies a still greater absurdity, no less than that of her desiring to slumber at the very time the approach of which she so eagerly desires.

⁹ *And pay no worship to the garish sun.*

Garish is *gaudy, showy*. So, in King Richard III.:—“A dream of what thou wast, a *garish* flag.” Again, in Marlowe’s Edward II. 1598:—

—— march’d like players
 With *garish* robes.

It sometimes signifies *wild, flighty*. So, in the following instance: “—starting up and *garishly* staring about, especially on the face of Eliosto,” *Hinde’s Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606.—*Stevens*.

¹⁰ *Say thou but I.*

It is hardly necessary to observe that, in Shakespeare’s time, the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling.—*Maloue*.

¹¹ *All in gore-blood.*

Gore-blood, that is, clotted, congealed blood. The words separately used are doubtless general; but, thus combined, seem to be provincial. Certainly archaic. As the nurse says of Tybalt, "all in *gore-blood*," exactly so would an East-Anglian nurse say on a like occasion. Or, perhaps, "all of a *gore*," or "all of a *gore of blood*."—*Forby*.

For he first met him Antiphates tall,
Born of a Thebane dame, but the base sonne
Of great Sarpedon, on whom he did run,
And smote him with his dart, th' Italian horn
Whistling through th' aire, pierc'd through his corps forlorn :
Whose hollow wound vented much black *gore-bloud*,
And in his heart the warm dart fixed stood.

Virgil, translated by John Vicers, 1632.

¹² *More courtship lives in carrion flies.*

By *courtship*, *courtesy*, *courtly behaviour* is meant. As this is one of the words which have escaped the industry of Shakspeare's editors, it may be as well to elucidate its meaning fully. Bullokar defines 'compliment to be ceremony, *court-ship*, fine behaviour.' See also Cotgrave in *Curtisarie* and *Curialité*; and Florio, Cortegiana. 'Would I might never excell a Dutch skipper in *courtship*, if I did not put distaste into my carriage of purpose, I knew I should not please them.'—*Sir Giles Goosecap*, a Comedy. Again, in the same play:—'My lord, my want of *courtship* makes me fear I should be rude.'

Whilst the young lord of Telamon, her husband,
Was packeted to France, to study *courtship*,
Under, forsooth, a colour of employment.

Ford's Fancies Chaste and Noble.

See also Gifford's Massinger, vol. ii. p. 505, where the true meaning of the word has not escaped the acute and able editor.—*Singer*.

¹³ *Philosophy, to comfort thee.*

So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, the Friar says—

Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,
But *wisdom in adversity* finds cause of quiet joy.

See also Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: "Thou sayest *banishment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are sowre in the mouth and sharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with *sweet* sawces, they yeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end; and though thy *evile* seeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyselfe with the rules of *philosophy*, it shall be more tolerable."—*Malone*.

¹⁴ *Digressing from the valour of a man.*

So, in the 24th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, as translated by Chapman:—

—— my deservings shall in nought *digress*
From best fame of our race's foremost merit.—*Steevens*.

So, in *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. III.:—

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy *digressing* son.

So, also in *Barnabe Riche's Farewell*: "Knowing that you should otherwise

have used me than you have, you should have *digressed* and swarved from your kinde.—*Boswell*.

¹⁵ *Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask.*

To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humours Ordinary*, and an old collection of English epigrams:—

When she his *flask* and touch-box
set on fire,
And till this hour the burning is not
out.—*Steevens*.

The annexed example, showing the character of the ancient flask, is taken from the *Exercise of Armes*, 1619.

¹⁶ *I will make a desperate tender.*

Desperate means only *bold*, *adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase,—I will speak a *bold* word, and *venture* to promise you my daughter.—*Johnson*.

So, in the *Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600:—

Witness this *desperate tender* of mine honour.—*Steevens*.

¹⁷ *Juliet's chamber.*

The stage-direction in the folio edition of 1623 is "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." In the first quarto, 1597, the direction is, "Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window." To understand these directions, we must refer to the construction of the old theatres. "Towards the rear of the stage," says Malone, "there appears to have been a balcony or upper stage; the platform of which was probably eight or nine feet from the ground. I suppose it to have been supported by pillars. From hence, in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and in the front of it curtains likewise were hung, so as occasionally to conceal the persons in it from the view of the audience. At each side of this balcony was a box very inconveniently situated, which was sometimes called the *private box*. In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity." The balcony probably served a variety of purposes. Malone says, "When the citizens of Angiers are to appear on the walls of their town, and young Arthur to leap from the battlements, I suppose our ancestors were contented with seeing them in the balcony already described; or, perhaps, a few boards tacked together, and painted so as to resemble the rude discoloured walls of an old town, behind which a platform might have been placed near the top, on which the citizens stood." It appears to us probable that even in these cases the balcony served for the platform, and that a few painted boards in front supplied the illusion of wall and tower. There was still another use of the balcony. According to Malone, when a play was exhibited within a play, as in 'Hamlet,'



the court, or audience, before whom the interlude was performed, sate in the balcony.—*C. Knight*.

¹⁸ *The lark makes sweet division.*

A division in music is a number of quick notes sung to one syllable; a kind of warbling. This continued to prevail in vocal music till rather recently. Handel, governed by custom rather than by his own better taste, introduces divisions in many of his airs and choruses.—*Knight*.

¹⁹ *The lark and loathed toad change eyes.*

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes.—*Warburton*.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme :

———To heav'n I'd fly,

But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.—*Johnson*.

Read *chang'd eyes*.—*M. Mason*.

²⁰ *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*

The *hunts-up* was a tune played on the horn under the windows of sportsmen very early in the morning, to awaken them. Hence the term was applied to any noise of an awakening or alarming nature. “A hunt is up or musike plaid under ones window in a morning,” Florio, p. 304. “*Resreil*, a *hunts-up*, or morning song for a new-maried wife the day after the mariage,” Cotgrave. “*Hunsup*, a clamour, a turbulent outcry,” Craven Gl. One ballad of the *hunt's-up* commences with the following lines :—

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,

And now it is almost day ;

And he that's a-bed with another man's wife,

It's time to get him away.

Mr. W. H. Black discovered a document in the Rolls-house, from which it appeared that a song of *the Hunt's up* was known as early as 1536, when information was sent to the council against one John Hogon, who, “with a crowd or a fyddyll,” sung a song with some political allusions to that tune. Some of the words are given in the information :

The hunt is up, the hunt is up, &c.

The Masters of Arte and Doctours of Dyvynyte

Have brought this realme ought of good unyté.

Thre nobyll men have take this to stay,

My Loids of Norff. Lorde of Surrey,

And my Lorde of Shrewsbyrry ;

The Duke of Suff. myght have made Ingland mery.

The words were taken down from recitation, and are not given as verse. See Collier's Shakespeare, Introd. p. 288.

Maurus last morn at's mistress window plaid

An *hunt's up* on his lute ; but she (its said)

Threw stones at him ; so he, like Orpheus, there

Made stones come flying his sweet notes to heare.—*Wit's Bedlam*, 1617.

²¹ *The county Paris.*

It is remarked, that “Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for

some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot.”—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.—*Farmer*.

²² *When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew.*

Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy. The reading of the quarto 1599, and the folio, is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they arise; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew. Though with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet's word, and a line in the Rape of Lucrece, strongly supports that reading:—

But as the *earth* doth *weep*, the *sun* being set.—*Malone*.

When our author, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, says:—

And when she [the moon] weeps, *weeps* every little flower;

he only means that every flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself *drizzles dew*. This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from the Rape of Lucrece, may be said to *weep*.—*Steevens*.

²³ *How now, chop-logic!*

This term, which hitherto has been divided into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from the XXIII Orders of Knaves, a nick-name: “*Choplogyk*: is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles he wyl bydde the deuyles pater noster in scylence.” In the *Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell*, &c. 1560, this word also occurs:—



But you wyl *choplogyck*
And be Bee-to-busse, &c.—

Steevens.

The allusion to dragging on a hurdle, which follows shortly afterwards, is well illustrated by the annexed engraving copied from a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

²⁴ *Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye.*

Besides the authorities already produced in favour of *green* eyes, and which show the impropriety of Hanmer's alteration to *keen*, a hundred others might, if necessary, be given. The early French poets are extremely fond of alluding to them under the title of *yeux verts*, which Mons. le Grand has in vain attempted to convert into *yeux vairs*, or grey eyes. It must be confessed that the scarcity, if not total absence of such eyes in modern times, might well have excited the doubts of the above intelligent and agreeable writer. For this let

naturalists, if they can, account. It is certain that green eyes were found among the ancients. Platus thus alludes to them in his *Curculio*:

Qui hic est homo
Cum collativo ventre, atque oculis *herbeis*?

Lord Verulam says, "Great eyes with a *green circle* between the white and the white of the eye, signify long life."—*Hist. of life and death*, p. 124. Villa Real, a Portuguese, has written a treatise in praise of them, and they are even said to exist now among his countrymen. See Pinkerton's *Geography*, vol. i. p. 556.—*Douce*.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.¹

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is the course ; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love ;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. [Aside.
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, 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.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, 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.

Jul. 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?²

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit* PARIS.]

Jul. O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet! I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,³
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
'That cop'st with death himself to scape from it ;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O ! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears ;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble ;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then : go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
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 ;⁴ thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
 Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death :
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,⁵
 Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave :
 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.

Jul. Give me, give me ! O ! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone : be strong and prosperous
 In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength shall help afford.
 Farewell, dear father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in CAPULET'S House.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit* Servant.
 Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.⁶

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for I'll try if they can
 liek their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot liek his own
 fingers : therefore, he that cannot liek his fingers goes not with
 me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.
 We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
 What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her :
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.
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,
 And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you :
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the County : go tell him of this.
 I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;
 And gave him what becomed love I might,
 Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well,—stand up :
 This is as't should be.—Let me see the County :
 Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
 Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
 To help me sort such needful ornaments
 As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
La. Cap. No, not till Thursday : there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow.
 [Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision :
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
 Go thou to Juliet ; help to deck up her :
 I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—
 They are all forth : well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

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.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam ; we have eull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night :
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell!—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 eall them baek again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must aet alone.—
Come, phial.—
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 the Dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
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,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,^s
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! Romeo! Romeo! I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S *Hall*.*Enter* Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices,
nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

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 bak'd meats, good Angelica:⁹
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go.¹⁰
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-hunt¹¹ in your time;
But I will watch you for such watching now.

[*Exeunt* Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with* Spits, Logs, *and* Baskets.

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 *Serv.*]—Sirrah, fetch
drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith! 'tis day:
The County will be here with music straight, [*Music within.*
For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant
her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What! not a word?—you take your pennyworths now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,¹²
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed:
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!—
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day?

La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame ! bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead ; alack the day !

La. Cap. Alack the day ! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha ! let me see her.—Out, alas ! she's cold ;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated :
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O woful time !

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—
O son ! the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy wife :—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 !

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day !
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe, O woful, woful, woful day !
Most lamentable day ! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold !
O day ! O day ! O day ! O hateful day !
Never was seen so black a day as this :
O woful day, O woful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain !
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O! in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature 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:
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.

Fri. 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 low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.

1 *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up;
For well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*
1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:"
O! an you will have me live, play—"Heart's ease."

1 *Mus.* Why, "Heart's ease?"

Pet. O, musicians! because my heart itself plays—"My heart is full of woe:"¹³ O! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek:¹⁴ I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then, will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,¹⁵
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;*

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?"
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?¹⁶

2 *Mus.* I say—"silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—"music with her silver sound," because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:—

*Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same.

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.*

His haste shall not be abated by my slowness. It might be read:—

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste:

that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste.—*Johnson*.

Slack was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

And I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste.

Back could not have stood there. If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste*. The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wish to restrain Capulet, or to delay his own marriage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverse of this, and seem rather to mean, *I am not backward in restraining his haste*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnson saw the impropriety of this expression, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at first present; and hence his proposed alteration; but our author must answer for his own peculiarities. See Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. XII.—*Malone*.

² *Or shall I come to you at evening mass.*

Juliet means *vespers*. There is no such thing as *evening mass*. “*Masses* (as Fynes Moryson observes) are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting.” So, likewise, in the Booke of Thenseygnement and Techyng that the Knyght of the Toure made to his Doughters: translated and printed by Caxton: “And they of the parysshe told the preest that it was past *none*, and therfor he durst not synge masse, and so they hadde no masse that daye.”—*Ritson*.

³ *Shall be the label to another deed.*

The seals of deeds were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed.

[See the annexed example taken from a deed of the fifteenth century preserved at Stratford.] Hence in King Richard II. the Duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the Duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending seal.—*Malone*.



⁴ *To paly ashes.*

It may be remarked, that this image does not occur either in Painter's prose translation, or Brooke's metrical version of the fable on which conjunctively the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is founded. It may be met with, however, in *A Dolefull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie*, by Churchyard, 4to. 1593:—

Her colour changde, her cheerfull looks
And countenance wanted spreete ;
To sallow ashes turnde the hue
Of beauties *blossomes* sweete :
And drery dulnesse had bespred
The wearish bodie throw ;
Each vitall vaine did flat refuse
To do their dutie now.
The blood forsooke the wonted course,
And backward ganne retire ;
And left the limmes as cold and swarfe
As coles that wastes with fire.—*Steevens*.

“*To paly ashes.*” These words are not in the original copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—*To many ashes*, for which the editor of the second folio substituted—*mealy ashes*. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in King Henry V. :—

— and through their *paly* flames,
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.—*Malone*.

⁵ *In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.*

The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave, richly dressed and with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter,) our author found particularly described in the *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet* :—

Another use there is, that whosoever dies,
Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies*,
In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet—.—*Malone*.

Thus also Ophelia's song in Hamlet :—

They bore him *bare-face'd on the bier*—.—*Steevens*.

⁶ *Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.*

Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests! Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us.—*Ritson*.

This arose from his sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. The scene referred to, was his own invention ; but here he has recollected the poem :—

Then said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abroad,
And to the stately palace hyeth, where Paris made abode ;

Whom he desyres to be, on Wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.—

Malone.

⁷ *Lie thou there.*

Laying down a dagger. This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto 1597 reads: "*Knife, lie thou there.*" It appears from several passages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's *state* had just been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match Me in London*, 1631:—

See at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599:—

Here by my side do hang my *wedding knives:*
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And with the other, I'll dispatch my love.

Again: "— there was a maide named, &c.—she tooke *one of her knives* that was some halfe a foote long," &c. &c. "And it was found in all respects like to *the other that was in her sheath.*" Goulart's *Admirable Histories*, &c. 4to. 1607, pp. 176, 178. In the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia* we are likewise informed, that Amphialus "in his crest carried Philocleas' *knives*, the only token of her forced favour."—*Steevens.*

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:—

If all fail else, myself have power to die.

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the Friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count,) she says—

Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twi'xt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*
Shall play the umpire.—*Malone.*

Gifford in a note on Jonson's *Staple of News*, informs us that in Shakspeare's time, "daggers, or as they were more commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England." *Gifford's Jonson*, vol. v. p. 221.—*Boswell.*

The annexed engraving is of a lady's case of knives, formed to be appended to the girdle. The original, which is in the collection of Lord Londesborough, is of ivory, mounted in silver, and inscribed with the name of Sara Peters.

⁸ *Aud shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth.*

Whereas the Latine texte hath here somnia speculantes Mandragore, I have translated it in English, our mindes all occupied wyth mad fantasticall dremes, because Mandragora is an herbe, as plisycions saye, that causeth folke to slepe,



and therein to have many mad fantastical dreames.—*Sir T. More's Workes*, 1557.



So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623 :—

I have this night digg'd up a *mandrake*,
And am *grown mad* with't.

Again, in the *Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611 :—

The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear
With more sad horror, than that voice does mine.

Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612 :—

I'll rather give an ear to the black *shrieks*
Of *mandrakes*, &c.

Again, in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher* :—

This is the *mandrake's voice* that undoes me.

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton, in his *Herball to the Bible*, Svo. 1587.) has been idly represented as “a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the seed of some dead person that hath beene convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther; and that they had the same in such dampish and funerall places where the saide convicted persons were buried,” &c.—*Steevens*.

⁹ *Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica.*

Shakspeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty sollicitudes of a private house concerning a provincial entertainment. To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet, whose wife, if *Angelica* be her name, is here directed to perform the office of a housekeeper.—*Steevens*.

Such were the simple manners of our poet's time, that, without doubt, in many families much superior to Shakspeare's, the lady of the house gave directions concerning the baked meats.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *Go, go, you cot-quean, go.*

A *cot-quean*, probably *cock-quean*; that is, a male *quean*, a man who troubles himself with female affairs. In the following passage, it means *masculine hussey*, it is spoken by Ovid, as Jupiter, to Julia, as Juno :

We tell thee, thou angerest us, *cot-quean*; and we will thunder thee in pieces for thy *cot-queanity*.—*B. Jons. Poetaster*, iv. 3.

It continued long in use in the former sense, and is quoted even from Addison, who compares a woman meddling with state affairs to a man interfering in female business, a *cot-quean*, adding, “each of the sexes should keep within its bounds.” It seems to have meant also a hen-pecked husband, which suits the same derivation.—*Nares*.

I half suspect, however, that it was a generic term of reproach. Compare the following lines in the *Scourge of Venus*, or the *Wanton Lady*, 1614,—

How will thy mother thinke herselfe abus'd,
That hast made her a *quot-queane* shamefully.

¹¹ *You have been a mouse-hunt in your time.*

A mouse-hunt, that is, a hunter of women, for whom *mouse* was formerly a term of endearment. There does not appear, as some think, to be an allusion to the animal so called.

¹² *The county Paris hath set up his rest.*

This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, is taken from the manner of firing the *harquebuss*. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: “—set your heart at rest, for I have *set up my rest*, that unless you can run swifter than a hart, home you go not.” The same expression occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Elder Brother*:

—— *My rest is up,*
Nor will I go less——.

Again, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:—

Like a musket on a rest.

See Montfaucon’s *Monarchie Françoise*, tom. v. plate 48.—*Steevens*.

The above expression may probably be sometimes used in the sense already explained; it is, however, oftener employed with a reference to the *game at primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in use. In the second instance above quoted it is certainly so. To avoid loading the page with examples, I shall refer to Dodsley’s *Collection of Old Plays*, vol. x. p. 364, edit. 1780, where several are brought together.—*Reed*.

“To set up one’s rest,” is, in fact, a gambling expression, and means that the gamester has determined what stake he should play for. In the passage quoted by *Steevens* from Fletcher’s *Elder Brother*, when Eustace says:—

My rest is up, and I will go no less;

he means to say, *my stake is laid*, and I will not play for a smaller. The same phrase very frequently occurs in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is also used by Lord Clarendon, in his *History*, as well as in the old comedy of *Supposes*, published in the year 1587.—*M. Mason*.

Nash quibbles upon this word, in his *Terrors of the Night*: “You that are married and have wives of your owne, and yet hold too nere friendship with your neighbours, *set up your rests*, that the Night will be an il neighbour to *your rest*, and that you shall have as little peace of minde as *the rest*.”—*Boswell*.

¹³ *Play me some merry dump.*

A *dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow*. So, in *Humour Out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:—

He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,
Or a *French brawl*.

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris—

—— How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

Paris. Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.—
Steevens.

Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed *any sort* of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the less ancient ballad of Chevy Chase. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the *dumps*. In a MS. of Henry the Eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Museum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, entitled, "My lady Careys *dompe*;" there is also "The duke of Somersettes *dompe*;" as we now say. "Lady Coventry's *minuet*," &c. "If thou wert not some blockish and senseless dolt, thou wouldest never laugh when I sung a heavy mixt-Lydian tune, or a note to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie." *Plutarch's Morals, by Holland, 1602, p. 61.—Ritson.*

At the end of the Secretaries Studie, by Thomas Gainsford, Esq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-seven stanzas, and called A Dumpe or Passion. It begins in this manner:—

I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,
Nor is my minde nor matter musicall;
My barren pen hath neither form nor choyce:
Nor is my tale or talesman comicall,
Fashions and I were never friends at all:
I write and credit that I see and knowe,
And mean plain troth; would every one did so.—*Reed.*

¹⁴ *No money, on my faith; but the gleeke.*

So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion.

To *gleek* is to *scoff*. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*. So, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's Epistle from Dido to Æneas:—

By manly mart to purchase prayse,
And *give his foes the gleeke*.

Again, in the argument to the same translator's version of Hermoine to Orestes:—

Orestes *gave Achylles' sonne the gleeke*.—*Steevens.*

The use of this cant term is nowhere explained; and in all probability cannot, at this distance of time, be recovered. To *gleek* however signified to put a joke or trick upon a person, perhaps to *jest* according to the coarse humour of that age. See A Midsummer Night's Dream, above quoted.—*Ritson.*

Shakspeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *gleekman* or *gligman*, as Dr. Percy has shown, signified a *minstrel*. See his Essay on the Antient English Minstrels, p. 55. The word *gleek* here signifies *scoru*, as Steevens has already observed; and is, as he says, borrowed from the old game so called, the method of playing which may be seen in Skinner's Etymologicon, in voce, and also in the Compleat Gamester, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90.—*Douce.*

"— the *minstrel*." From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1650, it appears, that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.—

Item, payd to the preacher vi s. ii d.
Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.
Item, payd to the coke xv s.—*Steevens.*

¹⁵ *When griping grief the heart doth wound.*

The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it

was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Aeneid*, makes the hero say :—

New *gripes* of dred then pearse our trembling brestes.

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors.—*Stevens*.

In commendation of musicke.

Where griping grief y^e hart would wound, (& dolful domps ye mind oppresse)

There musick with her silver sound, is wonte with spede to geue redresse ;

Of troubled minds for every sore, swete musick hath a salue in store :

In ioy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy sprights,

The carefull head releef hath found, by musicks pleasant swete delights :

Our senses, what should I saie more, are subject unto musicks lore.

The gods by musick hath their pray, the soul therein doth ioye,

For as the Romaine poets saie, in seas whom pirats would destroye,

A Dolphin sau'd from death most sharpe, Arion playing on his harp.

Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the sterne doth rule the ship,)

Of musick, whom ye gods assignde to comfort man, whom cares would nip,

Sith thou both man, and beast doest moue, what wiseman then will thee reprove ?

*From the Paradise of Daintie
Deuises, fol. 31. b.*

Richard Edwards.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*.—*Sir John Hawkins*.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.—*Stevens*.

¹⁶ *Simon Catling . . . Hugh Rebeck.*

A *catling* was a small lute-string made of *catgut*. In An Historical Account of Taxes under all Denominations in the Time of William and Mary, p. 336, is the following article : “For every gross of *catlings* and lutestring,” &c.—*A. C.*

Hugh Rebeck? The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin*. See *Menage*, in v. *Rebec*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* : “—’Tis present death for these fidders to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace.” In England's *Helicon*, 1600, is the Shepherd *Arsilius*, his Song to his *Rebeck*, by Bar. Yong.—*Stevens*.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth :—

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund *rebecks* sound——.—*Malone*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,¹
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.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;—
Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think—
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy ?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill :
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
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.

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.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he 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:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd,² and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,³
Green earthen pots,⁴ 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,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have
A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang 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.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,⁵
And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.*John.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother ! ho !*Enter* Friar LAURENCE.*Lau.* This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to assoeiate me,⁶
Here in this eity visiting the siek,
And finding him, the searehers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infeetious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.*Lau.* Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo ?*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infeetion.*Lau.* 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 ;
Get me an iron erow, and bring it straight
Unto my eell.*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.[*Exit.*]*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notiee of these aeidents ;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my eell till Romeo come :
Poor living eorse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb ![*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Church-Yard ; in it a Monument belonging to the CAPULETS.*

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers, and a Torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand aloof ;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under 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.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure. [Retires.

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 !
[The Page whistles.

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite ?
What ! with a torch ?—muffle me, night, a while. [Retires.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter : early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or 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

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,
 And strew this hungry churehyard 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.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that :
 Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here about :
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the Door of the Monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
 That murder'd my love's eousin,—with which grief,
 It is supposed, the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame
 To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

[Advancing.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
 Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death ?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
 Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man ;
 Fly hence and leave me :—think upon these gone ;
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
 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 :
 Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,⁷
 And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then, have at thee, boy.

[They fight.]

Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. O! I am slain. [*Falls.*]—If thou be 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.—
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,
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
This vault a feasting presence^s 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
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
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,
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 eut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe—
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace 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,

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 !—
 Come, bitter conduct,⁹ 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.]*

*Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE,
 with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed ! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves ?—Who's there ?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,
 What toreh is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Fri. Who is it ?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there ?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir.

My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me ;
 O ! much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
 I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo !— *[Advancing.]*

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 ?

[Entering the Monument.]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.

[JULIET wakes.

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?

[Noise within.

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
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.—[Noise again.] I dare no longer stay.

[Exit.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drank all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

[Kisses him.

Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[Snatching ROMEO'S Dagger.

This is thy sheath; [Stabs herself;] there rest, and let me die.

[Dies.

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody: search about the church-
yard.

Go, some of you; whoe'er you find attach. [Exeunt some.
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—

[Exeunt other Watchmen.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
 We cannot without eircumstance desery.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man ; we found him in the church-
 yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Princee come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps :
 We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this churehyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion : stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
 Some Juliet, and some Paris ; and all run
 With open outery toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;
 And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
 Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Seareh, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
 With instruments upon them, fit to open
 These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven !—O, wife ! look how our daughter bleeds !
 This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo ! his house
 Is empty on the back of Montague,—
 And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
 That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and Others.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
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.
What farther 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,
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. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
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 pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris : then, comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her,—so tutor'd by my art—
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death : meantime, I writ to Romeo,
 That he should hither come, as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
 But, when I came,—some minute ere the time
 Of her awakening—here untimely lay
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on herself.
 All this I know, and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy ; and, if aught in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd some hour before his time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
 Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
 And then in post he came from Mantua,
 To this same place, to this same monument.
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
 If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
 Where is the County's page, that rais'd the watch ?—
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb,
 And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'potheeary ; and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love ;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen :¹⁰—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague ! give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure ; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more ;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep.*

So, Malone, following the valuable quarto of 1597. The meaning is, in vulgar prose,—*If I may trust the visions with which my eye flattered me during sleep.* Both Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight give, with the quarto of 1599, the later quartos, and the folios, “the flattering *truth* of sleep:” Mr. Collier, however, makes no attempt to explain that reading; neither does Mr. Knight, who merely observes, “It is not difficult to see the growth of that philosophical spirit in Shakespeare which suggested the substitution of the word ‘truth,’ which opens to the mind a deep volume of metaphysical inquiry,”—intimating perhaps that it would require a whole volume to make plain to us what Shakespeare meant by the word “truth.” The *Notes and Emendations*, &c. furnish us with a new reading. “Sleep,” says Mr. Collier, “is often resembled to death, and death to sleep; and when Romeo observes, as the correction in the folio, 1632, warrants us in giving the passage,—“If I may trust the flattering *death* of sleep,”—he calls it ‘the flattering death of sleep’ on account of the dream of joyful news from which he had awaked: during this ‘flattering death of sleep’ he had dreamed of Juliet, and of her revival of him by the warmth of her kisses.” p. 384. Now, I have not forgotten how our early writers characterise Sleep,—for instance, I recollect that Sleep is called by Sackville “cousin of Death” and “a living death,” and by Daniel, “brother to Death;” but I remember nothing in the whole range of poetry which bears any resemblance to such a combination of words as *the flattering death of sleep*; and, though I may lay myself open to the charge of presumption, I unhesitatingly assert, not only that the expression never could have come from Shakespeare’s pen, but that it is akin to nonsense.—*The Rev. A. Dyce.*

² *An alligator stuff’d, and other skins.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“Romeo’s description of the shop of the poor apothecary may be accepted as minutely accurate, for it was customary with his class, “to make a show,” according to their means. Rows of drug-bottles in

Majolica, highly decorated by painting, filled their shelves, and are now among the



most coveted articles to collectors of "Raffaella-ware." The apothecary's shop was then (as it is now in Italy) the rendezvous for idlers and elderly gossips; hence the proprietor made the best display he could of his own position. Dried fishes and marine monsters were suspended from the ceiling, "an alligator stuff'd" was the most coveted and indispensable of all; and we rarely meet with any representation of the shop of the humblest medical practitioner without one. In Dutch art they abound; our cut represents that of a village barber-surgeon after one of Teniers' best pictures."

It appears from Nashe's *Have With You to Saffron Waldon*, 1596, that a

stuff'd alligator, in Shakspeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop: "He made (says Nashe) an anatomic of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, instead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator*."—*Malone*.

I was many years ago assured, that formerly, when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only. I have met with the alligator, tortoise, &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, plate iii. It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators, &c. some time before the physicians were willing to part with their amber-headed canes and solemn periwigs.—*Steevens*.

In addition to these notes may be quoted the following curious lines from Garth's *Dispensary*, an account of a similar shop,—

Here mummies lay most reverently state;
 And there the tortois hung her coat o' mail;
 Not far from some huge shark's devouring head,
 The flying fish their finny pinions spread;
 Aloft in rows large poppy heads were strung,
 And, near, a scaly alligator hung.
 In this place drugs in musty heaps decay'd,
 In that dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.

³ *A beggarly account of empty boxes.*

The circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, tom. ii. p. 241: "—beholdyng an apoticaries shoppe of lytle furniture, and lesse store of *boxes*

and other thynges requisite for that science, thought that the verie povertie of the mayster apothecarye would make him wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde.”—*Steerens*.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of Romeus and Juliet before him; for he has borrowed more than one expression from thence:—

And seeking long, alas, too soon! the thing he sought, he found.
 An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,
 Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be poor;
 And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,
 And in his window of his wares there was so small a *shew*;
 Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
 What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought;
 For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
 To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell.—
 Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)—
 Fair sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding geer*,
 And more there is than you shall need; for half of that is there
 Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour
 To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's power.—*Malone*.

⁴ *Green earthen pots.*

The manufacture of green earthen pots was carried on in England in Shakespeare's time, as appears from the following curious letter, written in August, 1594, from Sir Julius Caesar to Sir William Moore,—“After my hartie comendacions, &c., Wheras in tymes past the bearer hereof hath had out of the parke of Farnham, belonging to the Bishopprick of Winechester, certaine white clay for the making of grene potts usually drunk in by the gentlemen of the Temple; and nowe understandinge of some restraint thereof, and that you (amongst others) are authorized there in divers respects during the vacaneye of the said Busshopricke; my request therefore unto you is, and the rather for that I am a member of the said house, that you would in favour of us all permytt the bearer hereof to digge and carie away so mucche of the said claye as by him shalbe thought sufficient for the furnishinge of the said house with grene potts as afore-said, paying as he hath heretofore for the same. In aaccomplishment whereof myself, with the whole societie, shall acknowledge ourselves mucche beholden unto you, and shalbe readie to requite you at all tymes hereafter with the like pleasure. And so I bid you moste hartelie farewell.”

The annexed engraving represents a green earthen money-pot of the time of Shakespeare.



⁵ *Put this in any liquid thing you will.*

Perhaps, when Shakspeare allotted this speech to the Apothecary, he had not quite forgot the following passage in the Pardoner's Tale of Chaucer, 12,794:—

The Potecary answered, thou shalt have
 A thing, as wisly God my soule save,
 In all this world ther nis no creature,
 That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,

Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,
That he ne shal his lif anon forlete ;
Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lesse while,
Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile :
This poison is so strong and violent.—*Steevens.*

⁶ *One of our order, to associate me.*

Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out ; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other.—*Steevens.*

In the *Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in the *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, Wykeham enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur*. *Append.* p. 418.—*Holt White.*

⁷ *I do defy thy conjurations.*

Conjurations, earnest entreaties. See Mr. Dyce's notes, and compare also the following in Sir P. Sydney's *Arcadia*,—"How greate soever my busines be faire Ladic (said hee) it shall willinglie yeeld to so noble a cause : But first even by the favour you beare to the Lorde of this noble armour, I conjure you to tell me the storie of your fortune hercin, least hereafter when the image of so excellent a ladie in so strange a plight come before mine eies, I condemne my selfe of want of consideration in not having demaunded thus much. Neither aske I it without protestation, that wherein my sworde and faith may availe you, they shall binde themselves to your service. Your conjuration, fayre Knight (said she) is too strong for my poore spirite to disobeye, and that shall make me (without anie other hope, my ruine being but by one unrelievable) to graunt your will here in : and to say the trueth, a straunge nicenesse were it in mee, to refraine that from the cares of a person representing so much worthinesse, which I am glad even to rockes and woodes to utter."

⁸ *A feasting presence.*

A *presence* means a *public room*, which is at times the *presence-chamber* of the sovereign. So, in the *Two Noble Gentlemen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques says, his master is a duke,—“His chamber hung with nobles, like a *presence*.”—*M. Mason.*

Again, in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620 : “— the *king* sent for the wounded man into the *presence*.”—*Maloue.*

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602 :—

The darkest dungeon which spite can devise
To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes
Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber
In Paris Louvre.—*Steevens.*

⁹ *Come, bitter conduct.*

Marston also in his *Satires*, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor* :—“Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.” So, in a former scene in this play :—“And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.”—*Malone.*

¹⁰ *Have lost a brace of kinsmen.*

Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in Act. III. Sc. IV. and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth Act, describes him as "a gentleman of *princely* parentage," and after he is killed, Romeo says:—

—— Let me peruse this face;

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.—Malone.

The sportsman's term—*brace*, which on the present occasion is seriously employed, is in general applied to men in contempt. Thus, Prospero in the Tempest, addressing himself to Sebastian and Antonio, says:—

But you, my *brace* of lords, were I so minded,
I here, &c.—*Stevens.*

Timon of Athens.

INTRODUCTION.

The Rev. Alexander Dyce possesses an old English play in manuscript, written perhaps about the year 1600, on the subject of Timon. If this performance had suggested in any way the ground-work of Shakespeare's drama, it would have been a relic of great interest ; but it is an imitation of the old Latin comedy, written for the amusement of an academic audience, and extremely unlikely ever to have been read by the great dramatist. It is true that the incident of stones painted like artichokes being introduced at the mock-banquet instead of hot-water, harmonizes with the last line in the third Act in Shakespeare's play ; but the latter allusion appears to me to be general, not necessarily a reference to actual fact. Even if this be not the case, Shakespeare may here have recollected Lucian, an author to whom he is certainly in some way indebted, though it may be through the channel of an earlier English play. There is a passage, supposed by Dr. Farmer to refer to such a drama, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601,—“ come, come, now ; I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens.” A faint outline of the story of Timon is found in several old English books, but the source of the incidents employed by Shakespeare is in all probability yet to be discovered.

Shakespeare, observes Mr. Collier, “ is supposed not to have written Timon of Athens until late in his theatrical career, and Malone has fixed upon 1610 as the probable date when it came from his pen. We know of no extrinsic evidence to con-

firm or contradict this opinion. The tragedy was printed in 1623, in the folio edited by Heminge and Condell; and having been inserted in the registers of the Stationers' Company as a play "not formerly entered to other men," we may infer that it had not previously come from the press. The versification is remarkably loose and irregular, but it is made to appear more so by the manner in which it was originally printed. The object, especially near the close, seems to have been to make the drama occupy as much space as could be conveniently filled; consequently, many of the lines are arbitrarily divided into two: the drama extends to p. 98 in the folio, in the division of Tragedies; what would have been p. 99, if it had been figured, contains a list of the characters, and what would have been p. 100 is entirely blank: the next leaf, being the first page of Julius Cæsar, is numbered 109. It is possible that another printer began with Julius Cæsar, and that a miscalculation was made as to the space which would be occupied by Coriolanus, Titus Andronicus, Romeo and Juliet, and Timon of Athens. The interval between what would have been p. 100 of the folio of 1623, and p. 109, which immediately follows it, may at all events be in this way explained."

An alteration of the following play was written by Shadwell, and published in 1678. In a dedication to the Duke of Buckingham he observes,—“I am now to present your Grace with this History of Timon, which you were pleased to tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of Shakespear in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this; yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play.” We can now dispense with Shadwell's improvements, as well as with those more recent extravagant theories by which Shakespeare is deprived of the substantial authorship of this noble drama.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *Three flattering Lords.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

APEMANTUS, *a churlish Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian Captain.*

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *Servants to Timon.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, }

Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore : two of Timon's Creditors.

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, }
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens ; and the Woods adjoining.

Act the First.

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 y'are 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 conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O! 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continueate goodness:¹
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—

Poet. "When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look ye.

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 oozes²
From whence 'tis nourish'd : the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck ; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.³ What have you there ?

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 picce.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.⁴

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.⁵

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife⁶
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators who pass over the Stage.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens :—happy man !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have in this rough work shap'd 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 :⁷ no levell'd malice⁸
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,—
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
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd 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.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
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 conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
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.
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,⁹
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, 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.

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.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of
VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing,
Periods his comfort.¹⁰

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. 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 nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : what of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter 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
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well ; what farther ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I ; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got :
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 pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort ;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself,¹¹
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt :
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
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present ; in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long :
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.

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 ow'd to you !¹²

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

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 ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencil'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 farther from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ! dispraise ?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.¹³

Jew. 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.

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.

Jew. We'll bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

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.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

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.

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.

Pain. Y'are 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.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

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!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then, I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.

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 would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

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!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. '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,
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there.—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

Enter Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well; fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*]

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *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
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.*

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then, enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, whom TIMON redeemed from prison, and Attendants: then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O! by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
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.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
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.*]

1 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.

Tim. Fie! thou'rt a churl: you'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.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,¹⁴ Timon:
 I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

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 them 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.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
 Methinks, they should invite them without knives;¹⁵
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
 There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits next him now,
 parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him in a
 divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: it 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.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 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 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' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
 I pray for no man, but myself.
 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 ;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
 Amen. So fall to't :
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart,¹⁶ Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

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.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 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 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 you not chiefly belong to 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 '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!¹⁷ Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
 And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much !

[*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trump ?—How now !

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

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
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all. Let them have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit CUPID.*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample y'are belov'd.

Music. *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies¹⁸ as Amazons,
with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
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?
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.

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 ;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy ; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you : 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 !

There is no crossing him in his humour ;
Else I should tell him,—well,—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.¹⁹
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket.*]

1 Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses !

Tim. O, my friends !

I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel ; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

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.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 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.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news?

3 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.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all 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,
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 forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong : you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 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 : it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 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 my friend's affection with mine own ;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.²⁰

All Lords. O ! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give :
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Aleibiades,
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
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights ! more lights !

1 Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here !

Serving of beeks,²¹ and jutting out of bums !
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.

Apem. No, I'll nothing ; for if I should be brib'd too, there
would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou would'st sin

the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need 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 then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Breath'd continue goodness.*

Breathed is *inured by constant practice*; so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course.—*Johnson*.

So in Hamlet:—

It is the *breathing* time of day with me.—*Steevens*.

“—continue—” This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his version of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:—

Her handmaids join'd in a *continue* yell.

Again, in the tenth book:—

———environ'd round

With one *continue* rock:—.—*Steevens*.

² *Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes.*

“Our poesie is as a *gowne* which *uses*,” ed. 1623. The first correction was made by Pope, the second by Johnson. It may be worth observing that the gum exuding from the eye was anciently called *gownde*, but slight indeed is the probability that such was the term intended by the reading of the original text.

³ *Flies each bound it chafes.*

This speech of the Poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it *like a current flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment.—*Johnson*.

⁴ *This comes off well and excellent.*

The meaning is, the figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.*
—Johnson.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:—"It *comes off* very fair yet." Again, in *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, 1608: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it *comes off cleanly*, and there's a horse and man for us. I warrant thee." Again, in the first part of Marston's *Antonio and Melida*:—"Fla. Faith, the song will seem to *come off* hardly.—Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to *come off* quickly."—Steevens.

The same expression occurs in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act. II. Sc. I.: "Now trust me, madam, it *came hardly off*;" and in *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. II.: "Now this, overdone, has *come tardy off*." In these instances, and in those quoted by Mr. S. it seems to mean, what we now call *getting through with a thing*. We still say a man *comes off* with credit, when he acquits himself well; and such appears to be the Poet's meaning here.—Blakeway.

⁵ *One might interpret.*

The figure, though dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. V.—Malone.

Rather—one might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it.—Steevens.

So in *Cymbeline*:—

—never saw I pictures
So likely to report themselves.

See Johnson's note on that passage.—Boswell.

⁶ *Artificial strife.*

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, 'the contest of art with nature,' and not the 'contrast of forms or opposition of colours,' may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed:—

Look, when a *painter* would *surpass* the *life*,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His *art* with *nature's workmanship* at *strife*,
As if the *dead* the *living* should exceed;
So did this horse excell, &c.

In Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, printed I believe in 1596, (afterwards entitled the *Barons' Wars*.) there are two lines nearly resembling these:—

Done for the last with such exceeding *life*,
As *art* therein with *nature* were at *strife*.—Malone.

⁷ *In a wide sea of wax.*

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on waxen tablets; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395, and might have been heard of by Shakspeare. It seems also to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 151.—Steevens.

Astle observes in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progress of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that “the practice of writing on table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aside till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century.” As Shakspeare, I believe, was not a very profound English antiquary, it is surely improbable that he should have had any knowledge of a practice which had been disused for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding’s translation of the ninth book of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*:—“Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the empty *waxe*,” &c.—*Malone*.

⁸ *No levell’d malice.*

To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare’s meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage.—*Johnson*.

⁹ *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear.*

Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *Periods his comfort.*

To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakspeare’s introduction into the English language. I find it, however, used by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead Well Lost*, 1634:—“How easy could I *period* all my care.” Again, in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:—“To *period* our vain-grievings.”—*Steevens*.

¹¹ *His honesty rewards him in itself.*

The following is Coleridge’s explanation of this passage:—“The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. ‘The man is honest!’—‘True;—and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty’s sake, itself including its own reward.’”—*C. Knight*.

¹² *Which is not ow’d to you.*

The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider anything that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal.—*Johnson*.

So Lady Macbeth says to Duncan:—

Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness’ pleasure,
Still to return *your own*.—*Malone*.

¹³ *It would unclaw me quite.*

To *unclaw* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclaw* a man, is to *draw out* the whole mass of his fortunes.—*Johnson*. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

Therefore as you *unwind* her love from him,—
You must provide to bottom it on me.—*Steevens*.

¹⁴ *Let me stay at thine apperil.*

That is, peril. The word occurs several times in Ben Jonson. See also Middleton, ed. Dyce, i. 427.

¹⁵ *They should invite them without knives.*

It was the custom in our author’s time for every guest to bring his own knife,

which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers, at that period, to the use of *forks*.—*Ritson*.

¹⁶ *Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus.*

Dich, do it; but no other example of the word has been produced, and I suspect a corruption. It is hardly likely that the provincial term, *ditch*, to fill, can be intended.

¹⁷ *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born!*

Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, "O joy, e'en made away," destroyed, turned to tears, before "it can be born," before it can be fully possessed.—*Johnson*.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumphs die.

The old copy has—*joys*. It was corrected by Rowe.—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *A masque of ladies as Amazons.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“This masque, though classic in conception, is inadmissible as a picture of manners at an Athenian banquet. Such entertainments were unknown in the time of Alcibiades, the era of the action of this drama. On the contrary, Court Masques of the Shakesperian era frequently presented embodiments of Amazons and Cupid, particularly at weddings, as they offered opportunities for complimentary speeches. A representation of such a masque, in which Cupid is led captive,



is here copied from one of the plates illustrative of the great festivities held under the patronage of the Emperor Ferdinand at Vienna in 1560.”

¹⁹ *He'd be cross'd then, an he could.*

The poet does not mean here, that he would be *crossed* in humour, but that he would have his hand *crossed* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before King Edward the First's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived,—“I have not a *cross* about me;” i.e. ‘not a piece of money.’—*Theobald*.

So, in *As You Like It*: “—yet I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.”—*Steevens*.

The poet certainly meant this equivoque; but one of the senses intended to

be conveyed was, he will then too late wish that it were possible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [*cross* or] *thwart* him in his career of prodigality.—*Malone*.

²⁰ *I'll call to you.*

Timon uses the expression, "I'll call to you," in the sense of I'll call on you. It is a common expression in the West, "I'll call to" (i. e., at) "your house."—"I'm going to call to Mr. ——'s."—*Sandys*.

²¹ *Serving of becks.*

Beck means a salutation made with the head. So, Milton:—"Nods and *becks* and wreathed smiles." To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation.—*Johnson*.

To *serve a beck*, means, I believe, to *pay a courtly obedience to a nod*. Thus, in the Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:—

And with low *beck*
Prevent a sharp check.—*Steevens*.

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in 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,¹
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold :
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon ;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight,
And able horses. No porter at his gate ;²
But rather one that smiles,³ and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold ; no reason
Can found his state in safety.⁴ 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 ;
Importune him for my moneys ; be not ceas'd

With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, 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
 Out of mine own : his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates⁵
 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
 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,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,⁶
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.⁷

Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.⁸

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

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
 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.
 Fic, fie, fie, fie !

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What !
 You come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ?

Caph. It is.—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,⁹
My Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore:

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither: pray you,
[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds,¹⁰
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunaey 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* TIMON.]

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit* FLAVIUS.]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.¹¹

Caph. Stay, stay ; here comes the fool with Apemantus : let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. Serv. How dost, fool ?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow ?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No ; 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To VAR. SERV.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single ; thou'rt not on him yet.

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.

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. Gramereies, good fool. How does your mistress ?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to seald such chickens as you are.¹² Would, we could see you at Corinth !

Apem. Good : gramerey.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

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. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters : I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read ?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon ; this to Alcibiades. 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 Page.*

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there ?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers ?

All Serv. I would they served us !

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman 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 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 whoremaster, 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 it appears like a lord ; sometime like a lawyer ; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one.¹³ 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.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

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.

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 Serv.*]

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means ?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to : Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you baek ; 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. When for some trifling present you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept ; Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close : I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight cheeks, when I have 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.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, 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 ?

Tim. To Laedæmon 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,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd¹⁴
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,¹⁵
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
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:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther.

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
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!

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!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch 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 them toward a supply of money : let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus ? humph !

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,—Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd 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 ;¹⁶
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 eorporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, eannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—
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,¹⁷
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-eaps, and eold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them !—
Pr'ythee, man, look eheerly : these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is eak'd, 'tis eold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis laek of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] Pr'ythee, [*To FLAVIUS,*] be not
sad,

Thou art true, and honest : ingeniously I speak,
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 scareity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : greet him from me ;
Bid him suppose some good necessity

Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, [*To FLAV.*] give it these
fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it: that thought is bounty's
foe;

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Steal but a beggar's dog.*

The annexed quaint engraving of a beggar and his dog is taken from a wood-cut prefixed to a black-letter ballad of the seventeenth century.

Then shall you be led like blind beggars, with a dog and a bell, or else be beholding to the glasier for a new pair of eyes.—*Forde's Loves Labyrinth*, 1660.

² *And able horses.*

If this construction is correct, the meaning is,—“and it foals me able horses;” or, to use the words of Steevens,—“if I give my horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces *more*, but *able* horses.”



³ *But rather one that smiles.*

The word—*one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who invites them in.—*M. Mason*.

⁴ *Can found his state in safety.*

Old copy—*sound*. The supposed meaning of this must be,—No reason, by

sounding, fathoming, or trying, his state can find it safe. But, as the words stand, they imply that no reason can *safely* sound his state. I read thus:—

——no reason

Can *found* his state in safety.

Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid *foundation*. The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *f* are not always to be distinguished.—*Johnson*.

The following passage in *Macbeth* affords countenance to Dr. Johnson's emendation:—

Whole as the marble, *founded* as the rock;—*Steevens*.

⁵ *And my reliances on his fractured dates.*

Sir, retire ye, for it hath thus succeeded: the carnifex, or executor, riding on an ill curtal, hath titubated or stumbled, and is now crippled, with broken or *fracted* tibiards, and sending you tidings of success, saith yourself must be his deputy.—*Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, p. 39.

⁶ *Lord Timon will be left a naked gull.*

A naked gull, that is, a gosling bare of feathers. The term is still used in some of the provinces, and is almost always applied to the gosling, not to the young of other birds.

The goose betwixt two foxes plac'd,—which in your dream you saw,

Is you yourself that proves a goose,—in going still to law.

On either side a lawyer sits,—and they do feathers pull;

That in the end you will be found—a bare and *naked gull*!

Wife, in good truth, said he, I think—thou art just in the right;

My purse can witness to my grief—how they begin to bite.

Dr. Merriman or Nothing but Mirth, n.d.

⁷ *I go, sir.*

These words, as pointed out by Mr. Dyce, are repeated in ed. 1623 in the next speech by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor.

⁸ *And have the dates in compt.*

Old copy—"And have the dates in. *Come.*" Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into: and these bonds *Timon* had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them.—*Theobald*.

Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth*:—"Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, *in compt.*"—*Steevens*.

⁹ *We'll forth again.*

That is, to hunting, from which diversion, we find by *Flavins's* speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon; "Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in till *five a clock* in the evening; what time it pleas'd her to ryde forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after sore chased," &c. Again: "Munday the 18th of this July, the weather being hot, her high-

ness kept the castle for coolness 'till about *five a clock*, her majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in *Taucred and Gismund*, 1592 :— "He means *this evening* in the park to hunt."—*Reed*.

¹⁰ *Demands of date-broken bonds.*

The old copy has: "—— of *debt*, broken bonds." Malone very judiciously reads—*date-broken*. For the sake of measure, I have omitted the last letter of the second word. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: "I have *broke* [i. e. *broken*] with her father."—*Steevens*.

To the present emendation I should not have ventured to give a place in the text, but that some change is absolutely necessary, and this appears to be established beyond a doubt by a former line in the preceding scene:—"And my reliances on his *fracted dates*." So, also, in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

If he should *break his day*, what should I gain,
By the exaction of the forfeiture.

The transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the subsequent editors evaded the difficulty by omitting the corrupted word—*debt*.—*Malone*.

¹¹ *Enter Apemantus and a fool.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,— "The custom of retaining deformed and idiotic persons in the retinue of the wealthy dates from the earliest period of painted domestic history. The most ancient tombs at Beni Hassan in Egypt represent persons of the upper classes attended by such slaves, and the custom is still retained in the land. The Greeks and Romans continued the custom for their amusement, and that of their guests, as frequently noted by Martial. The cut represents one of these grotesque unfortunates from a small bronze statuette of Roman workmanship. The arms are broken, or they would probably have displayed some comic gesture."



I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities.—*Johnson*.

¹² *To scald such chickens as you are.*

The reputation of the ladies of Corinth for gallantry caused the term to be anciently used for a house of ill repute. The *scalding*, to which the fool alludes, is the curative process for a certain disease, by means of a *tub*, which persons affected (according to Randle Holme, *Storchouse of Armoury*, b. iii. p. 441), "were put into, not to boyl up to an heighth, but to *parboyl*." In the frontispiece to the old Latin Comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium* this sweating tub is represented. It was anciently the practice to scald the feathers off poultry instead of plucking them.—*Singer*.

¹³ *His artificial one.*

Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much

talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.—*Johnson*.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house.—*Steevens*.

¹⁴ *When all our offices have been oppress'd.*

Steevens asserted that *offices* here meant apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domestics, &c.; and that *feeders* meant *servants*. Malone contended that by *offices* was intended "all rooms or places at which refreshments were prepared or served out:" as Steevens had explained it in *Othello*; and that *feeders* did not here mean *servants*. It must be confessed that the passage in *Othello*, "All *offices* are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five until the bell has told eleven," countenances Steevens's explanation; as does another passage, from *Shirley's Opportunitie*, cited by Boswell:—

Let all the *offices* of entertainment
Be free and open.

The *cellar* and the *buttery* are probably meant.—*Singer*.

¹⁵ *I have retired me to a wasteful cock.*

A *wasteful cock* is possibly what we now call a *waste pipe*, a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, &c. by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness was favourable to meditation.—*Singer*.

¹⁶ *To them to use your signet, and your name.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“The use of signet rings is mentioned in the earliest biblical narratives, and was common in the land of Egypt. The Greeks are thought to have derived the custom from the Asiatics, with whom it was universal: but among the Greeks the wearing of a ring indicated a freeman. Ultimately the fashion lost its true significance, and the hands were loaded with rings in ostentation only. The cut gives two examples of the most ordinary forms of antique rings. One set with a gem upon which the figure of Mercury is engraved; the other of massive gold simply inscribed with the owner's name.”



¹⁷ *And so, intending other serious matters.*

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So, in the Spanish Curate of Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Good sir, *intend* this business."—*Steevens*.

So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c., 1595:—"Tell this man that I am going to dinner to my lord maior, and that I cannot now *intend* his tittle-tattle." Again, in *Pasquil's Night-Cap*, a poem, 1623:—

For we have many secret ways to spend,
Which are not fit our husbands should *intend*.—*Maloue*.

Flavius, by *fractious*, means *broken* hints, *interrupted* sentences, *abrupt* remarks.—*Johnson*.

And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. 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 oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
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.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. 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.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,—

2 Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [*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!

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.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; Ullorxa, all:⁹
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.

Tim. Be't 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 Same. The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't: the fault's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

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
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:
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:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,¹⁰
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 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.
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 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.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill ?

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *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.
 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,
 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 !
 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.
 To be in anger, is impiety ;
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain ? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that ?

Alcib. Why, say, my lords, he 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?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with him,
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
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
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 them both :
And for, I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law : he dies ; urge it no more,
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.

2 *Sen.* How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *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.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *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 make the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. 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!
I am 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
Pours into eaptains' 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.¹¹
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S House.*

*Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords,
at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord
did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,¹² when we en-
countered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it
seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new
feasting.

1 *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.

2 *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.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all
things go.

2 *Lord*. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord*. A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord*. A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord*. What of you?

2 *Lord*. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord*. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord*. The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men. [*To them.*] 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.

1 *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.

2 *Lord*. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 *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.

2 *Lord*. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not eumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord*. All covered dishes!

1 *Lord*. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord*. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord*. How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord*. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord*. Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord*. 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 *Lord*. How? how?

2 *Lord*. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does; but time will—and so—

3 *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.

“ You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. 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 god-heads 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 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.”

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

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 with your flatteries,
Washes them off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing Water in their Faces.*

Your recking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!¹³
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:—

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
 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, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways
 him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat
 it out of my hat:¹⁴—did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *Here's three solidares for thee.*

Stevens says, "I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet." We are not to look for the name of a Greek coin here; but he probably formed it from *solidari*, or *soldi*, a small coin, which Florio makes equal to shillings in value.—*Singer.*

² *For a little part.*

This has been a great crust for the critics. Theobald proposes to read a little *dirt*; Johnson a little *park*, and M. Mason a little *port*, to *shew magnificence*. Stevens defends the old reading thus, "by purchasing what brought me but little honor, I have lost the more honorable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend:" and he is certainly right. Neither does the phrase, *purchase for*, want the excuse brought by Malone from Shakespear's careless phraseology, for *I that purchased, laid out my money in the purchase of something* (*what* is not meant to be specified, whether estate, park, or equipage) for the sake of a little part of honor, have thus lost a great deal of honor. Dr. Farmer must have had a very keen eye for a quibble to find one here between *honor* in its usual sense, and *honor* the legal term for a manor.—*Pye.*

³ *Is every flatterer's spirit.*

Sport, ed. 1623. The emendation, *spirit*, belongs not to Warburton, but to Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one syllable, and sometimes, I think, written *sprite*. Hence the corruption was easy; whilst on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words so distant from each other as *soul* and *sport* (or *spirit*) should change places. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy; but finding *soul* and *sport* the final words of two lines in Pope's and the subsequent editions, took it for granted they held the same situation in the original edition, which we see was not the case. I do not believe this speech was intended by the author for a verse.—*Malone.*

⁴ *I would have put my wealth into donation.*

The commentators have made difficulties about this passage, of which the

meaning appears to be—"Had he applied to me, I would have put my wealth into the form of a gift, and have sent him the best half of it." The Stranger could not mean that he "would have treated his wealth as a present originally received from Timon," because he expressly declares that he never tasted his bounties.—*Singer*.

⁵ *Thrice give him over.*

The old copies read, "*thrive* give him over," which may, perhaps, be reconciled to sense, if we suppose the meaning to be, that Timon's friends, who have thriven by him, give him over, like physicians, after they have been enriched by the fees of the patient. The misprint was, however, a very easy one, and, as the Rev. Mr. Barry observes, "thrice" (which Johnson introduced) is supported by the fact, that the *three* friends of Timon, Ventidius, Lucullus, and Lucius, had given him over. Malone and Steevens, nevertheless, preferred *thrive*.—*Collier*.

⁶ *The villainies of man will set him clear.*

The commentators, with the exception of Ritson, have assumed that the villainies of men are to set the devil clear. Ritson says, "The devil's folly in making man politic is to appear in this, that he will at the long-run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thralldom." Tieck adopts Ritson's explanation.—*C. Knight*.

⁷ *Else, surely, his had equal'd.*

The commentators thought this simple passage required a comment; and the reader will be surprised to hear that it bears several constructions. It is obvious that the meaning is, "it should seem by the sum your master lent, his confidence in Timon was greater than that of my master, else surely *my master's* loan had equalled his." If there be any obscurity, it is because the relative pronoun *his* does not quite clearly refer to its immediate antecedent *mine*. I should not have thought the passage needed explanation, had it not been the subject of contention.—*Singer*.

⁸ *Knock me down with 'em.*

Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. See the scene between Dogberry, &c. in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Again, in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody*, 1633, Second Part, Sir John Gresham says to his creditors: "Friends, you cannot beat me down with *your bills*." Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "— they durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills*."—*Steevens*.

A gentleman having been late out was at midnight going home to his lodging, but by the way the watch in Cheapside call'd him, which he took no notice of, but jogg'd home as fast as he could stride. They call'd him again and again, but still he answer'd not, untill at the last the constable commanded four of them to fetch him in. They followed him, overtook him, and told him he must goe before the constable; so with some unwillingness they brought him back to the constable, whom he charged of incivility for stopping him in his way home. I cry you mercy, quoth the constable, I pray how am I uncivill? Yes, marry, are you, quoth the gentleman, for sending your *bills* to me after I have paid the reckoning.—*Mirth in Abundance*, 1659.

⁹ *Ullorxa.*

The folio, 1632, omits *Ullorxa*, and it is certainly superfluous as regards the measure, and a name (as Steevens observes) “unacknowledged by Athens or Rome.” Nevertheless, it is found in the folio, 1623, and as it does not in any way affect the sense we insert it. Shakespeare has allowed himself great licence in the names of many of the characters, which, as Johnson remarks, are Roman, and not Grecian; and in the first scene of this Act he has spoken of coins, “solidares,” of the existence of which we have no knowledge.—*Collier.*

¹⁰ *He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent.*

The folio reads:—“He did *behoove* his anger ere 'twas spent.” This Warburton changed for “*behave* his anger,” which he explains *govern, manage* his anger. It is said the verb to *behoove* is only used impersonally with *it*; otherwise the old reading might mean, ‘he did so *fit* or *become* his anger, ere it was spent with such sober and unnoted [i. e. unmarked] passion, that it seemed as if,’ &c. Perhaps we might read:—

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did *behood* [i. e. hide, conceal] his anger, &c.

Shakspeare uses to *hood* for to *hide* more than once. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

—— Come, civil night—
Hood my unman'd blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle.

And in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—“While grace is saying, *hood* mine eyes thus with my hat.” In defence of Warburton's reading it should be remarked, however, that *behave* is used in the same singular manner in *Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian*, 1630:—

How well my stars *behave* their influence.

And again:—

—— You an Italian, sir, and thus
Behave the knowledge of disgrace.

So Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene*, b. i. c. iii.:—

But who his limbs with labour, and his *mind*
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss.—*Singer.*

¹¹ *And lay for hearts.*

To *lay* for hearts, is to endeavour to win the affections of the people. ‘To *laie* for a thing before it come: *prætendo.*—*Baret.* ‘*Lay* for some pretty principality.’—*Devil is an Ass.* By ‘Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds,’ Alcibiades means, as *states* are now constituted, 'tis more honourable to be at odds with them, than to fight in their service. Some have thought the passage corrupt, and proposed to read ‘*hands* ;’ and others ‘*lords.*’—*Singer.*

¹² *Upon that were my thoughts tiring.*

The usage here seems rather affected; but it evidently means that his thoughts were tossing the subject about with eagerness.—*Nares.*

¹³ *Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks.*

Probably *jacks* are there only equivalent to fellows, as in *Richard III.*: “silken, sly, insinuating *jacks.*” It will then mean “fellows who watch the proper minutes to offer their adulation.” *Jack*, as shown above, was a common apel-

lative for every person or thing familiarly, or rather contemptuously, spoken of. Katherine calls her music-master a twangling *jack*,—*Tam. of Shr.* ii. 1.; and so elsewhere.—*Nares*.

¹⁴ *And now he has beat it out of my hat.*

The annexed example of the hat, with its jewel fashioned like a bird holding in its claws a pearl, is copied from the rare portrait of Thomas Lant, 1587.



And Venus takes a jewel from her hat,
Which was a yealow golden cockle-shell.

*Cutwode's Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble
Bee, 1599.*

Kings weare rich diamonds as jewels in their *hats* ;
but a gracious Queene is a jewell in his heart ; and
wise counsell a jem at his eare.—*Rich Cabinet fur-
nished with Varietie of Excellent Discriptions, 1616.*

As he spake that, Raymond told him that he should suddenly have the opportunity to inform himself of the estate in which his kingdom was, and that the Polonians were invited to come to dinner to him. This news was very wellcom to him, being desirous to know their humour. He was apparalleld as on the day before, in a suit of Spanish cloath, of colour *de Roy*. They caused him to throw over his shoulder his little furred coat, and they made fast a great *brooch* to his *hat*, that he might the better appear in the Polonian garb.—*The Comical History of Francion, 1655.*

Act the Fourth.

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,
And minister in their steads! to general filths¹
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!
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 lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
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,²

And yet 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
 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,
 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
 Th' 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!
 Amen.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in TIMON'S House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 *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?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 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.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *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,
 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,
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
 " We have seen better days." Let each take some ;
[Giving them Money.]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[They embrace, and part several ways.]

O, the fierce wretchedness³ that glory brings us !
 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,
 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 ?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
 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
 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.*]

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter TIMON.

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,
 The greater scorns the lesser : not nature,—
 To whom all sores lay siege—can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.⁴
 Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord ;⁵
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,⁶
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, " 'This man's a flatterer ? ' " if one be,
 So are they all ; for every guise of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate
 Dueks to the golden fool. All is oblique ;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :
 Destruction fang mankind !⁷—Earth, yield me roots ! [*Digging.*
 Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison—What is here ?
 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

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 th' accur'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench : this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;⁸
 She, whom the spital-house,⁹ and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again.¹⁰ 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.—[*Marching afar off.*]—Ha ! a drum ?—
 Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee : thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Reserving some gold.]

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner ;
 and 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,
 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.

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 :
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel ;
 Then what should war be ? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Phry.

Thy lips rot off !

Tim. I will not kiss thee ;¹¹ then, the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change ?

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.

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.

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 th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully ?

Tim. Art thou Timandra ?

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
To the tub-fast, and the diet.¹²

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
In my penurious band : I have heard and griev'd,
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 pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

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,—

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 conquered:

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd eity hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
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 cheek
Make soft thy trenehant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,¹³
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 merey:
'Think it a bastard, whom the oraele
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And minee it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on 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:
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 giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & 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,
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;
 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 roofs¹⁴
 With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
 No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
 A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. & Timon. Well, more gold.—What then?—
 Believ't, that we'll do anything for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead,
 Nor sound his quillts shrilly: hoar the flamen,¹⁵
 That scolds against the quality of flesh,
 And not believes himself: down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him, that his particular to foresee,¹⁶
 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,
 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!¹⁷

Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more money, bounteous
 Timon.

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.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st 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.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, 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,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
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!
Dry up thy marrows,¹⁸ 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!

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;
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 diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
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,
 Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus ;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bid welcome
 To knaves, and all approachers : 'tis most just,
 That thou turn rascal ; had'st thou wealth again,
 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,
 Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these moss'd trees,¹⁹
 That have outliv'd 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,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee ;
 O ! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

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.
 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'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 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.

Thou should'st 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.
 Hadst thou, like us,²¹ from our first swath, proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 That numberless upon me stuek, 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 burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,²²
 Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
 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.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
 No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
 Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
 I'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.

[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.²³

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 would'st thou have to Athens ?

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 ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

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 !

Apem. Where would'st 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 :²⁴ in thy rags
thou knowest 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.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st
have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know
unthrift, that was beloved after his means ?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou
ever know beloved ?

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 ?

Tim. Women nearest, but men, men are the things themselves.
What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in
thy power ?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men,
and remain a beast with the beasts ?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to 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 should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner : wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury : wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse : wert thou a horse, thou would'st 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 could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here : the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How ? Has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to eatch 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.

Apem. Thou art the eap 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.

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.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off !

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog !

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive ;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou would'st burst !

Tim.

Away,

Thou tedious rogue ! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*Throws a Stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast !

Tim. Slave !

Apem. Toad !

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue !

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*

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,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee

[*Looking on the Gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss ! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts !
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'st gold :
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery !

Tim. Long live so, and so die !—I am quit.—

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*

More things like men ?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this gold ? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder.²⁵ The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Band.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Band. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Band. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Band. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Band. 'Tis his description.

3 Band. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. 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;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 Band. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

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,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

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: takes wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't,

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

The moon into salt tears:²⁶ the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

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!

Rob one another. There's more gold : eut 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 ! Amen.

[TIMON retires to his Cave.]

3 *Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens : there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exit Banditti.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods !
 Is yond' despis'd 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 !
 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,²⁷ and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do !
 He has caught me in his eye : I will present
 My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

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 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 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,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
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;
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;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st 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—
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 plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
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,
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.

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 eharity to none,
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O ! let me stay,
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
 Curses, stay not : fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free.
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *To general filths.*

That is, common filthy women, the worst kind of courtesans. The term is still used in the provinces in the subdued sense of a slut.

² *Confounding contraries.*

That is, contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other. So, in King Henry V. :—

———— as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his *confounded* base.—*Steevens.*

³ *O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us.*

I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster* :—

And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity
One fit him with a larger pair of ears.

In King Henry VIII. our author has *fierce vanities*. In all instances it may mean *glaring, conspicuous, violent*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan says :—

Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol.

Again, in King John :—

O vanity of sickness! *fierce* extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

With all the *fierce* endeavour of your wit.—*Steevens.*

⁴ *But by contempt of nature.*

The meaning I take to be this : “Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother ; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune will despise beings of nature like its own.”—*Johnson.*

⁵ *Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord.*

Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord*? Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referred? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raise* that lord. The antithesis must be, 'let fortune *raise* this beggar, and let her *strip* and *despoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments,' &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration :

———— and *denude* that lord;—

So, Lord Rea, in his relation of M. Hamilton's plot, written in 1650: "All these Hamiltons had *denuded* themselves of their fortunes and estates." And Charles the First, in his message to the parliament, says: "*Denude* ourselves of all."—Clar. vol. iii. p. 15, octavo edit.—*Warburton*.

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. "Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord." A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *devest* that lord. *Devest* is an English law phrase, which Shakspeare uses in King Lear:—

"Since now we will *devest* us both of rule," &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce is not, however, uncommon. I find it in the Tragedie of Cræsus, 1604:—

As one of all happiness *denuded*.—*Steevens*.

The objection to the reading of the old copy is, that there is no antecedent to which the word *it* can be referred; but this is in Shakspeare's manner. So in Othello:—

And bid me when my fate would have me wive
To give it *her*.

i. e. his wife, which is understood. So in this passage, "Raise me this beggar (to eminence), and deny't that lord."—*Malone*.

⁶ *It is the pasture lards the rother's sides.*

Brothers, ed. 1623. The reading in the text is Singer's truly excellent and ingenious emendation. A rother is an old term for a horned beast. "In Herefordshire the dung of such beasts is still called *rother soyl*," Kennett, MS. Lansd. 1033. According to Sharp's MS. Glossary, the word is current in Warwickshire, and the beast-market at Stratford-on-Avon is called the *rother market*. "*Eucerum pæcus*, an hearde of *rother* beastes," Elyot, ed. 1559.

⁷ *Destruction fang mankind!*

That is, seize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his Match Me at London, 1631: ——"bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you."—*Steevens*.

⁸ *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again.*

In the comedy of the Roaring Girl, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:—

Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.

Sir B. Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap*?

Moll. *Wapping* and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed:—

Boarded at Tappington,
Bedded at *Wappington*.

Again, in Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London, 1610: "*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman: this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping*-morts for whores." Again, in one of the Paston Letters, vol. iv. p. 417: "Deal courteously with the Queen, &c. and with Mrs. Anne Hawte for *wappys*," &c. It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the Complaint of Annelida, line 217, uses the word in the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:—"My sewertye in *waped* countenance." *Wappened*, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean,—“The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified.” So, in Hamlet:—

The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*.—*Steevens*.

⁹ *She, whom the spital-house, &c.*

The meaning is,—Her whom the spital-house, however polluted, would not admit, but reject with abhorrence, this embalms, &c. or, (in a looser paraphrase) Her, at the sight of whom all the patients in the spital-house, however contaminated, would sicken and turn away with loathing and abhorrence, disgusted by the view of still greater pollution, than any they had yet experience of, this embalms and spices, &c. To “cast the gorge *at*,” was Shakspeare's phraseology. So, in Hamlet, Act V. Sc. I.: “How abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my *gorge* rises *at* it.” To the various examples which I have produced in support of the reading of the old copy, may be added these:—

Our *fortune* on the sea is *out of breath*,
And sinks most lamentably.—*Antony and Cleopatra*.

Again, *ibidem*:—

Mine *eyes* did *sicken* at the sight.

Again, in Hamlet:—

Even to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*.

Again, *ibidem*:—

— we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too *free-footed*.

Again, in Troilus and Cressida:—

His *evasions* have ears thus long.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *To the April day again.*

The *April day* does not relate to the *widow*, but to the other *diseased female*, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom gold *embalms and spices* to the *April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will—

— make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. So, in Sidney's Arcadia, p. 262, edit. 1633: “Do you see how the spring time is full of flowers, decking itself with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of autumn? What lesson is that unto you, but that in the *April of your age* you should be like *April*.” Again, in Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, 1607: “He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*.” Peacham's Compleat Gentleman, chap. iii. calls *youth* “the *April* of man's life.” Shakspeare's Sonnet entitled Love's Cruelty, has the same thought:—

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime.

Daniel's 31st Sonnet has, "— the *April* of my years." Master Fenton "smells *April* and May."—*Tollet*.

¹¹ *I will not kiss thee.*

This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection, transmitted to another, left the infector free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee.—*Johnson*.

Thus, the Humourous Lieutenant says:—

He has some wench, or such a toy, to kiss over,
Before he go: 'would I had such another,
To draw this foolish pain down.

See also the fourth Satire of Donne.—*Steevens*.

¹² *To the tub-fast, and the diet.*

What this *diet* was may be seen at large in Dr. Bullein's *Bulwarke of defence*, fo. 57 b. and in his *Booke of compoundes*, fo. 42, 43. In a former note a conclusion was too hastily drawn concerning the origin of *Cornelius's tub*. It was stated that it took its name from the hero of Randolph's pleasant comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*; but the term is much older, being mentioned in Lodge's *Wil's Miserie*, 1599, 4to. sig. F iij.b. Its origin therefore remains in a state of uncertainty; for what Davenant has left us in his *Platonick lover* can only be regarded as a piece of pleasantry.—

Sciolt. As for *Diogenes* that fasted much, and took his habitation in a tub, to make the world believe he lov'd a strict and severe life, he took the diet, sir, and in that very tub swet for the French disease.

Fred. And some unlearned apothecary since, mistaking 's name, called it *Cornelius tub*.—Act iii.

There is yet another passage which may be worth inserting, as it throws a gleam of light on this obscure term. It is from the Law of Drinking, 1617, 12mo, p. 55. "Like ivie they cling close about *Cornelius' bulke*; till sleepe surprize them, oblivion divide them, and *brave Cornelius* guide them to his *tub*."—*Douce*.

I stai'd not in her service long, for shee
Was not two dayes before she set me free,
For having got a Frenchified heat,
She was prescrib'd a dyet and a sweat,
She gave me to the surgeon, for some lotion,
For unguents, and a gentle working potion.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

¹³ *That through the window-bars.*

Our author has again the same kind of imagery in his Lover's Complaint:—

—— spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some *beauty* peep'd through *lattice* of fear'd age.

I do not believe any particular satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pursuit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme.—*Malone*.

There is a singular passage in Weaver's Plantagenet's Tragical Story, in

which the term *windows* is used for a woman's breasts. I insert it, as it is barely possible that Timon, among the violent metaphors which his rage suggests, might, if we had any other authority for *windows* being used in this sense, mean by the *window-bars*, the handkerchief which confined them. At all events, the passage is curious.—

Like to a wrinkled carrion I have seen,
 Instead of fifty, write her down fifteen;
 Wearing her bought complexion in a box,
 And every morn, her closet-fae unlocks,
 Plants cherries in her cheeks, her eye she chears,
 And with her pencill cancells thirty years;
 Opening her lustfull *windows*, which are shown,
 Nigh to the navell o'er with lillies sown!—*Boswell*.

¹⁴ *Thatch your poor thin roofs.*

About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608: “— to wear perriwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?” Again, in *Drayton's Mooncalf*:—

And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean;
 To help their pride they nothing will disdain.

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet:—

Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head,
 Ere *beauty's dead fleece* made another gay.

Again, in *Churchyard's Tragieall Discours of a Dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:—

The *perwickes* fine must curle wher haire doth lack
 The swelling grace that fills the empty sacke.

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, book ix. ch. xlvii. is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that “women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massaere of Paris.”—*Steevens*.

The *first* edition of Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses* quoted above, was in 1583. *Drayton's Mooncalf* did not, I believe, appear till 1627.—*Malone*.

Now as the fairest lodging, though it be furnished with walls, chimnies, chambers, and all other parts of architecture, yet, if the ceiling be wanting, it stands subject to rain, and so consequently to ruin; so would this goodly palace, which we have modelled out unto you, be but a cold and bald habitation, were not the top of it rarely covered: nature therefore has played the tiler, and given it a most curious covering; or, to speak more properly, she has thatched it all over; and that thatching is hair.—*Decker's Gulls Hornbook*, 1609.

Decker employs nearly the same words, in his *Satiromastix*, where Crispinus says:—“The head is wisdom's house, *hair* but the *thatch*.”

¹⁵ *Hoar the flamen.*

Upton would read—*hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. “Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*.” So, in Webster’s Dutchess of Malfy, 1623:—

—— shew like *leprosy*,
The *whiter* the fouler.

And before, in this play:—“Make the *hoar leprosy* ador’d.”—*Steevens*.

Heaven ——

Now with his hail, his rain, his frost and heat,
Doth parch and pinch and overwhelm and beat,
And *hoar* her (Earth’s) head with snowes.

Sylvester’s du Bartas, p. 96.

¹⁶ *That his particular to foresee.*

The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To “foresee his particular,” is “to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of publick good.” In hunting, when hares have cross’d one another, it is common for some of the bounds “to smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular.” Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read—*forefeud*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, secure.] To the commentator’s emendation it may be objected, that he uses *forefeud* in the wrong meaning. To *forefeud* is, I think, never to *provide for*, but to *provide against*. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense.—*Johnson*.

¹⁷ *And ditches grave you all.*

To *grave* is to *entomb*. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. So, in Lord Surrey’s translation of the fourth book of Virgil’s *Æneid*:—

Cinders (think’st thou) mind this? or *graved* ghostes?

Again, in Chapman’s version of the fifteenth Iliad:

—— the throtes of dogs shall *grave*
His manlesse lims.

To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston’s *Sophonisba*:—

——— and me, now dead,
Deny a grave; hurl us among the rocks
To stanch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *ungrav’d*,
I seek slow rest.—*Steevens*.

¹⁸ *Dry up thy marrows, &c.*

The sense is this: *O nature! cease to produce men, enscar thy womb; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; dry up thy marrows, on which they fatten with uctuous morsels, thy vines, which give them liquorish draughts, and thy plow-toru leas. Here are effects corresponding with causes, liquorish draughts, with vines, and uctuous morsels with marrows, and the old reading literally preserved.—Johnson.*

¹⁹ *Will these moss'd trees.*

Old copy—*moist* trees. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *moss'd trees*.—*Johnson*. Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As You Like It*, Act IV. :—“ Under an oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age.”—*Steevens*.

So also Drayton, in his *Mortimeriados*, no date :—

Even as a bustling tempest rousing blasts
Upon a forest of old branching oakes,
And with his furie teyrs their *mossy* loaks.

Moss'd is, I believe, the true reading.—*Malone*.

I have inserted this reading in the text, because there is less propriety in the epithet—*moist* ; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encrease in age. Thus, our author, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, observes, that it is one of the properties of time—“ To *dry* the *old* oak's sap——.”—*Steevens*.

²⁰ *What ! a knave too ?*

Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance ; but when Apemantus tells him that he comes to vex him, Timon determines that to vex is either *the office of a villain or a fool* ; that to vex by design is *villainy*, to vex without design is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies,—“ What ! a knave too ? ” I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*.—*Johnson*.

²¹ *Hadst thou, like us.*

There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful. There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe, every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence :—“ God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble ; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy ; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, *there is no peace to the ungodly*.”—*Johnson*.

²² *That poor rag.*

A term of contempt. “ And there in great disorder, did singe in the said howse songes of ribadrey, making exclamacion and out-cryes against your said subject, beinge at reste in his bedd, not only raylinge agaynst him, to the great disquiett of all the neighbors there adjoininge, but at very unlawfull howers of the night called on the name of the Lord Viscount Byndon, in regard that the said Lord Viscount had taken a course by justice for the discharging of your said subject owt of the stockes, some of them saying at your said subjecte's gate, “ Come owt, Ragg, come owt ; where ys the Lord Howard, the Lord Howard ? ”

Of which unseemly wordes conserninge the said Lo. Viscount, and their lewde behaviour at such unlawfull howers, your said subject complayned to the said Sir Walter Raleigh," MS.

²³ *Take away thyself.*

This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's Life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir Thomas North's translation: "Apemantus said unto the other, O, here is a trimme banquet, Timon. Timon aunswered yea, said he, *so thou wert not here.*"—*Steevens.*

²⁴ *For too much curiosity.*

That is, for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*.—*Warburton.*

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So, in Jervas Markham's English Arcadia, 1606: "— for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." Again, in Hobby's translation of Castiglione's Cortegiano, 1556: "A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonyme to *affection*, which means *affectation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. Thus, in Greene's Mamillia, 1593: "Pharicles hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*: he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seemed to mislike."—*Steevens.*

²⁵ *Some slender ort of his remainder.*

Ort, a scrap or fragment. "He's a faine eater; he'le dine upon a single pea, and leave orts," Davenant's Cruell Brother, 1630.

I had a pigeons egg last night for supper, but I was glad to lay up *orts* till the next meal, for fear I should turn epicure.—*The Christmas Ordinary*, 1682.

²⁶ *Resolves the moon into salt tears.*

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, (See the last Scene of the Tempest,) and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to *resolve the moon into salt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears being the cause of the *liquid surge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watry quality* of that planet. In Romeo and Juliet, he speaks of her "*watry beams*." Again, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:—

Quench'd in the chaste beams of the *watry moon*.

Again, more appositely, in King Richard III:—

That I, being *govern'd* by the *watry moon*,
May bring forth plenteous *tears* to drown the world.

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dev*, at all in his thoughts. So, in All's Well That Ends Well: "—your *salt tears*' head—." Again, in Troilus and Cressida:—

Distasted with the *salt* of broken *tears*.

Again in King Richard III:—

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn *salt tears*.

Again more appositely, in King Henry VI. Part II. :—

———— to drain

Upon his face an *ocean* of *salt tears*.

Tollet conjectures that we should read—The *main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act. III. Sc. I. : “The continent melt itself into the sea.” An observation made by him in Love’s Labour’s Lost might have prevented him from attempting to disturb the text here: “No alteration should be made in these lines that destroys the artificial structure of them.”—In the first line the sun is the thief: in the second he is himself *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is subjected to the same fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herself *robbed* of moisture (line 4th and 5th) by the sea.—*Malone*.

²⁷ *Grant, I may ever love, &c.*

It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The sense is, “Let me rather woo or caress those that *would* mischief, that *profess to mean me mischief*, than those that *really do me mischief*, under false professions of kindness.” The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: “Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.” This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.—*Johnson*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*The Woods near Athens. Before TIMON'S Cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter.*¹

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 is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia² 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.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

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.

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.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time : it opens the eyes of expectation : performance is ever the duller for his aet ; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying³ 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 judgment that makes it.

Enter TIMON, from his Cave.

Tim. Excellent workman ! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

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. 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.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him :
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True ;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,⁴
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
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
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey !
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon !

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men ?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits !
 Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
 What ! to you,
 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 :
 You, that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
 Have travell'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.

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. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold ;
 I am sure you have : speak truth ; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord ; but therefore
 Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men !—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
 Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even 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-natur'd friends,
 I must needs say, you have a little fault :
 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.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

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 assur'd,
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,
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 company:—⁵
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be, [To the Painter.
Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside [To the Poet.
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done work for me,⁶ there's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out rascal dogs! [Exit, beating them out,

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave.
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd 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. Th' Athenians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—Speak, and be hang'd :
For each true word, a blister ; and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 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

For thy best use and wearing.

2 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

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 ;⁷

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write 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,

And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 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,⁸ and thy good name

Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild ;
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
 His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
 Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

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,
 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,
 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 th' unruly camp,⁹
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 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,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go ; live still :
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough !

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through
 them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;
 And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other ineident throes
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
 I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well : he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree,¹⁰ which grows here in my elose,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequenee 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.

Flav. Trouble him no farther ; 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 ;
 Whom once a day with his embossed froth¹¹
 The turbulent surge shall eover : thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your oraele.—
 Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :
 What is amiss, plague and infeetion mend !
 Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
 Sun, hide thy beams : Timon hath done his reign. [*Exit TIMON.*]

1 *Sen.* His diseontents are unremovably eoupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
 And strain what other means is left unto us
 In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully diseover'd : are his files
 As full as thy report ?

Mess. I have spoke the least ;
 Besides, his expedition promises
 Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part¹² we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends :—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon ; nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare :
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a Tomb-stone 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, rear'd this ;¹³ there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*]

Enter Senators on 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
 As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,¹⁴
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
 Cries of itself, "No more :" now breathless wrong
 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
 And pury insolence shall break his wind
 With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
 Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee ; to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
 Transformed Timon to our city's love,
 By humble message, and by promis'd means :
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
 The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
 Were not erected by their hands, from whom
 You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such
 That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
 For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out ;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread :
 By decimation, and a tithed death,—
 If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loaths—take thou the destin'd tenth ;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,¹⁵
 Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended ;
 For those that were, it is not square to take,

On those that are, revenges : erimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
 Spare thy Athenian eradle, and those kin,
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
 With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
 But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates,¹⁶ and they shall ope,
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 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 :
 Deseend, and open your uncharged ports.
 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
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd¹⁷ to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Deseend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*]

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
 And on his grave-stone this inseulpture,¹⁸ which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] “ Here lies a wretched corse,¹⁹ 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 :

Though thou abhorr’dst in us our human griefs,

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.²⁰ Dead

Is noble Timon ; of whose memory

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.*]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *Enter Poet and Painter.*

Johnson has truly remarked upon the inconvenience of commencing the fifth Act here, as the Poet and Painter were in sight of Apemantus before he quitted the scene. He suspected some transposition of the scenes, as they have come down to us; but the difficulty is to arrange them otherwise than as at present, and to begin Act v. at any other point. The divisions are merely modern, not being marked in the folio, 1623, nor in any subsequent edition in that form.—*Collier.*

² *Phrynia.*

Or, as this name should have been written by Shakspeare, *Phryne*, was an Athenian courtesan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintillian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law.—*Steevens.*

³ *The deed of saying.*

The *doing* of that which we have *said* we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use. So, in *King Lear* :—

———— In my true-heart
I find she names my very *deed of love.*

Again, more appositely, in *Hamlet* :—

As he, in his peculiar act and force,
May give his *saying deed.*

Pope rejected the words—*of saying*, and the four following editors adopted his licentious regulation.—*Malone.*

⁴ *Before black-corner'd night.*

Many conjectures have been offered about this passage, which appears to me

a corruption of the text. Some have proposed to read *black-coned*, alluding to the conical form of the earth's shadow; others *black-crown'd*, and *black-cover'd*. It appears to me that it should be *black-curtain'd*. We have 'the blanket of the dark' in Macbeth, 'Night's *black mantle*' in the Third Part of King Henry VI. and the First Part of the same drama:—

———— *night* is fled,
Whose *pitchy mantle* overveil'd the earth.

I cannot think with Steevens that 'Night as obscure as a *dark corner*' is meant.—*Singer*.

⁵ *But two in company.*

The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing; that is, by connecting the words, "but two in company," with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistich. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though single and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being himself a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and so each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former speech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to "hang or stab *the villain* in his *company*," i. e. himself.—*Malone*.

⁶ *You have done work for me.*

For the insertion of the word *done*, which, it is manifest, was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called "excellent *workman*;" in the next the Poet.—*Malone*.

I had rather read:—"You've work'd for me, there is *your* payment: Hence!"—*Steevens*,

⁷ *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram.*

A recompense so large, that the offence they have committed, though every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise it. The recompense will outweigh the offence, which instead of *weighing down* the scale in which it is placed will kick the beam.—*Malone*.

The speaker means, a recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness.—*M. Mason*.

⁸ *Allow'd with absolute power.*

Allowed here signifies *confirmed*. 'To *approve* or *confirme*. Ratum habere aliquid.' *Baret*. This word is generally used by our old writers in the sense of *approved*, and I am doubtful whether it has been rightly explained in other places of these dramas by *licensed*. An *allowed* fool, I think, means an *approved* fool, a *confirmed* fool.—*Singer*.

⁹ *There's not a whittle in the unruly camp.*

Whittle, a small clasp-knife. "The countryman found himself to be here surprized; for Hortensius had not instructed him how he should answer to such a proposition, without speaking an untruth; in the end he told him, that he had alwaies seen him wear a great *whittle*, and of a good length at his girdle, and said moreover, that he did never goe out of doors without one iron instrument or other," Comical History of Francion, 1655.

¹⁰ *I have a tree, &c.*

Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Prologue, for this thought. He might, however, have found it in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, tom. i. Nov. 28, as well as in several other places.—*Steevens*.

Our author was indebted for this thought to Plutarch's Life of Antony: "It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time, (the people being assembled in the market-place about dispatch of some affaires,) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly use to speake unto the people; and silence being made, everie man listeneth to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place, at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lordes of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I meane to make some building upon the place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.'"—*Malone*.

¹¹ *With his embossed froth.*

When a deer was run hard, and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *embossed*. The thought is from Painter's Palace of Pleasure, tom. i. Nov. 28.—*Steevens*.

It is so; and if Steevens had thought fit to have quoted the passage from Painter, it would have clearly shewn that my reading, formed upon the first folio, whom, was the true one: "By his last will he ordained himselfe to be interred upon the sea shore, that the waves and surges might beate and vexee his dead carcas." *Embossed* froth, is *swollen* froth; from *bosse*, Fr. a *tumour*. So, in Henry IV. Part I. the Prince addresses Falstaff:—

Why thou whoreson impudent *emboss'd* rascal.

The term *embossed*, when applied to deer, is from *emboçar*, Span. to cast out of the mouth.—*Malone*.

¹² *Whom, though in general.*

Our author, hurried away by strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means, 'Whom, though we were on opposite sides in the public cause, yet the force, of our old affection wrought so much upon as to make *him speak to me* as a friend.—*Malone*.

I am fully convinced that this and many other passages of our author to which similar remarks are annexed, have been irretrievably corrupted by transcribers or printers, and could not have proceeded, in their present state, from the pen of Shakspeare; for what we cannot understand in the closet, must have been wholly useless on the stage.—The aukward repetition of the verb—*made*, very strongly countenances my present observation.—*Steevens*.

¹³ *Some beast rear'd this.*

The old copy has 'Some beast *read* this.' The emendation is Warburton's. It is evident that the soldier, when he first sees Timon's everlasting dwelling, does not know it to be a *tomb*. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives no answer. It is evident that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c., he has not seen the inscription. 'What can this be? (says the soldier) Timon is certainly dead: Some beast must have rear'd this; a man could not *live* in it. Yes, he is dead sure enough, and *this must be his tomb*; What is this writing upon it?'—*Singer*.

¹⁴ *Now the time is flush.*

A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. Flush is mature.—*Johnson*.

Some Robin red-brest, or the speckled thrush, some chanteclere, and some the woodcock *flush*.—*Scots Philomythie*, 1616.

¹⁵ *And by the hazard of the spotted die.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“The most ancient dice differ in no degree from those now in use, they were simple cubes of ivory, bone or wood, numbered on the six sides; one such found at Herculaneum is here engraved. Above it is placed another of more unusual form, found in the neighbourhood of Marseilles; it is made of silver in the form of a seated figure; the numeral spots being arranged on different parts of the body. It falls as fairly as the square dice; and was continued in use in Germany until the close of the sixteenth century.”

¹⁶ *Against our rampir'd gates.*

Rampir'd, fortified with ramparts. “And so deeply ditched and rampired their campe about,” Holinshed.

There is noe touch of morall honestie,

Though *rampier'd* in your soule, but will flie from you.

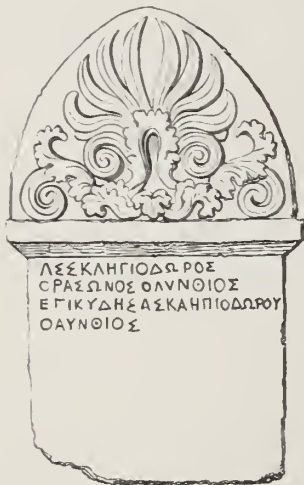
Massinger's Beleeve as You List, 1631.

¹⁷ *Render'd.*

Remedied, old eds. This emendation, which I adopt on the judgment of Mr. Dyce, was suggested by Lord Chedworth.

¹⁸ *And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“An example of the picturesque *stèle*, or Greek gravestone, is engraved from one of the most beautiful among the Elgin Marbles. It commemorates Asclepiodorus, an Olynthian, son of Thraso; and Epicycles, an Olynthian, the son of Asclepiodorus. The upper part of the monument is decorated with the Greek honeysuckle ornament. The lower part has been broken away. Of such form would be the lonely sea-washed gravestone of Timon.”

¹⁹ *Here lies a wretched corse.*

This, which is here given as one epitaph, is in fact two; as is evident, because in the first couplet the reader is told, “Seek not my name,” and yet in the next line he is told, “Here lie I, Timon,” &c. They stand thus separately in “Plutarch’s Lives,” by Sir Thomas North, fol. 1579, p. 1003:—

Heere lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft.

Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

“It is reported that Timon himselfe, when he lived, made this epitaphe;

for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

“Heere lye I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate.

 Passe by, and curse thy fill; but passe and stay not here thy gate.”

The epitaph assigned to Timon in Paynter’s Palace of Pleasure runs thus:—

“My wretched catife dayes, expired now and past,

 My carren corps intered here is fast in grounde,

 In waltering waves of swelling sea by surges cast:

 My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confounde.”—*Collier*.

There is a *fourth* epitaph on Timon, which is scarcely worth mentioning, but as it perhaps completes the list, and might even, as well as that in Kendal and Painter, have suggested the slight alteration made by Shakspeare. It is in Pettie’s translation of Guazzo’s *Civile Conversation*, 1586, 4to, fo. 5, as follows:—

Here doe I lie, ne am the same—I heretofore was wont to be;

Thou reader never aske my name,—A *wretched* end God send to thee.—

Douce.

²⁰ *On faults forgiven.*

Alcibiades’s whole speech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon’s death, and his addresses to the Athenian Senators: and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon’s grave, he bids the Senate set forward; tells ’em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy.—*Theobald*.

I suspect that we ought to read:—

 — One fault’s forgiven.—Dead

 Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, i. e. exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person.—*Tyrwhitt*.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me sufficiently intelligible. Theobald asks, “why should Neptune weep over Timon’s faults, or indeed what fault had he committed?” The faults that Timon committed, were, 1. that boundless prodigality which his Steward so forcibly describes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Misanthrope*, and abjuring the society of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald supposes that Alcibiades bids the Senate set forward, assuring them at the same time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. “On;—Faults forgiven.” But how unlikely is it, that he should desert the subject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different subject, in these three words; and then return to Timon again? to say nothing of the strangeness of the phrase—“faults forgiven,” for “faults *are* forgiven.”—*Malone*.

Julius Caesar.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of Julius Cæsar was a favourite one with the early English dramatists, and a play on the subject, which must have included, however, a period of his history not delineated by Shakespeare, is alluded to by Gosson, as early as 1581, in his *Playes Confuted in Five Aetions*,—"So was the history of Cæsar and Pompey, and the playe of the Fabii, at the Theater, both amplified there, where the drummes might walke, or the pen ruffle, when the history swelled, and ran to hye for the number of the persons that shoulde playe it, the poet with Proteus eut the same fit to his owne measure; when it afoorded no pompe at al, he brought it to the raeke to make it serve." A drama on the story of Pompey was acted before the Court, early in the year 1581, by the Children of Pawles,—“a storie of Pompey enacted in the hall on Twelfnighte, whereon was ymployed newe one great eitty, a senate howse, and eight ells of dobblesarçenet for curtens, and xvij. paire of gloves.” Dr. Eedes, who is extolled by Meres as one of the best tragic writers of the time, wrote a Latin play on the story of Julius Cæsar, which was acted at Christ Chureh, Oxford, in the year 1582; and this, or some such drama, is alluded to by Polonius in *Hamlet*. An English play called *Cæsar and Pompey*, and sometimes recorded by Henslowe simply as *Cæsar*, was produced at the Newington Theatre in November, 1594, and was so popular that a second part was produced in the following year,—“18 of June, 1595,—reeved at the 2 parte of Sesore, lv.s.” A drama under the same title, or rather one called the

Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge, was printed anonymously in 1607; but it is hardly likely to be the same play, for the printed copy is stated to have been privately acted by the students of Trinity College at Oxford. There is, however, an undated and earlier edition, in which no mention is made of its performance at the University. The undated edition probably appeared in 1606, in which year, on June 5th, "a booke called Julius Cæsar's Revenge" was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company. The subject of this piece is the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia, the death of Julius, and the final overthrow of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. In May, 1602, no fewer than four or more dramatists were preparing a play on the same subject,—“lent unto the companye the 22 of Maij, 1602, to geve unto Antoney Monday and Michell Drayton, Webster, Mydelton and the rest, in earneste of a booeke called Sesers Falle, the some of v.li,” Henslowe's Diary. Lord Stirling's Tragedie of Julius Cæsar appeared in 1607, but it does not appear that it was ever acted, nor, indeed, is it a performance suited for representation. Shakespeare's drama is the only one on the subject which attained to any great degree of popularity. The exact time of its composition is unknown, but it was written in or before the year 1601, as appears from the following lines in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, printed in that year,—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shakespeare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch—

The many-headed multitude were drawne
By Brutus speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?

This interesting allusion disposes of the various theories which have assigned the composition of Julius Cæsar to a later date, but agrees with the conclusion drawn by Mr. Collier from an imitation made by Drayton of a well-known passage in the drama, an imitation which occurs in the *Barons' Wars*, 1603,—

Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace *th' elements all lay*
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seem'd, when heaven his model first began,
In him it shew'd *perfection in a man*.

The following drama was first printed in the folio of 1623, amongst those plays "not formerly entered to other men." The text appears to be on the whole a reliable one, but that some liberties were taken with it may be surmised from the fact of the well-known passage ridiculed by Ben Jonson being altered in the printed copy. The chief known authorities for the incidents of the play are the lives of Julius Cæsar, Antony and Brutus, in North's translation of Plutarch; but it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare may also have made some slight use of an older drama on the subject not now known to exist.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 MARCUS ANTONIUS,
 M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA ; *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
 CASSIUS,
 CASCA,
 TREBONIUS,
 LIGARIUS,
 DECIUS BRUTUS,
 METELLUS CIMBER,
 CINNA, } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS ;*
Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS ; *Servants*
to Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome ; afterwards at
 Sardis ; and near Philippi.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,¹ and a body of Citizens.

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 ?

1 Cit. 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 ?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as
you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe con-
science ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave, what
trade ?

2 Cit. 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 ?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters,² nor women's matters, but with all. 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 handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* 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.

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!
O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chinney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
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 Tyber trembled underneath her banks,³
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,
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.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort:

Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

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.

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.⁴ I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
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.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public Place.*

Enter, in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,⁵ CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA ; a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,⁵
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia ; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember :
When Cæsar says, " Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again !

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar! Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.⁷

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.

Cæs. 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 BRU. and CÆS.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of the quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. 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
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: 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,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
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,
 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,
 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
 For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd 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.
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love^s
 To every new protester ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 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.⁹

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
 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,
 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,
 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

I had as lief not be, as live to be
 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 eold as well as he :
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,¹⁰
 And swim to yonder point ? "—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 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 propos'd,¹¹
 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 Tyber
 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
 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
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a siek girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestie world,
 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,
 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,
 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 ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 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 sham'd :
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd 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 ?
 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
 Th' eternal devil¹² to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

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,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any farther mov'd. 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.
 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 time¹³
 Is like to lay upon us.

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.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius ;
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia'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,¹⁴ 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 mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles 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,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak : would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath ehaned to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what hath ehaned.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and, being 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?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd 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.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony 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. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted,¹⁵ and elapped 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 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 swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like,—he hath the falling-sickness.¹⁶

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 sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not elap 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?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd 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 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 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.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

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.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

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.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit CASCA.*]

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 enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomaeh to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
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,
 Thy honourable metal may be wrought
 From that it is dispos'd : therefore, 'tis meet
 That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
 For who so firm that cannot be sedue'd ?
 Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus :
 If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
 He should not humour me.¹⁷ I will this night,
 In several hands, in at his windows throw,
 As if they came from several eitzens,
 Writings, all tending to the great opinion
 That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glaneed at :
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Cæsa. Brought you Cæsar home ?
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
 Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O, Cicero !

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have riv'd 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.
 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 slave¹⁸—you know him well by sight—
 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 have not since put up my sword—
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glaz'd upon me,¹⁹ 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.
 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 ; ”
 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,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 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.*]

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.
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
 And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
 And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 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
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,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
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, fools, and children calculate ;²⁰
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
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 :
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
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors ;²¹
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
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
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 ;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never laeks 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 :
 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 :
 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
 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.

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man,
 That is no fleering tell-tale.²² Hold, my hand :²³
 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.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo with me an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 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.

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
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 but win the noble Brutus
To our party—

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
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,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.²⁴ [*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,
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.

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.*

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *Marullus*.

The folios call him *Murellus*; but it is an obvious error, and Theobald changed it to *Marullus*, on the authority of Plutarch. The Citizens in the old copies are called *Commoners*.—*Collier*.

² *I meddle with no tradesman's matters, &c.*

This should be: "I meddle with no *trade*,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with *awl*."—*Farmer*.

Shakspeare might have adopted this quibble from the ancient ballad, intitled, "The Three Merry Cobblers:"—

We have *awle* at our command,
And still we are on the mending hand.—*Steevens*.

I have already observed in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, that where our author uses words equivocally, he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakspeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awl*, though in the first folio, we find *withal*; as in the preceding page, bad *soals*, instead of—bad *souls*, the reading of the original copy. The allusion contained in the second clause of this sentence is again repeated in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. Sc. V.:—"3 *Serv.* How, sir, do you meddle with my master? *Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress."—*Malone*.

³ *That Tyber trembled underneath her banks.*

As Tiber is represented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper.—*Steevens*. This is very just, but let us hear *Malone*: "Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding powers of the stream; *Spencer*, on the other hand, represents them more classically as males." *Steevens* replies, "The presiding power of some of Drayton's rivers were female, like *Sabina*, &c." And *Steevens* is clearly right. Though *Thames* and *Tiber* are male, to apply *he* to *Isis*, *Sabina*,

or Arethusa, would be a gross false concord, notwithstanding the rule in *propria quæ maribus*; this distinction is observed both by Spencer and Drayton.—*Pye*.

There is great laxity shown by the early English writers on such subjects. Spenser refers to the Ouze in one place as male and in another as female.

⁴ *Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.*

Cæsar's *trophies*, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in Sir Thomas North's translation: "— There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down."—*Steevens*.

What these trophies really were, is explained by a passage in the next scene, where Casca informs Cassius, that "Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæsar's images, are put to silence."—*M. Mason*.

⁵ *Decius.*

This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Velleius Patereulus, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*, says:—"ab iis, quos miserat Antonius, jugulatus est; justissimasque optimè de se merito viro C. Cæsari pœnas dedit. Cujus eum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulcrat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, eensebatque æquum, quæ acceperat à Cæsare retinere: Cæsarem, quia illa dederat, perisse." Lib. ii. e. lxiv. :

Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos
Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset
Gallia Cæsareo nuper eommissa favore.
Non illum eonjuncta fides, non nomen amie
Deterrere potest.—
Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amie
Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem
Incitat.—*Supplem. Lucani*.—*Steevens*.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of Plutarch. Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar*; and in Holland's translation of Suetonius, 1606, which I believe Shakspeare had read, this person is likewise called *Decius Brutus*.—*Malone*.

⁶ *Stand you directly in Antonius' way.*

The old eopy generally reads—*Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed on the same originals.—*Steevens*.

The correction was made by Pope. "At that time, (says Plutarch,) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of Shepherds or heardsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Areadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, persuading themselves that being with ehilde, they shall have good deliverie; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with ehild. Cæsar sat to behold that sport vpon

the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparelled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy course.”—*North’s translation*.

We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci*, whom he called after his own name, *Juliani*; and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled.—*Malone*.

⁷ *Beware the ides of March.*

Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.—*North’s Plutarch*.

⁸ *To stale with ordinary oaths my love.*

Johnson has erroneously given the meaning of *allurement* to *stale* in this place. ‘*To stale with ordinary oaths my love,*’ is ‘*to prostitute my love, or make it common with ordinary oaths,*’ &c. The use of the verb *to stale* here may be adduced as a proof that in a disputed passage of Coriolanus, Act i. Sc. 1, we should read *stale* instead of *scale*: see note there. Thus in Ben Jonson’s *Every Man in his Humour*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

He’s grown a stranger to all due respect,
 ———— and not content
To stale himself in all societies,
 He makes my house here common as a mart.—*Singer*.

⁹ *I do fear, the people choose Cæsar for their king.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“Cæsar was elected three times to the Dictatorship of Rome; but when the honor was awarded him for the fourth time, he assumed the title of Perpetual Dictator, which excited the envy and hatred of his enemies, and hastened the plot for his assassination, within the year that he assumed the rank. The cut represents the silver denarius struck at that time by Cæsar. His portrait appears on the obverse, he being the first Roman ruler to whom that honor had been awarded during life time. Round it is inscribed CAESAR·DIC·PERPETVO. On the reverse is a group of the Consular fasces, sacrificial knife, conjoined hands and globe; the name of the moneyer L·BVCA being below the group.”



¹⁰ *Leap in with me into this angry flood.*

Shakspeare probably recollected the story which Suetonius has told of Cæsar’s leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat’s being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his Commentaries in his left hand. Holland’s translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So also, *ibid.* p. 24: “Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles.”—*Malone*.

¹¹ *But ere we could arrive the point propos’d.*

The verb *arrive*, in its active sense, according to its etymology, was formerly used for *to approach*, or come near. Milton several times uses it thus without the preposition. Thus in *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. :—

—— ere he *arrive*
 The happy isle.

And in his Treatise of Civil Power, 'Lest a worse woe *arrive* him.' Shakspeare has it again in the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 3.—*Singer*.

Your prayse too loftie mounts, she answering sayth,
Nor to such height our merit can *arrive*.

Godfrey of Bulloigne, 1594.

¹² *The eternal devil.*

I should think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*.—*Johnson*.

I would continue to read *eternal devil*. L. J. Brutus (says Cassius) would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a dæmon, as to the lasting government of a king.—*Steevens*.

¹³ *As this time.*

As, according to Tooke, is an article, and means the same as *that, which, or it*: accordingly we find it often so employed by old writers; and particularly in our excellent version of the Bible. Thus Lord Bacon also in his Apophthegmes, No. 210:—"One of the Romans said to his friend; what think you of such a one, *as* was taken with the manner in adultery?" Like other vestiges of old phraseology it still lingers among the common people: 'I cannot say *as* I did,' &c. for *that* I did. I will add an example from Langland, who flourished in the middle of the fourteenth century:—

The godes of the ground aren like to the grete wawes
As [which] wyndes and wederes walwen aboute.—*Singer*.

¹⁴ *Sleek-headed men.*

So, in Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, 1579: "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius." And again:—"Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, What will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks."—*Steevens*.

¹⁵ *The rabblement hooted.*

And the latter to reclaime a riotous running wit from taking delight in those prodigious, idle and time wasting bookes, called the Mirrour of Knighthood, the Knights of the Round Table, Palmerin de Oliva, and the like *rabblement*, devised no doubt by the devyll to confirme soules in the knowledge of evill.—*Vaughan's Golden Fleece, 1626.*

¹⁶ *'Tis very like,—he hath the falling sickness.*

The folio has no stop after the word *like*, but, as Mr. Dyce has pointed out, Brutus knew that Cæsar had the falling sickness. "He (Cæsar) was leane, white, and soft-skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and otherwhile to the falling sicknesse, the which tooke him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spaine," North's Plutarch.

¹⁷ *He should not humour me.*

This is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude, which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, on his own better condition. "If I were Brutus," says he, "and Brutus Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him."—*Warburton*. The meaning, I think, is this: 'Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me;' should not take hold of my

affection so as to make me forget my principles.—*Johnson*. Warburton's notion, here, seems the just one: from what Cassius says immediately before, he shews he plumes himself, not for having persuaded Brutus to do a meritorious act, but, for having seduced him to do a vicious one. The poet is clearly a partisan of Cæsar's throughout the play.—*Pye*.

¹⁸ *A common slave.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: “— a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt.”—*Stevens*.

¹⁹ *Who glaz'd upon me.*

So in the folio, and perhaps rightly. Lilly calls a glow-worm a glaze-worm, and *glasiere* is an old cant term for eyes mentioned by Harman, ed. 1567. There may have been a verb to glaze, in a cognate sense. Pope altered *glaz'd* to *glar'd*.

²⁰ *Why old men, fools, and children calculate.*

Calculate, here, as is justly observed by Johnson and Warburton, alludes to prophecy, and who so likely to listen to prophecies as children, fools, and the ‘superstitious eld.’ Blackstone, supposing this not applicable to age in general, proposes to point it thus: *Why old men fools*, (i. e. old men who are fools) *and children*, &c.; and this absurd pointing is admitted into the text of this edition.—*Pye*.

²¹ *Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors.*

“Thewe” seems to be from the Saxon word signifying the *thigh*, and it means muscular power: by a comparison of the old copies, we may ascertain about the time it became obsolete. It is found in the folios, 1623 and 1632, but is altered to *siuews* in the folios, 1664 and 1685. It was rather a favourite word with Shakespeare, and he uses it in *Hamlet*, and in *Henry IV.* part ii. It occurs in Chaucer and Spenser, in the sense of *manners* or *qualities*, but then it has a different etymology. Ben Jonson employs “thewes” in the same way as Shakespeare, and not Chaucer, as indeed Gifford suspected.—*Collier*.

²² *That is no fleering tell-tale.*

Master Bodley calls him rascall and villaine for his labour, and before his going over was mad to know where hee might hunt him out to bee reveng'd, which both hee and Phorius have reason for, since but to be covertly suspected for an intelligencer, much more to be publicly registred in print for such a *fleering* false brother or ambodexter, is to make eyther of them worse pointed and wondered at than a cuckold or wittall.—*Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

²³ *Hold, my hand.*

Here Mr. Collier rightly follows the punctuation of the old eds. The expression is elliptical: if complete, it would be “Hold, there's my hand,”—like—

Holde, ther's my sword, and with my sword my heart.

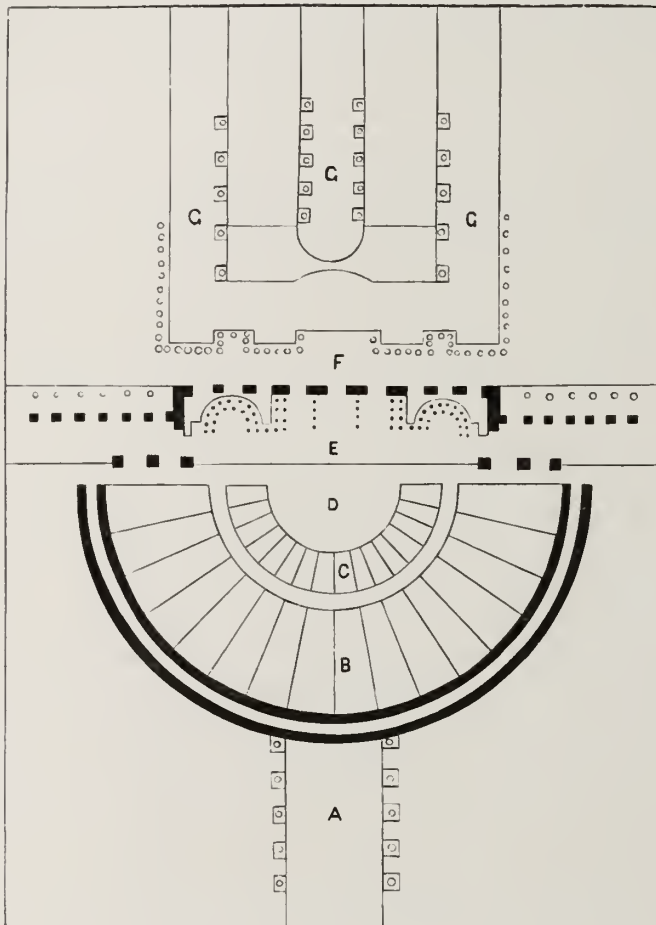
A Pleasant Commedie called Looke about you, 1600.

Messrs. Malone and Knight print, “*Hold my hand*,”—which, says Johnson, “is the same as ‘Here's my hand:’” very erroneously; for the words, without a comma after “*Hold*,” could only mean ‘Stop or restrain my hand.’—*A. Dyce*.

²⁴ *That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“This famous theatre, and its still more renowned public promenades, were situated in that part of Rome now called the Campo di Fiore, and is principally covered by the Palazzo Pio; so that less of this most important monument of ancient Rome is to be detected than is usual

with such relics. This is the more to be regretted, as it is so frequently alluded to by classic authors. It was repaired from time to time by the Roman Emperors, and lastly by the Gothic King Theodoric in the sixth century; in the middle ages it served as a fortress for the Orsini family. Fortunately there exists a ground-plan among the invaluable fragments of the great plan of Rome, sculptured on white marble, and now preserved in Museum of the Capitol; they were found in the Temple of Remus in the Roman Forum, and are supposed to have been made about the time of Caracalla. Bellori has published faithful copies, and from his work this cut is made.



of the theatre. B. seats for the audience divided into *cunei*, by the converging staircases leading from the semicircular outer galleries. C. are the privileged seats for the nobles and equestrian order, divided from the rest by a semicircular gallery. D. is the orchestra. E. the proscenium, an architectural elevation adorned with columns and statues. Beyond is the postscenium, F. for the use of the actors. At the back of this were the walks and colonnades, G, the favorite resort of the Roman people for many centuries, and which were adorned with the most exquisite painting and sculpture that the rulers of Rome could place there for popular gratification.”

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard.¹

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!

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,
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;
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.

Th' 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
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 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,
 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.
 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. [*Giving him the Letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?²

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.

[*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.

“ Shall Rome, &c. ” Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What ! Rome ?

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 receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*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,³ or a hideous dream:
'The Genius, and the mortal instruments,⁴
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
'The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

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
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st 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
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,⁵
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter 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,
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.

Bru. He is welcome too.

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.*]

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O ! pardon, sir, it doth ; and yond' grey lines,
That fret the elouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
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.

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,⁶
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
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
 The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
 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,
 And will not palter?⁷ and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
 Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,⁸
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
 That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
 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.

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,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd 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,
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then, leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd 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,
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.
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 !
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 :⁹
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
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.
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 :
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

Bru. Alas ! good Cassius, do not think of him.
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself ; take thought,¹⁰ and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die,
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,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.¹¹
It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,¹²
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
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,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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,
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.

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 ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd 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 :
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
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you farther ; then, you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatienee,
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
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,
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,

Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical
To walk unbraeed, 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,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : and upon my knees
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
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,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals,¹³ comfort your bed,¹⁴
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs¹⁵
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.

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.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
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 a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.¹⁶
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lueius, who is that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

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!¹⁷ Would you were not sick!

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,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Nightgown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia 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.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
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 eeremonies,¹⁸
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
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 elouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;¹⁹
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,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd 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;²⁰
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,²¹
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;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

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.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of eowardice:

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.
 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 consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear,
 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 ;
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

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
 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 ?
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
 To be afraid to tell grey-beards 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.

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.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
 She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,²²
 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,
 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,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

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 :
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,
 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,
 “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, Calphurnia ?
 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 ?—
 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 strieken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

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 !

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 :—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*]
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar !
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. “Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; eome not near Casea ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Deeius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : security gives way to eonspiraey. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,

“ARTEMIDORUS.”

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue eannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar ! thou may'st live ;

If not, the fates with traitors do eontrive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, 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 should'st do there.—
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 ?

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.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, 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.

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.

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 ?

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 :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !
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 : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Brutus's Orchard.*

The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning.—*Steevens*.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play :—

—— he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted *orchards*,
On this side Tyber.

In Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: "He left his *gardens* and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber."—*Malone*.

Orchard was anciently written *hort-yard*; hence its original meaning is obvious.—*Henley*.

By the following quotation, however, it will appear that these words had in the days of Shakspeare acquired a distinct meaning. "It shall be good to have understanding of the ground where ye do plant either *orchard* or *garden* with fruite." A Booke of the Arte and Maner howe to plant and graffe all Sortes of Trees, &c. 1574, 4to.—And when Justice Shallow invites Falstaff to see his *orchard*, where they are to eat a "last year's pippin of his own graffing," he certainly uses the word in its present acceptation. Leland also, in his Itinerary, distinguishes them: "At Morle in Derbyshire (says he) there is as much pleasure of *orchards* of great variety of frute, and fair made walks, and *gardens*, as in any place of Lancashire."—*Holt White*.

² *Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?*

This is a modern correction of the old copies which every one must approve. "The *first* of March" can have been only the careless error of some transcriber. Whatever opinion may be formed of Shakspeare's scholarship it cannot be placed so low as that he was not so far acquainted with the Roman calendar; but he had the information before his eyes in the very book which he used, in which this passage occurs:—"Furthermore there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the Ides of March (which is the

fifteenth of the month) for on that day he should be in great danger;" and it is manifest that the passage had attracted his attention by his having given the same explanation which Sir Thomas North had thought it necessary to give in his parenthesis, for he makes Brutus ask the day of the month, and Lucius replies that "March is wasted fifteen days." The modern copies read *fourteen*, but the old reading might be justified.—*Hunter*.

³ *Like a phantasma.*

"Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sightes whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see; but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds." *Lavaterus*, 1572.—*Henderson*.

"A *phantasme*," says Bullokar, in his English Expositor, 1616, "is a vision, or imagined appearance."—*Malone*.

⁴ *The Genius, and the mortal instruments.*

"The Genius, and the mortal instruments." *Mortal* is assuredly *deadly* as it is in Macbeth,

—— Come, you spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts.

But I cannot think that these mortal instruments are the deadly *passions*; the *passions* are rather the motives exciting us to use our instruments, by which I understand our bodily powers, our members:—As Othello calls his eyes and hands, "His speculative and active instruments," vol. x. p. 278: and Menenius, in Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. I., speaks of the

—— cranks and *offices of man*,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins.

So, intending to paint, as he does very finely, the inward conflict which precedes the commission of some dreadful crime, he represents, as I conceive him, the genius or soul, consulting with the body, and, as it were, questioning the limbs, the instruments which are to perform this deed of death, whether they can undertake to bear her out in the affair, whether they can screw up their courage to do what she shall enjoin them. The tumultuous commotion of opposing sentiments and feelings produced by the firmness of the soul contending with the secret misgivings of the body, during which the mental faculties, are, though not actually dormant, yet in a sort of waking stupor, "crushed by one overwhelming image," is finely compared to a phantasm or a hideous dream, and by the *state of man* suffering the nature of an insurrection. Tibalt has something like it in Romeo and Juliet,—

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

And what Macbeth says of himself, in a situation nearly allied to this of Brutus, will in some degree elucidate the passage before us:—

My thought whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single *state of man*, that function
Is smother'd in surmise.—*Blakeway*.

⁵ *For if thou path, thy native semblance on.*

If thou *walk* in thy true form. The same verb is used by Drayton in his Polyolbion, Song II. :—

Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey doth *path*.

Again, in his Epistle from Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham:—

Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways.—*Steevens*.

Difficulty has been found by all editors and commentators in “*path*.” I thought it might be a misprint for *put*, and afterwards found that Coleridge had proposed the same word with confidence. But none of the editors or commentators have noticed that the quarto of 1691 reads,—“For if thou *hath* thy native semblance on,” &c. I do not mean to say that *hath* is the word; but neither do I believe that it is a mere misprint in the old quarto. ‘Hath’ is very frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries for ‘have;’ and in his time, and long after, the bow of the letter *h* was short, while the second stroke was brought far below the line. Three examples occur on the fac-simile page of Mr. Collier’s second folio.—*R. G. White*.

⁶ *No, not an oath: If not the face of men.*

Dr. Warburton would read “*fate* of men:” but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. The “*face* of men” is the ‘*countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the public;’ in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or “the *face* of men” may mean ‘the dejected look of the people.’—*Johnson*.

So, Tully in *Catilinam*—“*Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?*” Shakespeare formed this speech on the following passage in Sir T. North’s translation of Plutarch:—“The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves,” &c.—*Steevens*.

⁷ *And will not palter.*

And will not fly from his engagements. Coles, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders to *palter*, by *tergiversor*. In *Macbeth* it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions: and, indeed, here also it may mean to *shuffle*; for he whose actions do not correspond with his promises is properly called a *shuffler*.—*Malone*.

⁸ *And men cautelous.*

Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*. So, in *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: “Yet warn you, be as *cautelous* not to wound my integrity.” Again, in Drayton’s *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:—“Witty, well-spoken, *cautelous*, though young.” Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610: “— a fallacious policy and *cautelous wyle*.” Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 945: “— the emperor’s counsell thought by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope.”—*Steevens*.

Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus: “*Warie*, *circumspect*;” in which sense it is certainly used here.—*Malone*.

⁹ *Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.*

Our author had probably the following passage in the old translation of Plutarch in his thoughts: “— *Cæsar* turned himselfe no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was *hacked* and *maugled* among them as a wild beast taken of hunters.”—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *Take thought.*

That is, turn melancholy. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Think and die.

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 833: “— now they are without service, which

caused them to *take thought*, insomuch that some died by the way," &c.—*Stevens*.

¹¹ *Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.*

Compare the following passage from Lavaterus on Ghostes and Spirites, 1572, — 'Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination or appearance of a sight or thing which is not, as are those sights which men in their sleepe do thinke they see; but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deede.' *Ceremonies* signify omens or signs deduced from sacrifices or other ceremonial rites. Thus in a subsequent passage:—

Caesar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,
Yet how they fright me.—*Singer*.

¹² *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees.*

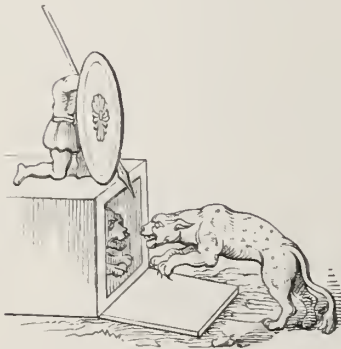
Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. So, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. v. :—

Like as a lyon whose imperiall powre
A prowde rebellious *unicorne* defies;
T' avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fiers foe, him to *a tree* applies:
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

Again, in Bussy D'Ambois, 1607 :—

An angry *unicorne* in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller
That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
And e'er he could get shelter of *a tree*,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.

Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's Natural History, b. viii.—*Stevens*.



upon which the hunter is stationed hidden behind a large shield and preparing to strike the animal with his spear.”

Mr. Fairholt sends this curious note,—
“This passage receives a curious illustration from a painting in the sepulchre of the Nasonian family on the Flaminian way, near Rome. It represents a leopard entrapped by its reflection in a mirror, placed in a box,

¹³ *To keep with you at meals.*

I being, O Brutus, (sayed she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot ; but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche : but for my parte, how may I showe my duetie towards thee, and how much I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secrete mischaunce or grieffe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie ? I confesse that a woman's wit commonly is too weake to keep a secret safely : but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefit moreouer : that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before ; vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine nor grife whatsoever can ouercome me. With these wordes she showed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe.—*North's translation of Plutarch.*

¹⁴ *Comfort your bed.*

“ Is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea,” says Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *consort*. But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII., as we read in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, in commendation of Queen Katherine, in publick said : “ She hathe beene to me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish.”—*Upton.*

In the book of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the following, 1598 : “ A Conversation between a careful Wyfe and her *comfortable* Husband.”—*Stevens.*

¹⁵ *Dwell I but in the suburbs.*

Shakespeare was here thinking of the localities of his own country's towns, the suburbs being in his time the resort of loose women.

¹⁶ *All the charactery of my sad brows.*

Charactery is defined “ writing by characters or strange marks.” Brutus therefore means that he will divulge to her the secret cause of the sadness marked on his countenance. In the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. Sc. I, it is said, ‘ Fairies use flowers for their *charactery*.’—*Singer.*

¹⁷ *To wear a kerchief.*

So, in Plutarch's Life of Brutus, translated by North : “ —Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, *in what a time are thou sicke ?* Ligarius rising up in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, (sayed he,) *if thou hast any great euterprise in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole.*” Lord Sterline also has introduced this passage into his Julius Cæsar :—

By sickness being imprison'd in his bed
 Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick,
 When I had said with words that anguish bred,
In what a time Ligarius art thou sick ?
 He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,
 Or that he had imagin'd my design,
If worthy of thyself thou would'st do aught,
Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.

Here it may be observed, Shakspeare gives to Rome the manners of his own time. It was a common practice in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads, and still continues among the common people in many places. "If," says Fuller, "this county [Cheshire] hath bred no writers in that faculty [physick,] the wonder is the less, if it be true what I read, that if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and *tye a kerchief on his head*, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him." *Worthies: Cheshire*, p. 180.—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies.*

That is, I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. The adjective is used in the same sense in the Devil's Charter, 1607:—

The devil hath provided in his covenant,
I should not cross myself at any time:
I never was so *ceremonious*.

The original thought is in the old translation of Plutarch: "Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition."—*Steevens*.

¹⁹ *The noise of battle hurtled in the air.*

Hurtle, to meet together with violence; to clash together. (A.-N.)

Bot scho mervelle of itt

Why thaire clothis were so slytt,

As thay in *hurtelyng* had bene hitt.—*MS. Lincoln A. i. 17, f. 137.*

Whan thei made here menstracle, eche man wende

That heven hastili and erthe sehuld *hurtel* to-gader,

William and the Werwolf, p. 180.

The fedrus hemsself they burst there tho ato,

And *hurtuldon* so aʒeynne the wall of stone.—*Chron. Vitodun*, p. 123.

Settinge their gates wide open, they *hurteled* forth emonge them, insomutch that they forthewith avoyded.—*Polydore Vergil, transl.*

²⁰ *When beggars die, there are no comets seen.*

"Next to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met withall at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events which follow (for the most part,) after *blazing starres*; as if they were the summoners of God to call *princes* to the seat of judgment. The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plaine, that neyther princes always dye when *comets blaze*, nor comets ever [i. e. always] when princes dye," Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, 1583. Again, *ibid.*: "Let us look into the nature of a *comet*, by the face of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague, famine, warre, or the *death of potentates*." I will add one more quotation from the same work, as it contains an anecdote of Queen Elizabeth: "I can affirme thus much as a present witness by mine owne experience, that when dyvers upon greater scrupulosity then cause, went about to disswade her majesty, (lying then at Richmonde) from looking on the *comet* which appeared last: with a courage answerable to the greatnesse of her state, shee caused the windowe to be sette open, and east out thys word, *jacta est alea*, the dice are thrown, &c."—*Malone*.

Mr. Fairholt adds this note.—This might have been suggested by what Suetonius has related of the blazing star which appeared for seven days together, during the celebration of games instituted by Augustus in honour of Julius. The common people believed that this comet indicated his reception among the gods;

and not only his statues were accordingly ornamented with its figure, but medals were struck on which it was represented. One of these, struck by Augustus, is here exhibited. Pliny relates that a comet appeared before the death of Claudius, lib. ii. c. 25; and Geoffrey of Monmouth speaks of one that preceded the death of Aurelius Ambrosius; but the comets would have appeared though the men had not died, and the men would not have lived longer had the comets never been seen.—*Douce*.



²¹ *Cowards die many times before their deaths.*

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :—

Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies,
A hundred times in life a coward dies.

Lord Essex, probably before either of these writers, made the same remark. In a letter to Lord Rutland, he observes, “that as he which dieth nobly, doth live for ever, so *he that doth live in fear, doth die continually.*”—*Malone*.

When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of death.—*North's Plutarch*.

²² *She dreamt to-night she saw my statua.*

The old copy reads *statue*; but it has been shown by Mr. Reed beyond controversy that *statua* was pronounced as a tri-syllable by our ancestors, and hence generally written *statua*. Thus in Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, ed. 1633, p. 88 :—‘It is not possible to have the true pictures or *statuaes* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor any of the kings or great personages of much later years.’ Again : ‘—without which the history of the world seems to be as the *statua* of Polyphemus, with his eye out.’—*Singer*.

Mercurie, who was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves foure Cupids, and brings downe from Jupiters altar foure *statuaes* of gold and silver to daunce with the nymphes and starres.—*The Masque of the Inner Temple and Grayes Inne*, 1612.

²³ *Tinctures.*

This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.—*Johnson*.

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, defines it “a dipping, colouring, or staining of a thing.” So, in Act III. Sc. II. :—“And dip their napkins in his sacred blood.”—*Malone*.

I concur in opinion with Malone. At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c., we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased.—*Steevens*.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Rome. *The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.*

A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.¹

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.

Art. O, Cæsar ! read mine first ; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What ! is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What ! urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize, Popilius ?

Pop.

Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,

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,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the
Senators take their Seats.*]

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.

Cas. 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.*]

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings,² 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,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked curtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished :

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ;³ 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,
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 :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true, fixed, 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 :
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,
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am, he,
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 ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the Neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute ?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
“ 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.

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 :
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,
But we, the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

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,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
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 abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,⁵
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,
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,
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 :
 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,
 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 lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
 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.
 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 Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may ; but yet have I a mind,
 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,
 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 :⁶
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
 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,
 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.
 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;
 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,
 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 appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:
 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.
 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:

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?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better, than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.⁷
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie?

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,
 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,
 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.
 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,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
 You know not what you do: do not consent,
 That Antony speak in his funeral.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd
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
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
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 your Cæsar's body.
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
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,
'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,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the lives of men ;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
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 chok'd with custom of fell deeds ;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

Cry “ Havock ! ” and let slip the dogs of war,⁹
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
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,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,——

O Cæsar !

[*Seeing the Body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
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 chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet :
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
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.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a Throng of Citizens.

Cit. 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 them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.* BRUTUS goes
into the *Rostrum*.]

3 *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: censure 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 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. There is tears 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, 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 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, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the 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.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

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.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. 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;

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,
 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 ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many eaptives 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 ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupereal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 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.
 You all did love him once, not without cause :
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come baek to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown :
 Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *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 dispos'd to stir

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,
 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—
 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,
 Unto their issue.

4 *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 lov'd you.
 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?

4 *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 a while?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.

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.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring : stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse ; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony !

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 ;

'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 :¹⁰

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

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 resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd 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 ;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,¹¹

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,

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,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors ! villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ! about,—seek,—burn,
fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

2 *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.

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,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

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,¹² nor words, nor worth,

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,

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.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *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.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd 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.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five draehmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tyber : he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; eommon pleasures,
To walk abroad, and reereate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar : when eomes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never !—Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy plaee,¹³
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluek down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluek down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, with the Body.]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what eourse thou wilt !—How now, fellow !

Enter a Servant.

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.

He eomes upon a wish : Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.— *The Same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night,¹⁴ that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluekily echarge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name ?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *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: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *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.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces: he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Deeius' house, and some to Casea's; some to Ligarius. Away! go! [*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *The ides of March are come.*

There is an interesting coin of Marcus Brutus, BRVT. IMP. L. PLAET. CEST., Head of Marcus Brutus, *reverse*, EID. MAR., a cap of liberty between two daggers. This exceedingly rare coin is a denarius struck by Brutus, immediately after the murder of the emperor, and commemorating that event. The obverse shows the head of Brutus. The reverse (a representation of which is here given) has the cap of liberty (the *pileus*, given to slaves when emancipated, and hence used as a type of liberty) between two daggers, in allusion to Cæsar's death; the inscription is EID. MAR., an abbreviation of the "Ides of March," of which the emperor had been forewarned.



On enquiring of Mr. C. Roach Smith respecting the genuineness of this coin, I am favoured with the following memorandum by that accomplished archæologist,—“The coin of Marcus Brutus, with the daggers and cap of liberty, inscribed EI *Dus* MAR *tia* is genuine; but, as of other rare coins, forgeries are to be found. The obverse bears the head of Brutus, BRVTus IMPerator, with L. PLAET. CEST. for *L. Plætorius Cestianus*, the *monetarius*, who was also a *legatus* of Brutus. It is, I think, more likely that this very interesting coin was struck in one of the cities in Italy favourable to the principles of the old Republic, rather than at Rome itself. There is also a coin of Cassius, or rather coins belonging to the Cassia family, which refer to the great C. Cassius.”

² *These couchings.*

Hanmer unnecessarily reads, *crouchings*. “To couch, lie downe,” Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. The term, however, is not common.

³ *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong.*

A very curious passage in Ben Jonson's Discoveries, 1641, should here be quoted at length,—“*De Shakespeare nostrat.—Augustus in Hat.*—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out line. My answer hath beene, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justifie mine owne candor, for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantsie, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when hee said in person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, “Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.” Hee replyed, “Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,” and such like; which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be prayed then to be pardoned.”

Heminge and Condell, in their address prefixed to the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1623, observe that “his mind and hand went together, and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.” Jonson “had not told posterity this, but for their [the players'] ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted;” in fact, a deficiency in that careful retouching considered requisite by Jonson, the want of which even the most extravagant admirer of Shakespeare must admit is occasionally felt in his plays. This habit of writing with great rapidity occasioned, no doubt, the mistake which Jonson quotes from Julius Cæsar, exactly one of those errors even the greatest genius might commit, and once committed, would, with the players, “be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.” For some reason or other, perhaps from unnecessary but kindly feelings towards the memory of Shakespeare, the passage quoted by Jonson is mutilated in the folio edition of his works. Gifford is certainly right in believing that Jonson quoted correctly, and there is great additional evidence for this opinion in the fact that the passage had been previously quoted by him in the Induction to the Staple of News, acted in 1625. In fact, Jonson's anecdote enables us to make poetry of lines in Shakespeare which are absolutely mean and unintelligible without such assistance. Even with it they are not far from absurd. Had they been otherwise, where would have been the joke against Shakespeare? Metellus Cimber, one of the conspirators, kneeling, thus addresses Cæsar,—

Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.—

but Cæsar quickly tells him how cheaply he holds “sweet words, low-crooked curtesies, and base spaniel fawning.” Then does the emperor add,—

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

A lame and impotent conclusion, only to be explained on the obscure principles

of continental criticism, not by the exercise of common sense. Well may Gifford say, "here is no congruity, and the poetry is as mean as the sense." How satisfied, and of what? Take Jonson's words as literally true, and the whole becomes clear; not clear indeed as to Shakespeare's exact meaning, but it unfolds a dialogue not more obscure than many others in his plays; and without such an arrangement, the only alternative is to accuse Jonson of wilful misrepresentation for the sake of a jest against a deceased friend, a theory I should imagine the wildest critic would scarcely venture to adopt, now we have had the benefit of the discriminating labours of Gifford:—

Cæs. Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way!

Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

If *wrong* is taken in the sense of *injury* or *harm*, as Shakespeare sometimes uses it, there is no absurdity in this line. "He shall have no wrong," 2 Henry IV., v. 1.

⁴ *Et tu Brute.*

No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our author has attributed to Cæsar, nor did North furnish him with it, or with English words of the same import, as might naturally have been supposed. Plutarch says, that on receiving his first wound from Casca, "he caught hold of Casca's sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor, Casca; what doest thou?* and Casca in Greek to his brother, *Brother, help me.*"—The conspirators then "compassed him on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongst them as a wild beast taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himself gave him one wound above the privities.—Men report also that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie, but when he saw Brutus with his sworde drawn in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance." Neither of these writers therefore, we see, furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play, entitled, *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, &c.*, printed in 1600, on which he formed his Third Part of King Henry VI.:—

Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

This line Shakspeare rejected, when he wrote the piece above mentioned, but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found in *Acolastus his Afterwitte*, a poem, by S. Nicholson, printed in 1600:—

Et tu Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd.

So, in *Cæsar's Legend, Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:—

O this, quoth I, is violence; then Cassius pier'd my breast;

And Brutus thou, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved best.

The Latin words probably appeared originally in the old Latin play on this subject.—*Malone.*

⁵ *Stoop, Romans, stoop.*

According to Plutarch, "Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, marched in a body from the senate-house to the Capitol, with their *drawn swords*, with an air of confidence and assurance." And in the Life of Brutus:—"Brutus and his party betook themselves to the Capitol, and in their way, *showing their hands all bloody*, and their naked swords, *proclaimed liberty* to the people."—*Theobald*.

⁶ *Who else is rank.*

Johnson explains this:—"Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety." This explanation will derive more support than has yet been given to it from the following speech of Oliver in *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of his brother Orlando:—"Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your *rankness*."—*Singer*.

⁷ *Crimson'd in thy lethe.*

Lethe is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:—

The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,
Is now extinct in *lethe*.

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:—

For vengeance' wings bring on thy *lethal* day.

Dr. Farmer observes, that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for Mungo Campbell.—*Steevens*.

⁸ *A curse shall light upon the lives of men.*

"Limbs of men," old copies. The emendation is Johnson's, and considered by Mr. Dyce as a highly probable one.

⁹ *Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war.*

In the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given. In a tract intitled, the Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:—"The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etit. v.—Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havok*.—Also that no man be so hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shall be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harneis: and the persones of such as foloweth and escrien shall be under arrest of the Conestable and Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; and founde suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng will—."—*Johnson*.

Slip is a term belonging to the chase. Manwood, in his *Forest Laws*, c. xx. s. 9, says: "— that when any pourallee man doth find any wild beasts of the forest in his pourallee, that is in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let slippe his dogges* after the wild beastes, and hunt and chase them there," &c.—*Reed*.

Slips were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the

necessary moment of their dismissal. See King Henry V. Act III. Sc. I.—*Steevens*.

To *let slip* a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time. So, in Coriolanus:—

Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him *slip* at will.

By the *dogs of war*, as Tollet has elsewhere observed, Shakspeare probably meant *fire*, *sword*, and *famine*. So, in King Henry V. Chorus to Act I.:—

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of *Mars*; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like *hounds*, should *famine*, *sword*, and *fire*,
Crouch for employment.

The same observation is made by Steele, in the Tatler, No. 137.—*Malone*.

He *cryed havocke* and spoyle where anye riche pray was to bee had, &c.—*Holinshed's Chronicle*, 1577.

¹⁰ See, *what a rent the envious Casca made*.

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“Publius Servilius Casca, the conspirator who struck the first blow at Cæsar, has been commemorated on a gold coin issued by authority of his fellow conspirator Brutus, whose bust encircled by a civic garland of oak leaves is seen upon the obverse. The Reverse represents a naval trophy erected on the prows of ships, commemorating a successful naval engagement against the fleet of the triumvirs. The name of Casca is inscribed on one side.”



¹¹ *Even at the base of Pompey's statue*.

The villas of modern Rome often occupy the same ground, share some portion of the splendour, and the picturesque advantages of the gardens of the ancient city. The villa Spada, or Brunati, for these villas change their names with their proprietors, while it occupies on a much smaller scale a part of the Palatine Hill, and of the Imperial Palace, has still some of the advantages of the Orti Farnesiani. The ruins of the palace cover the greater part, and on one side look down on the valley that separates the Palatine from the Aventine Mount: from a gallery in a recess still remaining, the Emperor might behold the games of the Circus Maximus, that occupied the greater part of that valley. In an anti-chamber of the Palazzo Spada, stands the celebrated statue of Pompey, at the foot of which Cæsar is supposed to have fallen. The history of this statue deserves notice. It was during Pompey's life first placed in the Senate House he had erected; and when that edifice was closed, the statue was, by order of Augustus, raised on a double arch or gateway of marble opposite to the grand entrance of Pompey's Theatre. During the convulsion of the Gothic wars it was thrown down, or fell, and lay buried for many ages in the ruins. About the beginning of the seventeenth century it was discovered in a partition wall between two houses, and the discovery caused some altercation, the proprietors of the two houses at length agreeing to cut the statue asunder, and to divide the marble, when fortunately the Cardinal di Spada heard of the circumstance, and by a timely purchase

prevented the destruction of one of the most interesting remains of Roman antiquity. At a much later period,



and from an unexpected quarter, another danger awaited Pompey's statue. While the French occupied Rome in the years 1798-9, they erected, in the centre of the Coliseum, a temporary theatre where they acted various republican pieces for the improvement of such Romans as might be disposed to fraternise with them and adopt their principles. Voltaire's *Brutus* was, as may be easily imagined, a favourite tragedy; and in order to give it effect, it was resolved to transport to the Coliseum, and erect on the stage, the statue of Pompey, at the feet of which the Dictator had fallen. The colossal size of the figure, and its extended arms, rendered it very difficult to displace, and the arm was therefore sawed off, to facilitate the conveyance, and put on again at the Coliseum; on the second removal to

the Palazzo Spada, the arm was again taken off, and again replaced.—*Eustace's Tour through Italy*.—1802.

The annexed engraving of this celebrated relic is made by Mr. Fairholt from a sketch taken by him on the spot.

¹² *For I have neither wit.*

The first folio (and, I believe, through a mistake of the press,) has—*writ*, which in the second folio was properly changed into—*wit*. Dr. Johnson, however, supposes that by *writ* was meant a “penned and premeditated oration.” But the artful speaker, on this sudden call for his exertions, was surely designed, with affected modesty, to represent himself as one who had neither *wit*, (i. e. strength of *understanding*) persuasive language, weight of character, graceful action, harmony of voice, &c. (the usual requisites of an orator) to influence the minds of the people. Was it necessary, therefore, that, on an occasion so precipitate, he should have urged he had brought no *written* speech in his pocket? since every person who heard him must have been aware that the interval between the death of Cæsar, and the time present, would have been inadequate to such a composition, which indeed could not have been produced at all, unless, like the indictment of Lord Hastings in King Richard III. it had been got ready through a premonition of the event that would require it. What is styled the devil's *writ* in King Henry VI. Part II. is the deposition of the dæmon, *written* down before witnesses on the stage. I therefore continue to read with the second folio, being unambitious of reviving the blunders of the first.—*Stevens*.

¹³ *We'll burn his body in the holy place.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The *Rogus*, a Funeral Pyre of the Roman rulers, is described by Dion Cassius as a structure in the form of a turret, with

three stories of ivory and gold, and ornamented with statues. Herodian speaks of it as of quadrangular shape, filled at the bottom with combustibles, on which a second tier was placed of similar form but narrower, and furnished with openings; to this a third and fourth were added; each gradually diminishing in size till the whole resembled a watch-tower. There exists a fine large brass coin struck in honor of Marcus Aurelius after his death A.D. 180, exhibiting on the reverse the funeral pile of four stories in height used at his consecration; the basement is hung with festoons, the upper tiers adorned with statues, and the whole surmounted by an imperial quadriga. Sometimes an eagle is represented soaring from the summit, as if sent by Jupiter to convey the deified Emperor to Olympus."



¹⁴ *I dreamt to-night.*

The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch. I learn from an old black letter treatise on Fortune-telling, &c. that to dream "of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune," &c. Things unluckily charge my fantasy, i. e., circumstances oppress my fancy with an ill-omened weight.—*Steereus*.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Room in ANTONY'S House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a Table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die ; their names are priek'd.

Oct. Your brother, too, must die : consent you, Lepidus ?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Priek him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,¹
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

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 ?

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 threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it ?

Oct. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be priek'd to die,
In our blaek sentenee 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,
 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,
 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.
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 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 :
 A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
 On objects, arts,² and imitations,
 Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,
 But as a property.³ And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius,
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head ;
 Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 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,
 Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before BRUTUS' Tent,⁴ in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers ;
TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.*

Bru. Stand, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ? is Cassius near ?

Luc. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

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,
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 receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

Luc. 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.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
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 ?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd :
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

Bru. Hark ! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. 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——

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.

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.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

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.

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
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touch'd his body,⁵ that did stab,
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, bay not me,⁶
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. Urgc 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 frightened, 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,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

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;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

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.
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;
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
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
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 riv'd my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.⁷

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
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
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
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;⁸
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 lov'dst him better.
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

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,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
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.

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 you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

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 am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this eynie 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?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away! be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

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.

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.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How seap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
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.⁹

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O, ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.

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.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—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,
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 self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree :
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;

For they have grudg'd us contribution:

The enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number up,

Come on refresh'd, new-aided, and encourag'd;

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.

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.

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 ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on :
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
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.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good
Messala :—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
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.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

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 ;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep :

It may be, I shall raise you by and by
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;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants *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?

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.

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!

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.—

Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He 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.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?¹⁰

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

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.—

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?

Luc. Nothing, my lord,

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou: awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

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,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *Upon condition Publius shall not live.*

Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:—"You are his *sister's son*, Mark Antony." The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author than of his transcriber or printer.—*Stevens.*

² *On objects, arts.*

Theobald reads, *on abject orts*, a lection ably supported by Mr. Dyce, but I own to being satisfied neither with the text nor with any emendation yet proposed.

³ *But as a property.*

That is, an instrument to answer private ends. "We are both made but properties," *Maid's Revenge*, 1639.

⁴ *Before Brutus' tent.*

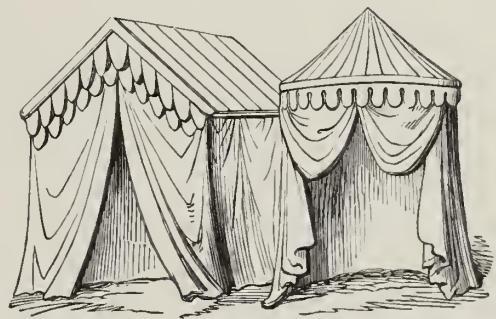
The forms of tents of this period may be seen from the annexed examples, taken by Mr. Fairholt from ancient bassi-relievi at Rome.

⁵ *What villain touch'd
his body.*

This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.—

Malone.

XIII.



⁶ *Brutus, bay not me.*

The old copy reads, 'Brutus, *bait* not me.' Theobald made the alteration, which has been adopted by all subsequent editors except Malone. The fact is, that *bay* and *bait* are both frequently used by Shakspeare in the same sense, and as the repetition of the word used by Brutus seems to add spirit to the reply, I have continued it in the text.—*Singer*.

⁷ *I do not, till you practise them on me.*

The meaning is this: 'I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.*'—*Johnson*.

⁸ *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.*

I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man would wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by showing that he was a Roman.—*Johnson*.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus:—"Now, *as you are a Roman*, tell me true."—*Blackstone*.

⁹ *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*

This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Val. Maximus, iv. 6. It cannot, however, be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia may want that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a distinguished character.—*Steevens*.

Valerius Maximus says that Portia *survived* Brutus, and killed herself on hearing that her husband was defeated and slain at Philippi. Plutarch's account in the Life of Brutus is as follows: "And for Portia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that she determining to kill her selfe, (her parents and friends carefullie looking to her to kepe her from it,) tooke hotte burning coles, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe.—There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence*; that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill herselfe, choosing to dye rather than to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time*, sith the letter (at least if it were Brutus' letter,) doth plainly declare the disease and love of this lady, and the manner of her death."—*North's Translation*.

See also Martial, lib. i. ep. 42. Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus and Plutarch, all agree in saying that she put an end to her life; and the letter, if authentick, ascertains that she did so in the life-time of Brutus. Our author, therefore, we see, had sufficient authority for his representation; and there is, I think, little ground for supposing with Dryden that Shakspeare knew that Portia had survived Brutus, and that he "on purpose neglected a little chronology, only to give Brutus an occasion of being more easily exasperated."—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *Then I shall see thee again.*

Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the Ghost of Cæsar appeared to Brutus, but "a wonderful straunge and monstrous shape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *shade* of Cæsar, and the *evil genius* of Brutus. "Brutus boldly asked what he was, a

god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwise affrayd, replyed againe vnto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thing at all." See the story of Cassius Parmensis in Valerius Maximus, lib. i. c. vii.—*Steevens*.

The words which Steevens has quoted are from Plutarch's Life of Brutus. Shakspeare had also certainly read Plutarch's account of this vision in the Life of Cæsar: "Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus, showed plainly that the goddes were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was,) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—he thought he heard a noyse at his tent-dore, and looking towards *the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnes and dreadful looke, which at the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he sawe that it did him no hurt, but stode by his bedde-side, and said nothing, at length he asked him what he was. The image aunswered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replyed agayne, and said, Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from him." It is manifest from the words above printed in Italics, that Shakspeare had in his thoughts this passage, which relates the very event which he describes, as well as the other.—*Malone*.

That *lights grew dim*, or *burned blue*, at the approach of spectres, was a belief which our author might have found examples of in almost every book of his age that treats of supernatural appearances. See King Richard III. Act V. Sc. III.—*Steevens*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. 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,¹
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
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
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.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

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.

Oct. 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.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows ; is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. 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 :
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless, too.

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 :
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 :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look ; I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds²

Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
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 could'st not die more honourable.

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 ;
If not, when you have stomaehs.

[*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.

Luc.

My lord.

[BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas.

Messala,³

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.
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign⁴
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
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,
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 resolv'd,
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Luceilius.

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 incertain,
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 determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,⁵
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,
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
Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
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 began,
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—
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.
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.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. The Field of Battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills⁶
 Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud Alarum.*
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. Another Part of the Field.**Alarum. 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 enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off ;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord :
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.⁷ Look, look, Titinius ;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st 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 assur'd,
 Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :

My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.— [*Exit* PINDARUS.
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 ?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;—
Yet he spurs on :—now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius !—now some 'light :—O ! he 'lights too :—
He's ta'en : and, hark ! [*Shout.*] 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 !

Enter PINDARUS.

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 should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath :
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.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
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.*

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,

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!

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.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

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 conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

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;

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?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,^s

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:

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.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO,
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

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
In our own proper entrails.

[*Low Alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans,⁹ fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
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.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter, fighting,* Soldiers of both Armies; *then* BRUTUS,
CATO, LUCILIUS, *and* Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads.

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;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the Enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend : know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*

Luc. O, young and noble Cato ! art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering Money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *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 ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ;¹⁰ Brutus is safe enough.
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.

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 whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead ;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*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 toreh-light;¹¹ but, my lord,
He came not baek: 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.]

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! [Whispers him.]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

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.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.

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.

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,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
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.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, 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.
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.
 Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly !*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru.

Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
 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 ?

Stra. Give me your hand first : fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
 LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, 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,¹²
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
 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!"

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,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *They mean to warn us at Philippi here.*

To *warn* is to *summon*. So, in King John:—"Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?" Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in King Richard III. :—"And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence." Throughout the books of the Stationers' Company, the word is always used in this sense: "Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of this house." Again, in a letter from Lord Cecil to the Earl of Shrewsbury. See Lodge's Illustrations, &c. vol. iii. 206: "I pray your Lordship, therefore, let him be privately *warned*, without any other notice (to his disgrace) to come up," &c.—*Steevens*.

² *Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds.*

Old copy—three and *thirty*; but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three* and *twenty*, from the joint authorities of Appian, Plutarch, and Suetonius: and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers.—*Theobald*.

Beaumont and Fletcher have fallen into a similar mistake, in their Noble Gentleman:—

So Cæsar fell, when in the Capitol,
They gave his body *two and thirty* wounds.—*Ritson*.

The ordinary reading is *three-and-twenty*; which Theobald gave us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wounds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.—*Knight*.

³ *Messala.*

But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himselfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he

tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke, Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we follow euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes unto him, he bid him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birth day.—*North's Plutarch.*

⁴ *On our former ensign.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The peculiar form of the Roman military ensign or standard is well delineated on the coinage of that people. The coins of Augustus are particularly remarkable for the series of ensigns engraved on their reverses, belonging to the legions that had so completely made him master of the world. The engraving (enlarged from the coin) represents the ensigns of the renowned twentieth legion, the central eagle being the imperial standard.”



Thus the old copy, and, I suppose, rightly. *Former* is *foremost*. Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *King*

Lear, Act IV. Sc. III. Either word has the same origin; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*.—*Steevens.*

Former is right; and the meaning—“our *fore* ensign.” So, in Adlyngton’s *Apuleius*, 1596: “First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my *former* feete.” Again, in *Harrison’s Description of Britaine*: “it [i. e. brawn] is made commonly of the *fore* part of a tame bore set uppe for the purpose by the space of an whole year or two. Afterwarde he is killed—and then of his *former* partes is our brawne made.”—*Ritson.*

⁵ *Eren by the rule of that philosophy.*

There Cassius beganne to speake first, and sayd: the gods graunt us, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordeyned it, that the greatest and chiefest amongst men are most uncertayne, and that if the battel fall out otherwise to daye than we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe, what art thou then determined to doe? to fly? or dye? Brutus aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world: I trust (I know not how) a certeine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yeld to divine providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being now in the midst of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for us, I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gave up my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall live in another more glorious worlde.—*North's Plutarch.*

⁶ *And give these bills.*

So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent little *billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell," &c.—*Steevens*.

⁷ *This hill is far enough.*

So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing, for his sight was verie bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friendes, they showed out for joy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best freendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserved ever for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that overthrow; but then casting his cloke over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pyndarus, he gave him his head to be striken off. So the head was found severed from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was never seene more.—*North's Plutarch*.

⁸ *Put on my brows this wreath of victory.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The crown of laurel was peculiarly the type of victory with the Romans, and in their art-works of all kinds the goddess of Victory invariably carries it in her hands. It was also typical of Royalty, and first decreed, to be worn constantly, to Julius Cæsar; who is reported to have been particularly gratified by this act of the Senate, as it concealed the baldness of his head, which was an annoyance to him. This royal wreath is particularly well represented in a large brass coin of his successor Augustus, here engraved; the letters in the centre are the initials of Cæsarea Augusti, a city of Phœnicia for the use of which it was coined.”

⁹ *The last of all the Romans.*

From the old translation of Plutarch: "So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *THE last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breede againe so noble and valiant a man* as he, he caused his bodie to be buried," &c. Rowe, and all the subsequent editors, read, as we should now write,—*Thou last*, &c. But this was

not the phrasology of Shakspeare's age. See Henry VI. Third Part, Act V. Sc. V. :—

Take that *the* likeness of this railer here.

See also the letter of Posthumus to Imogen, in Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. II. :
 “ — as you, O *the* dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with thine eyes.” Again, in King Lear :—

The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you.

not *ye* jewels,—as we now should write.—*Maloue.*

¹⁰ *Safe, Antony.*

In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowtly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive : and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be founde like himselfe. And now for my selfe, I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus : and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, sayd unto them : my companions, I thinke ye are sorie you have failed of your purpose, and that you thinke this man hath done great wrong : but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enemie, you have brought me a friend.—*North's Plutarch.*

¹¹ *Statilius shew'd the torch-light.*

Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift up a *torch-light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speed to him. The *torche-light* was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after, and that he came not again, he say'd : if Statilius be alive, he will come againe. But his evil fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare ; the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and sayd somewhat also to him : at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others : and amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising up, we must flie in deede, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking every man by the hand, he sayd these words unto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my frends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake : for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attaine unto by force nor money, neither can let their posteritie to say, that they have been naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men, to usurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them.

Having sayd so, he prayed every man to shift for them selves, and then he went a litle aside, &c.—*North's Plutarch.*

¹² *Save only he.*

For it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly divers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did beare unto him.—*North's Plutarch.*

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