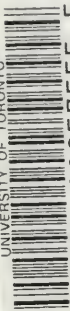


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THE  
"PLAYS AND POEMS"  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,  
WITH THE  
CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF  
VARIOUS COMMENTATORS:  
COMPREHENDING  
A Life of the Poet,  
AND  
AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,  
BY  
THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.  
WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

ΤΗΣ ΦΤΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΤΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΑΑΜΟΝ  
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΤΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

VOL. VI.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. EGERTON; J. CUTHELL; SCATCHERD  
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ROMEO AND JULIET.  
AS YOU LIKE IT.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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THE story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona. It was originally published by an anonymous Italian novelist in 1549 at Venice; and again in 1553, at the same place. The first edition of Banello's work appeared a year later than the last of these already mentioned. Pierre Boisteanu copied it with alterations and additions. Belleforest adopted it in the first volume of his collection 1596: but very probably some edition of it yet more ancient had found its way abroad; as, in this improved state, it was translated into English, by Arthur Brooke, and published in an octavo volume, 1562, but without a name. On this occasion it appears in the form of a poem entitled, *The tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*: It was republished in 1587, under the same title: "Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie: with the subtile Counsels and Practises of an old Fryer, and their Event. Imprinted by R. Robinson." Among the entries on the Books of the Stationers' Company, I find Feb. 18, 1582: "M. Tottel] *Romeo and Julietta*." Again, Aug. 5, 1596: "Edward White] a new ballad of *Romeo and Juliett*." The same story is found in *The Palace of Pleasure*: however, Shakspeare was not entirely indebted to Painter's epitome; but rather to the poem already mentioned. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an Epitaph, or *Commune Defunctorum*: and it appears (as Dr. Farmer has observed,) from a passage in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, that the story had likewise been translated by another hand. Captain Breval in his *Travels* tells us, that he saw at Verona the tomb of these unhappy lovers. STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

The original relater of the story on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice in 1535, with the following title: "Hystoria Novella mente Ritrovata di dui nobili Amanti: Con la loro Pietosa Morte: Intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona Nel tempio del Signor Bartholomeo Scala." A second edition was published in 1539; and it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name). Of the author some account may be found prefixed to the poem of Romeus and Juliet.

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

are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

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

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

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

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

This play, as Mr. Malone conjectured, was written in 1596. See his Essay on the Chronological Order of Shakspeare's Plays. There are four early quarto editions in 1597, 1599, 1609, and one without a date. The variations of any consequence are marked in the margin, quarto A, B, C, and D. And as many passages are omitted in the quarto 1597, I have distinguished them by the following mark (||) where they have not already been specified in the notes, that the curious reader may learn how our author improved upon his first conceptions. BOSWELL.

## PROLOGUE.

---

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

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

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

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

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

- “ Two household 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 cares attend,
- “ What here we want, wee'll studie to amend ” MALONE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.

PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.

MONTAGUE, } Heads of two Houses, at variance  
CAPULET, } with each other.

An old Man, Uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, Son to Montague.

MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to  
Romeo.

BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to  
Romeo.

TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.

Friar LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.

Friar JOHN, of the same Order.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.

SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.  
GREGORY, }

ABRAM, Servant to Montague.

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

CHORUS. Boy ; Page to Paris ; PETER ; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.

LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.

JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.

Nurse to Juliet.

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

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



# ROMEO AND JULIET.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

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

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

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

\* Quarto A, *Ile carrie no coales*; and Quarto A, *No, for if you doc you should be a collier.*

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

“ — You, I say, Julian,

“ Wyll you beare no coles?”

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

Again, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602 : “ He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles.*” Again, in *Law Tricks*, or, *Who Would Have Thought It?* a comedy, by John Day, 1608 : “ I'll *carry coals* an you will, no horns.” Again, in *May-Day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1610 : “ You must swear by no man's beard but your own; for that may breed a quarrel: above all things, you must *carry no coals.*” And again, in the same play : “ Now my ancient being a man of an *un-coal-carrying* spirit,” &c. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* : “ Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo, will hold my dog.” And, lastly, in the poet's own *King Henry V.* : “ At Calais they stole a fireshovel; I knew by that piece of service the men would *carry coals.*” Again, in *The*

*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 to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away †.

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

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

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

\* Quarto A, If I be in choler Ile draw.

† Quarto A, Thou't run away.

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. N<sup>o</sup>. 22, p. 50, is inserted, "*Fire, fire!* a small manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haselridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of Scripture, that John Lillburn will not *carry coals*." By Dr. Gouge. PERCY.

*Collier* was a very ancient term of abuse. "Hang him, foul *collier!*" says Sir Toby Belch, speaking of the devil, in the fourth Act of Twelfth-Night. Any person, therefore, who would *bear* to be called a *collier*, was said to *carry coals*.

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

"He made him laugh, that lookt as he would swear;

"He *carried coales*, that could abide no 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.

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

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

*GRE.* The heads of the maids?

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

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

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

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

\* Quarto A, *the*. † Quarto A, Thou shalt see I am a *ball*.

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> — here comes two of the house of the Montagues.] The word *two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compositor in the quarto 1599, and of course in the subsequent impressions, I have restored from the first quarto of 1597, from which, in almost every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The disregard of concord is in character.

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the Right Honourable Viscount Mountacute, 1575:

"And for a further prooffe, he shewed in hys hat

"Thys token which the *Mountacules* did beare alwaies, for that

"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,

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

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.*

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

*GRE.* How ? turn thy back, and run ? (||)

*SAM.* Fear me not.

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

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

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

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

\* Quarto A, I fear them no more than thou ; but draw.

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

“ *Orgylus.* To bite his thumb at me.

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

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

“ Rapiers and daggers,” &c. GREY.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miserie*, &c. 1596, has this passage : “ Behold next I see Contempt marching forth, giving me the *fico with his thombe in his mouth.*” In a translation from Stephens's Apology for Herodotus, in 1607, p. 142, I meet with these words : “ It is said of the Italians, if they once *bite their fingers' ends in a threatening manner*, God knows, if they set upon their enemie face to face, it is because they cannot assail him behind his backe.” Perhaps Ben Jonson ridicules this scene of Romeo and Juliet, in his *New Inn* :

“ *Huff.* How, *spill it* ?

“ *Spill it* at me ?

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

This mode of quarrelling appears to have been common in our author's time. “ What swearing is there, (says Decker, describing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*” *The Dead Term*, 1608. MALONE.

These speeches are thus given in quarto A :

“ I. He tell thee what He do ; as I go by, He bite my thumb,

*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 on 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*<sup>7</sup>, *at a Distance.*

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

(||) *SAM.* Yes, better, sir †.

*ABR.* You lie.

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

\* Quarto A, *say I.* † Folio omits *sir.*

‡ Folio, and quarto A, B, *washing.*

which is disgrace enough if they suffer it. 2. Content ; go thou by and bite thy thumb, and Ile come after and frown." BOSWELL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

\* Folio, *draw.*

Again, in *As You Like It*:

“I’ll have a martial and a *swashing* outside.”

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

<sup>1</sup> CLUBS, bills, &c.] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. See *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. II.

MALONE.

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

JOHNSON.

See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act. II. Sc. I. MALONE.

*L.A. 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.

*L.A. MON.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe<sup>3</sup>. (||)

*Enter Prince, with Attendants.*

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

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage  
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,  
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons<sup>4</sup> to the ground,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Instead of this scene, in the quarto there is merely the following stage direction: “They draw, to them enters Tybalt, they fight, to them the Prince, old Montague and his wife, old Capulet and his wife, and other citizens, and part them.” BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> — MIS-TEMPER'D WEAPONS —] Are *angry weapons*. So, in *King John*:

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

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 beseeming 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 further pleasure in this case,  
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place <sup>4</sup>.  
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

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

*MON.* Whoset this ancient quarrel new abroach ?—  
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

*BEN.* Here were the servants of your adver-  
 sary,

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.

\* Folio, *broyles*. † Quarto A, *the reason of your fault*.

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



*LA. MON.* O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

*BEN.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth\* the golden window of the east<sup>5</sup>, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore, That westward rooteth from the city's side,— So early walking did I see your son: Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood: I, measuring his affections by my own,— That most are busied when they are most alone<sup>6</sup>,— Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his, (||) And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me<sup>7</sup>.

*MON.* Many a morning hath he there been seen, With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew, Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs: But all so soon as the all-cheering sun Should in the furthest east begin to draw

\* Quarto A, *pcept through*.

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

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

Again, in *Summa Totalis*; or *All in All*, or *The Same for Ever*, 4to. 1607:

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

HOLT WHITE.

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

“—— by my own,  
“Which then most fought, where most might not be found,  
“Being one too many by my weary self,  
“Pursu'd my humour,” &c. POPE.

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

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 impórtun'd him by any means<sup>8</sup>?

*MON.* Both by myself, and many other friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
 Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
 But to himself so secret and so close,  
 So far from 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 same<sup>9</sup>.

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

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

Or dedicate his beauty to the *sun*.

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

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

JOHNSON.

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

“A *dedicated* beggar to the *air*.”

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

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

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

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

BEN. See, where he comes : So please you, step  
aside ;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MON. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*]

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.

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

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.

“ — She never *told* her love,

“ But let *concealment*, like a worm *i'th' bud*,

“ Feed on her damask cheek.”

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

“ And whilst thou *spread'st* unto the rising *sunne*,

“ The fairest *flower* that ever saw the light,

“ Now joy thy time, before thy sweet be done.”

*Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.*

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

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

*BEN.* In love ?

*ROM.* Out—

*BEN.* Of love ?

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

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

*ROM.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled  
still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will <sup>2</sup> !  
Where shall we dine ?—O me !—What fray was  
here ?

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

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love :—

Why then, O brawling love <sup>3</sup> ! O loving hate !

O any thing, of nothing first create !

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

JOHNSON.

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

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

The quarto, 1597, reads :

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

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

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

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

JOHNSON.

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 ?

\* Folio, and quartos B, C, *well-seeing*; quarto A, *best-seeming*.

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

ANONYMOUS.

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

“ Love is a sowre delight, a sugred grieve,

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

Turberville makes Reason harangue against it in the same manner :

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

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

Immediately from The Romaunt of the Rose :

“ *Loue* it is an hateful pees,

“ A free aquitaunce without reles,—

“ *An heavie burthen light to beare,*

“ A wicked wawe awaie to weare ;

“ And health full of maladie,

“ And charitie full of envie ;—

“ A laughter that is weping aie,

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sonnet 105.*

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

*BEN.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*ROM.* Why, such is love's transgression<sup>4</sup>.—  
Griefs of my own lie heavy in my breast ;  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest  
With more of thine : this love, that thou hast  
shown,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke rais'd \* with the fume of sighs ;  
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes<sup>5</sup> ;  
Being vex'd<sup>6</sup>, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears † :  
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.

\* Folio, *made*. † Quarto A, a sea *raging* with a lover's tears.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHNSON.

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

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

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

*BEN.* Groan ? why, no ;

But sadly tell me, who.

*ROM.* Bid a sick man in sadness make his will :—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill !—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

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

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

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

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

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit ;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd<sup>8</sup>,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd ‡.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms<sup>9</sup>,

(||) Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes, (||)

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :

O, she is rich in beauty ; only poor,

'That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store §'.

\* Folio, *that is*.

† Quarto A, *right*.

‡ Folio, *uncharmed*.

§ Quarto A, *exit*.

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

<sup>8</sup> And, in strong proof, &c.] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeas'd at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

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

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

“ Remove your *siege* from my unyielding heart ;

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

<sup>1</sup> — with beauty dies her store.] Mr. Theobald reads—“ With *her dies beauty's* store ;” and is followed by the two succeeding

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

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

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,  
Cuts beauty off from all posterity <sup>3</sup>.

editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in 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.

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

“ And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.] So, in our author's third Sonnet :

“ Or who is he so fond will be the tomb

“ Of his self-love, to stop posterity? ”

Again, in his Venus and Adonis :



She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair<sup>4</sup>,  
 To merit bliss by making me despair :  
 She hath forsworn to love ; and, in that vow,  
 Do I live dead<sup>5</sup>, that live to tell it now.

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

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

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

*ROM.* 'Tis the way  
 To call hers, exquisite, in question more<sup>6</sup> ;  
 These happy masks<sup>7</sup>, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

“ What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

“ Seeming to *bury* that posterity,

“ Which by the rights of time thou need'st must have ! ”

MALONE.

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

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

5 DO I LIVE DEAD,] So, Richard the Third :

“ — now they kill me with a *living death*.”

6 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.

7 THESE happy masks, &c.] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*, Sc. ult. :

“ We stand here for an Epilogue.

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

“ For women's favours are a leading alms :

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

“ Out at *your masks*.”

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

*These* happy masks, I believe, means no more than *the* happy

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair ;  
 He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
 The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :  
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
 What doth her beauty serve <sup>8</sup>, but as a note  
 Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair ?  
 Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget <sup>9</sup>.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A Street.

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

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

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

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

\* Quarto A, *they.*

masks. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. IV. MALONE.

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

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

"Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,

"'Tis sure the hardest science, *to forget.*"

*Pope's Eloisa.* STEEVENS.

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

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

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

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

(||) The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth<sup>4</sup>: (||)

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

“ ————— Three winters cold

“ Have from the forests shook three *summers' pride*—.”

MALONE.

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

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

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

The 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.

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

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

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

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

Again:

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ A stark affrighted motion in my blood.”

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

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
 My will to her consent is but a part<sup>5</sup>;  
 (||) An she agree, within her scope of choice  
 Lies my consent and fair according voice. (||)  
 This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,  
 Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
 Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
 One more, most welcome, makes my number more.  
 At my poor house, look to behold this night  
 Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light<sup>6</sup>:

Again, in this play:

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

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

Again, in our author's 146th Sonnet:

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

<sup>5</sup> My will to her consent is but a part;] *To*, in this instance, signifies *in comparison with, in proportion to*. So, in King Henry VIII.: “These are but switches *to* them.” STEEVENS.

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

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

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

“Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel<sup>7</sup>  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

“ My beautie blasd like torch or twinckling *starre*,  
“ A liuely lamp that *leuds darke world some light.*”

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

“ Did light those beamy stars which greater light did dark.”

STEEVENS.

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

“ Such comfort as do lusty *yeomen* feel.”

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

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

“ Robyn commaunded his wight *young men*.

“ Of lii. wyght *yonge men*.

“ Seuen score of wyght *yonge men*.

“ Buske you my mery *yonge men.*”

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

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

“ There met he these wight *yonge men*.

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

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

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

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

“ ——— *ubi subdita flamma medullis,*

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

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

“That it was May, thus dremid me,  
 “In time of love and jolite,  
 “That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.—  
 “Then *yong folke* entendin aye,  
 “For to ben gaie and amorous,  
 “The time is then so savorous.”

*Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 51, &c.

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

<sup>8</sup> INHERIT at my house;] To *inherit*, in the language of Shakespeare's age, is to *possess*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> SUCH, amongst view of many, mine, being one,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ ———— Hear all, all see,

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

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

“ Of honourable *reckoning* are you both.” STEEVENS.

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

“ — Our compell'd sins

“ Stand more for *number*, than *accompt*.”

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

“ — to fall to *one*,

“ — is to fall to none,

“ For *one no number is*.”

Again, in Marlowe's Hero and Leander :

“ *One is no number*.”

Again, in Shakspeare's 136th Sonnet :

“ Among a number *one is reckon'd none*,

“ Then in the number let me pass untold.”

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

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

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

“ Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,

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

\* \* \* \* \*

“ No knight or gentleman of high or low renown

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

“ Young damsels thither flock, of bachelors a rout ;

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

This passage is neither intelligible as it stands, nor do I think

Whose names are written there <sup>1</sup>, [*Gives a Paper,*  
and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*

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

*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;

it will be rendered so by Steevens's amendment.—“To search amongst view of many,” is neither sense nor English.

The old folio, as Johnson tells us, reads—

“*Which one* more view of many—.”

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

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

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

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

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

“No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,

“No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,

“But Capilet himself hath bid unto his feast,

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

MALONE.

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



One desperate grief cures with another's languish<sup>3</sup>:  
 Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
 And the rank poison of the old will die<sup>4</sup>.

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

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

“Alas, it skills not,

“For thus I will not,

“Now contented,

“Now tormented,

“Live in love and *languish*.” MALONE.

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

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.] So, in the poem:

“Ere long the townish dames together will resort:

“Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely port,

“With so fast-fixed *eye* perhaps thou may'st behold,

“That thou shalt quite forget thy *love* and *passions past of old*.

“And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,

“So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive.”

Again, in our author's Coriolanus:

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

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

MALONE.

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

“Alterius vires subtrahit alter amor.”

Or,—

“Successore novo truditur omnis amor.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEN. For what, I pray thee ?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad ?

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

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

SERV. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, 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 ; [Gives back the Note ;] Whither  
should they come ?

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither ?

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

ROM. Whose house ?

SERV. My master's.

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

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

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

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

*BEN.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's 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 hereticks, be burnt for liars! One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup> — let there be weigh'd

Your LADY'S LOVE against some other maid —] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself. HEATH.

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*<sup>1</sup>.

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

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

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

*Enter JULIET.*

*JUL.* How now, who calls?

*NURSE.* Your mother.

*JUL.* Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

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

\* Quartos A, B, *seems.*

<sup>1</sup> *Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.*] In all the old copies the greater part of this scene was printed as prose. Mr. 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.

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

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

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

*NURSE.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet, to my teen<sup>2</sup> be it spoken, I have but  
four.—

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

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

*NURSE.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls !—  
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;  
She was too good for me : But, as I said,  
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen ;  
That shall she, marry ; I remember it well.  
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years<sup>3</sup> ;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day :  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

<sup>2</sup> — to my TEEN —] To my *sorrow*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. i. c. ix :

“ — for dread and doleful *teen*.”

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

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;] But how comes the Nurse to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occasion ? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story ; and therefore it seems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England, in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See Stowe's *Chronicle*, and Gabriel Harvey's Letter in the Preface to Spenser's Works, edit. 1679.] If so, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at least, was written in 1591 ; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years since the earthquake* were completed ; and not later than the middle of July, a *fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*.

TYRWHITT.

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,  
 My lord and you were then at Mantua:—  
 Nay, I do bear a brain<sup>3</sup>:—but, as I said,  
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!  
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.  
 Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
 To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:  
 For then she could stand alone<sup>4</sup>; nay, by the rood,  
 She could have run and waddled all about\*.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:  
 And then my husband—God be with his soul!  
 'A was a merry man;—(||)took up the child:  
*Yea, quoth he, (||) dost thou fall upon thy face?*  
*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;*  
*Wilt thou not, Jule †?* and, by my holy-dam,  
 The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay:*  
 To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
 I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule †?*

(||)quoth he:(||)

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

\* Quarto A, *up and down.*

† Quarto A, *Juliet.*

<sup>3</sup> Nay, I do BEAR A BRAIN:] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. So, in *The Country Captain*, by the Duke of Newcastle, 1649, p. 51: "When these wordes of command are rotten, wee will sow some other military 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:

"—— nay an I *bear not a brain* ——."

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — it stinted,] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. So,

(||) *L.A. CAP.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

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

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

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

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

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

*L.A. CAP.* Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of\* :—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition † to be married?

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

\* Quarto A, And that same marriage is the theme I mean to talk of.

† Quarto B, How stand you affected.

Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch, speaking of the wound which Antony received, says: "for the blood *stinted* a little when he was laid."

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

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Again, in *What You Will*, by Marston, 1607:

"Pish! for shame, *stint* thy idle chat."

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

"—— Fane's but a blast that sounds a while,

"And quickly *stints*, and then is quite forgot."

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

The word *hour* seems to have nothing in it that could draw

*NURSE.* An honour! were not I thine only nurse,

I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

(||) *L.A. CAP.* Well<sup>8</sup>, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—(||)

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love\*.

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

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

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

\* Quarto A, Well, girl: the noble countie Paris seeks thee for his wife.

from the Nurse that applause which she immediately bestows. The word *honour* was likely to strike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and discreet word for the occasion. STEEVENS.

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

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

“With passion swells my fervid breast,

“With passion hard to be suppress.”

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

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

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

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



(||) *La. Cap.* What say you<sup>2</sup>? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :  
 Read o'er the volume<sup>3</sup> of young Paris' face,  
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;  
 Examine every married lineament<sup>4</sup>,  
 And see how one another lends content ;  
 And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
 Find written in the margin of his eyes<sup>5</sup>.

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

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

“ Her face the book of praises, where is read  
 “ Nothing but curious pleasures.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Examine every MARRIED lineament, &c.] Thus the quarto 1599. The quarto 1609—*several* lineament. By the former of these phrases Shakspeare means—Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which seems to be implied in the word—*content*. In Troilus and Cressida, he speaks of “ the married calm of states ;” and in his 8th Sonnet has the same allusion :

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

So also, in Ronsard :

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

Again :

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

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

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

So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece :

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
 To beautify him, only lacks a cover<sup>6</sup> :  
 The fish lives in the sea<sup>7</sup> ; and 'tis much pride,  
 For fair without the fair within to hide :  
 That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story<sup>8</sup> ;  
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,  
 By having him, making yourself no less.

*NURSE.* No less ? nay, bigger ; women grow by  
 men.(||)

*L.A. CAP.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love \* ?

\* Quarto A, Well Juliet, how like you of Paris' love.

“ But she, that never cop'd with stranger *eyes*,

“ Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,

“ Nor read the subtle shining secreties,

“ Writ in the glassy *margin* of such *books*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> This precious book of love, this UNBOUND lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a COVER :] This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles. The *unbound* lover, is a quibble on the *binding* of a *book*, and the *binding* in *marriage* ; and the word *cover* is a quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* in law French.

M. MASON.

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

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

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

*Enter a Servant.*

*SERV.* Madam<sup>2</sup>, 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.

(||)*L.A. CAP.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

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

## SCENE IV.

A Street.

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

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

<sup>2</sup> Madam, &c.] Thus in the quarto 1597. "Madam, you are called for; supper is ready; the nurse cursed in the pantry; all things in extremity; make haste, for I must be gone to wait."

BOSWELL.

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

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed:

Or shall we on without apology ?

BEN. The date is out of such prolixity <sup>4</sup> :

“ At thone side of her chair her lover Romeo,  
 “ And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio ;  
 “ A courtier that each where was highly had in price,  
 “ For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device.  
 “ Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,  
 “ Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.  
 “ With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand ;  
 “ A gift he had, that nature gave him in his swathing band  
 “ That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,  
 “ As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did  
 them hold.”

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

“ — This *hand* is moist, my lady ;—

“ This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;

“ *Hot, hot, and moist.*” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> The date is out of such prolixity :] i. e. *Masks* are now out of fashion. That Shakspeare was an enemy to these fooleries, appears from his writing none ; and that his plays discredited such entertainments, is more than probable. WARBURTON.

The diversion going forward at present is not a *masque*, but a *masquerade*. In Henry VIII. where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by 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 beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer ; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions, I believe Romeo is made to allude.

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

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

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

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

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

*ROM.* Give me a torch<sup>1</sup>,—I am not for this am-  
 bling;

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

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup> We'll measure them a MEASURE,] i. e. a dance. MALONE.

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

"—— As on a masque; but for our *torch-bearers*,

"Hell cannot rake so mad a crew as I."

Again, in the same play:

"—— a gallant crew,

"Of courtly maskers landed at the stairs;

"Before whom, 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. See a wooden cut introduced in the notes to the *Winter's Tale*, Act IV. Sc. III.

To hold a torch, however, was anciently no degrading office. Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen-Pensioners attended her to Cam-

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 stokes me to the ground, I cannot move.

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

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

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

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

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

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

\* Quarto A, Believe me, Romeo, I.

bridge, 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 III. Act I. Sc. IV. : MALONE.

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

<sup>3</sup> — so bound,

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

“ ————— in contempt

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

“ Of hill,” &c. *Paradise Lost*, book iv. l. 180. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — SHOULD YOU burden love ;] i. e. by sinking in it, you should, or would, *burden love*. Mr. Heath, on whose suggestion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late edition, entirely misunderstood the passage. Had he attended to the first two lines of Mercutio's next speech, he would have seen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See also the concluding lines of Mercutio's long speech in p. 56. MALONE.

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

[*Putting on a Mask.*

(||)A visor for a visor!—what care I,(||)

What curious eye doth quote deformities<sup>5</sup> ?

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

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

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

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

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase<sup>8</sup>,—

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

“ I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not *quoted* him.”

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

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

“ — bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,

“ Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels,

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

<sup>7</sup> Tickle the senseless RUSHES with their heels ;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. See 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.

<sup>8</sup> — a grandsire phrase, &c.] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following. To hold

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

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

*the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an *idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this:—  
“A good *candle-holder* proves a good gamester.” STEEVENS.

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

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

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

MALONE.

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

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

“— and I am *done*.” This is equivalent to phrases in common use—*I am done* for, *it is over with me*. *Done* is often used in a kindred sense by our author. Thus, in *King Henry VI*. Part III.:

“— my mourning weeds are *done*.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“— as soon decay'd and *done*,

“As in the morning's dew.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

“For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;—and

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

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. “I'll be a candle-holder (says Romeo) and look on.” It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio



If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire <sup>2</sup>  
Of this (save reverence) love <sup>3</sup>, wherein thou stick'st

catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tous les chats son gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And because Romeo had introduced his observations with—

“I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,”

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the constable's own word*: as much as to say, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; 'tis *the constable's own word*; whose custom was, when he summoned his watch, and assigned them their several stations, to give them what the soldiers call, *the word*. But this night-guard being distinguished for their pacifick character, the constable, as an emblem of their harmless disposition, chose that domestick animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial.

WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> If thou art DUN, we'll draw thee from the mire —] A proverbial saying, used by Mr. Thomas Heywood, (Druc,) in his play, intitled *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, Act III.:

“A rope for Bishop Bonner, Clunce run,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is also found among Ray's proverbial similes.

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

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

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

*Dun out of the mire* was the name of a tune, and to this sense

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho \* 4.  
*ROM.* Nay, that's not so.

\* Quarto A, Leave this talk, we burn day-light here.

Mercutio may allude when Romeo declines dancing. Taylor, in *A Navy of Land Ships*, says, “ Nimble-heeled mariners (like so many dancers) capring in the pumpes and vanities of this sinfull world, sometimes a Morisca or Trenchmore of forty miles long, to the tune of Dusty my Deare, Dirty come Thou to Me, *Dun out of the mire*, or I Wayle in Woe and Plunge in Paine: all these dances have no other musicke.” HOLT WHITE.

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

M. MASON.

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

STEEVENS.

We are indebted to Mr. Gifford for a description of the game alluded to. See his note on *A Masque of Christmas*, Gifford's *Jonson*, vol. vii. p. 282. BOSWELL.

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

“ O! save your reverence, love.” JOHNSON.

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

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

“ Works himself clear, and as he runs refines.” STEEVENS.

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

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

MER.

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

\* Quarto A, "We burn our lights by night like lamps by day."  
 Folio and the other quartos, "We waste our lights in vain  
 lights, lights by day."

The printer of the quarto 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

"Or, save *you* reverence, love —"

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

<sup>4</sup> — WE BURN DAY-LIGHT, HO.] To *burn day-light* is a proverbial expression, used when candles, &c. are lighted in the day time. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. I.

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

"And all their strength —"

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

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

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

"—— for our judgment sits

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

The same mistake has happened in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, where we find in all the old copies—"of these *five* the sense," instead of "—these *five*." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I.: "Deck'd with *five* flower-de-luces," instead of—"five," &c. In *Coriolanus*, the only authentick ancient copy has—"the *five* strains of honour," for "the *five* strains of honour." Indeed in the writing of Shakspeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the same manner; we are not to wonder there-

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

MER. Why \*, may one ask ?

ROM. I dreamt a dream to-night.

MER. And so did I.

ROM. Well, what was yours ?

MER. That dreamers often lie.

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

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

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

\* Quarto A, inserts *Romeo*.

fore that ignorant transcribers should have confounded them. In the modern editions these errors have all been properly amended.

Shakspeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much Ado about Nothing*, in *King Lear*, and in one of his *Sonnets*. Again, in the play before us: "Thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy *wits*, than, I am sure, I have in my whole *five*." Mercutio is here also the speaker.

In the first quarto the line stands thus :

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

When the poet altered "*three times*" to "*five times*," he, without doubt, for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word *right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis.

MALONE.

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

Mr. Steevens is not quite accurate. It is to Benvolio, not Romeo, that this speech is given in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

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

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

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the*

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

*fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uses her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her allusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for she not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewise the incubus or night-mare. Shakspeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers; but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*. The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

Warburton reads the *fancy's* midwife. BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> On the fore-finger of an alderman,] The quarto 1597 reads — *of a burgo-master*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himself, as we find it in the succeeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminished its propriety. In the pictures of *burgo-masters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a passage in *The First Part of Henry IV.* we may suppose the citizens, in Shakspeare's time, to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glaphorne, 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.

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

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

“ — I can tear thee

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

“ Like dust before the wind.”

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

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

“ Than in the summer play before the sun.”

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

“ Four nimble gnats the horses were,

“ Their harnesses of gossamere,

“ Fly cranion, her charioteer,

“ Upon the coach-box getting:

“ Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,

“ Which for the colours did excell,

Athwart \* men's noses as they lie asleep :  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
 The traces, (||) of the smallest spider's web ;  
 The collars, (||) of the moonshine's watry beams :  
 Her whip †, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ‡ :  
 (||) Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers. (||)  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'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<sup>2</sup> tainted are.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose §,

\* Folio, *over*.† Quarto A, *The collers*.‡ So quarto A; folio, *man*.

§ A lawyer's lap.

“ The fair Queen Mab becoming well,

“ So lively was the limning :

“ The seat, the soft wool of the bee,

“ The cover (gallantly to see)

“ The wing of a py'd butterfly,

“ I trow, 'twas simple trimming :

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

“ And daintily made for the nonce,

“ For fear of rattling on the stones,

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

Drayton's *Nymphidia* was written several years after this tragedy. See vol. v. p. 206, n. 8. MALONE.

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

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit<sup>1</sup> :  
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

<sup>3</sup> Sometime she gallops o'er a COURTIER'S nose,

And then dreams he of SMELLING OUT A SUIT : &c.] Mr. Pope reads—*lawyer's nose*. STEEVENS.

The old editions have it—*courtier's nose* ; and this undoubtedly is the true reading ; and for these reasons : First, In the new reading there is a repetition in this fine speech ; the same thought having been given in the foregoing line :

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

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

“ On *courtiers'* knees, that dream on court'sies straight : ”

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

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

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

“ On *counties* knees—.”

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

On *counties* knees, that dream on court'sies straight :

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

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice :

And so in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act IV. we find :

“ Princes and *counties*.”

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act III. :

“ A ring the *county* wears.”

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

TYRWHITT.

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

MALONE.

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

Again, Orlando, speaking of himself :

“ Surnam'd Orlando, the *Countie* Palatine.”

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

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

“ And in this sort she gallops up and down

“ Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love :

“ O'er courtiers knees, who strait on cursies dreame :

“ O'er ladies lips, who dream on kisses strait ;

“ Which oft the angrie Mab with blisters plagues,

“ Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

“ Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,

“ And then dreames he of smelling out a suit :

“ And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pigs taile,

“ Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleepe,

“ And then dreames he of another benefice.

“ Sometimes she gallops o'er a souldier's nose,

“ And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,

“ Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,

“ Of healths five fadome deepe,” &c.

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

This whole speech bears a resemblance to Claudian :

“ Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno

“ Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.



Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades<sup>4</sup>,  
 Of healths five fathom deep<sup>5</sup>: and then anon  
 Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;  
 And, (||)being thus frightened, (||)swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that (||)very (||)Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
 And bakes\* the elf-locks<sup>6</sup> in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes †.

\* Quarto A, *plats*. † Quarto A, *breeds*.

“ Venator defessa thoro cum membra reponit,  
 “ Mens tamen ad silvas et sua lustra reddit;  
 “ Furto gaudet amans, permutat navita merces,  
 “ Et vigil elapsas quærit avarus opes.  
 “ Judicibus lites, aurigæ somnia currus,  
 “ Vanaque sollicitis meta cavetur equis.  
 “ Me quoque musarum studium sub nocte silenti  
 “ Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet —.”

In Sextum Consulatum Honorii Augusti Præfatio.

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

“ *Gladius Toletanus*.

“ Unda Tagi non est uno celebranda metallo;  
 “ Utilis in cives est ibi lamina suos.” JOHNSON.

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

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

<sup>5</sup> Of healths five fathom deep;] So, in *Westward Hoc*, 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.

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

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

“ And when I shook these *locks*, now *knotted* all,  
 “ As *bak'd* in blood —.” MALONE.

(||)This is the hag,(||) when maids lie on their backs<sup>7</sup>,  
 (||)That presses them, and learns them first to  
 bear,(||)

Making them women of good carriage<sup>8</sup>.

(§)This, this is she—(||)

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

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

*BEN.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-  
 selves ;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

*ROM.* I fear, too early : for my mind misgives,

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

“ 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.”

So, in Gervase of Tilbury, Dec. I. c. 17 : “ Vidimus quosdam  
 demones 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 plating the manes and elf-locks  
 conclude the speech. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> — of good CARRIAGE.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. I.  
 Sc. II. :

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

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
 Shall bitterly begin \* his fearful date  
 With this night's revels ; and expire † the term  
 Of a despised life <sup>2</sup>, clos'd in my breast,  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death ‡ :  
 But He, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Directs my sail <sup>3</sup>.—On, lusty gentlemen.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V<sup>5</sup>.

A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

1 *SERV.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to

\* Quarto A, Which bitterly begins. † Quarto A, *expires*.

‡ Quarto A, Untimely forfeit of vile death.

<sup>2</sup> — and EXPIRE THE TERM

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

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

So, in Chloris, &c. 1596, Sonnet 23 :

“ The Phœnix fair, which rich Arabia breeds,

“ When wasting time *expires* her tragedy.” MALONE.

Again, in Hubbard's Tale:

“ Now whereas time flying with wings swift,

“ *Expired* had the term,” &c.

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

“ Draw some breath, nor *expire* it all—.” STEEVENS.

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

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

“ Direct my *suit* !” Guide the *sequel* of the adventure.

JOHNSON.

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

STEEVENS.

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

STEEVENS.

take away? he shift a trencher<sup>6</sup>! 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<sup>7</sup>, look to the plate:—good thou,

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

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

REED.

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See *Tempest*, Act II. Sc. II. MALONE.

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

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: “Item, payd for x dosyn of trenchers, xxid.”

STEEVENS.

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

“Place that in the *court-cupboard*.”

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

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

STEEVENS.

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

NICHOLS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Peck's Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. ii. p. 29. GREY.

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

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

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

*Marchpanes* were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. L'Etoile in his description of a magnificent entertainment given at Paris in 1596, says: “— les confitures seiches et *massepanis* y estoient si peu espargnez, que les dames et damoiselles estoient contraintes de s'en decharger sur les pages et les laquais, auxquels

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

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with  
you \* :—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,  
she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?  
You are welcome, gentlemen! (||)I have seen the day,  
That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis  
gone :

You are welcome, gentlemen<sup>1</sup>!—Come, musicians,  
play.

\* So quarto A; folio, will *walke about* with you.

on les bailloit tous entiers." Our *macaroons* are only debased  
and diminutive *marchpanes*. STEEVENS.

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

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

“ ——— without duck or nod

“ Other trippings to be trod

“ Of lighter *toes*.” STEEVENS.

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

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

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*(||)

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

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

“Room! room! a hall! a hall!”

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

“—Then cry, a hall! a hall!”

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

“Cry not, a hall, a hall; but chamber-room;”

“Dancing is lame,” &c.

and numberless other passages. STEEVENS.

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

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

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

“And all payde for,” &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So, in *As You Like It*:

“*Ros.* Me *uncle*?”

“*Duke.* You *cousin*!”

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

2 *CAP.* By'r lady, thirty years.

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

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

2 *CAP.* 'Tis more, 'tis more : his son is elder,  
 sir ;

His son is thirty.

1 *CAP.* Will you tell me that <sup>6</sup> ?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

*ROM.* What lady's that, which doth enrich the  
 hand

Of yonder knight <sup>7</sup> ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Will you tell me that ? it cannot be so :

“ His son was but a ward three years ago ;

“ Good youths, i'faith !—Oh, youth's a jolly thing ! ”

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

STEEVENS.



(||)SERV. I know not, sir.(||)

ROM. O, she doth teach the torches to burn  
bright!

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night <sup>8</sup>

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear <sup>9</sup>:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make happy \* my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night <sup>1</sup>.

TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

\* Folio, *blessed*.

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

Of yonder KNIGHT?] Here is another proof that our author had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the latter we are told—"A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance."

In the poem of Romeus and Juliet, as in the play, her partner is a *knight*:

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> IT SEEMS SHE hangs upon the cheek of night—] Mr. Steevens adopts the reading of the second folio—*Her beauty* hangs upon the cheek of night. BOSWELL.

Shakspeare has the same thought in his 27th Sonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new."

The quartos 1597, 1599, 1609, and the folio 1623, coldly read:

"*It seems she* hangs upon the cheek of night."

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

STEEVENS.

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

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

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

"——— O beauty,

"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

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

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

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

1 *CAP.* Young Romeo is't † ?

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

1 *CAP.* (||)Content thee, gentle coz,(||) let him  
alone,

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

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

1 *CAP.* He shall be endured ;  
What, goodman boy !—I say, he shall ;—Go to ;—  
Am I the master here, or you ? go to.  
You'll not endure him !—God shall mend my  
soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests !  
You will set cock-a-hoop ! you'll be the man !

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

1 *CAP.* Go to, go to,  
You are a saucy boy § :—Is't so, indeed ?—

\* Quarto A, *to mock.*

† Quarto A, *is it not?*

‡ Quarto A, *bear.*

§ Quarto A, *knave.*



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

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

Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;  
 For 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 de-  
 spair<sup>7</sup>.

*JUL.* Saints do not move, though grant for pray-  
 ers' sake\*.

*ROM.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect  
 I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her*<sup>8</sup>.

\* Quarto A, *Saints do not moove though : grant nor praier forsake.*

<sup>6</sup> If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
 This holy shrine, the gentle FINE is this,—  
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, &c.] The old copies read  
*sin.* MALONE.

All profanations are supposed to be expiated either by some meritorious action, or by some penance undergone, and punishment submitted to. So Romeo would here say, If I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips stand ready, as two blushing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a sweet penance. Our poet therefore must have wrote :

— the gentle *fine* is this. WARBURTON.

<sup>7</sup> O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do ;  
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.] Juliet had said before that “palm to palm was holy palmer's kiss.” She afterwards says that “palmers have lips that they must use in prayer.” Romeo replies, *that the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do ?* that is, that they might kiss.

M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> [*KISSING her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from

*JUL.* Then have my lips the sin that they have  
took.

*ROM.* Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

*JUL.* You kiss by the book<sup>9</sup>.

*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;

the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a publick assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In King Henry VIII. he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiss Anne Boleyn, next to whom he sits at the supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> You kiss by the book.] In *As You Like It*, we find it was usual *to quarrel by the book*, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtship*, an example from which it is probable that Rosalind hath adduced.

HENLEY.

Of all men who have loosed themselves on Shakspeare, none is there who so inveigleth me to amorous meditations, as the critick aforesaid. In Antony and Cleopatra he sore vexed and disquieted mine imagination touching the hair and voice of women; in King Lear he hinted at somewhat touching *nouinos*; and lo! now disserteth he on lip-gallantry! But (saith a wag at mine elbow) on the business of kissing, surely Calista's question might be addressed to our commentator—"Is it become an art then? a trick that bookmen can teach us to do over?" I believe, no dissertation, or guide, to this interchange of fondness was ever penned, at least while Shakspeare was alive. All that Juliet means to say is—you kiss methodically; you offer as many reasons for kissing, as could have been found in a treatise professedly written on the subject. When Hamlet observes on the Grave-digger's equivocation—"we must speak by the card," can he be supposed to have had a literal meaning? Without reference to books, however, Juliet betrays little ignorance on the present occasion; but could have said (with Mortimer, in King Henry IV.)—

"I understand thy kisses, and thou mine;

"And that's a feeling disputation." AMNER.

I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,  
Shall have the chinks<sup>1</sup>.

*ROM.* Is she a Capulet \* ?

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

(||) *BEN.* Away, begone ; the sport is at the best.

*ROM.* Ay, so I fear ; the more is my unrest. (||)

I *CAP.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone ;  
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards<sup>2</sup>.—

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

I thank you, honest gentlemen<sup>3</sup> ; good night :—

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

Ah, sirrah, [*To 2 CAP.*] by my fay, it waxes late ;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE.*]

*JUL.* Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman<sup>4</sup> ?

\* Quarto A, *Montague.*

† Quarto A, *thrall.*

<sup>1</sup> — the CHINKS.] Thus the old copies ; for which Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have substituted *chink*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> We have a trifling foolish banquet TOWARDS.] *Towards* is ready, at hand.

So, in Hamlet :

“ What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste

“ Doth make the night joint labourer with the day ? ”

Again, in *The Phoenix*, by Middleton, 1607 : “ — here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all.” STEEVENS.

It appears, from the former part of this scene, that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant, in old times, nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602 :

“ Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner.* ”

Again, in *Howel's Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662 : “ *After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet.* ” MALONE.

It appears, from many circumstances, that our ancestors quitted their eating-rooms as soon as they had dined, and in warm weather retired to buildings constructed in their gardens. These were called *banqueting-houses*, and here their desert was served.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — honest gentlemen ;] Here the quarto 1597, adds :

“ I promise you, but for your company,

“ I would have been in bed an hour ago :

“ Light to my chamber, ho ! ” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Come hither, nurse : What is yon gentleman ?] This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

*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 Petru-  
chio\*.

*JUL.* What's he, that follows there, that would  
not dance ?

*NURSE.* I know not.

*JUL.* Go, ask his name :—if he be married,  
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

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

*JUL.* My only love sprung from my only hate !  
Too early seen unknown, and known too late !  
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*NURSE.* What's this ? what's this ?

*JUL.* A rhyme I learn'd even now  
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET.*

*NURSE.* Anon, anon :—  
Come, let's away ; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter CHORUS*<sup>5</sup>.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,  
And young affection gapes to be his heir ;  
That fair<sup>6</sup>, for which love groan'd for<sup>7</sup>, and would die,  
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

\* Quarto A, That, *as* I think, *is* young Petruchio.

See the poem of Romeus and Juliet :

“ What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the  
door.

“ ——— Yet over again, the young and ugly dame ?

“ And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,

“ That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the windowstand.

“ His name is Romeus, said she, a Montagewe.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *Chorus.*] This Chorus added since the first edition. POPE.

The use of this Chorus is not easily discovered ; it conduces  
nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already  
known, or what the next scene will show ; and relates it without  
adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> That FAIR,] *Fair*, it has been already observed, was formerly

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 :

used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. See vol. 5, p. 136, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — for which love groan'd FOR,] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd *sore*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology ; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. I. : “ *In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance ? ” As *You Like It*, Act II. Sc. VII. : “ — the scene *wher*cin we play *in*.” MALONE.

The instances produced by Mr. Malone, to justify the old and corrupt reading, are not drawn from the quartos, which he judiciously commends, but from the folio, which with equal judgment he has censured. These irregularities, therefore, standing on no surer ground than that of copies published by ignorant players, and printed by careless compositors, I utterly refuse to admit their accumulated jargon as the grammar of Shakspeare, or of the age he lived in.

*Fair*, in the present instance was used as a dissyllable,

Sometimes, our author, as here, uses the same word as a dissyllable and a monosyllable, in the very same line. Thus, in *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. II. :

“ Twelve *years* since, Miranda, twelve *years* since.”

STEEVENS.

The whole of Mr. Steevens's note must have been intended to mislead the reader. The passages which I have cited are certainly drawn from the folio, and not from the quartos, for this very satisfactory reason, that there are no quarto copies of those plays. The word *for*, which Mr. Steevens would here omit, is not found in the quarto 1597, because the chorus is there left out altogether, but it stands on the ground of the quarto 1599, and the first folio. I will show by a few other instances, out of many that I could produce, that the phraseology of the text was that of Shakspeare's time: Thus in Lilly's Prologue at Court, to *Campaspe* : “ So are we enforced *upon* a rough discourse to drawe *on* a smooth excuse.” So, in *Job*, chap. xli. v. 11, Barker's Bible, 1599 ; “ *Out* of his nostrils cometh *out* smoke.” So, in a letter from Lord Burghley to the Earl of Shrewsbury, Jan. 23, 1587-8, Weymouth, MSS. “ I did earnestly *engre* of h̄y, *in* what estate he stood *in* for discharge of his former detts.” So, in another letter from the same to the same, October 26, 1586 : “ *To* the which it is ment that we all should put *to* our names.”

MALONE.



Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear :  
And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where :  
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,  
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*ROM.* Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?  
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

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

*Enter BENVOLIO, and MERCUTIO.*

*BEN.* Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !

*MER.* He is wise ;  
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

*BEN.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard  
wall :

Call, good Mercutio.

*MER.* Nay, I'll conjure too \*.—  
Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !  
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,  
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied ;  
Cry but—Ah me ! pronounce but—love and dove <sup>8</sup> ;

\* This speech in the folio, and quartos A, B, C, is given to Benvolio.

<sup>8</sup> — PRONOUNCE but—love and dove ;] Thus the first quarto, 1597. *Pronounce*, in the quartos of 1599 and 1609, was made *provaunt*.

In the first folio, which appears to have been printed from the

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
 Young Adam Cupid<sup>9</sup>, he that shot so trim\*,  
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid<sup>1</sup>.—

\* So quarto A; folio, *true*.

latter of these copies, the same reading is adopted. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily substituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*; and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provaunt*, as Mr. Steevens has observed, means *provision*; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt, therefore, that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the first quarto.

In this very line—love and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597 was corrupted in the two subsequent quartos and the folio, to—love and *day*; and *heir*, in the next line, corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

The quarto 1597 reads *pronounce*; the two succeeding quartos and the first folio, *provaunt*; the 2d, 3d, and 4th folios, *couply*; and Mr. Rowe, who printed from the last of these, formed the present reading. *Provant*, however, in ancient language, signifies *provision*. So, in “The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, called Joan Cromwell, the Wife of the late Usurper, truly described and represented,” 1664, p. 14: “carrying some dainty *provant* for her own and her daughter’s repast.” *To provant* is to *provide*; and to *provide* is to *furnish*. “*Provant* but love and dove,” may therefore mean, *furnish* but such hackneyed rhymes as these are, the trite effusions of lovers.

Mr. Malone asks for instances of the verb *provant*. When he will produce examples of other verbs (like *reverb*, &c.) peculiar to our author, I may furnish him with the instance he desires. I am content, however, to follow the second folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Young ADAM Cupid.] All the old copies read—*Abraham Cupid*. The alteration was proposed originally by Mr. Upton. See *Observations*, p. 243. It evidently alludes to the famous archer, *Adam Bell*. REED.

<sup>1</sup> When king Cophetua, &c.] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first volume of Dr. Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*:

“Here you may read, Cophetua,  
 “Though long time fancie-fed,  
 “Compelled by the blinded boy  
 “The beggar for to wed.” STEEVENS.

“Young *Adam Cupid*, he that shot so *trim*,  
 “When,” &c. This word *trim*, the first editors, consulting the

He heareth not, (||) he stirreth not<sup>2</sup>, he moveth not ;  
 The ape is dead<sup>3</sup>, and I must conjure him.— (||)  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead<sup>4</sup>, and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

general sense of the passage, and not perceiving the allusion, would naturally alter to *true*; yet the former seems the more humorous expression, and, on account of its quaintness, more likely to have been used by Mercutio. PERCY.

So *trim* is the reading of the oldest copy, and this ingenious conjecture is confirmed by it. In Decker's *Satiromastix*, is a reference to the same archer :

“ — He shoots his bolt but seldom ; but when *Adam* lets go, he hits : ”

“ He shoots at thee too, *Adam Bell* ; and his arrows stick here.”

*Trim* was an epithet formerly in common use. It occurs often in Churchyard's *Siege of Leeth*, 1575 :

“ Made sallies forth, as *tryme* men might do.”

Again, *ibid.* :

“ And showed themselves *trinme* souldiours as I ween.”

STEEVENS.

The ballad here alluded to, is King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid, or, as it is called in some old copies, The Song of a Beggar and a King. The following stanza Shakspeare had particularly in view :

“ The *blinded* boy that *shoots so trim*,

“ From heaven down did he,

“ He drew a dart and shot at him,

“ In place where he did lie.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — he heareth not, stirreth not,] Old copies, unmetrically,—  
*he stirreth not.* STEEVENS.

Is the metre improved by Mr. Steevens's alteration? BOSWELL.

<sup>3</sup> The ape is dead,] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. Nashe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lyly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> By her HIGH forehead,] A *high* forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See *Tempest*, Act. IV. *ad finem*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. Sc. III. MALONE.

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

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

*MER.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
That were some spite: my invocation  
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
I conjure only but to raise up him.

*BEN.* Come, he hath hid himself among those  
trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night<sup>6</sup>:  
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*MER.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone<sup>7</sup>.—

<sup>6</sup> — the HUMOROUS night:] I suppose Shakspeare means *humid*, the moist *dewy* night. Chapman uses the word in that sense in his translation of Homer, b. ii. edit. 1598:

“The other gods and knights at arms slept all the *humorous* night.”

Again, in the 21st book:

“Whence all floods, all the sea, all founts, wells, all deeps  
*humorous*,

“Fetch their beginnings —.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 3:

“Such matter as she takes from the gross *humorous* earth.”

Again, song 13th:

“—— which late the *humorous* night

“Bespangled had with pearl—.”

Again, in his *Barons' Wars*, canto i.:

“The *humorous* fogs deprive us of his light.” STEEVENS.

In *Measure for Measure* we have “the *vaporous* night approaches;” which shows that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> As maids, &c.] After this line, in the old copies, I find two other verses, containing such ribaldry, that I cannot venture to insert them in the text, though I exhibit them here as a proof that the editors of our poet have sometimes known how to blot:

O Romeo that she were, ah that she were  
An open et cætera, thou a poprin pear!

“ O Romeo that she were, ah that she were

“ An open *et cætera*, thou a *poprin* pear!”

This pear is mention in *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638 :  
“ What needed I to have grafted in the stock of such a choke-  
pear, and such a goodly *poprin* as this to escape me? ”

Again, in *A New Wonder, a Woman Never Vexed*, 1632 :

“ ——— I requested him to pull me

“ A Katherine Pear, and, had I not look'd to him,

“ He'd have mistook, and given me a *popperin*.”

In *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by Cyril Turner, 1611, there is much conceit about this pear. I am unable to explain it with certainty, nor does it appear indeed to deserve explanation.

Thus much may safely be said; viz. that our pear might have been of French extraction, as *Poperin* was the name of a parish in the Marches of Calais. So, in Chaucer's *Rime of Sire Thopas*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. 1775, ver. 13,650 :

“ In Flandres, al beyonde the see,

“ At *Popering* in the place.”

In the edition of Messieurs Boydell I have also omitted these offensive lines. Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, that there are higher laws than those of criticism. STEEVENS.

These two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole scenes* of our author; but what is more strange, his example has, in this instance, been followed by the succeeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the stage, an editor, in my apprehension, has no right to omit any passage that is found in all the authentick copies of his author's works. They appear not only in the editions already mentioned, but also in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two subsequent quartos and the folio read, with a slight variation—

“ An open—or thou a poperin pear.”

The unseemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known.

*Poperingue* is a town in French Flanders, two leagues distant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to ascertain. The word was chosen, I believe, merely for the sake of a quibble, which it is not necessary to explain.

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

*BEN.* Go, then ; for 'tis in vain  
 To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

CAPULET'S Garden.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*ROM.* He jests at scars<sup>8</sup>, that never felt a wound.—  
 [*JULIET appears above, at a window.*  
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!  
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—  
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,

\* Quarto A, *trundle*-bed.

Probably for the same reason the Popering tree was preferred to any other by the author of the mock poem of Hero and Leander, small 8vo. 1653 :

“ She thought it strange to see a man  
 “ In privy walk, and then anan  
 “ She stepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,  
 “ And listen'd for some novelty.”

Of the parish of Poperin, or Popering, (as we called it) John Leland the Antiquary was parson, in the time of King Henry the Eighth. By him the Poperin pear may have been introduced into England. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> He jests at scars,] That is, Mercutio jests, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book——

“ None can speake of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt.” STEEVENS.

He (that person) *jest*s, is merely an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosalind, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. This is clear from the conversation he has with Mercutio, just before they go to Capulet's. RITSON.

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:  
 Be not her maid<sup>9</sup>, since she is envious;  
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

(||) It is my lady<sup>1</sup>; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!— (||)

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

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 day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand<sup>2</sup>,

That I might touch that cheek<sup>3</sup>!

*JUL.*

Ah me!

*ROM.*

She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night<sup>4</sup>, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

<sup>9</sup> Be not her maid,] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“By all Diana's *waiting-women* yonder—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> It is my lady, &c;] This line and half I have replaced [from the quarto 1599]. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> O, that I were a glove upon that hand,] This passage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

“Oh that I were a flea upon that lip,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — TOUCH that cheek!] The quarto 1597 reads—*kiss* that cheek. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this NIGHT,] Though all the printed copies

Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing \* clouds<sup>5</sup>,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*JUL.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou  
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name!  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn, my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

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

*JUL.* 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—  
(||) Thou art thyself though, not a Montague<sup>6</sup>. (||)

\* Folio, *lazy-puffing*.

concur in this reading, yet the latter part of the simile seems to require—

As glorious to this *sight*—

and therefore I have ventured to alter the text so. THEOBALD.

I have restored the old reading, for surely the change was unnecessary. The plain sense is, that Juliet appeared as splendid an object in the vault of heaven obscured by darkness, as an angel could seem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

*As glorious to this night*, means *as glorious appearance in this dark night*, &c. It should be observed, however, that the simile agrees precisely with Theobald's alteration, and not so well with the old reading. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — the LAZY-PACING clouds,] Thus corrected from the first edition: in the other, *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

<sup>6</sup> Thou art thyself THOUGH, not a Montague.] For the present punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear sense, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyself*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehension afford.

Thou art, *however*, says Juliet, a being *sui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adversative particle is used without any propriety, or rather makes the passage nonsense.

*Though* is again used by Shakspeare in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. Sc. last, in the same sense:

“My legs are longer *though*, to run away.”

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:



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,

“Would Catharine had never seem him *though*.”

Again, in King Henry VIII.:

“I would not be so sick *though*, for his place.”

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger and Field, 1632:

“Would you have him your husband that you love,

“And can it not be?—He is your servant, *though*,

“And may perform the office of a husband.”

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“—O dissembling woman,

“Whom I must reverence *though*.”

Again, in the last speech of *The Maid's Tragedy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1619:

“Look to him *though*, and bear those bodies in.”

Again, in *Otway's Venice Preserved*:

“I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too.”

Juliet is simply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And, to prove this, she asserts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that house. MALONE.

If this punctuation be right, and the words of the text accurate, we must understand *though* in the sense of *then*, a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson: a sense it is perpetually used in by our ancient poets, and sometimes by our author himself. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“What though he love you, Hermia? Lord! what *though*?”

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“I keep but three men and a boy yet,—but what *though*?”

Again, in *As You Like It*:

“—we have no assembly here but beasts; but what *though*?”

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

“It is a simple one, but what *though*?” RITSON.

7 ——— nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? &c.] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597. being added, it should seem, on a revision. The passage in the first copy stands thus:

“Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:

“What's in a name? That which we call a rose, &c.”

In the copy of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies, the

By any other name<sup>8</sup> would smell as sweet ;  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear\* perfection (||) which (||) he owes,  
 Without that title :—Romeo, doff † thy name ;  
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself<sup>9</sup>.

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

*JUL.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd  
 in night,  
 So 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.

\* Quarto A, *the divine*.

† Quarto A, *part*.

words *nor any other part* were omitted by the oversight of the transcriber or printer, and the lines thus absurdly exhibited :

“ Nor arm nor face, *O be some other name!*

“ *Belonging to a man.*

“ What's in a name, &c.”

*Belonging, &c.* evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does ; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the subsequent line, and carried it to that which preceded. The transposition now made needs no note to support it : the context in this and many other places supercedes all arguments. MALONE.

For the sake of metre, I am willing to suppose our author wrote—

*'Longing to man, &c.*

The same elision occurs in *The Taming of a Shrew*, vol. v. p.472 :

“ Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

“ As *'longeth* to a lover's blessed case.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> By any other NAME —] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies read—By any other *word*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Take all MYSELF.] The elder quarto reads—Take all *I have*.

STEEVENS.

*JUL.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance<sup>1</sup>, yet I know the sound;  
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*ROM.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike\*<sup>2</sup>.

*JUL.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and  
wherefóre?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

*ROM.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch  
these walls<sup>3</sup>;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me<sup>4</sup>.

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

\* Quarto A, *displease*.

<sup>1</sup> MY EARS have not yet DRUNK a hundred words

Of THAT tongue's UTTERANCE,] Thus the quarto 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—of *thy* tongue's uttering. We meet with almost the same words as those here attributed to Romeo, in King Edward III. a tragedy, 1596:

“I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,

“*His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Neither, fair SAINT, if either thee DISLIKE.] Thus the original copy. The subsequent ancient copies read—fair *maid*. “If either thee *dislike*” was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it *pleases* me well. MALONE.

*Dislike* here means *displease*. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> With love's light wings did I O'ER-PERCH THESE WALLS;] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,

“So light he wox, he *leap'd the wall*, and there he spy'd his wife,

“Who in the *window* watch'd the coming of her lord —”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — no LET to me.] i. e. no stop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet*:

“By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.”

Thus the original edition. The subsequent copies read—no *stop* to me. MALONE.

ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords<sup>5</sup>; look thou but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world, they saw thee  
here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their  
sight<sup>6</sup>;  
And, but thou love me, let them find me here<sup>7</sup>:  
My life were better ended by their hate,  
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> — there lies more peril in thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords;] Beaumont and Fletcher have  
copied this thought in *The Maid in the Mill*:

“The lady may command, sir;

“She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — from their SIGHT;] So the first quarto. All the other  
ancient copies have—from their *eyes*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And, BUT thou love me, let them find me here;] And so thou  
do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found  
here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. M. Mason thinks that “*but thou love me,*” means, *unless*  
thou love me; grounding himself, I suppose, on the two subse-  
quent lines. But those contain, in my apprehension, a distinct  
proposition. He first says, that he is content to be discovered, if  
he be but secure of her affection; and then adds, that death from  
the hands of her kinsmen would be preferable to life without her  
love. *But*, however, it must be acknowledged, has often in old  
English the meaning which Mr. M. Mason would affix to it.

MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason is certainly in the right. So, in Antony and  
Cleopatra:

“*But* being charg'd, we will be still by land.”

See Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. X. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Than death PROROGUED, wanting of thy love.] The com-  
mon acceptation of *prorogue*, is to *postpone* to a distant time,  
which is in fact to *delay*. But I believe in this place *prorogued*  
means *continued*; and that Romeo means, in the language of  
lovers, to represent life without her as a continual death;

“Death's life with thee, without thee *death to live*.” M. MASON.

“Than death *prorogued*.” i. e. delayed, deferred to a more  
distant period. So, in Act IV. Sc. I.:

“I hear thou must, and nothing may *prorogue* it,

“On Thursday next be married to this county.” MALONE.

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

*ROM.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire ;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

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

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke ; But farewell compliment <sup>9</sup> !

Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;

And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs <sup>1</sup>. O, gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;

And therefore thou may'st think my haviour \* light :

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange <sup>2</sup>.

\* So quarto A ; folio, *behaviour*.

<sup>9</sup> — farewell compliment !] That is, farewell attention to forms. M. MASON.

<sup>1</sup> — at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs.] This, although originally from Ovid, may have been caught by our poet from Greene's *Metamorphosis* : "What ! Eriphila, Jove laughs at the perjurie of lovers."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — CUNNING to be strange.] *Cunning* is the reading of the quarto 1597, and I have restored it.

*To be strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. So, in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593 : "Is it the fashion in Padua to be so *strange* with your friends ?"

I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,  
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*ROM.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops<sup>2</sup>,—

*JUL.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant  
 moon

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*ROM.* What shall I swear by ?

*JUL.* Do not swear at all \* ;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious † self,  
 Which is the god of my idolatry,  
 And I'll believe thee.

*ROM.* If my heart's dear love— ‡

*JUL.* Well, do not swear § : although I joy in thee,  
 I have no joy of this contract to-night :  
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;  
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
 Ere one can say—It lightens<sup>3</sup>. Sweet, good night<sup>4</sup> !

\* Quarto A, *Rom.* Now by— *Jul.* Nay doe not swear at all.

† Quarto A, *glorious.* ‡ Quarto A, *true heart's love.*

§ Quarto A, *swear not at all.*

Again, in one of the Paston Letters, vol. iii. p. 327 : “ I pray  
 ye that ye be not *strange* of writing of letters to me.” STEEVENS.

In the subsequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—  
*coying.* MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — MOON —

That TIPS WITH SILVER all these fruit-tree tops,] This image  
 struck Pope :

“ The moon-beam trembling falls,

“ And tips with silver all the walls.” *Imit. of Horace.*

Again, in the celebrated simile on the moon at the conclusion  
 of the eighth book of the Iliad :

“ And tips with silver ev'ry mountain's head.”

HOLT WHITE.

<sup>3</sup> Ere one can say—It lightens.] So, in The Miracles of Moses,  
 by Drayton :

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

*ROM.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

*JUL.* What satisfaction canst thou have to-night<sup>5</sup>?

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

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

*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,

“ — lightning ceaselessly to burn,

“ Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,

“ And being gone, doth suddenly return

“ *Ere you could say precisely what it was.*”

The same thought occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moses* was first printed in quarto, in 1604, several years after *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — Sweet, good night!] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night!* [for which the quarto 1597 reads—*I hear some coming*] to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the first copy. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?] Here Juliet seemeth as if she meant to promise (i. e. as much as in her lieth) to afford Romeo, in some future instance, that satisfaction which he cannot receive while they remain at their present distance from each other. AMNER.

Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*JUL.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,  
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable <sup>6</sup>,  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the  
rite ;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world :

(||) *NURSE.* [*Within.*] Madam.

*JUL.* I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not  
well,

I do beseech thee,—

*NURSE.* [*Within.*] Madam.

*JUL.* By and by, I come :—

To cease thy suit <sup>7</sup>, and leave me to my grief :

To-morrow will I send.

*ROM.* So thrive my soul,—

<sup>6</sup> If that thy BENT of love be honourable, &c.] In The Tragical Hystory already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions :

“ ——— if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,  
“ If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your desire hath found,

“ Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,

“ The quarrel eke that long ago between our houtholds grew,

“ *Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,*

“ And following you whereso you go, my father's house forsake :

“ But if by wanton love and by unlawful *suit*

“ You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,

“ You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you *besecks,*

“ To cease your *suit*, and suffer her to live among her likes.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> To cease thy *SUIT*,] So the quarto 1597. The two subsequent quartos and the folio have—thy *strife*. MALONE.



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

*ROM.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy  
light.—(||)

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their  
books ;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
[Retiring slowly.

*Re-enter JULIET, above.*

*JUL.* Hist ! Romeo, hist !—O, for a falconer's  
voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again <sup>8</sup> !

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;

<sup>8</sup> To lure this TASSEL-GENTLE back again !] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *gosshawk* ; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In *The Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turberville, Gent. printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Massinger :

“ — then, for an evening flight,

“ A *tiercel-gentle*.”

Taylor the water poet uses the same expression : “ — By casting out the lure, she makes the *tassel-gentle* come to her fist.”

Again, in *Spenser's 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.

Else would I tear the cave<sup>9</sup> where echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*ROM.* It is my soul \*, that calls upon my name :  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
(||) Like softest musick to attending ears ! (||)

*JUL.* Romeo !

*ROM.* Madam<sup>1</sup> !

*JUL.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send (||) to thee ? (||)

*ROM.* At the hour of nine.

*JUL.* I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

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

*JUL.* I shall forget to have thee still stand there,  
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

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

\* Quartos C, D, *love*.

<sup>9</sup> — TEAR the CAVE—] This strong expression is more suitably employed by Milton :

“ A shout that *tore* hell's *concave* —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

As I shall always suppose the second folio to have been corrected, in many places, by the aid of better copies than fell into the hands of the editors of the preceding volume, I have in the present instance, as well as many others, followed the authority rejected by Mr. Malone.

I must add, that the cold, distant, and formal appellation—*Madam*, which has been already put into the mouth of the Nurse, would but ill accord with the more familiar feelings of the ardent Romeo, to whom Juliet has just promised every gratification that youth and beauty could bestow. STEEVENS.

*JUL.* 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :

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

*ROM.* I would, I were thy bird.

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

[*Exit.*

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

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest † !  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell<sup>2</sup>. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

#### Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.*

*FRI.* The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
night<sup>3</sup>,

\* Quarto A, *Too loving.*

† Quarto A, *I would that I were sleep and peace of sweet to rest.*

<sup>2</sup> Hence will I to my GHOSTLY FATHER'S cell ;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.] Thus the quarto 1597, except that it has *good* instead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read :

“ Hence will I to my ghostly *frier's* close cell,

“ His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> The grey-ey'd morn, &c.] These four lines are here replaced, conformable to the first edition, where such a description is much

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;  
 And flecked darkness <sup>4</sup> like a drunkard reels  
 From forth day's path and Titan's fry wheels <sup>5</sup> :

more proper than in the mouth of Romeo just before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his mistress. POPE.

In the folio these lines are printed twice over, and given once to Romeo, and once to the Friar. JOHNSON.

The same mistake has likewise happened in the quartos 1599, 1609, and 1637. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> And FLECKED darkness—] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. In this sense it is used by Churchyard, in his Legend of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Mowbray, speaking of the Germans, says :

“ All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,  
 “ They swear, they curse, and drink till they be *fleck'd*.”

Lord Surrey uses the same word in his translation of the 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. *fleokit*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> From forth day's path and Titan's fry wheels :] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—*burning* wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the second folio :

“ From forth day's *path-way made* by Titan's wheels.”

MALONE.

Here again I have followed this reprobated second folio. It is easy to understand how darkness might reel “ from *forth* day's path-way,” &c. But what is meant by—*forth* “ Titan's fry wheels ? ” A man may stagger *out* of a path, but not *out* of a wheel.

So, in Jocasta's address to the sun in the ΦΟΙΝΙΣΣΑΙ of Euripides :

Ω τὴν ἐν ἀστροῖς οὐρανοῦ ΤΕΜΝΩΝ ΟΔΩΝ.

STEEVENS.

These lines are thus quoted in England's Parnassus, or the Choysest Flowers of our Modern Poets, &c. 1600 :

“ The gray-eyde morne smiles on the frowning night,  
 “ *Cheering* the easterne cloudes with *streames* of light ;  
 “ And *darknesse flected*, like a drunkard reeles  
 “ From forth daye's *path-way made* by Titan's wheels.”

So that the various reading in the last line does not originate

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
 The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
 I must up-fill this osier cage of ours<sup>6</sup>,  
 With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers<sup>7</sup>.

in an arbitrary alteration by the editor of the second folio, as the ingenious commentator supposes. HOLT WHITE.

It is common with our author to form the latter part of his sentence as if the first part had been differently constructed. So in Othello, Act I. Sc. I.:

“As when by night and negligence, the fire

“Is spied in populous cities.”

See notes on that passage. England's Parnassus is no authority, as it abounds with blunders. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:

“O opportunity——

“'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at *law*, at reason.”

which is thus given in England's Parnassus, p. 222:

“'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at *lawiers* reason.”

MALONE.

I see no difficulty: *forth* is *away from*. An amusing list might be made out of the errors in England's Parnassus. One of the most ludicrous is in a quotation from Fairfax's Tasso, where he is describing a furious bull:

“And with his foot kicks up *the sand* on high:”

which that miscellany thus exhibits:

“And with his foot kicks up *his hand* on high.” BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> I must up-fill this osier cage of ours, &c.] So, in the 15th Song of Drayton's Polyolbion:

“His happy time he spends the works of God to see,

“In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow,

“Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to know.

“And in a little *maund*, being made of *oziers* small,

“Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,

“He very choieely sorts his simples got abroad.”

Drayton is speaking of a hermit. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — and precious-juiced flowers.] Shakspeare, on his introduction of Friar Laurence, has very artificially prepared us for the part he is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early discovered him to be a chemist, we are not surprized when we find him furnishing the draught which produces the catastrophe of the piece. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

In the passage before us Shakspeare had the poem in his thoughts:

“But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been;—

“What force the *stones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to work,

(||) The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb <sup>8</sup> ;  
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb :  
 And from her womb children of divers kind  
 We sucking on her natural bosom find ;  
 Many for many virtues excellent,  
 None but for some, and yet all different. (||)  
 O, mickle is the powerful grace <sup>9</sup>, that lies  
 In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities :  
 For nought so vile that on the earth doth live <sup>1</sup>  
 But to the earth <sup>2</sup> some special good doth give ;  
 Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse \* :  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this small flower <sup>3</sup>  
 Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :  
 For this, being smelt, with that part <sup>4</sup> cheers each  
 part ;

\* Quarto A, *Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse.*

“ And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk,  
 “ With care I have sought out, with pain I did them prove.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb :]

“ Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum.”

*Lucretius.*

“ The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.”

*Milton.* STEEVENS.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ — Time's the king of men,

“ For he's their parent, and he is their grave.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — powerful grace,] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,] The quarto 1597 reads—

“ For nought so vile that *vile* on earth doth live.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — to the earth —] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — of this small flower —] So the quarto 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — with that part —] i. e. with the part which smells ; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still  
 In man <sup>5</sup> as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;  
 And, where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant <sup>6</sup>.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*ROM.* Good morrow, father \*!

*FRI.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so soon † saluteth me?—  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth  
 reign <sup>7</sup>:

\* Quarto A, *Good morrow to my ghostly confessor.*

† Quarto B, and the rest, *sweet.*

<sup>5</sup> Two such opposed FOES ENCAMP them still

In man —] *Foes* is the reading of the oldest copy; *kings* of that in 1609. Shakspeare might have remembered the following passage in the old play of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

“Peace hath three *foes 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.

<sup>6</sup> Full soon the CANKER DEATH EATS UP that plant.] So, in our author's 99th Sonnet:

“A vengeful *canker eat* him up to death.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — with unstuff'd brain, &c.] The copy 1597 reads:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'ature ;  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*ROM.* That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

*FRI.* God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

*ROM.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;  
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*FRI.* That's my good son : But where hast thou been then ?

*ROM.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy ;  
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physick lies <sup>s</sup> :  
 I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*FRI.* Be plain, good son, and homely \* in thy drift ;  
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*ROM.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set  
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;  
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
 By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,  
 That thou consent to marry us this day.

\* Quarto B, *rest homely.*

“ — with unstuff'd brains

“ Doth couch his limmes, there golden sleepe remaines.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — both our REMEDIES

Within thy help and holy physick LIES :] This is one of the passages in which our author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme.

M. MASON.

See Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. III. MALONE.



*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 yet:  
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine ‡,  
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence  
 then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*ROM.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*FRI.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

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

*FRI.* Not in a grave,  
 To lay one in, another out to have.

*ROM.* I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love  
 now §,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;  
 The other did not so.

*FRI.* O, she knew well,  
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell<sup>9</sup>.  
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

\* Quarto A, *of love.*

† Quarto B, *Thy groans yet ringing in my ancient ears.*

‡ Quarto A, *If ever thou wert thus, and these woes thine.*

§ Quarto A, *I pray thee, chide me not; her I love now.*

<sup>9</sup> — AND could not spell.] Thus the quarto 1597. The subsequent ancient copies all have—

“Thy love did read by rote that could not spell.”

I mention these minute variations only to show, what I have so often urged, the very high value of first editions. MALONE.

For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love <sup>1</sup>.

*ROM.* O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste <sup>2</sup>.

*FRI.* Wisely, and slow ; They stumble, that run  
fast. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

A Street.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*MER.* Where the devil should this Romeo be \*?—  
Came he not home to-night ?

*BEN.* Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

*MER.* Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*BEN.* Tybalt, the kinsmen of old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*MER.* A challenge, on my life.

*BEN.* Romeo will answer it.

*MER.* Any man, that can write, may answer a  
letter.

*BEN.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how  
he dares, being dared.

*MER.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead !  
stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot thro-  
rough the ear with a love-song ; the very pin of his  
heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft <sup>3</sup> ;  
And is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

\* Quarto A, *Why, what's become of Romeo.*

<sup>1</sup> The two following lines were added since the first copy of this play. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — I stand on SUDDEN HASTE.] i. e. it is of the utmost consequence for me to be hasty. So, in King Richard III. :

“ — it stands me much upon,

“ To stop all hopes,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — the very PIN of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's BUTT-shaft ;] So, in Love's Labour's Lost :

BEN. Why, what is Tybalt ?

MER. More than prince of cats <sup>4</sup>, I can tell you.  
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments <sup>6</sup>.  
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance,  
and proportion <sup>7</sup>; rests me his *minim* rest <sup>8</sup>,

“ Then she will get the upshot, by *cleaving* of the *pin*.”

See note on the word—*pin*, vol. iv. p. 351. A *butt*-shaft was the kind of arrow used in shooting at *butts*. STEEVENS.

The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657 :

“ They have shot two arrows without heads,

“ They cannot stick i' the but yet : hold out, knight,

“ And I'll *cleave* the black *pin* i' the midst of the *white*.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590 :

“ For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,

“ Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to *cleave*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> More than prince of cats,] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the story-book of Reynard the Fox. WARBURTON

So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 :

“ — tho' you were *Tybert*, the long-tail'd prince of cats.”

Again, in *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1598 :

“ — not *Tibalt* prince of *cats*,” &c. STEEVENS.

It appears to me that these speeches are improperly divided, and that they ought to run thus :

“ *Ben*. Why, what is Tybalt more than prince of cats ?

“ *Mer*. O, he's the courageous captain of compliments,” &c.

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — I can tell you.] So the first quarto. These words are omitted in all the subsequent ancient copies. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — courageous captain of compliments.] A complete master of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

“ A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

“ Have chose as umpire ;”

says our author, of Don Armado, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — keeps time, distance, and proportion ;] So Ben Jonson's *Bobadil* :

“ Note your *distance*, keep your due *proportion of time*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — his *MINIM* rest,] A *minim* is a note of slow time in musick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button<sup>9</sup>, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause<sup>1</sup>: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay<sup>2</sup>!—

BEN. The what?

MER. The pox of such antick, lispings, affecting fantasticoes<sup>3</sup>; these new tuners of accents!—By

<sup>9</sup> — 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.

<sup>1</sup> — a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause:] i. e. one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See a note on *As You Like It*, Act V. Sc. VI. WARBURTON.

Tybalt cannot pretend to be at the head of his family, as both Capulet and Romeo barred his claim to that elevation. “A gentleman of the *first house*;—of the *first and second cause*,” is a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.—The Clown, in *As You Like It*, talks of the *seventh cause* in the same sense. STEEVENS.

We find the first of these expressions in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*:

“—— a gentleman's gone then;

“*A gentleman of the first house*; there's the end of't.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the hay!] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *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.

<sup>3</sup> — 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.

*Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire<sup>4</sup>, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-moy's*\*<sup>5</sup>, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench<sup>6</sup>? O, their *bons*, their *bons*<sup>7</sup>!

\* Quarto A, *pardon-mees*; quarto B and folio, *pardons-mees*.

*Fantasticoes* is the reading of the first quarto, 1597; all the subsequent *ancient* copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phanta-cies*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire,] Humorously apostrophising his ancestors, whose sober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

<sup>5</sup> — these PARDONNEZ-MOY'S,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or hesitation among men of the sword, when the point of honour was grown so delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — stand so much on the NEW FORM, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?] This conceit is lost, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I. Sc. I.: “—sitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put 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, N<sup>o</sup>. 17; also a note of Mr. 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.

<sup>7</sup> O, their BONS, their BONS!] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing those Frenchified fantastical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moi's*: and therefore, I suspect here he meant to write French too.

“O, their *bon's*! their *bon's*!”

i. e. how ridiculous they make themselves in crying out, *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle; as he had just described them before:

“—— a very good blade!” &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones*! Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in *Greene's Tu Quoc*—

*Enter ROMEO.*

*BEN.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*MER.* Without his roe, like a dried herring ;—  
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !—Now is he  
for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura, to  
his lady, was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry, she  
had a better love to be-rhyme her : Dido, a dowdy ;  
Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, hildings and  
harlots ; Thisbé, a grey eye or so <sup>8</sup>, but not to the

que, 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.

<sup>8</sup> — Thisbé, a GREY eye or so,] He means to allow that Thisbé had a very fine eye : for from various passages it appears that a grey eye was in our author's time thought eminently beautiful. This may seem strange to those who are not conversant with ancient phraseology ; but a *grey eye* undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue eye*. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth,”—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very same poem the eyes of *Venus* are termed *grey* :

“ Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd

“ Under these windows : white and *azure* lac'd ;

“ With *blue* of heaven's own tinct.”

In *Twelfth Night*, *Olivia* says, “ I will give out divers schedules of my *beauty* ;—as *item*, two lips, indifferent red ; *item*, two *grey* eyes, with lids to them,” &c. So *Julia*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, speaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, says—

“ Her eyes are *grey* as glass, and so are mine.”

And *Chaucer* has the same comparison :

“ — hire eyes *gray* as *glas*.”

This comparison proves decisively what I have asserted ; for clear and transparent glass is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure. MALONE.

If *grey* eyes signified *blue* eyes, how happened it that our author, in *The Tempest*, Act I. Sc. I. should have styled *Sycorax* a—*blue-eyed* hag, instead of a *grey-eyed* one? See, also, *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop<sup>9</sup>. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

*ROM.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*MER.* The slip, sir, the slip<sup>1</sup>; Can you not conceive?

*ROM.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

In Barret's Alvearie, *graie* is translated *cæsius, glaucus*. The two quotations I have given from Venus and Adonis, where the same goddess is represented as having both *grey* and *blue* eyes, put the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — your French SLOP.] *Stops* are large loose *breeches* or *trowsers*, worn at present only by sailors. STEEVENS.

See vol. iv. p. 367. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> What COUNTERFEIT, &c.?

*Mer.* The SLIP, sir, the SLIP;] To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. This will appear in the following instances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*." *Thieves falling out, True Men come by their Goods*, by Robert Greene. Again:

"I had like t' have been

"Abus'd i' the business, had the *slip* slur'd on me,

"A *counterfeit*." *Magnetick Lady*, Act III. Sc. VI.

Other instances may be seen in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. v. p. 396, edit. 1750. REED.

Again, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of epigrams, satires, &c. 1598:

"Is not he fond then which a *slip* receives

"For current money? She which thee deceaves

"With copper guilt, is but a *slip* —."

It appears from a passage in Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. I.* no date, that a *slip* was "a piece of money which was then fallen to three halfpence, and they called them *slippes*." P. 281.

STEEVENS.

The *slip* is again used equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"*Clown.* "Because you shall be sure on't, you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you the *slip* for it. [*Exit.*]"

MALONE.

*MER.* That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*ROM.* Meaning—to court'sy.

*MER.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*ROM.* A most courteous exposition.

*MER.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy<sup>2</sup>.

*ROM.* Pink for flower.

*MER.* Right.

*ROM.* Why, then is my pump well flowered<sup>3</sup>.

*MER.* Well said<sup>4</sup>: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

*ROM.* O single-soled jest<sup>5</sup>, solely singular for the singleness!

<sup>2</sup> — PINK of courtesy.] This appears to have been an ancient formulary mode of encomium: for in a ballad written in the time of Edward II. (MS. Harl. No. 2253,) we have the following lines:

“Heo is *lilie* of largesse,

“Heo is *paruenke* of prouesse,

“Heo is *solsecle* of suetnesse,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — then is my pump well flowered.] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures.

JOHNSON.

See the shoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the conclusion of The First Part of King Henry IV. with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. So, in The Masque of Flowers, acted by the Gentlemen of Gray's-Inn, 1614:—“Every masker's *pump* was fasten'd with a *flower* suitable to his cap.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Well said:] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I suppose, was—*Sheer* wit! follow, &c. and this corruption may serve to justify an emendation that I have proposed in a passage in Antony and Cleopatra, Act II. Sc. V. where I am confident *sure* was a printer's blunder. MALONE.

By *sure wit* might be meant, wit that hits its mark.

STEEVENS.



*MER.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail <sup>6</sup>.

*ROM.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*MER.* Nay, if thy\* wits run the wild-goose chace, I have † done <sup>7</sup>; for thou hast more of the

\* So quarto A; the rest, *our*.

† So quarto A; the rest, *am*.

<sup>5</sup> O SINGLE-SOLED jest,] This epithet is here used equivocally. It formerly signified *mean* or *contemptible*: and that is one of the senses in which it is used here. So, in Holinshed's Description of Ireland, p. 23: "which was not unlikely, considering that a *meane* tower might serve such *single-soale* kings as were at those daies in Ireland." MALONE.

"O *single-soled* jest," i. e. slight, unsolid, feeble. This compound epithet occurs likewise in Hall's second book of Satires:

"And scorne contempt it selfe that doth excite

"Each *single-sold* squire to set you at so *light*."

Again, in Decker's Wonderful Yeaere, 1603, we meet with "a *single-sole* fidler."

Again, in A Short Relation of a Long Journey, &c. by Taylor, the water-poet: "There was also a *single soal'd* gentle-woman, of the last edition, who would vouchsafe me not one poor glance of her eye-beams," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — my WITS FAIL.] Thus the quarto 1597. The quarto 1599, and the folio—my wits *faints*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — if thy wits run the WILD-GOOSE CHACE, I have done;] One kind of horse-race, which resembled the flight of *wild-geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other, won the race. See more concerning this diversion in Chambers's Dictionary, last edition, under the article CHACE.

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.

wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

*ROM.* Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

*MER.* I will bite thee by the ear<sup>8</sup> for that jest.

*ROM.* Nay, good goose, bite not<sup>9</sup>.

*MER.* Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting<sup>1</sup>; it is a most sharp sauce.

*ROM.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

*MER.* O, here's a wit of cheverel<sup>2</sup>, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

*ROM.* I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> I will BITE THEE BY THE EAR —] So, Sir Epicure Mammon to Face, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:

“Slave, I could *bite thine ear*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — good goose, bite not.] Is a proverbial expression, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is used in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — a very bitter SWEETING:] A bitter *sweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“— as well crabs as *sweetings* for his summer fruits.”

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

“— what, in displeasure gone!

“And left me such a *bitter sweet* to gnaw upon?”

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. viii. fol. 174, b:

“For all such tyme of love is lore,

“And like unto the *bitter swete*;

“For though it thinke a man fyrst swete,

“He shall well felen at laste

“That it is sower,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — a wit of CHEVEREL,] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Maids of More-Clack*, 1609:

“Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,

“Not *cheveril* stretching to such profanation.”

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

“A *cheverell* conscience, and a searching wit.” STEEVENS.

*Cheveril* is from chevreuil, *roebuck*. MUSGRAVE.

*MER.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole<sup>4</sup>.

*BEN.* Stop there, stop there.

*MER.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair<sup>5</sup>.

*BEN.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

*MER.* O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*ROM.* Here's goodly geer!

*Enter NURSE and PETER.*

*MER.* A sail, a sail<sup>6</sup>, a sail!

*BEN.* Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

*NURSE.* Peter!

<sup>3</sup> — proves thee far and wide A BROAD goose.] To afford some meaning to this poor but intended witticism, Dr. Farmer would read—"proves thee far and wide *abroad*, goose." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — to hide his BAUBLE in a hole.] It has been already observed by Sir J. Hawkins, in a note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV. Sc. V. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester. So again, in Sir William D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629: "For such rich widows there love *court fools*, and use to play with their *baubles*."

Again, in *The Longer Thou Livest, the More Fool Thou Art*, 1570:

"And as stark an idiot as ever bare *bauble*."

See the plate at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — against the hair.] *A contrepoil*: Fr. An expression equivalent to one which we now use—"against the grain."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Mer.* A sail, a sail,] Thus the quarto 1597. In the subsequent ancient copies these words are erroneously given to Romeo, and the next speech to Benvolio. MALONE.

PETER. Anon ?

NURSE. My fan, Peter <sup>8</sup>.

MER. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face ;  
for her fan's the fairer of the two \*.

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den <sup>9</sup>, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den ?

MER. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy  
hand of the dial <sup>1</sup> is now upon the prick of noon <sup>2</sup>.

\* So quarto A ; the rest, *fairer face*.

<sup>8</sup> My fan, Peter.] The business of Peter carrying the *Nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners ; but I find such was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet called *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 1598, we are informed, "The mistress must have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*."

FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

"To see him walk before a lady, and to *bear her fan*."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* ; "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-usher, &c. who can hide his face with *her fan*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> God ye good den,] i. e. God give you a good even. The first of these contractions is common among the ancient comick writers. So, in *R. Brome's Northern Lass*, 1633 :

"*God you good even*, sir." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — hand of the dial, &c.] In *The Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a similar expression : "— the feskewe of the diall is upon the chrisse-crosse of noon."

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — the PRICK OF NOON.] I marvel much that mine associates in the task of expounding the darker phrases of Shakspeare, should have overlooked this, which also hath already occurred in *King Henry VI. P. III. Act I. Sc. IV* :

"And made an evening at the *noon-tide prick*."

*Prick* meaneth *point*, i. e. *punctum*, a note of distinction in writing, a stop. So, in *Timothy Bright's Characterie*, or an *Arte of Shorte*, &c. *Writing by Characters*, 12mo. 1588 : "If the worde, by reason of tence ende in ed, as I loved, then make a *prick* in the character of the word, on the left side." Again : "The present tence wanteth a *pricke*, and so is knowen from other tences."—Again : "A worde of doing, that endeth in ing, as eating, drinking, &c. requireth two *priches* under the bodie of the character," &c. AMNER.

*NURSE.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*ROM.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

*NURSE.* By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*ROM.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you 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<sup>3</sup>; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar<sup>4</sup>,  
And an old hare hoar,*

\* Quarto A, conference.

<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>4</sup> An old hare HOAR,] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often used for *mouldy*, as things grow white from moulding. So, in Pierce Pennyless'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.

*Is very good meat in lent :  
But a hare that is hoar,  
Is too much for a score,  
When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady<sup>5</sup>.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

NURSE. Marry, farewell<sup>6</sup>!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this<sup>7</sup>, that was so full of his ropery<sup>8</sup>?

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk: and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

These lines appear to have been part of an old song. In the quarto 1597, we have here this stage direction; "*He walks by them, [i. e. the Nurse and Peter,] and sings.*" MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — lady, lady, lady.] The burthen of an old song. See *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Marry, farewell!] These words I have recovered from the quarto 1597. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — what saucy MERCHANT was this, &c.] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. So, in *Churchyard's Chance*, 1580:

"What *sausie marchant* speaketh now, saied Venus in her rage."

The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. STEEVENS.

So, in *Henry VI. P. I. Act II. Sc. III.*

"This is a riddling *merchant* for the nonce." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — of his ROPERY? *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleasant and full of thy *roperye*."

*Rope-tricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

See vol. v. p. 401. MALONE.

*NURSE.* An 'a speak \* any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates<sup>9</sup>:—And thou 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

\* Quarto A, *If he stand to.*

† Quarto A, *If I see time and place.*

<sup>9</sup> — none of his SKAINS-mates.] *None of his skains-mates* means, I apprehend, *none of his cut-throat companions.* MALONE.

A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains-mates* the Nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

The word is used in the old tragedy of Soliman and Perseda, 1599:

“Against the light-foot Irish have I serv'd,  
“And in my skin bare tokens of their *skeins*.”

Again, in the comedy called *Lingua*, &c. 1607. At the opening of the piece *Lingua* is represented as apparelled in a particular manner, and among other things—having “a little *skene* tied in a purple scarf.”

Green, in his *Quip* for an Upstart Courtier, describes, “an ill-favoured knave, who wore by his side a *skeine* like a brewer's bung-knife.”

*Skein* is the Irish word for a *knife*.

Again, in *The Merry Devil* of Edmonton, 1608:

“— with this frantick and untamed passion,  
“To whet their *skeins*.”

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. v. ch. xxvi.:

“And hidden *skeines* from underneath their forged garments  
drew.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of Homer's Hymn to Apollo:

“— Let every man purvey  
“A *skeane*, or slaughtering steel,” &c

Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes the Nurse uses *skains-mates* for *kins-mates*, and *ropery* for *roguey*. STEEVENS.

every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave \* !— Pray you, sir, a word : and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out ; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself ; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say<sup>1</sup>, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

*ROM.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

*NURSE.* Good heart ! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much : Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

*ROM.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse ? thou dost not mark me.

*NURSE.* I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest<sup>2</sup> ; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*ROM.* Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon ;  
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell

\* Quarto A, *Jack.*

† Quarto A, *Bid her get leave to-morrow morning  
To come to shrift to Frier Laurence cell.*

<sup>1</sup> —if ye should lead her into A FOOL'S PARADISE, as they say,] So, in A Handful of Pleasant Delightes, containing sundry new Sonets, &c. 1584 :

“ When they see they may her win,

“ They leave then where they did begin :

“ They prate, and make the matter nice,

“ And leave her *in fooles paradise.*”

So, in Barnabe Rich's Farewell : “ Knowing the fashion of you men to be such, as by praisynge our beautie, you think to bring us into a *fooles paradise.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — protest ;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comick to Shakspeare's audience, is not at present to be determined. The use of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of Sir Giles Goosecap, 1606 :

“ There is not the best duke's son in France dares say, *I protest*, till he be one and thirty years old at least ; for the inheritance of that word is not to be possessed before.” See Donne's fourth Satire. STEEVENS.



(||) Be shriv'd, and married. (||) Here is for thy pains<sup>3</sup>.

*NURSE.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*ROM.* Go to; I say, you shall.

(||) *NURSE.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. (||)

*ROM.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair<sup>4</sup>;  
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy<sup>5</sup>  
Must be my convoy\* in the secret night.  
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.  
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

(||) *NURSE.* Now God in heaven bless thee!—  
Hark you, sir.

*ROM.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*NURSE.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—

\* Quarto A, *conduct*.

<sup>3</sup> — Here is for thy pains.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,

“And gave them her;—a slight reward, quoth he; and so adieu.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — like a tackled stair;] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. JOHNSON.

*A stair*, for a *flight of stairs*, is still the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — TOP-GALLANT of my joy —] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship.

So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge against Murder*, b. i. Hist. iv.: “— which so spread the sails of his ambition, and hoysted his fame from top to *top-gallant*, that,” &c.

The expression is common to many writers; among the rest, to Markham, in his *English Arcadia*, 1607:

“— beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour.”

Again, in Eliosto Libidinoso, 1606:

“— that, vailing *top-gallant*, she return'd,” &c.

STEEVENS.

*Top-gallant* masts are small masts fixed to the heads of the main and fore top-masts. *Kersey's Dict.* MALONE.

Two may keep counsel, putting one away<sup>6</sup>?

ROM. I warrant thee<sup>7</sup>; my man's as true as steel.

NURSE. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing<sup>8</sup>,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter<sup>9</sup>?

<sup>6</sup> Two may keep counsel, &c.] This proverb, with a slight variation, has been introduced in Titus Andronicus. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> I warrant thee;] *I*, which is not in the quartos or first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—LORD, LORD!—when 'twas a little PRATING thing,—] So, in the Poem:

“And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to tell,

“A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young;

“*Lord*, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue,”  
&c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's Rhomeo and Julietta.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Doth not ROSEMARY and Romeo begin both with a letter?] By this question the Nurse means to insinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Rosemary being conceived to have the power of strengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reason probably,) was worn at weddings. So, in a Handfull of Pleasant Delites, &c. 1584:

“*Rosemary* is for *remembrance*,

“Betweene us daie and night,

“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

*ROM.* Ay, nurse ; What of that ? both with an R.

*NURSE.* Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No ; I know it begins with some other letter<sup>1</sup> : and she hath the prettiest senten-

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.

<sup>1</sup> *Nurse.* Ah, mocker ! that's the dog's name, &c.] It is a little mortifying, that the sense of this odd stuff, when found, should not be worth the pains of retrieving it :

" — spissis indigna theatris

" Scripta pudet recitare, et nugis addere pondus."

The Nurse is represented as a prating silly creature ; she says, she will tell Romeo a good joke about his mistress, and asks him, whether Rosemary and Romeo do not begin both with a letter ; He says, Yes, an R. She, who, we must suppose, could not read, thought he had mocked her, and says, No, sure, I know better : our dog's name is *R*, yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. *R* put her in mind of that sound which is made by dogs when they snarl ; and therefore, I presume, she says, that is the dog's name, *R* in schools, being called *The dog's letter*. Ben Jonson, in his English Grammar, says, *R* is the dog's letter, and hirreth in the sound.

" Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat." *Lucil.*

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads—*R*. is for *Thee* ? STEEVENS.

I believe we should read—*R*. is for the *dog*. No ; I know it begins with some other letter. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this emendation, though Dr. Farmer has since recommended another which should seem equally to deserve attention. He would either omit *name* or insert *letter*. The dog's letter, as the same gentleman observes, is pleasantly exemplified in Barclay's Ship of Fools, 1578 :

" This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,

" Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter R.

" Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath

" Save the *dogges letter* glowming with nar, nar."

STEEVENS.

tious of it, of you and rosemary, that it woulddo you good to hear it. (||)

ROM. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

NURSE. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

PET. Anon?

NURSE. Peter, take my fan, and go before<sup>2</sup>.  
[Exit.

## SCENE V.

### CAPULET'S Garden.

*Enter JULIET.*

JUL. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

Erasmus in explaining the adage “*canina facundia*,” says, “*R. litera quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur.*” I think it is used in this sense more than once in Rabelais: and in the Alchemist Subtle says, in making out Abel Drugger’s name, “And right anenst him a dog snarling *er.*” DOUCE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt’s alteration is certainly superior to either Dr. Warburton’s (*Thee? no;*) or one formerly proposed by Dr. Johnson (*the nonce*) not but the old reading is as good, if not better, when properly regulated; *e. g.*

Ah mocker! that’s the dog’s name. R is for the—no; I know it begins with some other letter. RITSON.

This passage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1590 and folio read—Ah, mocker, that’s the dog’s name.

MALONE.

To the notes on this passage perhaps the following illustration may not improperly be added from Nash’s *Summers Last Will and Testament*, 1600, of dogs:

“They *arre* and barke at night against the moone.”

TODD.

<sup>2</sup> Peter, take my fan, and go before.] Thus the first quarto. The subsequent ancient copies, instead of these words, have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

This custom of having a *fan-carrier* is also mentioned by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 603:

“— doe you heare, good man;

“Now give me pearle, and *carry you my fan.*”

STEEVENS.

In half an hour she promis'd to return.  
 Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—  
 O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts<sup>3</sup>, (||)  
 Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,  
 Driving back shadows over lowring hills:  
 Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,  
 And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.  
 Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
 Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve  
 Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.  
 Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
 She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;  
 My words would bandy her to my sweet love,  
 And his to me:  
 But old folks, many feign as they were dead;  
 Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead. (||)

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news\*?  
 (||) Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*NURSE.* Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit PETER.*

*JUL.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why  
 look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

\* Quarto A, *O now she comes!—Tell me, gentle nurse,  
 What says my love?*

<sup>3</sup> — should be thoughts, &c.] The speech is thus continued in the quarto 1597:

“ — should be thoughts,  
 “ And run more swift than hasty powder fir'd,  
 “ Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.  
 “ Oh, now she comes! Tell me, gentle Nurse,  
 “ What says my love?—”

The greatest part of the scene is likewise added since that edition.

Shakspeare, however, seems to have thought one of the ideas comprised in the foregoing quotation from the earliest quarto too valuable to be lost. He has therefore inserted it in Romeo's first speech to the Apothecary, in Act V.:

“ As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
 “ Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.” STEEVENS.

If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face<sup>4</sup>. (|||)

*NURSE.* I am aweary \*, give me leave awhile ;—  
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had<sup>5</sup>!

*JUL.* I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy  
news :

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak ;—good, good nurse,  
speak.

*NURSE.* Jesu, What haste? can you not stay  
awhile ?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath ?

*JUL.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast  
breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath ?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance :

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad ?

*NURSE.* Well, you have made a simple choice ;  
you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no,  
not he; though his face be better than any man's,  
yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a  
foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked  
on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower  
of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a

\* Quarto A, *Oh, I am weary.*

<sup>4</sup> If good, thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,

By playing it to me with so sour a face.] So, in Antony and  
Cleopatra:

“ — needs so tart a favour,

“ To trumpet such good tidings ! ”

Again, in Cymbeline:

“ — if it be summer-news,

“ Smile to it before.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — What a JAUNT have I had!] This is the reading of the  
folio. The quarto reads:

“ — What a jaunce have I had ! ”

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See  
King Richard II. :

“ Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke.” MALONE.

lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

*JUL.* No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that<sup>6</sup>?

*NURSE.* Lord, how my head akes \*! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—  
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,  
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

*JUL.* I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well: Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*NURSE.* Your love says \*like an honest gentleman, (||) And a courteous, (||) and a kind, (||) and a handsome, (||)

And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

*JUL.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st; *Your love says like an honest gentleman,—*  
*Where is your mother?*

*NURSE.* O, God's lady dear! Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow; Is this the poultice for my aking bones? Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*JUL.* Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

*NURSE.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*JUL.* I have.

*NURSE.* Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

\* Quarto A, *Marry, he says.*

<sup>6</sup> No, no: but all this did I know before.

WHAT SAYS HE OF OUR MARRIAGE? what of that?] So, in *The Tragiceall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“Tell me else what, quod she, this evermore I thought;

“But of *our marriage*, say at once, what answer have you brought?” MALONE.

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, fare-  
 well. (||) [*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 !

\* Quarto A, *A bridcgroom to make you a bride.*

† Quarto A : Nur. *Doth this newes please you now?*

*Jul.* *How doth her better words revive my heart.  
 Thanks, gentle nurse, dispatch thy business,  
 And Ile not fail to meet my Romeo.*

‡ This scene was entirely new formed : the reader may be pleased to have it as it was first written :

“ *Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant

“ Consists the good of me and Juliet.

“ *Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may

“ To make you happy, if in me it lie.

“ *Rom.* This morning here she 'pointed we should meet,

“ And consummate those never-parting bands,

“ Witness of our hearts' love, by joining hands ;

“ And come she will.

“ *Friar.* I guess she will indeed :

“ Youth's love is quick, swifter than swiftest speed.

“ *Enter Juliet somewhat fast, and embraceth Romeo.*

“ See where she comes !—

“ So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower ;

“ Of love and joy, see, see the sovereign power !



*ROM.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*FRI.* These violent delights have violent ends<sup>8</sup>,  
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives<sup>9</sup> as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady<sup>1</sup>:—O, so light a foot

“*Jul.* Romeo!

“*Rom.* My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes

“ (Clos'd in night's mists) attend the frolick day,

“ So Romeo hath expected Juliet;

“ And thou art come.

“*Jul.* I am (if I be day)

“ Come to my sun; shine forth, and make me fair.

“*Rom.* All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.

“*Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.

“*Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass;

“ Defer embracements to some fitter time;

“ Part for a time, ' you shall not be alone,

“ Till holy church hath join'd you both in one.”

“*Rom.* Lead, holy father, all delay seems long.

“*Jul.* Make haste, make haste, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

“*Friar.* O, soft and fair makes sweetest work they say;

“ Haste is a common hind'rer in cross-way. [*Exeunt.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> These violent delights have violent ends,] So, in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

“ These violent vanities can never last.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Too swift arrives —] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Here comes the lady, &c.] However the poet might think the alteration of this scene on the whole to be necessary, I am afraid, in respect of the passage before us, he has not been very successful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the ever-*

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint :  
 A lover may bestride the gossomers<sup>2</sup>  
 That idle in the wanton summer air,  
 And yet not fall ; so light is vanity.

*JUL.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*FRI.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us  
 both.

*JUL.* As much to him, else are his thanks too  
 much.

*ROM.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
 To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
 This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue  
 Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both  
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*JUL.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in  
 words<sup>3</sup>,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament :  
 They are but beggars that can count their worth<sup>4</sup> ;

*lasting flint* appears to me not only more reprehensible, but even less beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightness of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the passion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> A lover may bestride the GOSSOMERS —] The *gossomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. So, in Hannibal and Scipio, 1637, by Nabbes :

“ Fine as Arachne's web, or *gossamer*

“ Whose curls when garnish'd by their dressing, shew

“ Like that spun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew ? ”

STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's English Expositor, 1616 : “ *Gossomor*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> CONCEIT, more rich, &c.] *Conceit* here means *imagination*. So, in The Rape of Lucrece :

“ — which the *conceited* painter drew so proud,” &c.

MALONE.

Thus, in title-page to the first quarto edition of The Merry Wives of Windsor : “ A most pleasant and excellent *conceited* comedy.” &c. Again, in the title, &c. to King Henry IV. Part I. quarto, 1599 : “ — with the humorous *conceits* of Sir John Falstaffe —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> They are but beggars that can count their worth ;] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth <sup>5</sup>.

*FRI.* Come, come with me, and we will make  
short work ;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one <sup>6</sup>. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A publick Place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*BEN.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire ;  
The day is hot <sup>7</sup>, the Capulets \* abroad,  
(||) And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;

\* Quarto A, *The Capels are abroad.*

“ There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.”

STEEVENS.

So, in *Much Ado About Nothing* : “ I were but little happy if  
I could say how much.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.] The quarto 1599  
reads :

“ I cannot sum up *sum* of half my wealth.”

The undated quarto and the folio :

“ I cannot sum up *some* of half my wealth.”

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Till holy church incorporate two in one.] So, in *Arden of  
Feversham*, 1599 :

“ ————— But she is myself,

“ And holy church-rites makes us two but one.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> The day is hot,] It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all  
assassinations are committed during the heat of summer.

JOHNSON.

In Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 1583, b. ii.  
c. xix. p. 70, it is said—“ And commonly every yeere or each  
second yeere in the beginning of sommer or afterwards (*for in the  
warme time the people for the most part be more nuruly*) even in  
the calm time of peace, the prince with his counsell chooseth out,”  
&c. REED.

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring. (||)

*MER.* Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

*BEN.* Am I like such a fellow?

*MER.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*BEN.* And what to?

*MER.* Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. (||) Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. (||) Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; (||) What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. (||) Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling<sup>7</sup>!

*BEN.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

<sup>7</sup> — thou wilt tutor me FROM quarrelling!] Thou wilt endeavour to restrain me, by prudential advice, from quarrelling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto 1597 reads —thou wilt *forbid* me of quarrelling. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—Thou wilt tutor me *for* quarrelling.

MER. The fee-simple ? O simple <sup>8</sup> !

*Enter TYBALT, and Others.*

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them <sup>9</sup>—  
Gentlemen, good den ! a word with one of you.

MER. And but one word with one of us ? Couple it with something ; make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion (||) without giving ? (||)

TYB. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo.—

MER. Consort ! what, dost thou make us minstrels ? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords : (||)here's my fiddlestick ; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort !

BEN. We talk here in the publick haunt of men :  
Either withdraw into some private place,  
Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

<sup>8</sup> An I were so apt, &c.] These two speeches have been added since the first quarto, together with some few circumstances in the rest of the scene, as well as in the ensuing one. STEEVENS

<sup>9</sup> FOLLOW ME CLOSE, for I will speak to them.] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this stage-direction : “ Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others ; ” and the above line is inserted ; but I strongly suspect it to be an interpolation : for would Tybalt's 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.

Mr. Malone forgets that, even in his own edition of this play, Tybalt is not killed while his partisans are on the stage. They go out with him after he has wounded Mercutio ; and he himself re-enters, unattended, when he fights with Romeo. STEEVENS.

*MER.* 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 hanged, 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 <sup>1</sup>, can afford  
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

*ROM.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting :—Villain am I none ;  
Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me not.

*TYB.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and draw.

*ROM.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :  
(||) And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied. (||)

*MER.* O calm, dishonourable, vile submission !  
*A la stoccata*<sup>3</sup> carries it away. [*Draws.*  
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

*TYB.* What would'st thou have with me ?

*MER.* Good king of cats<sup>4</sup>, nothing, but one of

<sup>2</sup> — the HATE I bear thee,] So the quarto 1597. The subsequent ancient copies have—the love, &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *A la STOCCATA* —] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ He makes a thrust ; I with a swift passado

“ Make quick avoidance, and with this *stoccata*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Good king of cats,] Alluding to his name. See p. 97, n. 4.

MALONE.

your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears<sup>5</sup> ? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB. I am for you. [Drawing.]

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.]

ROM. Draw, Benvolio ;

Beat down their weapons :—Gentlemen, for shame Forbear this outrage ;—Tybalt—Mercutio—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona streets :—hold, Tybalt ;—good Mercutio.

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.]

MER. I am hurt ;—

A plague o' both the houses !—I am sped :—  
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

BEN. What, art thou hurt ?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry, 'tis enough.—

Where is my page ?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

ROM. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide

<sup>5</sup> Will you pluck your sword out of his PILCHER by the ears ?] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. WARBURTON.

The old copy reads *scabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, just. Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse* 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.

as a church door\* ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man<sup>6</sup>. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world† :—A plague o' both your houses !—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

*ROM.* I thought all for the best.

*MER.* Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses ! They have made worm's meat of me : I have it, and soundly too :—Your houses !

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*]

*ROM.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

\* Quarto A, *barne door*.

† Quarto A, inserts, *I am sped ; y faith, he hath made worms meat of me.*

<sup>6</sup> — a GRAVE man.] After this, the quarto 1597 continues Mercutio's speech as follows :

—“ A pox o' both your houses ! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets : and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon ?

“ *Boy.* He's come, 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.

“ You shall find me a *grave man*.” This jest was better in old language, than it is at present. Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer :

“ My master *Chaucer* now is *grave*.” FARMER.

We meet with the same quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where Vindici dresses up a lady's *skull*, and observes :

“ — she has a somewhat *grave* look with her.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, Characters, 1616 : “ At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house ; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a *grave drunkard*.” MALONE.



My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
 In my behalf; my reputation stain'd  
 With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
 Hath been my kinsman\*;—O (||)sweet (||) Juliet,  
 Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
 And in my temper soften'd valour's steel<sup>7</sup>.

*Re-enter BENVOLIO.*

*BEN.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;  
 That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds<sup>8</sup>,  
 Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

*ROM.* This day's black fate on more days doth  
 depend<sup>9</sup>;  
 This but begins the woe, others must end †.

*Re-enter TYBALT.*

*BEN.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*ROM.* Alive! in triumph<sup>1</sup>! and Mercutio slain!

\* So quarto A; the rest, *cousin*.

† Quarto A, *What other dayes must end*.

<sup>7</sup> — SOFTEN'D VALOUR'S STEEL.] So, in Coriolanus:

“—— When *steel* grows

“*Soft* as the parasite's silk —.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — hath ASPIR'D the clouds,] So, in Greene's Card of Fancy,  
 1608:

“ Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aspire*.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the tenth Iliad:

“—— and presently *aspir'd*

“ The guardless Thracian regiment.”

Again, in the ninth Iliad:

“—— and *aspir'd* the gods' eternal feats.”

We never use this verb at present without some particle, as, *to*  
 and *after*. STEEVENS.

So also, Marlowe, in his Tamburlaine, 1590:

“ Until our bodies turn to elements,

“ And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> This day's black fate on more days doth depend;] This day's  
 unhappy destiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet  
 be more mischief. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> Alive! in triumph! &c.] Thus the quarto 1597; for which  
 the quarto 1599 has—

Away to heaven, respective lenity <sup>2</sup>,  
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now <sup>3</sup>!—  
 Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,  
 That late thou gav'st me ; for Mercutio's soul  
 Is but a little way above our heads \*,  
 Staying for thine to keep him † company ;  
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him ‡.

(||) *TYB.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort  
 him here,  
 Shalt with him hence.

*ROM.* This shall determine that. (||)  
 [*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*]

*BEN.* Romeo, away, be gone !  
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—  
 Stand not amaz'd <sup>4</sup> :—the prince will doom thee  
 death,

If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

*ROM.* O ! I am fortune's fool <sup>5</sup> !

\* Quarto A, *above the clouds.* † Quarto A, *bear him.*  
 ‡ Quarto A, *Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.*

“ He *gan* in triumph ——.”

This, in the subsequent ancient copies, was made—He *gone*, &c.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — RESPECTIVE lenity.] Cool, considerate gentleness. *Respect* formerly signified *consideration, prudential caution.* So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ *Respect* and reason well beseem the sage.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And fire-ey'd fury be my CONDUCT now !] *Conduct* for *conductor.* So, in a former scene of this play, quarto 1597 :

“ Which to the high-top gallant of my joy

“ Must be my *conduct* in the secret night.”

Thus the first quarto. In that of 1599, *end* being corruptly printed instead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the usual process of corruption, exhibited the line thus :

“ And fire *and* fury be my conduct now.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Stand not AMAZ'D :] i. e. confounded, in a state of confusion. So, in *Cymbeline* : “ I am *amaz'd* with matter.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> O ! I am fortune's fool !] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like the Fool* in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure.* See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.

See *Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Act III. Sc. II.* STEEVENS.

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<sup>6</sup>?

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!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd<sup>6</sup>

In the first copy—O! I am *fortune's slave*. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — Which way ran he?] Instead of these four speeches, it is thus in quarto 1597:

“Ben. Romeo, away! thou seest that Tybalt's slain.

“The citizens approach; away! begone!

“Thou wilt be taken.

“Rom. Ah! I am fortune's slave.

“*Enter Citizens.*

“*Watch.* Where's he that slew Mercutio? Tybalt, that villain?” BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> Unhappy sight! ah ME, the blood is spill'd—] The pronoun —*me*, has been inserted by the recommendation of the following note. STEEVENS.

The quarto 1597 reads:

“Unhappy sight! ah, the blood is spill'd—.”

The quarto 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, have:

“O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd,” &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy—the word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

“Unhappy sight! ah *me*, the blood is spill'd,” &c. MALONE.

Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true<sup>7</sup>,  
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—

(||) O cousin, cousin ! (||)

*PRIN.* Benvolio\*, who began this bloody fray ?

*BEN.* Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did  
slay ;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink  
How nice the quarrel was<sup>8</sup>, and urg'd withal<sup>9</sup>  
Your high displeasure :—All this—uttered  
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly  
bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts

\* Quarto A, *Speake, Benvolio.*

7 — as thou art TRUE,] As thou art *just* and *upright*.

JOHNSON.

So, in King Richard III. :

“ And if King Edward be as *true* and *just*, —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> How NICE the quarrel was —] How *slight*, how *unimportant*,  
how *petty*. So, in the last Act :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,

“ Of dear import.” JOHNSON.

From these words, this speech thus proceeds in quarto 1597 :

“ But Tibalt still persisting in his wrong,

“ The stout Mercutio drew to calm the storm ;

“ Which Romeo seeing, called, Stay, gentlemen !

“ And on me cried, who drew to part their strife :

“ And with his agile arm young Romeo,

“ As fast as tongue cried peace, sought peace to make.

“ While they were interchanging thrusts and blows,

“ Under young Romeo's labouring arm to part,

“ The furious Tibalt cast an envious thrust,

“ That rid the life of stout Mercutio.

“ With that he fled, but presently return'd,

“ And with his rapier braved Romeo,

“ That had but newly entertain'd revenge ;

“ And ere I could draw forth my rapier

“ To part their fury, down did Tibalt fall,

“ And this way Romeo fled.” BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> — and urg'd withal —] The rest of this speech was new  
written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the same  
scene. STEEVENS.

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 Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :  
 But by and by comes back to Romeo,  
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,  
 And to't they go like lightning : for, ere I  
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;  
 And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly :  
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*L.A. CAP.* He is a kinsman to the Montague,  
 Affection makes him false<sup>1</sup>, he speaks not true\* :  
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,  
 And all those twenty could but kill one life :  
 I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;  
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

(||) *PRIN.* Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;  
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

*MOY.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's  
 friend ;  
 His fault concludes but, what the law should end,  
 The life of Tybalt. (||)

\* Quarto A has but one line—*He is a Montague, and speaks partiall.*

<sup>1</sup> Affection makes him FALSE,] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

*PRIN.* And for that offence,  
 Immediately we do exile him hence :  
 I have an interest in your hates' proceeding<sup>2</sup> ;  
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding ;  
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine :  
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;  
 Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses<sup>\* 3</sup> ,  
 (||) Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,  
 Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. (||)  
 Bear hence this body, and attend our will :  
 Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill<sup>4</sup> .

[*Exeunt.*

\* Quarto A, for abuses.

<sup>2</sup> — in your HATES' proceeding,] This, as Mr. Steevens has observed, is the reading of the original quarto 1597. From that copy, in almost every speech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to those of the succeeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts* proceeding ; and the corruption was adopted in the folio.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Nor tears, nor prayers, shall PURCHASE OUT abuses,] This was probably designed as a covert stroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, incest, and all other crimes, were minutely settled, and as shamelessly received.

See Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 701.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.] So, in Hale's *Memorials* : "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

So, in Stubbes's *Anatomic 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 subiectes 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

## SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter JULIET.*

*JUL.* Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,  
Towards Phœbus' mansion<sup>5</sup>; such a waggoner

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 benee 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." MALONE.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The sentiment here enforced is different from that found in the first edition, 1597. There the Prince concludes his speech with these words:

"Pity shall dwell, and govern with us still;

"*Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.*"

MALONE.

See Measure for Measure, Act II. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> GALLOP APACE, you fiery footed steeds,

Towards Phœbus' mansion; &c.] Our author probably remembered Marlowe's King Edward II. which was performed before 1593:

"*Gallop apace*, bright Phœbus, through the skie,

"And dusky *night* in rusty iron car;

"Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,

"That I may see that most desired day."

So, in Barnabe Riche's Farewell: "The day to his seeming passed away so slowly that he had thought the stately steedes had bin tired that drawe the chariot of the Sunne, and wished that Phaeton had benee there with a whippe." The first edition of Riche's Farewell was printed in 1583. MALONE.

"Gallop apace, &c." Cowley copies the expression, Davideis, b. iii.:

"Slow rose the sun, but *gallopt* down *apace*,

"With more than evening blushes in his face."

The succeeding compound "fiery-footed" is used by Drayton, in one of his Eclogues:

"Phœbus had forc'd his *fiery-footed* team."

It is also used by Spenser, in The Fairy Queen. TODD.

"—Phœbus' mansion." The second quarto and folio read, *Phœbus' lodging*. STEEVENS.

As Phaeton would whip you to the west,  
 And bring in cloudy night immediately<sup>6</sup>.—  
 (||) Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!  
 That run-away's eyes may wink<sup>7</sup>; and Romeo

<sup>6</sup> — immediately.] Here ends this speech in the eldest quarto. The rest of the scene has likewise received considerable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!

That RUN-AWAY'S eyes may wink; &c.] What run-aways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopt? Macbeth, we may remember, makes an invocation to night much in the same strain:

“ — Come, seeling night,

“ Scarf up the tender *eye* of pitiful *day*,” &c.

So Juliet would have night's darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the *sun*; whom considering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his car with *fiery-footed* steeds, and *posting* through the heavens, she very properly calls him with regard to the swiftness of his course, the *run-away*. In the like manner our poet speaks of the night in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ For the close night doth play the *run-away*.”

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath justly observes on this emendation, that the sun is necessarily absent as soon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has just complained of his tediousness, should call him a *run-away*. MALONE.

The construction of this passage, however elliptical or perverse, I believe to be as follows:

May that run-away's eyes wink!

Or,

That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!

These ellipses are frequent in Spenser: and *that for oh! that*, is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer observes in a note on the first scene of *The Winter's Tale*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. Sc. VI.:

“ *That* ever I should call thee cast-away!”

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act IV. Sc. II.:

“ *Mal.* I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

“ *Clo.* Well-a-day.—*That* you were, sir!” i. e. *Oh that* you were! Again, in *Timon*, Act IV.:

“ *That* nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

“ Should yet be hungry!”

Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world:



Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—  
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

“ Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night ! ”

Next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind, lest they should make discoveries. The *eyes of night* are the stars, so called in A Midsummer-Night's Dream. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms the *night a run-away* in The Merchant of Venice; and in the Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character :

“ The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*.”

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in Sejanus,

“ ——— night hath many eyes,

“ Whereof, though most do sleepe, yet some are spies.”

STEEVENS.

That seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures :

“ That run-away eyes *may* wink, and Romeo

“ Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.”

BLACKSTONE.

A great deal of ingenious criticism has been expended in endeavouring to ascertain the meaning of this expression. Dr. Warburton thought the *run-away* in question was the *sun*; but Mr. Heath has most completely disproved this opinion. Mr. Steevens considers the passage as extremely elliptical, and regards the *night* as the *run-away*; making Juliet wish that its eyes, the stars, might retire to prevent discovery. Mr. Justice Blackstone can perceive nothing *optative* in the lines, but simply a *reason* for Juliet's wish for a cloudy night; yet according to this construction of the passage, the grammar of it is not very easily to be discovered.

Whoever attentively reads over Juliet's speech, will be inclined to think, or even be altogether satisfied, that the *whole tenor* of it is *optative*. With respect to the calling night a *run-away*, one might surely ask how it can possibly be so termed in an abstract point of view? Is it a greater fugitive than the morning, the noon, or the evening? Mr. Steevens lays great stress on Shakspeare's having before called the night a *run-away* in The Merchant of Venice :

By their own beauties <sup>8</sup>: or, if love be blind,  
 It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night <sup>9</sup>,  
 'Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,  
 And learn me how to lose a winning match,  
 Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:  
 Hood my unmann'd blood <sup>1</sup> bating in my cheeks,

“ For the close night doth play the *run-away* ; ”

But there it was already far advanced, and might therefore with great propriety be said to *play the run-away* ; here it was not begun. The same remark will apply to the other passage cited by Mr. Steevens from *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*. Where then is this *run-away* to be found? or can it be Juliet herself? She who had just been secretly married to the enemy of her parents might with some propriety be termed a *run-away from her duty* ; but she had not abandoned her native pudency. She therefore invokes the night to veil those rites which she was about to perform, and to bring her Romeo to her arms in darkness and in silence. The lines that immediately follow may be thought to favour this interpretation; and the whole scene may possibly bring to the reader's recollection an interesting part in the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche. DOUCE.

<sup>8</sup> Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

By their own beauties:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

“ — dark night is Cupid's day.”

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio, read—*Aud* by their own beauties. In the text the undated quarto has been followed.

MALONE.

Milton, in his *Comus*, might here have been indebted to Shakespeare:

“ Virtue could see to do what virtue would,

“ By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

“ Were in the flat sea sunk.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Come, CIVIL night,] *Civil is grave, decently solemn.* JOHNSON.

So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ — my white stole of chastity I daff'd,

“ Shook off my sober guards and *civil* fears.”

So, in *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, 1618: “ Enter Lady Crossingham, in a *civil* habit; Saunders and Children very *gal-lant*.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — UNMANN'D blood —] Blood yet unacquainted with man.

JOHNSON.

“ Hood my *unmann'd* blood *bating* in my cheeks.” These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought

With thy black mantle ; till strange love, grown  
bold<sup>2</sup>,  
Think true love acted, simple modesty.  
Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come thou day in  
night !  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back<sup>3</sup>.—  
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd  
night<sup>4</sup>,  
Give me my Romeo : and, when he shall die<sup>5</sup>,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars<sup>6</sup>,

to endure company. *Bating*, is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* :

“ A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*.”

Again, in an old ballad intitled, *Prettie Comparisons Wittily Grounded*, &c. :

“ Or like a *hawk* that's never *man'd*,

“ Or like a *hide* before 'tis *tan'd*.”

Again, in *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. bl. l. no date : “ It is called *bating*, for she *bateth* with herselfe most often causelesse.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — GROWN bold,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The line is not in the first quarto. The editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre, reads—*on* a raven's back ; and so, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

I profess myself to be still one of this peccant fraternity.

STEEVENS.

Wherever the old copy is adhered to, notwithstanding Mr. Steevens's objections on the score of metre, let it suffice to say, once for all, to prevent the necessity of perpetual contest, that the reasons will be found assigned in the *Essay on Shakspeare's Versification*. BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> — black-brow'd night,] So, in *King John* :

“ Why, here walk I, in the *black brow of night*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — when HE shall die,] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto. The quartos of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—when I shall die. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Take him and cut him out in little stars, &c.] The same childish thought occurs in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596 :

And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun<sup>7</sup>.—  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love<sup>8</sup>,  
 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 maynot wear them. O, here comes my nurse. (||)

*Enter Nurse, with Cords*<sup>9</sup>.

And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks

“The glorious parts of faire Lucilia,  
 “Take them and joine them in the heavenly spheres;  
 “And fixe them there as an eternal light,  
 “For lovers to adore and wonder at.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — the GARISH SUN.] Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penseroso*:

“—— Civil night,  
 “Thou sober-suited matron.” *Shakspeare*.  
 “Till civil-suited morn appear.” *Milton*.  
 “Pay no worship to the garish sun.” *Shakspeare*.  
 “Hide me from day's garish eye.” *Milton*. JOHNSON.

*Garish* is *gaudy, showy*. So, in King Richard III.:

“A dream of what thou wast, a *garish* flag.”

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

“—— march'd like players  
 “With *garish* robes.”

It sometimes signifies *wild, flighty*. So, in the following instance: “— starting up and *garishly* staring about, especially on the face of Eliosto.” *Hinde's Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — I have bought THE MANSION OF A LOVE,] So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

“—— the strong base and *building of my love*  
 “Is as the very center to the earth,  
 “Drawing all things to it.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> This whole scene, as Mr. Steevens observed, is materially altered from the first quarto, where it is thus given:

“*Enter Nurse wringing her hands, with the ladder of cords in her lap.*

“*Jul.* But how now, nurse? O lord, why look'st thou sad?  
 “What hast thou there? the cords?”

But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there,  
the cords,

- “ *Nurse.* Aye, aye, the cords : alack, we are undone !  
 “ We are undone, lady, we are undone !—  
 “ *Jul.* What devil art thou that torments me thus ?  
 “ *Nurse.* Alack the day !—he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !  
 “ *Jul.* This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.  
 “ Can heavens be so envious ?  
 “ *Nurse.* Romeo can, if heavens cannot.  
 “ I saw the wound ; I saw it with mine eyes,—  
 “ God save the sample, on his manly breast :  
 “ A bloody corse, a piteous bloody corse ;  
 “ All pale as ashes ; I swoounded at the sight.  
 “ *Jul.* Ah, Romeo, Romeo, what disaster hap  
 “ Hath sever'd thee from thy true Juliet !  
 “ Ah ! why should Heaven so much conspire with woe,  
 “ Or Fate envie our happy marriage,  
 “ So soon to sunder us by timeless death ?  
 “ *Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had !  
 “ O honest Tybalt ! courteous gentleman !  
 “ *Jul.* What storm is this, that blows so contrary ?  
 “ Is Tybalt dead ? and Romeo murdered ?  
 “ My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearest lord ?—  
 “ Then let the trumpet sound a general doom !  
 “ These two being dead, then living is there none.  
 “ *Nurse.* Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished ;  
 “ Romeo, that murdered him, is banished.  
 “ *Jul.* Ah heavens !—did Romeo's handshed Tybalt's blood ?  
 “ *Nurse.* It did, it did : alack the day ! it did.  
 “ *Jul.* O serpent's hate, hid with a flow'ring face !  
 “ O painted sepulchre, including filth !  
 “ Was never book, containing so foul matter,  
 “ So fairly bound. Ah, what meant Romeo ?  
 “ *Nurse.* There is no truth, no faith, no honesty in men ;  
 “ All false, all faithless, perjur'd, all forsworn :  
 “ Shame come to Romeo !  
 “ *Jul.* A blister on that tongue ! he was not born to shame :  
 “ Upon his face, shame is asham'd to sit.  
 “ But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?  
 “ That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband :  
 “ All this is comfort ; but there yet remains  
 “ Worse than his death, which fain I would forget :  
 “ But, ah ! it presseth to my memory.  
 “ Romeo is banished ; ah ! that word—banished,

That Romeo bade thee fetch ?

*NURSE.*

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

*JUL.* Ah me ! what news ! why dost thou wring thy hands ?

*NURSE.* Ah well-a-day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead !

We are undone, lady, we are undone !—

Alack the day !—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead !

*JUL.* Can heaven be so envious ?

*NURSE.*

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot :—O Romeo ! Romeo !—

Who ever would have thought it ?—Romeo !

*JUL.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus ?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself ? say thou but *I*<sup>9</sup>,

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice<sup>1</sup> :

“ Is worse than death—Romeo is banished,

“ Is father, mother, Tybalt, Juliet,

“ All kill'd, all slain, all dead, all banished ;—

“ Where are my father, and my mother, nurse ?

“ *Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.

“ Will you go to them ?

“ *Jul.*

Aye, aye ; when theirs are spent,

“ Mine shall be shed for Romeo's banishment.

“ *Nurse.* Lady, your Romeo will be here to-night ;

“ I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

“ *Jul.* Do so ; and bear this ring to my true knight,

“ And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exit.*”]

BOSWELL.

9 — say thou but *I*,] In Shakspeare's time (as Theobald has observed) the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. MALONE.

1 — death-darting eye of cockatrice :] See what is said of the basilisk, Henry VI. Part II. Act III. Sc. II. in two places.

MALONE.

The strange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The strange lines are these :

I am not I, if there be such an *I*;  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.  
 If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no :  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

*NURSE*. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—  
 God save the mark <sup>2</sup> !—here on his manly breast :  
 A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse ;  
 Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood,  
 All in gore blood ;—I swooned at the sight.

*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 ?

“ I am not I, if there be such an I,  
 “ Or these eyes shot, that make thee answer I.  
 “ If he be slain, say—I ; or if not, no :  
 “ Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.”

These lines hardly deserve emendation ; yet it may be proper to observe, that their meanness has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the first two of them being evidently transposed ; we should read :

“ — that bare vowel *I* shall poison more,  
 “ Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,  
 “ Or those eyes *shot*, that make thee answer, I.  
 “ I am not I,” &c. JOHNSON.

I think the transposition recommended may be spared. The second line is corrupted. Read *shut* instead of *shot*, and then the meaning will be sufficiently intelligible.

*Shot*, however, may be the same as *shut*. So, in Chaucer's Miller's Tale, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 3358 :

“ And dressed him up by a *shot* window.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> God save the mark !] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obscurity, in Othello, Act I. Sc. I. See note on that passage. STEEVENS.

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord<sup>3</sup>?—  
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!  
For who is living, if those two are gone?

*NURSE.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;  
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*JUL.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's  
blood?

*NURSE.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*JUL.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face<sup>4</sup>!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!  
Dove-feather'd raven<sup>5</sup>! wolvish-ravening lamb!

<sup>3</sup> My DEAR-LOV'D cousin, and my dearer lord?] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—

“My *dearest* cousin, and my dearer lord?”

Mr. Pope introduced the present reading from the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> O SERPENT heart, hid with a FLOW'RING face!] The same images occur in *Macbeth*:

“—— look like the innocent *flower*,

“But be the *serpent* under it.” HENLEY.

This line in the folio is given to the Nurse, and the one preceding is thrown into Juliet's speech. The text is from the quarto 1597, except that that copy reads *hate* instead of *heart*. BOSWELL.

“O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!”

“Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?” So, in *King John*:

“Rash, inconsiderate, fire voluntaries,

“*With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens.*”

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“You have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.”

The line, *Did ever dragon*, &c. and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Dove-feather'd raven! &c.] In old editions—

“Ravenous dove! feather'd raven!” &c.

The four following lines are not in the first edition, as well as some others which I have omitted. POPE.

“Ravenous dove, feather'd raven,

“Wolfish-ravening lamb!” This passage Mr. Pope has thrown out of the text, because these two noble *hemistichs* are inharmonious: but is there no such thing as a crutch for a labouring, halting verse? I'll venture to restore to the poet a line that is in his own mode of thinking, and truly worthy of him. *Ravenous*



Despised substance of divinest show !  
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,  
 A damned saint<sup>6</sup>, an honourable villain !—  
 O, nature ! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
 When thou 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<sup>7</sup>.

Shame come to Romeo !

*JUL.* Blister'd be thy tongue,  
 For such a wish ! he was not born to shame :  
 Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit<sup>8</sup> ;  
 For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

was blunderingly coined out of *raven* and *ravening* ; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious verse, and a proper contrast of epithets and images :

“ Dove-feather'd raven ! wolvis-rav'ning lamb ! ” THEOBALD.  
 The quarto 1599, and folio, read—

“ *Ravenous* dove-feather'd raven ! wolvis-ravening lamb ! ”

The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> A DAMNED saint,] The quarto 1599, for *damned*, has—*dimme* ; the first folio—*dimme*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.] So, in our author's Lover's Complaint :

“ Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;] So, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, tom. ii. p. 223 : “ Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their *siedge* and lodging ? ” The image of shame *sitting* on the brow, is not in the poem. STEEVENS.

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*NURSE.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd  
your cousin?

*JUL.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy  
name<sup>9</sup>,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it<sup>1</sup>?—  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tears<sup>2</sup>, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-  
band:

<sup>9</sup> — what tongue shall SMOOTH thy name,] To *smooth*, in ancient language, is to *stroke*, to *caress*, to *fondle*. So, in Pericles, Act I. Sc. II.: “Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?] So, in the poem already quoted:

“Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of others' fame,  
“How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his  
*name*?”

“Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,  
“For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.  
“Why blam'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?  
“Since he is guiltless quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.  
“Whither shall he, alas! poor banish'd man, now fly?  
“What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry sky?  
“Since she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,  
“That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire strong.”

MALONE.

Again, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure: “Where from hence-  
forth shall be his refuge? sith she, which ought to be the only  
bulwarke and assined repaire of his distresse, doth persue and de-  
fame him.” HENDERSON.

<sup>2</sup> Back, FOOLISH tears, &c.] So, in *The Tempest*:

“—— I am a *fool*

“To weep at what I am glad of.” STEEVENS.

All this is comfort ; Wherefore weep I then ?  
 Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,  
 That murder'd me : I would forget it fain ;  
 But, O ! it presses to my memory,  
 Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :  
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished ;*  
 That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts<sup>3</sup>. Tybalt's death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :  
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship<sup>4</sup>,  
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
 Which modern lamentation might have mov'd<sup>5</sup> ?  
 But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
*Romeo is banished*,—to speak that word,

<sup>3</sup> Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.] Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is,—I am more affected by Romeo's banishment than I should be by the death of ten thousand such relations as Tybalt. RITSON.

“Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.” That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right ; for the passage itself shows that Tybalt was not out of her mind. M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> —sour woe delights in fellowship,] Thus the Latin hexameter : (I know not whence it comes)

“Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.” STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,

“As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.”

Again, in *King Lear* :

“—— the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,

“When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Which MODERN lamentation, &c.] This line is left out of the later editions, I suppose because the editors did not remember that Shakspeare uses *modern* for *common*, or *slight* : I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*.

JOHNSON.

It means only *trite*, *common*. So, in *As You Like It* :

“Full of wise saws and *modern* instances.” STEEVENS.

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 <sup>7</sup>, and thou seest it not.

*ROM.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heaven is  
here,

\* Quarto A, *world exiled.* † Quarto A, *monstrous.*

<sup>7</sup> This is DEAR mercy,] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earliest copy reads—This is *mere* mercy. MALONE.

*Mere* mercy, in ancient language, signifies *absolute* mercy So, in Othello :

“ The *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.”

Again, in King Henry VIII. :

“ ——— to the *mere* undoing

“ Of all the kingdom.” STEEVENS.

Where Juliet lives <sup>8</sup> ; and every cat, and dog,  
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
 Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
 But Romeo may not.—More validity,  
 More honourable state, more courtship lives  
 In carrion flies, than Romeo<sup>9</sup>: they may seize  
 On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;  
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty <sup>1</sup>,  
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;  
 But Romeo may not ; he is banished <sup>2</sup> :

<sup>8</sup> — heaven is here,

Where Juliet lives ;] From this and the foregoing speech of Romeo, Dryden has borrowed in his beautiful paraphrase of Chaucer's Palamon and Arcite :

“ Heaven is not, but where Emily abides,

“ And where she's absent, all is hell besides.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — More VALIDITY,

More honourable state, more COURTSHIP lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo :] *Validity* seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity* : and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the highest presence. JOHNSON.

*Validity* is employed to signify *worth* or *value*, in the first scene of King Lear. STEEVENS.

By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have meant, the state of a lover ; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines :

“ — they may seize

“ On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

“ And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;—

“ *Flies* may do this.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,] This and the next line are not in the first copy.

<sup>2</sup> But Romeo may not ; he is banished :] This line has been very awkwardly introduced in the modern as well as ancient copies, and might better be inserted after—their own kisses sin.

STEEVENS.

This line, in the original copy, immediately follows—“ And steal immortal blessing from her lips.” The two lines, *Who, even, &c.* were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely parenthetical : the line, therefore, “ But Romeo may not ; &c.” un-

Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;  
 They are free men, but I am banished.  
 And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death <sup>3</sup> ?  
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
 But—banished—to kill me ; banished <sup>4</sup> ?  
 O friar, the damned use that word in hell ;  
 Howlings attend 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—banishment ?

*FRI.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word <sup>5</sup>.

*ROM.* O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*FRI.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;  
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished <sup>6</sup>.

doubtedly ought to follow those two lines. By mistake, in the copy of 1599, it was inserted lower down, after—is not death.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?] These two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

The first of these lines is neither in the first quarto, nor first folio ; whatever is its merit belongs to the quarto 1599. BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> To kill me ; banished ?] These lines are thus given in the quarto 1597 :

“ O father ! had'st thou no strong poison mix'd,  
 “ No sharp-ground knife, no present mean of death,  
 “ Though ne'er so mean, but banishment,  
 “ To torture me withall ? ah ! banished ? ” BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> THOU fond mad man, HEAR ME BUT SPEAK A WORD.] So the quarto 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read :

“ Then fond mad man, hear me a little speak.”

The folio :

“ Then fond mad man, hear me speak.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, the Friar says—

“ Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,  
 “ But wisdom in adversity finds cause of quiet joy.”

See also Lyly's *Euphues*, 1580: “ Thou sayest banishment is

*ROM.* Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;  
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

*FRI.* O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

*ROM.* How should they, when that wise men  
have no eyes?

*FRI.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate<sup>7</sup>.

*ROM.* Thou canst not speak of what thou dost  
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love<sup>8</sup>,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear  
thy hair<sup>9</sup>,  
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

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 yeeld both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment.—I speake this to this end; that though thy *exile* seeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyselfe with the rules of *philosophy*, it shall be more tolerable." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Let me DISPUTE with thee of thy estate.] The same phrase, and with the same meaning, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—— can he speak? hear?"

"Know man from man? *dispute his own estate?*"

i. e. is he able to talk over his own affairs, or the present state he is in? STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Wert thou as young as I, Juliet *thy* love,] Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have—

"Wert thou as young as Juliet *my* love."

I only mention this to show the very high value of the early quarto editions. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — then might'st thou tear thy hair,] So, in the poem:

"These heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,

"And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that he ware.—

"He riseth oft, and strikes his head against the walls;

"He falleth down again, and loud for hasty death he calls."

MALONE.



*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<sup>1</sup>!  
What wilfulness<sup>2</sup> is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]  
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's  
your will?

*NURSE.* [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you  
shall know my errand;  
I come from lady Juliet.

*FRI.* Welcome then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*NURSE.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

*FRI.* There on the ground, with his own tears  
made drunk.

<sup>1</sup> — God's will!] This speech, and the following, are thus  
given in quarto 1597:

“Romeo, arise; stand up; thou wilt be taken;

“I hear one knock!—arise, and get thee gone.

“*Nur.* Here, Friar!

“*Friar.* God's will! what wilfulness is this?  
[*She knocks again.*]

“*Nur.* Ho, Friar, open the door!

“*Friar.* By and bye I come. Who is there?

“*Nur.* One from Lady Juliet.

“*Friar.* Then come near.”

BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> What WILFULNESS—] Thus the quarto 1597. That of  
1599, and the folio, have—What *simpleness.* MALONE.

*NURSE.* O, he is even in my mistress' case,  
Just in her case!

*FRI.* O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament<sup>3</sup>!

*NURSE.* Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubber-  
ing:—

Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*ROM.* Nurse!

*NURSE.* Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end  
of all.

*ROM.* Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our \* joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?  
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love<sup>4</sup>?

*NURSE.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and  
weeps †;   
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up ‡,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
(||) And then down falls again. (||)

\* Quarto A, *her*.

† Quarto A, *pules*.

‡ Quarto A, *Now on the ground*.

<sup>3</sup> O woeful sympathy!

Piteous predicament!] The old copies give these words to the Nurse. One may wonder the editors did not see that such language must necessarily belong to the Friar. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's emendation may justly claim that place in the text to which I have now advanced it. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — CANCELL'D love?] The folio reads—*conceal'd* love.

JOHNSON.

The quarto, *cancell'd* love. STEEVENS.

The epithet *concealed* is to be understood, not of the person, but of the condition of the lady. So, that the sense is,—my lady, whose being so, together with our marriage which made her so, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

*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* <sup>5</sup>.

*FRI.* Hold thy desperate hand :  
Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;  
Thy tears are womanish <sup>6</sup> ; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast :  
Unseemly woman <sup>7</sup>, in a seeming man !  
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both !  
Thou hast amaz'd me : by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt ? wilt thou slay thyself ?  
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee <sup>8</sup>,

\* Quarto A, *Tell me, holy friar.*

<sup>5</sup> *Drawing his sword.*] In quarto 1597 : “ *He offers to stab himself, and Nurse snatches the dagger away.*

“ *Nur. Ah !*” BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> Art thou a man ? thy form cries out, thou art ;  
Thy tears are womanish ;] Thus in quarto 1597 :

“ Hold ! stay thy hand : art thou a man ? thy form

“ Cries out, thou art ; but thy wild acts denote

“ The unreasonable furies of a beast.” BOSWELL.

Shakspeare has here closely followed his original :

“ *Art thou, quoth he, a man ? thy shape saith, so thou art ;*

“ *Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart,*

“ *For manly reason is quite from off thy mind outchased,*

“ *And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed ;*

“ *So that I stood in doubt, this hour at the least,*

“ *If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.*”

*Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.*

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Unseemly woman, &c.] Thou art a beast of ill qualities,  
under the appearance both of a woman and a man. JOHNSON.

A person who seemed both man and woman, would be a monster, and of course an ill-beseeming beast. This is all the Friar meant to express. M. MASON.

(||) By doing damned hate upon thyself? (||)  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and  
 earth<sup>9</sup>?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do  
 meet

In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.  
 Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;  
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And usest none in that true use indeed  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man<sup>1</sup>:  
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,

<sup>8</sup> And slay thy lady too that LIVES in thee,] Thus the first copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

“And slay thy lady, that *in thy life lies*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Why RAIL'ST thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the Friar as described in the poem, he is made to do so:

“First *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,

“In which his joys had been so scant and sorrows aye so rife;

“The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;

“He cryed out with open mouth against the *stars above*.—

“On fortune eke he *rail'd*.”

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'st thou*, &c. to—*thy own defence*, are not in the first copy. They are formed on a passage in the poem:

“Why cry'st thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?

“Why dost thou so cry after death? thy life why dost thou hate?” &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> DIGRESSING from the valour of a man:] So, in the 24th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, as translated by Chapman:

“—my deservings shall in nought *digress*

“From best fame of our race's foremost merit.” STEEVENS.

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.

Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask<sup>2</sup>,  
 Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence<sup>3</sup>.  
 What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too<sup>4</sup>:  
 (||) The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy  
 friend,  
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy too: (||)  
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a mis-behav'd\* and sullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love<sup>5</sup>.

\* So quarto A; quarto B. *mishaved*; folio, *mishaped*.

<sup>2</sup> Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask, &c.] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match*-locks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. The same allusion occurs in *Humours Ordinary*, an old collection of English epigrams:

“When she his *flask* and touch-box set on fire,

“And till this hour the burning is not out.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — there art thou happy too:] Thus the first quarto. In the subsequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

It should not be concealed, that the reading of the *second folio* corresponds with that of the *first quarto*:

“— there art thou happy *too*.” STEEVENS.

The word is omitted in all the intermediate editions; a sufficient proof that the emendations of that folio are not always the result of *ignorance* or *caprice*. RITSON.

<sup>5</sup> Thou pout'st UPON thy fortune and thy love:] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

“Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.”

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:

Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her ;  
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua ;  
 (||) Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back.  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.— (||)  
 Go before, nurse : commend me to thy lady ;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto :  
 (||) Romeo is coming<sup>6</sup>. (||)

*NURSE.* O Lord, I could have staid here all the  
 night,

To hear good counsel : O, what learning is !—  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*ROM.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*NURSE.* Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir :  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit Nurse.*

*ROM.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

“ Thou *puttest* up thy fortune and thy love.”

The undated quarto has *powts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line stands :

“ Thou *frown'st* upon thy fate, that smiles on thee.”

MALONE.

The reading in the text is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus* :

“ ————— then

“ We *pout* upon the morning.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Romeo is coming.] Much of this speech has likewise been added since the first edition STEEVENS.

The first edition has it thus after the lines which I have marked as wholly omitted :

“ Nurse, provide all things in readiness,

“ Comfort thy mistress, haste the house to bed,

“ Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.” BOSWELL.

*FRI.* (||) Go hence: Good night<sup>7</sup>; and here stands  
all your state<sup>8</sup>;—

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence: (||)  
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
And he shall signify from time to time  
Every good hap to you, that chances here\*:  
(||) Give me thy hand; 'tis late: (||) farewell;  
(||) good night; (||)

*ROM.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
(||) Farewell. (||) [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV<sup>9</sup>.

A Room in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.*

*CAP.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
That we have had no time to move our daughter:

\* Quarto A, *That doth befall thee here.*

<sup>7</sup> Go hence: Good night; &c.] These three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.

They were first omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

This is a mistake: they are not in the first quarto. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> — here stands all your state;] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> SCENE IV.] Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene according to the oldest editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldest copy, and omitted some unnecessary verses which are not found there, but inserted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expressed himself so loosely, as to have been misunderstood by Mr. Steevens. In the text these *unnecessary* verses, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preserved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

In the quarto 1597, after the words, "born to die," the speech concludes thus:

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 And so did I ;—Well, we were born to die.—  
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night :  
 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<sup>1</sup> to her heaviness. (||)

*CAP.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender  
 Of my child's love<sup>2</sup> : I think, she will be rul'd  
 In all respects by me ; nay more, I doubt it not.  
 Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed ;  
 Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love ;  
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
 But, soft ; What day is this ?

*PAR.* Monday, my lord.

*CAP.* Monday ? ha ! ha ! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be ;—o' Thursday, tell her,  
 She shall be married to this noble earl :—

“ Wife, where's your daughter ? is she in her chamber ?

“ I think she means not to come down to night.”

BOSWELL.

\* — MEW'D up —] This is a phrase from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. So, in Albumazar, 1614 :

“ — fully mew'd

“ From brown soar feathers —.”

Again, in our author's King Richard III. :

“ And, for his meed, poor lord he is mew'd up.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Paris, I will make a DESPERATE tender

Of my child's love :] *Desperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase,—I will speak a *bold* word, and *venture* to promise you my daughter. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Weakest* goes to the Wall, 1600 :

“ Witness this *desperate* tender of mine honour.”

STEEVENS.



Will you be ready? do you like this haste?  
 We'll keep no great ado:—a friend, or two:—  
 For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,  
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,  
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much:  
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,  
 And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

*PAR.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

*CAP.* Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,  
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—  
 Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!  
 Afore me, it is so very late, that we  
 May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt*<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> *Exeunt.*] The latter part of this scene is a good deal varied from the first quarto, where it thus appears:

“*Cap.* Sir Paris, I'll make a desperate tender of my child:

“I think, she will be ruled in all respects by me;

“But soft; what day is this?

“*Par.* Monday, my lord.

“*Cap.* O, then Wednesday is too soon;

“On Thursday let it be, you shall be married;

“We'll make no great ado;—a friend, or two, or so:

“For look you, sir, Tybalt being slain so lately,

“It will be thought we held him carelessly,

“If we should revel much: therefore we will have

“Some half a dozen friends, and make no more ado.

“But what say you to Thursday?

“*Par.* My lord, I wish that Thursday were to-morrow.

“*Cap.* Wife, go you to your daughter, ere you go to bed,

“Acquaint her with the County Paris' love.

“Farewell, my lord, till Thursday next.

“Wife, get you to your daughter.—Light to my chamber,

“Afore me, it is so very very late,

“That we may call it early by and bye.

[*Exeunt.*”

BOSWELL.

## SCENE V.

JULIET'S Chamber<sup>4</sup>.

*Enter ROMEO and JULIET.*

*JUL.* Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day<sup>5</sup> :  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;  
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree<sup>6</sup> :

<sup>4</sup> Juliet's Chamber.] The stage-direction in the first edition is —“*Enter Romeo and Juliet, at a window.*” In the second quarto, “*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*” They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See the Account of the Ancient Theatres in vol. iii. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day : &c.] This scene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,  
“ The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest ;  
“ When restless Romeus and restless Juliet,  
“ In wonted sort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.  
\* \* \* \* \*

“ Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night  
“ In pain, and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.  
“ But now, somewhat too soon, in farthest east arose  
“ Fair Lucifer, the golden star that lady Venus chose ;  
“ Whose course appointed is with speedy race to run,  
“ A messenger of dawning day and of the rising sun.—  
“ When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,  
“ When Phœbus from our hemisphere in western wave doth  
sink,

“ What colour then the heavens do show unto thine eyes,  
“ The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest eastern skies :  
“ As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,  
“ With equal force decreasing dark fought with increasing light.  
“ Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,  
“ With friendly kiss, and ruthfully she 'gan her knight behold.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> NIGHTLY she sings on yon pomegranate tree :] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together.

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 <sup>7</sup>, and jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain † tops ;  
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*JUL.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I :  
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,  
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,  
And light thee on thy way to Mantua <sup>8</sup> :  
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone <sup>9</sup>.

\* Quarto A, *And not the nightingale.*

† Quarto B, C, D, and folio, *mountain's.*

What Eustathius, however, has observed relative to a *fig-tree* mentioned by Homer, in his 12th *Odyssey*, may be applied to the passage before us : “ These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality ? ”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Night's candles are burnt out,] Thus Sophocles :

——— ἀκρας νυκτὸς, ἠνίχ' ἔσπερος  
Δαμπητῆρες οὐκέτ' ἦσθον.—*Ajax*, 288.

BLAKEWAY.

<sup>8</sup> It is some METEOR that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a TORCH-BEARER,

And light thee on thy way —] Compare Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edit. p. 109 : “ The *moon*, then full, (not thinking scorn to be a *torch-bearer* to such beauty) guided her steps.”

And Sir J. Davies's *Orchestra*, 1596, st. vii. of the sun :

“ When the great *torch-bearer* of heauen was gone

“ Downe in a maske unto the Ocean's court.”

And Drayton's *Eng. Heroic. Epist.* p. 221, where the moon is described with the stars—

“ Attending on her, as her *torch-bearers.*” TODD.

<sup>9</sup> — thou need'st not to be gone.] The quarto 1597, reads ;

“ Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go soon.”

With a slight emendation, it appears to me to be a better line than that in the text :

“ Then stay awhile ; thou shalt not go so soon.” BOSWELL.

*ROM.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;  
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.  
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
 'Tis but the pale reflex<sup>1</sup> of Cynthia's brow ;  
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads :  
 I have more care to stay, than will to go<sup>2</sup> :—  
 Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—  
 How is't, my soul ? let's talk, it is not day<sup>3</sup>.

*JUL.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away ;  
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,  
 Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.  
 Some say, the lark makes sweet division<sup>4</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> — the pale reflex —] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> Let's talk, it is not day.] This speech is better, I think, in the quarto 1597 :

“ Let me stay here, let me be ta'en, and die ;  
 “ If thou wilt have it so, I am content.  
 “ I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,  
 “ It is the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow ;  
 “ I'll say it is the nightingale that beats  
 “ The vaulty heaven so far above our heads,  
 “ And not the lark, the messenger of morn :  
 “ Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—  
 “ What says my love ? let's talk, 'tis not yet day.”

BOSWELL.

<sup>3</sup> I have more care to stay, than will to go ;] Would it not be better thus—I have more will to stay, than care to go? JOHNSON.

*Care* was frequently used in Shakspeare's age for *inclination*.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — sweet DIVISION ;] *Division* seems to have been the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. So, in King Henry IV. P. I. :

“ Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 “ With ravishing *division* to her lute.”

To run a *division*, is also a musical term. STEEVENS.

Does not *division* rather mean where the voice or instrument runs off from the air or plain song in notes of shorter duration than those of the tune in general? *Divisions* do not properly make part of an air, but are a sort of ornaments added to it.

PHILLIPPS.

This doth not so, for she \* divideth us :  
 Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;  
 O, now I would they had chang'd voices too<sup>5</sup> !  
 Since arm from arm<sup>6</sup> that voice doth us affray,  
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day<sup>7</sup>.

\* Quarto A, *this*.

<sup>5</sup> Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes ;

O, now I would they had chang'd voices too !] I wish the lark and toad had changed voices ; for then the noise which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark : it would consequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks ; not morning, when the lark sings ; and we should not be under the necessity of separation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and consequently no signal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpose of Juliet's wish. HEATH.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the speaker alludes.

WARBURTON.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in a rustick rhyme :

“ ————— To heav'n I'd fly,

“ But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.” JOHNSON.

Read *chang'd eyes*. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> Since arm from arm, &c.] These two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deserve to be replaced, but as they may show the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to *I wot* was specious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The sense is this—The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now *I would* the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> Hunting thee hence with *hunts-up* to the day.] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606 :

“ Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muse.”

Again, in the play of *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599 :

“ To play him *huntsup* with a point of war,

“ I'll be his minstrell with my drum and fife.”

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607 :

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 ? my lord ! my love ! my friend<sup>9</sup> !

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,  
For in a minute there are many days<sup>1</sup> :

“ — Make a noise, its no matter ; any *huntsup* to waken vice.”

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 13th :

“ But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, speaking of one Gray, says, “ what good estimation did he grow into with king Henry [the Eighth] and afterwards with the duke of Somerset protectour, for making certaine merry ballads, whereof one chiefly was *The Hunte is up, the Hunte is up.*” RITSON.

A *huntsup* also signified a morning *song* to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is certainly used here in that sense. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Resveil*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Art thou gone so? my lord! my love! my friend!] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read :

“ Art thou gone so? love, lord, *ay husband*, friend!” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> For in a minute there are many days:] The quarto 1597 has two lines instead of the one here given :

“ For in an hour there are many minutes ;

“ Minutes are days ; so shall I number them.” BOSWELL.

So, in Abraham's *Sacrifice*, a Tragedy, by Beza, translated by Arthur Golding, 1577 :

O ! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo<sup>2</sup> \*.

*ROM.* Farewell ! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*JUL.* O, think'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<sup>3</sup> :  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,  
As one dead<sup>4</sup> in the bottom of a tomb :  
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*ROM.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you :  
Dry sorrow drinks our blood<sup>5</sup>. Adieu ! adieu !

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

\* Quarto A, *Ere I see thee again.*

† Quarto A, *No doubt, no doubt.*

“ Alas, my God, which seest me from above,

“ Both outwardly and inwardly alway,

“ Vowtsafe to shorten these three yeeres [days] I pray ;

“ For were they much more shorter than they be,

“ They be not dayes, but moneths and yeeres, to me.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> O ! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.]

“ Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,

“ Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.”

*Ovid, Epist. I.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> O God ! I have an ill-divining soul : &c.] This miserable  
prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance  
particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind,  
Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the en-  
tertainment at the house of Capulet :

“ — my mind misgives,

“ Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,

“ Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

“ From this night's revels.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> O God ! I have an ILL-DIVINING soul :

Methinks, I SEE THEE, NOW THOU ART BELOW,

AS ONE DEAD —] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed ;

“ And fear doth teach it *divination* ;

“ *I prophecy thy death.*”

The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1597.<sup>1</sup> That of  
1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *so low*. MALONE.

(||) *JUL.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee  
fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith<sup>6</sup>? Be fickle, fortune;  
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,  
But send him back.

*LA. CAP.* [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

*JUL.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?  
Is she not down so late, or up so early<sup>7</sup>?  
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither<sup>8</sup>? (||)

*Enter Lady CAPULET*<sup>9</sup>.

*LA. CAP.* Why, how now, Juliet?

<sup>5</sup> Dry sorrow drinks our blood.] This is an allusion to the proverb—"Sorrow's dry."

Chapman, in his version of the seventeenth Iliad, says —

" ————— their harts

" *Drunk from their faces all their blouds.*" STEEVENS.

He is accounting for their *pale*ness. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence, in The Third Part of King Henry VI. we have—" *blood-sucking sighs.*" MALONE.

See Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. VII. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> That is renown'd for faith?] This Romeo, so *renown'd for faith*, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. Romeo was the darling object of Juliet's love, and Romeo was, of course, to have every excellence. M. MASON.

It does not appear that Juliet was aware of Romeo's former attachment. BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> Is she not down so late, or up so early?] Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — PROCURES her hither?] *Procures* for *brings*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> The quarto 1597 thus commences this scene:

" *Enter Juliet's Mother, Nurse.*

" *Moth.* Where are you, daughter?

" *Nur.* What lady, lamb, what Juliet!

" *Jul.* How now, who calls?

" *Nur.* It is your mother.

" *Moth.* Why, how now, &c." BOSWELL.



*JUL.* Madam, I am not well.

*L.A. CAP.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death<sup>1</sup>?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*JUL.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*L.A. 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.

*L.A. 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?

*L.A. CAP.* That same villain, Romeo.

*JUL.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him<sup>2</sup>! I do, with all my heart;

<sup>1</sup> Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“—time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;

“Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,

“He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:

“*You cannot call him back with tears and shrickings shrill;*

“It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will.”

MALONE.

So, full as appositely, in *Painter's Novel*: “Thinke no more upon the death of your cousin Thibault; *whom do you thinke to revoke with teares?*” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> God pardon HIM!] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

*LA. CAP.* That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

*JUL.* Ay, madam, from<sup>3</sup> the reach of these my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*LA. CAP.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—  
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught<sup>4</sup>,  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*JUL.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—  
Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it;  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

<sup>3</sup> Ay, madam, from, &c.] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, less intelligibly:

“ Shall give him such an *unaccustom'd* dram.”

STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has—That *should*, &c. The word *shall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

“ — *unaccustom'd* dram.” In vulgar language, Shall give him a *dram* which he is *not used* to. Though I have, if I mistake not, observed, that in old books *unaccustomed* signifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's first explanation is the true one. Barnaby Googe, in his *Cupido Conquered*, 1563, uses *unacquainted* in the same sense:

“ And ever as we mounted up,

“ I lookte upon my wynges,

“ And proude I was, me thought, to see

“ Suche *unacquaynted* thyngs.” STEEVENS.

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt<sup>5</sup>  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

*L.A. CAP.* Find thou<sup>6</sup> the means, and I'll find  
such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*JUL.* And joy comes well in such a needful time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*L.A. CAP.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*JUL.* Madam, in happy time<sup>7</sup>, what day is that?

*L.A. CAP.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,  
The county Paris<sup>8</sup>, at Saint Peter's church,

<sup>5</sup> — my cousin TYBALT —] The last word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the second folio. But whether this was the word omitted is uncertain. It was more probably an epithet to cousin; such as,—my *murdered* cousin. It is unlikely the compositor should omit the last word of a line, especially a proper name. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Find thou, &c.] This line, in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — in happy time,] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> The county Paris,] It is remarked, that “Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot.”—He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young Earle*, and afterwards *Counte*, *Countee*, *County*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

The word, however, is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

“As when a captaine doth besiege some hold,

“Set in a marish, or high on a hill,

Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride <sup>9</sup>.

*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 !

*L.A. CAP.* Here comes your father ; tell him so  
yourself.

(||) And see how he will take it at your hands. (||)

“ And trieth waies and wiles a thousand fold,

“ To bring the place subjected to his will ;

“ So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold,” &c.

*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, book vii. stanza 90.

FARMER.

See p. 53, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> A joyful bride.] This dialogue between Juliet and her mother, is considerably altered from the first quarto, where it is thus given :

“ *Moth.* Why how now, Juliet ?

“ *Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

“ *Moth.* What, evermore weeping for your cousin's death ?

“ I think, thou'lt wash him from his grave with tears.

“ *Jul.* I cannot choose, having so great a loss.

“ *Moth.* I cannot blame thee ;

“ But it grieves thee more, that villain lives.

“ *Jul.* What villain, madam ?

“ *Moth.* That villain Romeo.

“ *Jul.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.

“ *Moth.* Content thee, girl ; if I could find a man,

“ I soon would send to Mantua, where he is,

“ That should bestow on him so sure a draught,

“ As he should soon bear Tybalt company.

“ *Jul.* Find you the means, and I'll find such a man.

“ For whilst he lives, my heart shall ne'er be light.

“ Till I behold him—dead—is my poor heart

“ Thus for a kinsman vext.

“ *Moth.* We'll let that pass. I come to bring thee joyful news.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

(||) *CAP.* When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew<sup>1</sup>;

“*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needful time.

“*Moth.* Well then, thou hast a careful father, girl,

“And one who, pitying thy needful state,

“Hath found thee out a happy day of joy.

“*Jul.* What day is that, I pray you?

“*Moth.* Marry, my child,

“The gallant, young, and youthful gentleman,

“The county Paris, at Saint Peter’s church,

“Early next Thursday morning, shall provide

“To make you there a glad and joyful bride!

“*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter’s church, and Peter too,

“He shall not there make me a joyful bride.

“Are these the news you had to tell me of?

“Marry, here are news, indeed. Madam, I will not marry yet;

“And when I do, it shall be rather Romeo, whom I hate,

“Than county Paris that I cannot love.

“*Moth.* Here comes your father; you may tell him so.”

BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> When the sun sets, the AIR doth drizzle dew;] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599, and the folio, is philosophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly rises from the earth, in consequence of the action of the heat of the sun on its moist surface. Those vapours which rise from the earth in the course of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as soon as they arise; but those which rise after sun-set, form themselves into drops, or rather into that fog or mist which is termed dew.

Though with the modern editors, I have followed the undated quarto, and printed—the *air* doth drizzle dew, I suspected when this note was written, that *earth* was the poet’s word, and a line in *The Rape of Lucrece*, strongly supports that reading:

“But as the *earth* doth weep, the sun being set —.”

MALONE.

When our author, in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, says:

“And when she [the moon] weeps, weeps every little flower;”

he only means that every little flower is moistened with dew, as if with tears; and not that the flower itself *drizzles dew*. This passage sufficiently explains how the *earth*, in the quotation from *The Rape of Lucrece*, may be said to *weep*. STEVENS.

But for the sunset of my brother's son,  
 It rains downright.— (||)  
 How now? (||) a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?<sup>2</sup> (||)  
 Evermore showering? In one little body  
 Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:  
 For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
 Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
 Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;  
 Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—  
 Without a sudden calm, will overset  
 Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?

That Shakspeare thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that *drizzled dew*, is evident from other passages. So, in King John:

“ Before the *dew* of evening *fall*.”

Again, in King Henry VIII.:

“ His *dews fall* every where.”

Again, in the same play:

“ The *dews* of *heaven fall* thick in blessings on her.”

Again, in Hamlet:

“ *Dews* of blood *fell*.” RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> How now? A CONDUIT, girl? what, still in tears?] In Thomas Heywood's Troia Britannica, cant. ii. st. 40, 1609, there is the same allusion:

“ You should not let such high-priz'd moisture fall,

“ Which from your hart your *conduit-eyes* distill.”

HOLT WHITE.

Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already observed, were common in Shakspeare's time. See Winter's Tale, Act V. Sc. II.

We have again the same image in The Rape of Lucrece:

“ A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,

“ Like ivory *conduits* coral cisterns filling.”

So, in Turberville's Tragick Tales, 1587, p. 162:

“ Why leave we to lament, why keepe we in our cryes,

“ Why do we not poure out our plaints by *conduits* of the *eyes*?”

The same image occurs more than once in the old poem of Romeus and Juliet:

“ His sighs are stopt, and stopped in the *conduit* of his teares.”

Again:

“ So that my payned heart by *conduytes* of the eyne,

“ No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping bryne.” MALONE.

Have you deliver'd to her our decree<sup>3</sup> ?

*L.A. 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, chop logick<sup>4</sup> ! What is this ?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not ;—

\* Quarto A, *I have ; but she will none, she thanks you.*

† Quarto A, *Would God that she.*

<sup>3</sup> Our decree?] This passage is thus given in the quarto 1597 :

“ In one little body thou resemblest a sea, a bark, a storm ;

“ For this thy body, which I term a bark,

“ Still floating in thy ever-falling tears,

“ And tost with sighs arising from thy heart,

“ Will, without succour, shipwreck presently :

“ But hear you, wife ! What ! have you sounded her ? what says she to it ? ” BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> — CHOP LOGICK !] This term, which hitherto has been divided into two words, I have given as one, it being, as I learn from The XXIII Orders of Knaves, bl. l. no date, a nick-name : “ *Choplogyk* is he that whan his mayster rebuketh his servaunt for his defawtes, he will gyve hym xx wordes for one, or elles he wyl bydde the deuylles pater noster in scylence.”

In The Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell, &c. 1560, this word also occurs :

“ But you wyl *choplogyk*

“ And be Bee-to-busse,” &c. STEEVENS.

But why make any change when the old reading affords as good a meaning? MALONE.

And yet not proud<sup>5</sup>;—(||) Mistress minion, you, (||)  
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,  
 But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,  
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
 You tallow face\*<sup>6</sup>!

*LA. CAP.* (||) Fye, fye! what are you mad? (||)

*JUL.* Good father, (||) I beseech you on my  
 knees, (||)

Hear me (||) with patience but to (||) speak (||) a  
 word. (||)

*CAP.* (||) Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
 wretch! (||)

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
 Or never after look me in the face:  
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
 My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,  
 That God had sent us<sup>7</sup> but this only child;  
 But now I see this one is one too much,  
 And that we have a curse in having her:  
 Out on her, hilding!

*NURSE.* God in heaven bless her!—

\* Quarto A, *Out you greene sicknes baggage, out you tallow face.*

<sup>5</sup> And yet not proud; &c.] This line is wanting in the folio.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — out, you baggage!

You tallow-face!] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakspeare, that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman Poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas—*hedge-brat, cullion, and tar-breech*, in the course of one speech.

Nay, in the Interlude of The Repentance of Mary Magdalene, 1567, Mary Magdalen says to one of her attendants:

“*Horsen, I beshrowe your heart, are you here?*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — had sent us —] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read—had *lent* us. MALONE.



You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*CAP.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

*NURSE.* I speak no treason.

*CAP.* O, God ye good den!

(||) *NURSE.* May not one speak?

*CAP.* Peace, you mumbling fool! (||)

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

*LA. CAP.* You are too hot.

*CAP.* God's bread! it makes me mad<sup>8</sup>: Day, night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,

(||) Of fair dennes, (||) youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,

Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—(||) *I'll not wed,* (||)—*I cannot love*<sup>9</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> God's bread! &c.] The first three lines of this speech are formed from the first quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The first copy reads:

“God's *blessed mother*, wife, it makes me mad.

“Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,

“Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,

“Still my care hath been to *see* her match'd.”

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read:

“God's *bread*, it makes me mad.

“Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

“Alone, in company, still my care hath been

“To *have* her match'd,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — and having now PROVIDED

A gentleman of princely parentage,—

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

*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,

“ Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,  
 “ That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have for thee  
 “ One of the greatest lords that wons about this town,  
 “ And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown ;—  
 “ ——— And yet thou playest in this case  
 “ The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl ; for want of skill,  
 “ Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey my will.  
 “ Even by his strength I swear that first did give me life,  
 “ And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my  
 wife,

“ Unless by Wednesday next thou bend as I am bent,  
 “ And, at our castle call'd Freetown, thou freely do assent  
 “ 'To county Paris' suit,—  
 “ *Not only will I give all that I have away,*  
 “ *From thee* to those that shall me love, me honour and obey ;  
 “ But also to so close and to so hard a gale  
 “ I shall thee wed for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fail  
 “ A thousand times a day to wish for sudden death :—  
 “ Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,  
 “ *And think not that I speak in sport, or mind to break my  
 vow.*”

“ There is a passage in an old play called *Wily Beguil'd*, so nearly resembling this, that one poet must have copied from the other. *Wily Beguil'd* was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a suitor, which she plucks back ; on which her Nurse says :

“ — She'll none, she thanks you, sir.

“ *Gripe*. Will she none ? why, how now, I say ?

“ What, you *powting*, peevish thing, you untoward *baggage*,

“ Will you not be ruled by your father ?

“ *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this ?*

“ And will you doe as you list ?

“ Away, I say ; *hang, starve, beg*, be gone ;

“ Out of my sight ! pack, I say :

“ Thou ne'er get'st a pennyworth of my goods for this.

“ Think on't ; *I do not usc to jest* :

“ Be gone, I say, I will not hear thee speake.” MALONE.

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:  
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn\*. [*Exit.*

*JUL.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief<sup>1</sup>?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies<sup>2</sup>.

*LA. CAP.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a  
word;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

*JUL.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-  
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—  
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise strata-  
gems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse<sup>3</sup>.

*NURSE.* Faith, here 'tis†: Romeo  
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,

\* Quarto A, *Think on't, look to't, I do not use to jest.*

† Quarto A, *Now trust me, madam, I know not what so say.*

<sup>1</sup> Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?] So, in King John, in  
two parts, 1591:

“Ah boy, thy yeeres, I see, are far too greene,

“*To look into the bottom of these cares.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> In that DIM monument, &c.] The modern editors read *dun*  
monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto 1597, and  
the folio. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Some comfort, nurse.] The quarto 1597 has only this line:  
“Ah! Nurse, what counsel, what comfort, canst thou give me?”

BOSWELL.

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

(||) Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, (||)  
I think it best you married with the county<sup>4</sup>.

O, he's a lovely gentleman !

Romeo's a dishclout to him : (||) an eagle, madam,  
Hath not so green<sup>5</sup>, so quick, so fair an eye,

<sup>4</sup> Faith, here 'tis: Romeo

Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;—

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.] The character of the Nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the Nurse exhibits the same readiness to accommodate herself to the present conjuncture :

“ The flattering nurse did not praise the friar for his skill,

“ And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will ;

“ She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,

“ And eke she praiseth much to her *the second marriage* ;

“ *And county Paris now she praiseth ten times more*

“ *By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before* :

“ Paris shall dwell there still ; *Romeus shall not return* ;

“ What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and mourn ? ”

MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in *The Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his Nurse from Shakspeare. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>5</sup> — so GREEN, — an eye,] So the first editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads — so keen. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to Emetrius, in *The Knight's Tale*, eyes of the same colour :

“ His nose was high, his eyin bright *citryn* : ”

i. e. of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher and Shakspeare, Act V. Sc. I. :

“ — oh vouchsafe,

“ With that thy rare *green eye*,” &c. —

I may add that Arthur Hall (the most ignorant and absurd of all the translators of Homer), in the fourth Iliad (4to, 1581,) calls Minerva—

As Paris hath. (||) Beshrew my very heart,  
 I think you are happy in this second match,  
 (||) For it excels your first: or if it did not, (||)  
 Your first is dead \*; or 'twere as good he were,  
 As living here <sup>6</sup> and you no use of him.

*JUL.* Speakest thou from thy heart ?

*NURSE.* From my soul too ;

Or else beshrew them both.

*JUL.* Amen !

*NURSE.* To what <sup>7</sup> ?

*JUL.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous †  
 much.

Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,  
 Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
 To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*NURSE.* Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[*Exit.*

*JUL.* Ancient damnation <sup>8</sup> ! O most wicked fiend !  
 Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,

\* Quarto A, *As for your husband he is dead.*

† Quarto A, *wondrous.*

“ The *greene eide* Goddese —.” STEEVENS.

What Shakspeare meant by this epithet here, may be easily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thisbé in the last Act of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ These lily lips,

“ This cherry nose,

“ These yellow cowslip cheeks,

“ Are gone, are gone !—

“ His eyes were *green* as leeks.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> As living *HERE* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,—as living *hence*, that is, at a distance, in banishment ; but *here* may signify, *in this world*. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> To what ?] The syllable—*To*, which is wanting towards the measure, I have ventured to supply. When Juliet says—*Amen !* the Nurse might naturally ask her *to* which of the foregoing sentiments so solemn a formulary was subjoined. STEEVENS.

The quarto 1597 has it—What say you, madam ? BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> Ancient damnation !] This term of reproach occurs in *The Malcontent*, 1604 :

“ — out, you *ancient damnation !*” STEEVENS.

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
 Which she hath prais'd him with above compare  
 So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor ;  
 Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
 I'll to the friar, to know his remedy ;  
 If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*FRI.* On Thursday, sir ? the time is very short.

*PAR.* My father Capulet will have it so ;  
 And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste<sup>9</sup>.

*FRI.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;  
 Uneven is the course, I like it not.

<sup>9</sup> And I am nothing slow, &c.] His haste shall not be abated by my slowness. It might be read :

And I am nothing slow to *back* his haste :  
 that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haste. JOHNSON.

*Slack* was certainly the author's word, for, in the first edition, the line ran—

“ And I am nothing *slack* to slow his haste.”

*Back* could not have stood there.

If this kind of phraseology be justifiable, it can be justified only by supposing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of slowness in me, to induce me to slacken or abate his haste.* The 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.

*PAR.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway ;  
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears ;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society :  
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

*FRI.* I would I knew not why it should be  
slow'd<sup>1</sup>. [*Aside.*  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*PAR.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

*JUL.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*PAR.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday  
next.

*JUL.* What must be shall be.

*FRI.* That's a certain text.

*PAR.* Come you to make confession to this father ?

*JUL.* To answer that, were to confess to you.

*PAR.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.

*JUL.* I will confess to you, that I love him.

*PAR.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*JUL.* If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*PAR.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with  
tears.

*JUL.* The tears have got small victory by that ;  
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

<sup>1</sup> — be SLOW'D.] So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the second book of Lucan :

“ — will you overflow

“ The fields, thereby my march to *slow*? ” STEEVENS.

*PAR.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

*JUL.* That is no slander, sir<sup>2</sup>, that is a truth ;  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*PAR.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*JUL.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now ;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass<sup>3</sup> ?

*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 !

\* Quarto A, *that am past cure.*

<sup>2</sup> That is no SLANDER, sir, &c.] Thus the first and second folio. The quarto 1597 reads—That is no *wrong*, &c. and so leaves the measure defective. STEEVENS.

A word was probably omitted at the press. The quarto 1599, and the subsequent copies, read :

“ That is no *slander*, sir, *which* is a truth.”

The context shows that the alteration was not made by Shakespeare. MALONE.

The repetition of the word *wrong*, is not, in my opinion, necessary : besides, the reply of Paris justifies the reading in the text :

“ Thy face is mine, and thou hast *slander'd* it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Or shall I come to you at EVENING MASS?] Juliet means *vespers*. There is no such thing as *evening mass*. “ *Masses* (as Fynes Moryson observes) are only sung in the morning, and when the priests are fasting.” So, likewise, in The Boke 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 syng *masse*, and so they hadde no *masse* that daye.” RITSON.



*FRI.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;  
 (||) It strains me past the compass of my wits : (||)  
 I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,  
 On 'Thursday next be married to this county.

*JUL.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :  
 (||) If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,  
 Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
 God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;  
 And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
 Shall be the label to another deed <sup>4</sup>,  
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both :  
 Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time, (||)  
 Give me some present counsel ; or, behold,  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire <sup>5</sup> ; arbitrating tnat  
 Which the commission of thy years and art <sup>6</sup>  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to die \*,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*FRI.* Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate (||) which (||) we would prevent.

\* Quarto A, *Speak not, be briefe, for I desire to die.*

<sup>4</sup> Shall be the label to another deed,] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in King Richard II. the Duke of York discovers a covenant which his son the Duke of Au-merle had entered into by the depending seal :

“ What seal is that, which hangs without thy bosom ? ”  
 See the *fac-simile* of Shakspeare's hand writing in vol. ii.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Shall play the umpire ;] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — COMMISSION of thy years and art —] *Commission* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
 Thou hast the strength of will \* to slay thyself :  
 Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake  
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
 That cop'st with death himself to scape from it † ;  
 And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*JUL.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower <sup>7</sup> ;  
 Or walk in thievish ways ; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are ; chain me <sup>8</sup> with roaring bears ;  
 Or, shut me nightly in a charnel-house,

\* Quarto A, Strength or will.

† Quarto A, *To fly from blame.*

<sup>7</sup> O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower ;] So, in King  
 Leir, written before 1594 :

“ Yea, for to do thee good, I would ascend

“ The highest turret in all Brittany,

“ And from the top leap headlong to the ground.”

MALONE.

“ — of *yonder* tower ;” Thus the quarto 1597. All other an-  
 cient copies—of *any* tower. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — chain me, &c.]

“ Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk

“ Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring bears,

“ Or hide me nightly,” &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted ; but  
 the old copy seems in this place preferable ; only perhaps we  
 might better read—

Where *savage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have inserted the lines which Mr. Pope omitted ; for which  
 I must offer this short apology : in the lines rejected by him we  
 meet with three distinct ideas, such as may be supposed to ex-  
 cite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others.  
 The lines now omitted are these :

“ Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,

“ Where roaring bears and savage lions roam ;

“ Or shut me——.”

The lines last quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnson pre-  
 ferred, are found in the copy of 1597 ; in the text the quarto of  
 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *hide* me nightly, &c.

MALONE.

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls ;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made me  
 tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love<sup>1</sup>.

*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<sup>2</sup>, being then in bed †,

\* Quarto A, *Hold, Juliet, hie thee home ; get thee to bed.*

† Quarto A, *And when thou art alone, take thou this violl.*

<sup>9</sup> And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;] In the quarto 1599, and 1609, this line stands thus :

“ And hide me with a dead man in his,”

The editor of the folio supplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the disgusting repetition of that word. The original copy leads me to believe that Shakspeare wrote—in his *tomb* ; for there the line stands thus :

“ Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.”

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *shroud*. MALONE.

It may be natural for the reader to ask by what evidence this positive assertion, relative to the printer, is supported.

To creep under a *shroud*, and so be placed in close contact with a corpse, is surely a more terrifick idea than that of being merely laid in a *tomb* with a dead companion. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> To my sweet love.] Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio : the quarto 1597 reads, I think with more spirit :

“ To keep myself a faithful unstain'd wife,

“ To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo.” BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> Take thou this phial, &c.] So, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet* :

“ Receive this phial small, and keep it in thine eye,

“ And on the marriage day, before the sun doth clear the sky,

“ Fill it with water full up to the very brim,

“ Then drink it off, and thou shalt feel throughout each *vein*  
 and *limb*

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour<sup>3</sup>, which shall seize  
 Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat:  
 No warmth, no breath\*, shall testify thou liv'st;  
 (||) The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

\* Quarto A, *No signe of breath.*

“ A pleasant *slumber* slide, and quite dispread at length  
 “ On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly strength:  
 “ Withouten moving then thy idle parts shall rest,  
 “ *No pulse shall go*, no heart once heave within thy hollow  
 breast;  
 “ But thou shalt lie as she that dieth in a trance;  
 “ Thy kinsmen and thy trusty friends shall wail the sudden  
 chance:  
 “ Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,  
 “ Where thy forefathers long ago a costly tomb prepar'd:  
 “ — where thou shalt rest, my daughter,  
 “ Till I to Mantua send for Romeus, thy knight,  
 “ Out of the tomb *both he and I* will take thee forth that  
 night.” MALONE.

Thus, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, tom. ii. p. 237:

“ Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink so much as is contained therein. And then you shall feele a certaine kinde of pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, will constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine: and by not doing their accustomed duties, shall loose their natural feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of xl hours at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our citie, you shall be caried to the church-yard hard by our church, when you shall be entombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors,” &c. The number of hours during which the sleep of Juliet was to continue, is not mentioned in the poem. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, &c.] The first edition of 1597 has in general been here followed, except only, that instead of “a cold and drowsy humour, we there find—“a dull and heavy slumber,” and a little lower, “*no sign of breath,*” &c. The speech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the first copy it consists of only thirteen lines; in the subsequent edition, of thirty-three. MALONE.

To paly ashes<sup>4</sup> ; thy eyes' windows fall<sup>5</sup>,  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
 Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like  
 death : (||)

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> The ROSES in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

TO PALY ASHES ;] It may be remarked, that this image does not occur either in Painter's prose translation, or Brooke's metrical version of the fable on which conjunctively the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is founded. It may be met with, however, in A Dolefull Discourse of a Lord and a Ladie, by Churchyard, 4to. 1593 :

“ Her colour changde, her cheerfull lookes

“ And countenance wanted spreete ;

“ *To swallow 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.

<sup>5</sup> — thy eyes' WINDOWS fall,] So, in Venus and Adonis :

“ Her two blue *windows* faintly she upreareth.”

So, in Kyd's *Cornelia* :

“ A dullness that disposeth us to rest

“ Gan close the *windows* of my *watchful* eyes.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Two and forty hours,] Instead of the remainder of this scene, the quarto 1597 has only these four lines :

“ And when thou art laid in thy kindred's vault,

“ I'll send in haste to Mantua, to thy lord ;

“ And he shall come, and take thee from thy grave.

“ *Jul.* Friar, I go ; be sure thou send for my dear Romeo.”

BOSWELL.

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou  
 dead :

Then (as the manner of our country is,)  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier<sup>7</sup>,  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;  
 And hither shall he come : and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking<sup>8</sup>, and that very night

<sup>7</sup> Then (as the manner of our country is,)

In thy best robes UNCOVER'D on the bier,] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave, 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-fac'd on the bier —.*” STEEVENS.

“ In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.” Between this line and the next, the quartos 1592, 1609, and the first folio, introduce the following verse, which the poet, very probably, had struck out, on his revisal, because it is quite unnecessary, as the sense of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either :

“ Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.”

Had Virgil lived to have revised his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text :

“ At *Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit ;*

“ Et multo nebulæ circum *dea fudit amictu.*”

The aukward repetition of the nominative case in the second of them, seems to decide very strongly against it.

Fletcher, in his *Knight of Malta*, has imitated the foregoing passage :

“ ——— and thus thought dead,

“ In her best habit, as the custom is

“ You know, in Malta, with all ceremonies,

“ She's buried in her family's monument,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;  
 If no unconstant toy<sup>9</sup>, nor womanish fear,  
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.

*JUL.* Give me, give me ! O tell me not of fear\*<sup>1</sup> ;

*FRI.* Hold ; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve : I'll send a friar with speed  
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*JUL.* Love, give me strength ! and strength shall  
 help afford.

Farewell, dear father !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A Room in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and  
 Servant.*

*CAP.* So many guests invite as here are writ.—  
 [*Exit Servant.*]

\* First folio, *care.*

<sup>8</sup> — and he and I

Will watch thy waking,] These words are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> If no UNCONSTANT TOY, &c.] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

“ If no unconstant toy, nor *womanish fear*,

“ Abate thy valour in the acting it.” These expressions are borrowed from the poem :

“ Cast off from thee at once the weed of *womanish dread*,

“ With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head :—

“ God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,

“ That no *inconstant toy* thee let thy promise to fulfill !”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Give me, GIVE ME ! O, tell me not of fear.] For this strong and passionate line, Mr. Steevens, in his zeal for metre, would substitute :

“ Give me, O give me ! tell me not of fear.” BOSWELL.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks<sup>2</sup>.

2 *SERV.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*CAP.* How canst thou try them so?

2 *SERV.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers<sup>3</sup>: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

*CAP.* Go, begone.— [*Exit Servant.*

(||) We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.— (||) What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence<sup>4</sup>?

*NURSE.* Ay, forsooth.

*CAP.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*NURSE.* See, where she comes from shrift<sup>5</sup> with merry look.

<sup>2</sup> — go hire me TWENTY cunning cooks.] *Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. See p. 159. *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  
abrode,

“And to the stately palace hych, 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.*

<sup>3</sup> — lick his own fingers:] I find this adage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 157:

“As the olde cocke crowes so doeth the chick:

“A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick.”

*STEEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> — Friar Laurence?] This line, and the three following speeches, are thus given in the quarto 1597:

“————— But where's this headstrong?

“*Moth.* She's gone, my lord, to friar Laurence' cell,

“To be confessed.

“*Cap.* Ah! he may hap to do some good of her,

“A headstrong self-willed harlotrie it is.” *BOSWELL.*



*CAP.* How now, my headstrong? where have you  
been gadding<sup>6</sup>?

*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<sup>7</sup>,  
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

<sup>5</sup> — from *SHRIFT* —] i. e. from *confession*. So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“Ay, like a wench comes roundly to her *shrift*.”

In the old *Morality of Every Man*, bl. l. no date, *confession* is personified:

“Now, I pray you, *shrifte*, mother of salvacyon.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — gadding?] The primitive sense of this word was to straggle from house to house, and collect money, under pretence of singing carols to the Blessed Virgin. See Mr. T. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 40. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — prostrate here.] The rest of the scene is thus given in the quarto 1597:

“And crave remission of so foul a fact. [*She kneels down.*”

“*Moth.* Why, that's well said.

“*Cap.* Now, before God, this holy reverend friar,

“All our whole city is much bound unto.

“Go tell the county presently of this,

“For I will have this knot knit up to-morrow.

“*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me to my closet,

“To sort such things as shall be requisite

“Against to-morrow?

“*Moth.* I prithee then, do, good nurse, go in with her.

“Help her to sort lyes, robotres, chains,

“And I will come unto you presently.

“*Nur.* Come, sweetheart, shall we go?

“*Jul.* I prithee, let us. [*Exeunt Nurse and Juliet.*”

“*Moth.* Methinks, on Thursday would be time enough.

“*Cap.* I say, I will have this dispatch'd to-morrow.

“Go one, and certify the count thereof.

“*Moth.* I pray, my lord, let it be Thursday.

“*Cap.* I say, to-morrow, while she's in the mood.

“*Moth.* We shall be short in our provision.

“*Cap.* Let me alone for that: Go get you in.

“Now, before God, my heart is passing light,

“To see her thus conformed to our will.” BOSWELL.

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's cell; And gave him what becomed love<sup>8</sup> I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

CAP. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:

This is as't should be.—Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.— Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him<sup>9</sup>.

JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

LA. CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

CAP. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

LA. CAP. We shall be short<sup>1</sup> in our provision: 'Tis now near night<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> — BECOMED love —] *Becomed* for *becoming*: one participle for the other; a frequent practice with our author.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

“ — this is not, wife, the friar's first desert;

“ In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found,

“ But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*”

MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldest quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

“ All our whole city is much bound *unto.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> We shall be SHORT —] That is, we shall be *defective*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis now near night.] It appears, in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* she went to Friar Laurence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week, [“ *Wednesday is to-morrow.*”] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is just now returned

CAP. Tush ! I will stir about,  
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :  
 Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her ;  
 I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;  
 I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho !—  
 They are all forth : Well, I will walk myself  
 To county Paris, to prepare him up  
 Against to-morrow : my heart is wond'rous light,  
 Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt*

### SCENE III.

#### JULIET'S Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse*<sup>3</sup>.

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<sup>4</sup>

from shrift :—yet Lady Capulet says, “ ’tis near *night*,” and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday*. This is one out of the many instances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

I am not aware of any inaccuracy here : as it is Tuesday night, Lady Capulet thinks she cannot be prepared by the next morning, and wishes the marriage to be postponed till Thursday, as was at first intended. BOSWELL.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Juliet and Nurse.*] Instead of the next speech, the quarto 1597 supplies the following short and simple dialogue :

“ *Nurse*. Come, come ; what need you anie thing else ?

“ *Juliet*. Nothing, good nurse, but leave me to mysef.

“ *Nurse*. Well there's a cleane smocke under your pillow, and so good night.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> For I have need, &c.] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion : perhaps Shakspeare meant to punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON.

The pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the Nurse, was suggested by the Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, and some of the expressions of this speech were borrowed from thence :

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady CAPULET*<sup>5</sup>.

*LA. CAP.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

*JUL.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.

*LA. CAP.* Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*JUL.* Farewell<sup>6</sup>!—God knows, when we shall meet again\*.

\* Quarto A inserts here, *Ah! I doe take a fearful thing in hand.*

“Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day  
“Of new contract: wherefore, *this night, my purpose is to pray*  
“Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the skies,  
“And order all the course of things as they can best devise,  
“That they so *smile* upon the doings of to-morrow,  
“That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from sorrow;  
“Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night,*  
“But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,  
“For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire —.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Enter Lady Capulet.*] This dialogue is equally short in the quarto 1597:

“*Enter Mother.*

“*Moth.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

“*Jul.* No, madam; I desire to lye alone,

“For I have many things to think upon.

“*Moth.* Well then, good night, be stirring, Juliet,

“The county will be early here to-morrow.” BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> Farewell! &c.] This speech received considerable additions after the elder copy was published. STEEVENS.

(||) I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,  
 That almost freezes up the heat of life<sup>7</sup>:  
 I'll call them back again to comfort me;—  
 Nurse!—What should she do here?  
 My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—  
 Come, phial.—(||)  
 What if this mixture do not work at all<sup>8</sup>?

<sup>7</sup> I have a faint cold FEAR thrills through my veins,  
 That almost FREEZES up the heat of life:] So, in *Romeus*  
 and *Juliet*, 1562:

“And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too  
 long,

“The force of her imagining anon did wax so strong,

“That she surmis'd she saw out of the hollow vault,

“A grisly thing to look upon, the carcase of Tybalt:

“Right in the self same sort that she few days before

“Had seen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded  
 sore.

“Her dainty tender parts 'gan shiver all for dread,

“Her golden hair did stand upright upon her *chillish* head:

“Then pressed with the *fear* that she there lived in,

“*A sweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender  
 skin.*” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> What if this MIXTURE do not work at all?] So, in *Painter's*  
*Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii. p. 239: “— but what know I  
 (sayd she) whether the operation of this poudrer will be to soone  
 or to late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my  
 faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a jesting stocke and  
 fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the serpents and  
 other venomous and crawling wormes, which commonly frequent  
 the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am  
 dead? But how shall I endure the stinche of so many carions  
 and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by for-  
 tune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help  
 me? And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation  
 of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fansie  
 of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she sawe him  
 wounded and imbrued with blood.” STEEVENS.

Here also Shakspeare appears to have followed the Poem:

“— to the end I may my name and conscience save,

“I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:

“Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not know:—

“And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:

“What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall

“Sooner or later than it should, or else *not work at all*?

Must I of force be married to the county<sup>9</sup>?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a Dagger*<sup>1</sup>.

“ And what know I, quoth she, if serpents odious,  
 “ And other beasts and worms, that are of nature venge-  
 mous,  
 “ That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,  
 “ And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men’s tombs are  
 found,  
 “ Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I shall lie as dead?  
 “ Or how shall I, that always have in so fresh air been bred,  
 “ Endure the loathsome stink of such a heaped store  
 “ Of carcases not yet consum’d and bones that long before  
 “ Intombed were, where I my sleeping-place shall have,  
 “ Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred’s common  
 grave?  
 “ Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,  
 “ Find me, if I awake before, *y-stifled in the tomb?*”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> MUST I of force be married to the COUNTY?] Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions—

“ *Shall I of force be married to the Count?*”

The subsequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has observed,

“ *Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?* MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — lie thou there. [*Laying down a dagger.*] This stage-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.

What if it be a poison, which the friar  
 Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;  
 Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,  
 Because he married me before to Romeo ?  
 I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,  
 For he hath still been tried a holy man :  
 I will not entertain so bad a thought <sup>2</sup>.—  
 How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?  
 Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,—  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle <sup>3</sup>,

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not necessary to have recourse to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent soever the custom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been ; for Juliet appears to have furnished herself with this instrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris :

“ If all fail else, myself have power to die.”

Accordingly, in the very next scene, when she is at the Friar's cell, and before she could have been furnished with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then consented to marry the count,) she says—

“ Give me some present counsel, or, behold,

“ Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*

“ Shall play the umpire.” MALONE.

Mr. 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.

<sup>2</sup> I will not entertain so bad a thought.] This line I have restored from the quarto 1597. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> As in a vault, &c.] This idea was probably suggested to our poet by his native place. The charnel at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth <sup>4</sup>,  
 Lies fest'ring <sup>5</sup> in his shroud ; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—  
 Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I <sup>6</sup>,  
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells ;  
 And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad <sup>7</sup> ;—

than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England. I was furnished with this observation by Mr. Murphy, whose very elegant and spirited defence of Shakspeare against the criticisms of Voltaire, is not one of the least considerable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — green in earth,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in Hamlet :

“ — of our dear brother's death,

“ The memory be *green*.”

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley :

“ — I am but

“ *Green* in my honours.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Lies FEST'RING —] To *fester* is to corrupt. So, in King Edward III. 1599 :

“ Lillies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds.”

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of Edward III. has been ascribed to him. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — is it not like, that I,] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — run mad ;] So, in Webster's *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 *shricks*

“ Of *mandrakes*,” &c.

Again, in *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher* :

“ This is the *mandrake's voice* that undoes me.”

The *mandrake* (says Thomas Newton, in his *Herball* to the Bible, 8vo. 1587,) has been idly represented as “ a creature having life and engendered under the earth of the seed of some



O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught<sup>8</sup>,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears?  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee<sup>9</sup>.

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*]

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.

<sup>8</sup> —be DISTRAUGHT,] *Distraught* is *distracted*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

"Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*."

Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. i. c. ix.:

"What frantick fit, quoth he, hath thus *distraught*," &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.] So the first quarto, 1597. The subsequent ancient copies read:

"Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee."

MALONE.

"Drink to thee." This soliloquy is thus shortly given in the quarto 1597:

"Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.

"Ah! I do take a fearful thing in hand.

"What if this potion should not work at all?

"Must I, of force, be married to the county?

"This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there.

"What if the Friar should give me this drink

"To poison me, for fear I should disclose

"Our former marriage? ah! I wrong him much.

"He is a holy and religious man.

"I will not entertain so bad a thought.

"What if I should be stifled in the tomb?

"Awake an hour before the appointed time?

"Ah, then, I fear, I shall be lunatick,

"And, playing with my dead forefathers' bones,

"Dash out my frantick brains. Methinks I see

## SCENE IV.

## CAPULET'S Hall.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

LA. CAP. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

NURSE. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry<sup>1</sup>.

*Enter CAPULET.*

CAP. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,  
The curfeu bell<sup>2</sup> hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—  
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica<sup>3</sup>:

“ My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,  
“ Seeking for Romeo:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
“ Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

“ [*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*”

BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> They call for DATES and quinces in the PASTRY.] i. e. in the room where paste was made. *So laundry, spicery, &c.*

MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, are the following entries:

“ Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *s.*

“ Item payd for xxiiii pounce of *prunys* iii. *s.* viii *d.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> The CURFEU bell —] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfew* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a passage in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

“ — well 'tis *nine* o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:] Shakspeare has here imputed to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solitudes 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

(||) Spare not for cost. (||)

*NURSE.* Go, go, you cot-quean, go.  
Get you to bed ; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow \*  
For this night's watching.

*CAP.* No, not a whit ; What ! I have watch'd ere  
now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*LA. CAP.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt<sup>1</sup> in  
your time ;

(||) But I will watch you from such watching now. (||)

[*Exeunt LADY CAPULET and Nurse.*

*CAP.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—Now,  
fellow,  
What's there ?

*Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.*

1 *SERV.* Things for the cook, 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.

\* Quarto 1597, *anone.*

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.*

<sup>4</sup> — a MOUSE-HUNT in your time ;] In my original attempt to explain this passage, I was completely wrong, for want of knowing that in Norfolk, and many other parts of England, the cant term for a weasel is—a *mouse-hunt*. The intrigues of this animal, like those of the cat kind, are usually carried on during the night. This circumstance will account for the appellation which Lady Capulet allows her husband to have *formerly* deserved.

*STEEVENS.*

The animal called the *mouse-hunt* is the *martin*. *HENLEY.*

“ Cat after kinde, good mouse-hunt,” is a proverb in Heywood's Dialogue, 1598, 1st pt. c. 2. *HOLT WHITE.*

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 musick straight,  
[*Musick within.*

For so he said he would. I hear him near :—  
Nurse !—Wife !—what, ho !—what, nurse, I say !

*Enter Nurse.*

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up ;  
I'll go and chat with Paris :—Hie, make haste,  
Make haste ! the bridegroom he is come already :  
Make haste, I say<sup>5</sup> ! [*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 !—fye, you slug-a-bed !—  
Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweet-heart !—why,  
bride !—

<sup>5</sup> Make haste, I say !] For this speech the quarto 1597 has only four lines :

“ Well, go thy way, thou shalt be logger-head.

“ Come, come, make haste ! call up your daughter.

“ The countie will be here with musick straight.

“ Gods me ! he's come. Nurse, call up my daughter.”

BOSWELL.

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths  
now ;

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,  
The county Paris hath set up his rest <sup>6</sup>,

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!

<sup>6</sup> — set up his rest,] This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramattick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the 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.

Ay, let the county take you in your bed<sup>7</sup> :  
 He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be ?  
 What, drest ! and in your clothes ! and down again !  
 I must needs wake you : Lady ! lady, lady !  
 Alas ! alas !—Help ! help ! my iady'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.  
 Accursed time<sup>8</sup> ! unfortunate old man !

<sup>7</sup> — why LADY !—fye, you SLUG-A-BED ! —

Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;] So, in *The Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet* :

“ First softly did she call, then louder did she cry,

“ *Lady, you sleep too long, the earl will raise you by and by.*”

MALONE

<sup>8</sup> Accursed time ! &c.] This line is taken from the first quarto, 1597. MALONE.

NURSE. O lamentable day!

L.A. CAP.

O woful time!

CAP. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make  
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak<sup>9</sup>.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

FRI. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

CAP. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy bride<sup>1</sup>:—See, there she  
lies,

<sup>9</sup> Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and WILL NOT LET ME SPEAK.] Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word:

“But more than all the rest the father's heart was so

“Smit with the heavy news, and so shut up with sudden woe,

“That he ne had the power his daughter to beweepe,

“*Ne yet to speak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to  
keep.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> O son, the night before thy wedding day

Hath death lain with thy bride:] Euripides has sported with this thought in the same manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

Τὴνδ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθενον (τί παρθενον;

“*Ἄδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα*).

SIR W. RAWLINSON.

“Hath death lain with thy bride.” Perhaps this line is coarsely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“Dead: she's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead.”

STEEVENS.

Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

“—— I'll to my wedding bed,

“And *Death*, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.”

If indeed any ridicule was intended, for he has the same thought in his *Wonderful Yeare*. “Death rudely lay with her, and spoiled her of a maidenhead in spite of her husband.”

The word *see* in the line before us, is drawn from the first quarto. MALONE.

Flower as she was, deflowered by him<sup>2</sup>.  
 Death is my son-in-law<sup>3</sup>, death is my heir :  
 My daughter he hath wedded ! I will die,  
 And leave him all ; life leaving, all is death's<sup>4</sup>.

*PAR.* Have I thought long to see this morning's  
 face<sup>5</sup>,

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<sup>6</sup> !

<sup>2</sup> FLOWER as she was, DEFLOWERED by him.] This jingle was common to other writers ; and, among the rest, to Greene, in his *Greene in Concept*, 1598 : “ —a garden-house having round about it many *flowers*, and within it much *deflowering*.”

COLLINS.

<sup>3</sup> Death is my son-in-law, &c.] The remaining part of this speech, “ death is my heir,” &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition ; and some of the subsequent editors, following his example, took the same unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly restored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — life LEAVING, all is death's.] The old copies read—life *living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — morning's face.] The quarto 1597 continues the speech of Paris thus :

“ And doth it now present such prodigies ?

“ Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

“ Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am ;

“ Born to the world to be a slave in it :

“ Distrest, remediless, unfortunate.

“ O heavens ! Oh nature ! wherefore did you make me

“ To live so vile, so wretched as I shall ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> O woe ! O woeful, &c.] This speech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited [that of 1597]. Several other parts unnecessary or tautology, are not to be found in the said edition ; which occasions the variation in this from the common books.

POPE.



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 détestable 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<sup>s</sup>  
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself  
Had part in this fair maid; now héaven 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;

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Dead art thou! &c.] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakspeare wrote:

Dead, *dead*, art thou! &c.

When the same word is repeated, the compositor often is guilty of omission. MALONE.

I have repeated the word—*dead*, though in another part of the line—Dead art thou, *dead*! STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — confusion's CURE —] Old copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. These violent and confused exclamations, says the Friar, will by no means alleviate that sorrow which at present overwhelms and disturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?” MALONE.

For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd :  
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,  
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself ?  
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well :  
 She's not well married, that lives married long ;  
 But she's best married, that dies married young.  
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
 On this fair corse ; and, as the custom is,  
 In all her best array bear her to church :  
 For though fond nature<sup>9</sup> bids us all lament,  
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*CAP.* All things<sup>1</sup>, that we ordained festival,

<sup>9</sup> For though *FOND* nature —] This line is not in the first quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—though *some* nature. The editor of the second folio substituted *fond* for *some*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propose. I have already shown that all the alterations made by the editor of the second folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto 1597, where we find—

“*In all* her best and sumptuous ornaments,” &c.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read—

“*And in her* best array bear her to church.” MALONE.

I am fully satisfied with the reading of the second folio, the propriety of which is confirmed by the following passage in *Coriolanus* :

“'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> All things, &c.] Instead of this and the following speeches, the eldest quarto has only a couplet :

“*Cap.* Let it be so : come woeful sorrow-mates,

“ Let us together taste this bitter fate.” STEEVENS.

“ All things, that we ordained festival,” &c. So, in the poem already quoted :

“ Now is the parent's mirth quite changed into mone,

“ And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one ;

“ And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,

“ And *Hymen* to a *dirge* :—alas ! it seemeth strange.

“ Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,

“ And, whom they should see married, they follow to the grave ;

Turn from their office to black funeral :  
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;  
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast <sup>2</sup> ;  
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;  
 Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
 And all things change them to the contrary.

*FRI.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him ;—

And go, 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 <sup>3</sup>.

[*Exit Nurse.*

*1 MUS.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter PETER*<sup>4</sup>.

*PET.* Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease* : O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease.*

*1 MUS.* Why *heart's ease* ?

*PET.* O, musicians, because my heart itself plays

“ The *feast* that should have been of pleasure and of joy,  
 “ Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — burial feast ;] See Hamlet, Act I. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — a PITIFUL case.] If this speech was designed to be metrical, we should read—*piteous.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Enter Peter.*] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of Peter was originally performed by William Kempe.

MALONE.

—*My heart is full of woe*<sup>5</sup>: O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me<sup>6</sup>.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

*PET.* You will not then?

<sup>5</sup> — My heart is full of woe:] This is the burthen of the first stanza of A Pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers:

“Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — O, play me some merry DUMP, to comfort me.] A *dump* anciently signified *some kind of dance*, as well as *sorrow*. So, in Humour Out of Breath, a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

“He loves nothing but an *Italian dump*,

“Or a *French brawl.*”

But on this occasion it means a mournful song. So, in The Arraignment of Paris, 1584, after the shepherds have sung an elegiac hymn over the hearse of Colin, Venus says to Paris—

“—— How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?

“*Paris.* Such *dumps*, sweet lady, as bin these, are deadly *dumps* to prove.” STEEVENS.

*Dumps* were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed *any sort* of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a *merry dump*. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the next page but one, and in the less ancient ballad of Chevy Chase. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the *dumps*.

In a MS. of Henry the Eighth's time, now among the King's Collection in the Museum, is a tune for the cittern, or guitar, entitled, “My lady Careys *dompe* ;” there is also “The duke of Somersettes *dompe* ;” as we now say, “Lady Coventry's *minuet*,” &c. “If thou wert not some blockish and senseless dolt, thou wouldest never laugh when I sung a heavy mixt-Lyidian tune, or a note to a *dumpe* or dolefull dittie.” *Plutarch's Morals*, by Holland, 1602, p. 61. RITSON.

At the end of The Secretaries Studie, by Thomas Gainsford, Esq. 4to. 1616, is a long poem of forty-seven stanzas, and called A Dumpe or Passion. It begins in this manner:

“I cannot sing; for neither have I voyce,

“Nor is my minde nor matter 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.

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 gleeke<sup>7</sup> :  
I will give you the minstrel<sup>8</sup>.

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.

7 — the GLEEK :] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ Nay, I can *gleek*, upon occasion.”

To *gleek* is to *scoff*. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek*.

So, in Turberville's translation of Ovid's *Epistle from Dido to Æneas* :

“ By manly mart to purchase prayse,

“ And give his foes the *gleeke*.”

Again, in the argument to the same translator's version of *Herione 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.

<sup>8</sup> No money, on my faith ; but the GLEEK : I will give you the MINSTREL.] Shakspeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *Gleekman* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has shown, signified a *minstrel*. See his *Essay on the Antient English Minstrels*, p. 55. The word *gleek* here signifies *scorn*, as Mr. Steevens has already observed ; and is, as he says, borrowed from the old game so called, the method of playing which may be seen in *Skinner's Etymologicon*, in voce, and also in *The Compleat Gamester*, 2d edit. 1676, p. 90. DOUCE.

“ — the *minstrel*.” From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears, that the hire of a *parson* was cheaper than that of a *minstrel* or a *cook*.

“ Item, payd to the preacher vi s. ii d.

“ Item, payd to the minstrell xii s.

“ Item, payd to the coke xv s.” STEEVENS.

*PET.* Then have at you with my wit ; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger :—Answer me like men :

*When griping grief<sup>9</sup> the heart doth wound,*

<sup>9</sup> *When GRIPING grief, &c.]* The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, makes the hero say :

“ New gripes of dred then pearse our trembling brestes.”

Dr. Percy thinks that the questions of Peter are designed as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

“ IN COMMENDATION OF MUSICKE.

“ Where griping grief y<sup>e</sup> hart would woūd, (& dolful domps ye mind oppresse)

“ There musick with her silver sound, is wont 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 wisemā thē will thee reprove ?

*From the Paradise of Daintie*

“ Richard Edwards.”

*Deuises, fol. 31. b.*

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of sundry poems in this collection, see an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and also in Tanner's *Bibliotheca*. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Another copy of this song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

STEEVENS.

*And doleful dumps the mind oppress*<sup>1</sup>,  
*Then musick, with her silver sound*;

Why, *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?

What say you, Simon Catling<sup>2</sup>?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

*PET.* Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck<sup>3</sup>?

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—*musick with her silver sound*<sup>4</sup>, because such fellows as you<sup>5</sup> have seldom gold for sounding:—

<sup>1</sup> *And doleful dumps the mind oppress.*] This line I have recovered from the old copy [1597]. It was wanting to complete the stanza as it is afterwards repeated. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — Simon CATLING?] A *calling* was a small lute-string made of *catgut*. STEEVENS.

In An Historical Account of Taxes under all Denominations in the Time of William and Mary, p. 336, is the following article: "For every gross of *callings* and lutestring," &c. A. C.

<sup>3</sup> Hugh Rebeck?] The fidler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquiu*. See Menage, in v. *Rebec*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle: "—'Tis present death for these fiders to tune their *rebecks* before the great Turk's grace." In England's Helicon, 1600, is The Shepherd Arsilus, his Song to his *Rebeck*, by Bar. Yong. STEEVENS.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round,

"And the jocund *rebecks* sound ——" MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *silver sound*,] So, in the Return from Parnassus, 1606:

"Faith, fellow fiders, here's no *silver sound* in this place."

Again, in Wily Beguiled, 1606:

"—— what harmony is this

"With *silver sound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

Spenser perhaps is the first author of note who used this phrase:

*Then musick 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* <sup>6</sup>.

“A *silver sound* that heavenly musick seem'd to make.”

STEEVENS.

Edwards's song preceded Spenser's poem. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — because such fellows as you —] Thus the quarto 1597. The others read—because *musicians*. I should suspect that a fidler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Exeunt.*] The quarto of 1597 differs so much from the subsequent copies in this scene, that I have given it entire as it stands in that copy:

“*Enter Mother.*”

“*Moth.* What, are you busy? do you need my help?

“*Jul.* No, madam; I desire to lie alone,

“For I have many things to think upon.

“*Moth.* Well, then, good night; be stirring, Juliet,

“The county will be early here to-morrow.

[*Exit.*]

“*Jul.* Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

“Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand.

“What if this potion should not work at all,

“Must I of force be married to the county?

“This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there.

“What if the friar should give me this drink

“To poison me, for fear I should disclose

“Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much;

“He is a holy and religious man:

“I will not entertain so bad a thought.

“What if I should be stifled in the tomb?

“Awake an hour before the appointed time?

“Ah then I fear I shall be lunatick;

“And playing with my dead forefathers' bones,

“Dash out my frantick brains. Methinks I see

“My cousin Tybalt welt'ring in his blood,

“Seeking for Romeo: stay, Tybalt, stay!

“Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee.

[*She falls upon her bed within the curtains.*]

“*Enter Nurse with herbs, and Mother.*”

“*Moth.* That's well said, Nurse; set all in readiness;

“The county will be here immediately.



ACT V<sup>7</sup>. SCENE I.

Mantua. A Street.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*ROM.* If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep<sup>3</sup>,

“ *Enter Old Man.*

“ *Cap.* Make haste, make haste, for it is almost day,

“ The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis four o'clock ;

“ Look to your bak'd meats, good Angelica.

“ *Nur.* Go get you to bed, you cotqueen. I'faith you will be sick anon.

“ *Cap.* I warrant thee, Nurse ; I have ere now watch'd all night, and have taken no harm at all.

“ *Moth.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time.

“ *Enter Serving Man with logs and coals.*

“ *Cap.* A jealous hood, jealous hood : How now, sirra ?

“ What have you there ?

“ *Ser.* Forsooth, logs.

“ *Cap.* Go, go choose drier. Will will tell thee where thou shalt fetch them.

“ *Ser.* Nay, I warrant, let me alone ; I have a head I trow to choose a log. [*Exit.*

“ *Cap.* Well, go thy way ; thou shalt be loggerhead.

“ Come, come, make haste, call up your daughter,

“ The county will be here with musick straight.

“ Gods me, he's come : Nurse, call up my daughter.

“ *Nur.* Go, get you gone. What lamb, what lady bird ! fast, I warrant. What Juliet ! well, let the county take you in your bed : you sleep for a week now ; but the next night, the county Paris hath set up his rest that you shall rest but little. What, lamb, I say, fast still : what, lady, love ! what, bride ! what, Juliet ! Gods me, how sound she sleeps ! Nay, then I see I must wake you, indeed. What's here, laid on your bed ? dress'd in your cloaths, and down ? Ah me ! alack the day ! some aqua vitæ ! ho !

“ *Enter Mother.*

“ *Moth.* How now ? what's the matter ?

“ *Nur.* Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead !

“ *Moth.* Accurst, unhappy, miserable time.

“ *Enter Old Man.*

“ *Cap.* Come, come, make haste, where's my daughter ?

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand \* :  
 My bosom's lord<sup>9</sup> sits lightly † in his throne ;

\* Quarto A, *dreame presaged some good event to come.*

† Quarto A, *cheerfull.*

“ *Moth.* Ah, she's dead, she's dead.

“ *Cap.* Stay, let me see, all pale and wan.

“ Accursed time, unfortunate old man.

“ *Enter Friar and Paris.*

“ *Par.* What is the bride ready to go to church ?

“ *Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.

“ O son, the night before thy wedding day

“ Hath death lain with thy bride ; flower as she is,

“ Deflower'd by him ! see where she lies ;

“ Death is my son-in-law ; to him I give all that I have.

“ *Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

“ And doth it now present such prodigies ?

“ Accurst, unhappy, miserable man,

“ Forlorn, forsaken, destitute I am ;

“ Born to the world to be a slave in it.

“ Distress'd, remediless, and unfortunate.

“ O heavens, O nature, wherefore did you make me,

“ To live so vile, so wretched as I shall ?

“ *Cap.* O here she lies that was our hope, our joy ;

“ And being dead, dead sorrow nips us all.

[*All at once cry out and wring their hands.*

“ *All cry.* And all our joy, and all our hope is dead,

“ Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.

“ *Cap.* Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies,

“ Why to this day have you preserv'd my life ?

“ To see my hope, my stay, my joy, my life,

“ Depriv'd of sense, of life, of all, by death ?

“ Cruel, unjust, impartial destinies.

“ *Cap.* O sad fac'd sorrow, map of misery,

“ Why this sad time have I desir'd to see ?

“ This day, this unjust, this impartial day,

“ Wherein I hop'd to see my comfort full,

“ To be depriv'd by sudden destiny ?

“ *Moth.* O woe, alack, distress'd, why should I live ?

“ To see this day, this miserable day ?

“ Alack the time that ever I was born

“ To be partaker of this destiny !

“ Alack the day, alack and well-a-day !

“ *Fr.* O peace, for shame, if not for charity.

“ Your daughter lives in peace and happiness,

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

“ And it is vain to wish it otherwise.

“ Come, stick your rosemary in this dead corse ;

“ And as the custom of our country is,

“ In all her best and sumptuous ornaments,

“ Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.

“ *Cap.* Let it be so, come woeful sorrow mates,

“ Let us together taste this bitter fate.

[*They all but the Nurse go forth, casting rosemary on her, and shutting the curtains.*]

“ *Enter Musicians.*

“ *Nur.* Put up, put up, this is a woeful case. [Exit.

“ 1. Ay, by my troth, mistress, is it ; it had need be mended.

“ *Enter Serving Man.*

“ *Ser.* Alack, alack, what shall I do ! come, fiddlers, play me some merry dump.

“ 1. Ah, sir ; this is no time to play.

“ *Ser.* You will not then ?

“ 1. No, marry, will we.

“ *Ser.* Then will I give it you, and soundly too.

“ 1. What will you give us ?

“ *Ser.* The fidler, I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, I'll *sol* you.

“ 1. If you *re* us and *fa* us, we will note you.

“ *Ser.* I will put up my iron dagger, and beat you with my wooden wit. Come on, Simon Found-pot, I'll pose you.

“ 1. Let's hear.

“ *Ser.* *When griping grief the heart doth wound,*

“ *And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*

“ *Then musick with her silver sound,*

“ Why silver sound ? Why silver sound ?

“ 1. I think because musick hath a sweet sound.

“ *Ser.* Pretty ! what say you, Matthew Minikin ?

“ 2. I think because musicians sound for silver.

“ *Ser.* Pretty too : come, what say you ?

“ 3. I say nothing.

“ *Ser.* I think so, I'll speak for you because you are the singer. I say silver sound, because such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding. Farewell, fiddlers, farewell. [Exit.

“ 1. Farewell and be hang'd : come, let's go. [Exeunt.]

BOSWELL.

7 ACT V.] The Acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made, occur

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;  
 (Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to  
 think,)

to me in the perusal of this play ; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the Acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> If I may trust the flattering EYE of sleep,] Thus the earliest copy ; meaning, perhaps, if I may trust to what I saw in my sleep. The folio reads :

“ If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep ; ”

which is explained, as follows, by Dr. JOHNSON. STEEVENS.

The sense is—If I may trust the *honesty* of sleep, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise *flattery*.

JOHNSON.

The sense seems rather to be—If I may repose any confidence in the flattering visions of the night.

Whether the former word ought to supersede the more modern one, let the reader determine : it appears to me, however, the most easily intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

I once thought that the *flattering eye of sleep* meant the visual power which a man asleep is enabled, by the aid of imagination, to exercise ; but I now conceive, that the god of sleep was in the contemplation of the speaker, and the meaning appears to be this—If I may trust the favourable aspect of sleep, which too often, like the words of the flatterer, is delusive and untrue. This interpretation, and the reading of the old copy, may be supported by a passage in Richard III. :

“ My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ;

“ O, if thy eye be not a flatterer,

“ Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.”

The reading in the text is that of the original copy in 1597, which, in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the subsequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read :

“ If I may trust the flattering *truth* of sleep,”

which by a very forced interpretation may mean,—If I may confide in the pleasing visions of sleep, and believe them to be true.

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. JOHNSON has interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning :

“ If I may trust the *flattery* of sleep,

“ My dreams presage some joyful news at hand : ”

and Mr. POPE has followed him. MALONE.

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd<sup>1</sup>, and was an emperor<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> My BOSOM'S LORD—] So, in King Arthur, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601 :

“ That neither Uter nor his counsell knew

“ How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutchess thwarted.”

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord*, he means—*Cupid*. STEEVENS.

So also, in the Preface to Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumblebee, 1599 : “ —whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating himself in their breasts*,” &c.

Thus too Shakspeare, in Twelfth Night :

“ It gives a very echo to the seat

“ Where *love is thron'd*.”

Again, in Othello :

“ Yield up, O *Love*, thy crown and *hearted throne*.”

Though the passage quoted above from Othello proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but the *heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Mason, can only import “ that Romeo loved less intensely than usual.” Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—“ *sits cheerful* in his throne,” ascertains the author's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet described the god of love as sitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, a *light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*.

So, in King Henry IV. P. I. :

“ And on your eyelids *crown* the god of sleep.”

Again, in the play before us :

“ Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit :

“ For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,

“ Sole monarch of the universal earth.”

Again, more appositely, in King Henry V. :

“ As if allegiance *in their bosoms sat*,

“ *Crowned* with faith and constant loyalty.” MALONE.

“ My bosom's lord—” These three lines are very gay and

(||) Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy? (||)

*Enter BALTHASAR.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
(||) Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? (||)  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet<sup>3</sup>? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*BAL.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill \* ;

\* Quarto, *Then nothing can be ill, for she is well.*

pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain fore-tokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this passage himself a little further on :

“ How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
“ Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
“ A lightning before death.”

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576 :

“ — a lightning delight against his souden destruction.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead ;—  
And BREATH'D such LIFE WITH KISSES IN MY LIPS,  
That I reviv'd,] Shakspeare seems here to have remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem that he has quoted in *As You Like It* ;

“ By this sad Hero —  
“ Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted ;  
“ *He kiss'd her, and breath'd life into her lips,*” &c.

<sup>2</sup> I DREAMT, my lady—  
That I reviv'd, and was an EMPEROR.] So, in Shakspeare's 87th Sonnet :

“ Thus have I had thee, as a *dream* doth *flatter*,  
“ In sleep a *king*.” STEEVENS.

Instead of the six lines preceding, quarto 1597 has the following :

“ And I am comforted with pleasing dreams.  
“ Methought I was this night already dead :  
“ (Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to think,)  
“ And that my lady Juliet came to me,  
“ And breath'd such life,” &c. BOSWELL.

<sup>3</sup> How fares my Juliet?] So the first quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read :

“ *How doth my lady Juliet?*” MALONE.

Her body sleeps in Capels' monument <sup>4</sup>,  
 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 even so? then I defy you, stars <sup>5</sup>!—

(||) Thou know'st my lodging: (||) get me ink and  
 paper,

And hire post horses; I will hence to-night †.

*BAL.* Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus <sup>6</sup>:  
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
 Some misadventure.

*ROM.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd;  
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:  
 Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

\* Quarto A, *Pardon me, sir, that am the messenger of such bad tidings.*

† Quarto A, *Go get me inke and paper; hyre post-horse; I will not stay in Mantua to-night.*]

<sup>4</sup> — in *CAPELS' monument,*] Thus the old copies; and thus Gascoigne, in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

“Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, so that

“They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they passe,

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

Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the groundwork of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have substituted *Capulet's* monument. MALONE.

Not all of them. The edition preceding Mr. Malone's does not, on this occasion, differ from his. REED.

<sup>5</sup> — I DEFY you, stars!] The first quarto—I defy *my* stars. The folio reads—*deny* you, stars. The present and more animated reading is picked out of both copies. STEEVENS.

The quarto of 1599, and the folio, read—I *deny* you, stars.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Pardon me, sir. I will not leave you thus:] This line is taken from the quarto 1597. The quarto 1609, and the folio, read:

“I do beseech you, sir, have patience.” STEEVENS.

So also the quarto 1599. MALONE.

*BAL.* No, my good lord.

*ROM.* No matter : get thee gone,  
And hire those horses : I'll be with thee straight<sup>7</sup>.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.

Let's see for means<sup>8</sup> :—O, mischief ! thou art swift

7 I'll be with thee straight.] For the seven preceding verses quarto 1597 has these five :

“ *Balt.* Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus ;

“ Your looks are dangerous, and full of fear :

“ I dare not, nor I will not, leave you yet.

“ *Rom.* Do as I bid thee ; get me ink and paper,

“ And hire those horses ; stay not, I say.” BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> Let's see for means :—] From hence to the end of the scene, it is thus in quarto 1597 :

“ — As I do remember,

“ Here dwells a 'pothecary whom oft I noted

“ As I pass'd by, whose needy shop is stuff'd

“ With beggarly accounts of empty boxes :

“ And in the same an alligator hangs.

“ Old ends of packthread, and cakes of roses,

“ Are thinly strewed to make up a show.

“ Him as I noted, thus with myself I thought :

“ And if a man should need a poison now

“ (Whose present sale is death in Mantua),

“ Here he might buy it. This thought of mine

“ Did but forerun my need : and here about he dwells.

“ Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.

“ What ho ! apothecary ! come forth, I say.

“ *Enter Apothecary.*

“ *Apo.* Who calls ? what would you, sir ?

“ *Rom.* Here's twenty ducats.

“ Give me a dram of some such speeding geer

“ As will dispatch the weary taker's life,

“ As suddenly as powder being fir'd

“ From forth a cannon's mouth.

“ *Apo.* Such drugs I have I must of force confess,

“ But yet the law is death to those that sell them.

“ *Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of poverty,

“ And dost thou fear to violate the law ?

“ The law is not thy friend, nor the law's friend,

“ And therefore make no conscience of the law :

“ Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,

“ And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

“ *Apo.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.



To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !  
 I do remember an apothecary <sup>9</sup>,—  
 And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples ; meager were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones <sup>1</sup> :

“ *Rom.* I pay thy poverty, but not thy will.

“ *Apo.* Hold, take you this, and put it in any liquid thing  
 you will, and it will serve, had you the lives of twenty men.

“ *Rom.* Hold, take this gold, worse poison to men's souls

“ Than this which thou hast given me. Go, hie thee hence,

“ Go, buy thee clothes, and get thee into flesh.

“ Come cordial, and not poison, go with me

“ To Juliet's grave : for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*”

BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> I do remember an apothecary, &c.] This circumstance is likewise found in Painter's translation, tom ii. p. 241 : “ — beholding an apoticiaries 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.”

STEEVENS.

It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of Romeus and Juliet before him ; for he has borrowed more than one expression from thence :

“ And seeking long, alas, too soon ! the thing he sought, he found.

“ An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,

“ Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be poor ;

“ And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,

“ And in his window of his wares there was so small a *shew* ;

“ Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,

“ What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought ;

“ For needy lack is like the poor man to compel

“ To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell.—

“ Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)—

“ Fair sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding geer*,

“ And more there is than you shall need ; for half of that is there

“ Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour

“ To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's power.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — meager were his looks,

Sharp MISERY HAD WORN HIM TO THE BONES :] See Sackville's description of Misery, in his Induction :

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd<sup>2</sup>, and other skins  
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes<sup>3</sup>,  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
 An if a man<sup>4</sup> 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!

“His *face was leane*, and some deal pinde away;

“And eke *his hands consumed to the bone.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> An alligator stuff'd,] 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.

<sup>3</sup> A BEGGARLY account of empty boxes,] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> AN IF a man, &c.] This phraseology which means simply—*If*, was not unfrequent in Shakspeare's time and before. Thus, in Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 85: “—meanys was maid unto me to see *an yf* I wold appoynt,” &c. REED.

*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<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> Need and oppression STARVETH in thy eyes,] The first quarto reads :

“ And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

The quartos 1599, 1609, and the folio :

“ Need and oppression *starveth* in thy eyes.”

Our modern editors, without authority :

“ Need and oppression *stare* within thy eyes.” STEEVENS.

The passage might, perhaps, be better regulated thus :

Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.

For they cannot, properly, be said to *starve* in his eyes ; though *starved famine* may be allowed to dwell in his cheeks. *Thy*, not *thine*, is the reading of the folio, and those who are conversant in our author, and especially in the old copies, will scarcely notice the grammatical impropriety of the proposed emendation.

RITSON.

The modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whose *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited :

“ Need and oppression *stareth* in thy eyes.”

The word *starved* in the first copy shows that *starveth* in the text is right : “ And *starved* famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

This line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been substituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text

Upon thy back hangs ragged misery<sup>6</sup>,  
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :  
 The world affords no law to make thee rich ;  
 Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*AP.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

*ROM.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

*AP.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
 And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
 Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight<sup>7</sup>.

*ROM.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's  
 souls,  
 Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks*, and leaving an hemistich. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,] This is the reading of the oldest copy. I have restored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the subsequent impressions :

“ Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back.”

In *The First Part of Jeronimo*, 1605, is a passage somewhat resembling this of Shakspeare :

“ Whose famish'd jaws look like the chaps of death,

“ Upon whose eye-brows hang damnation.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594 :

“ Upon thy *back* where *misery doth sit*.

“ O Rome,” &c.

*Jeronimo* was performed before 1590. MALONE.

See *King John*, Act I. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Put this in any liquid thing you will,

And drink it off; and, if you had the strength

Of twenty men. it would despatch you straight.] Perhaps, when Shakspeare allotted this speech to the Apothecary, he had not quite forgot the following passage in *The Pardoner's Tale of Chaucer*, 12,794 :

“ The Potecary answered, thou shalt have

“ A thing, as wisly God my soule save,

“ In all this world ther n'is no creature,

“ That ete or dronke hath of this confecture,

“ Not but the mountance of a corne of whete,

“ That he ne shal his lif anon forlete ;

“ Ye, sterve he shal, and that in lesse while,

“ Than thou wolt gon a pas not but a mile :

“ This poison is so strong and violent.” STEEVENS.

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.*

LAV. This same should be the voice of friar  
John.—

Welcome from Mantua : What says Romeo ? †  
(||) Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter. (||)

JOHN. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me <sup>8</sup>,

\* Quarto A, *What ! Friar Laurence ! brother, ho !*

† Quarto A, *What news from Mantua ? what, will Romeo come ?*

<sup>8</sup> One of our order, to associate me,] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out ; and thus, says Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEVENS.

In *The Visitatio Notabilis de Seleburne*, a curious record printed in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, Wykeham* enjoins the canons not to go abroad without leave from the prior, who is ordered on such occasions to assign the brother a companion, *ne suspicio sinistra vel scandalum oriatur*. *Append.* p. 448. HOLT WHITE.

By the Statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, ch. 22, it is declared—That no batchelor or scholar shall go into the town without a companion as a witness of his honesty, on pain for the

Here in this city visiting the sick,  
 And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
 Suspecting, that we both were in a house  
 Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
 Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;  
 So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

LAV. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

first offence to be deprived of a week's commons, with further punishment for the offence if repeated. REED.

“ Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

“ One of our order, to associate me,

“ Here in this city visiting the sick,

“ And finding him, the searchers of the town,

“ Suspecting &c.” So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies ;

“ And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise

“ That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,

“ But of their convent aye *should be accompanied with one*

“ *Of his profession*, straight a house he findeth out,

“ In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about.”

Our author, having occasion for Friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick ; the words, therefore, *to associate me*, must be considered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city, &c.* must refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the passage ought to be regulated thus :

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

And finding him, the searchers of the town

Here in this city visiting the sick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The searchers would have had no ground of suspicion, if neither of the Friars had been in an infected house. MALONE.

It is thus in quarto 1597 :

“ One of our order, to associate me,

“ Here in this city visiting the sick,

“ Where as the infectious pestilence remain'd,

“ And, being by the searchers of the town,

“ Found *and examined*, we were both shut up.” BOSWELL.

JOHN. I could not send it,—here it is again \*,—  
 (||) Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
 So fearful were they of infection. (||)

LAV. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
 The letter was not nice<sup>9</sup>, but full of charge,  
 Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
 May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;  
 Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
 Unto my cell.

JOHN. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

LAV. Now must I to the monument alone;  
 Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake<sup>1</sup>;  
 She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
 Hath had no notice of these accidents:

\* Quarto A, *I have them still, and here they are.*

<sup>9</sup> — was not NICE,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject.

*Nice* signifies *foolish* in many parts of Gower and Chaucer. So, in the second book *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 37:

“ My sonne, eschewe thilke vice.—

“ My father elles were I *nice*.”

Again, in Chaucer's *Scogan unto the Lordes*, &c.:

“ — the most complaint of all,

“ Is to thinkin that I have be so *nice*,

“ That I ne would in vertues to me call,” &c.

Again, in *The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art*, 1570:

“ You must appeare to be straunge and *nyce*.”

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, observes, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the synonymes of *sot*. *Apol. Herod.* l. i. c. iv. STEEVENS.

So, in *Richard III.*:

“ My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,

“ But the respects thereof are *nice* and trivial.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;] Instead of this line, and the concluding part of the speech, the quarto 1597 reads only:

“ Lest that the lady should before I come

“ Be wak'd from sleep, I will hye

“ To free her from that tombe of miserie.” STEEVENS.

But I will write again to Mantua,  
 And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;  
 Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

A Church-Yard ; in it, a Monument belonging to  
 the Capulets.

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers and a  
 Torch.*

*PAR.* Give me thy torch, boy : Hence, and stand  
 aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
 Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,  
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;  
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
 (Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)  
 But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,  
 As signal that thou hear'st something approach  
 Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*PAGE.* I am almost afraid to stand alone  
 Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

*PAR.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal  
 bed :  
 Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
 The perfect model of eternity ;  
 Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain <sup>2</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> Fair Juliet, that with angels, &c.] These four lines from the  
 old edition. POPE.

The folio has these lines :

- “ Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I strew ;  
 “ O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones,  
 “ Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
 “ Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans.



Accept this latest favour at my hands ;  
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,  
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[*The Boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?  
What, with a torch !—muffle me, night, a while <sup>3</sup>.

[*Retires.*

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch,  
Mattock, &c.*

*ROM.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching  
iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light ? Upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or 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

“ The obsequies that I for thee will keep,  
“ Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.”

JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactness ; but took the first and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verses, which I have restored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the seven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — MUFFLE me, night, a while.] Thus, in Drayton's Polyolbion :

“ But suddenly the clouds which on the winds do fly,  
“ Do muffle him againe ——.”

*Muffle* was not become a low word even in the time of Milton, as the Elder Brother in Comus uses it :

“ *Unmuffle*, ye faint stars,” &c.

A *muffler*, as I have already observed, was a part of female dress. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV. Sc. II.

STEEVENS

A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use  
 In dear employment <sup>4</sup> : therefore hence, be gone :—  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 In what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
 And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs :  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild <sup>5</sup> ;  
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*BAL.* I will be gone, 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 hereabout ;  
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

*ROM.* Thou détestable <sup>6</sup> maw, thou womb of  
 death,

<sup>4</sup> — dear employment :] That is, *action of importance*. Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.  
 See vol. v. p. 77, n. 3.

Ben Jonson uses the word *dear* in the same sense :

“ Put your known talents on so *dear* a business.”

*Catiline*, Act I.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 10th book of the *Odyssey* :

“ — full pitching on

“ The *dearest* joint his head was plac'd upon.”

Again, in the ancient MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyn*, p. 14 :

“ Now telle we of the messengere

“ That went to Charlemayne,

“ Certyfyinge him by letters *dere*

“ How the Romaynes were slayne.” STEEVENS.

See *Timon of Athens*, Act V. Sc. II. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — savage-wild ;] Here the speech concludes in the old copy.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — détestable —] This word, which is now accented on the second syllable, was once accented on the first ; therefore this line did not originally seem to be inharmonious. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræsus*, 1604 :

“ Court with vain words and *détestable* lyes.”

Again, in Shakspeare's *King John*, Act III. Sc. III. :

“ And I will kiss thy *détestable* bones.” STEEVENS.

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*PAR.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*ROM.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I  
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,  
Heap not another sin upon my head<sup>7</sup>,  
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!

Again, in Daniel's Civil Warres, 1595:

“Such *détestable* vile impiety.”

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. i. st. 26:

“That *détestable* sight him much amus'd.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> HEAP not, &c.] Thus the quarto 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folios—*Put* not; which led Mr. Rowe to introduce the unauthorized reading—*pull*. That in the text, however, is the true one. So, in Cymbeline:

“— thou *heapest*

“A year's age on me.”

Again, in a Letter from Queen Elizabeth to Lady Drury:  
“*Heape* not your harmes where helpe ther is none,” &c. See Nichols's Progresses, &c. vol. ii. p. 36, F. 2. b.

After all, it is not impossible our author designed we should read—*Pluck* not, &c. Thus, in King Richard III.: “— sin will *pluck* on *sin*.” STEEVENS.

So, in the poem of Romeus and Juliet:

“With sighs and salted tears her shriving doth begin,

“For she of *heaped* sorrows hath to speak, and not of *sin*.”

MALONE.

By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself;  
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—  
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*PAR.* I do defy thy conjurations<sup>8</sup>,  
 And do attach thee as 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 mer-  
 ciful,  
 Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet<sup>9</sup>. [*Dies.*

<sup>8</sup> I do DEFY thy conjurations,] Thus the quarto 1597. Paris conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villainous shame* on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magick arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. So, in Painter's translation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244: "— the watch of the city by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuse the dead bodies*, for aide of their arte." The folio reads:

"I do *defy* thy commiseration."

Among the ancient senses of the word—to *defy*, was to *disdain*, *refuse*, or *deny*. So, in the Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

"Or, as I said, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again, in The Miseries of Queen Margaret, by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*."

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. viii.:

"Foole, (said the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*."

Paris may, however, mean—I refuse to do as thou *conjurest* me to do, i. e. to depart. STEEVENS.

"I do *defy* thy conjurations." So the quarto 1597. Instead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next quarto, of 1609, this was altered to *commiseration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the same word is exhibited there. The obvious interpretation of these words, "*I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. to depart,*" is in my apprehension the true one. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.] This scene, till we come

*Rom.* In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face ;—

to the following speech of Romeo, is thus given in the quarto 1597 :

“ *Enter County Paris and his Page, with flowers and sweet water.*

“ *Par.* Put out the torch, and lie thee all along

“ Under this yew-tree, keeping thine ear close to the hollow ground.

“ And if thou hear one tread within this churchyard,

“ Straight give me notice.

“ *Boy.* I will, my lord. [*Paris strews the tomb with flowers.*]

“ *Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed :

“ Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain

“ The perfect model of eternity :

“ Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,

“ Accept this latest favour at my hands,

“ That living honour'd thee, and being dead,

“ With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb.

“ *Boy whistles and calls.* My lord.

“ *Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a torch, a mattock, and a crow of iron.*

“ *Par.* The boy gives warning, something doth approach.

“ What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,

“ To stay my obsequies and true love's rites ?

“ What, with a torch ? muffle me, night, a while.

“ *Rom.* Give me this mattock, and this wrenching iron ;

“ And take these letters : early in the morning,

“ See thou deliver them to my lord and father.

“ So get thee gone, and trouble me no more.

“ Why I descend into this bed of death,

“ Is partly to behold my lady's face,

“ But chiefly to take from her dead finger

“ A precious ring which I must use

“ In dear employment : but if thou wilt stay,

“ Further to pry in what I undertake,

“ By heaven, I'll tear thee joint by joint,

“ And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.

“ The time and my intents are savage, wild.

“ *Balt.* Well, I'll be gone, and not trouble you.

“ *Rom.* So shalt thou win my favour ; take thou this ;

“ Commend me to my father ; farewell, good fellow.

“ *Balt.* Yet for all this will I not part from hence.

[*Romeo opens the tomb.*]

“ *Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :—  
 What said my man, when my betossed soul  
 Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,  
 He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :  
 Said he not so ? or did I dream it so <sup>1</sup> ?

“ Gor'd with the dearest morsel of the earth.

“ Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to ope.

“ *Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague.

“ That murder'd my love's cousin ; I will apprehend him

“ Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague !

“ Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

“ I do attach thee as a felon here.

“ The law condemns thee, therefore thou must die.

“ *Rom.* I must, indeed, and therefore came I hither ;

“ Good youth, be gone ! tempt not a desperate man,

“ Heap not another sin upon my head

“ By shedding of thy blood. I do protest

“ I love thee better than I love myself.

“ For I come hither arm'd against myself,

“ *Par.* I do defy thy conjurations,

“ And do attach thee as a felon here.

“ What, dost thou tempt me ? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*]

“ *Boy.* O Lord, they fight ! I will go call the watch.

“ *Par.* Ah ! I am slain : if thou be merciful,

“ Open the tomb ; lay me with Juliet.

“ *Rom.* F'faith, I will ; let me peruse this face ;

“ Mercutio's kinsman ? noble county Paris ?

“ What said my man, when my betossed soul

“ Did not regard him as we pass'd along ?

“ Did he not say Paris should have married

“ Juliet ? Either he said so, or I dream'd it so.

“ But I will satisfy thy last request ;

“ For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.

“ Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

“ How oft have many, at the hour of death,

“ Been blithe and pleasant ? which their keepers call

“ A lightning before death. But how may I

“ Call this a lightning ?” BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> — or did I dream it so ?] Here the quarto 1597 not inelegantly subjoins :

“ But I will satisfy thy last request,

“ For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.”

A following addition, however, obliged our author to omit these lines, though perhaps he has not substituted better in their room.

STEEVENS.

(||) Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
 To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,  
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
 A grave? O, no; a lantern<sup>2</sup>, slaughter'd youth,  
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
 This vault a feasting presence<sup>3</sup> full of light. (||)  
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd<sup>4</sup>.

[*Laying Paris in the Monument.*]

<sup>2</sup> A grave? O, no; a LANTERN,] A *lantern* may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and sometimes halls, are illuminated. See the beautiful *lantern* at Ely Minster.

The same word, with the same sense, occurs in Churchyard's Siege of Edinbrough Castle:

“This lofty seat and *lantern* of that land,  
 “Like lodestarre stode, and lokte o'er eu'ry streete.”

Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 12th chapter of the 35th book of Pliny's Natural History: “—hence came the *louters* and *lanternes* reared over the roofes of temples,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — presence —] A *presence* is a *publick room*. JOHNSON.

A *presence* means a *publick 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*.” MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

“The darkest dungeon which spite can devise  
 “To throw this carcase in, her glorious eyes  
 “Can make as lightsome as the fairest chamber  
 “In Paris Louvre.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — by a dead man interr'd.] Romeo being now determin'd to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead. MALONE.

Till I read the preceding note, I supposed Romeo meant, that he placed Paris by the side of *Tybalt* who was already dead, and buried in the same monument. The idea, however, of a man's receiving burial from a dead undertaker, is but too like some of those miserable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos. STEEVENS.

How oft when men are at the point of death,  
 Have they been merry? which their keepers call  
 A lightning before death: O, how may I  
 Call this a lightning<sup>5</sup>?—O, my love! my wife!  
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty<sup>6</sup>:  
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet

<sup>5</sup> — O, HOW may I

Call this a lightning?] I think we should read:

— O, NOW may I

Call this a lightning? — JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1599. The first copy reads—*But* how, &c. which shows that Dr. Johnson's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

*How* is certainly right and proper. Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom which, he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how, says he, (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad* and *gloomy* prospect a *lightning*?

RITSON.

I see no pretence for accusing Shakspeare of a pun in this passage. The words *sad* and *gloomy*, which are supposed to be put in contrast with *lightning*, are of Mr. Ritson's invention. The reading of the first quarto furnishes, I think, the better meaning. Some men are merry before death, but how little cause have I for such a feeling at this moment. BOSWELL.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramattick pieces. So, in the Second Part of The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

“ I thought it was a *lightning* before death,

“ Too sudden to be certain.”

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 15th Iliad:

“ — since after this he had not long to live,

“ This *lightning* flew before his death.”

Again, in his translation of the 18th Odyssey:

“ — extend their cheer

“ To th' utmost *lightning* that still ushers death.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:] So, in Sidney's Arcadia, b. iii.: “ Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty from her body.” STEEVENS.

So, in Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1594:

“ Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks

“ Do yet retain some notes of former grace,

“ And ugly death sits faire within her face.” MALONE.



Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there <sup>7</sup>.—  
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet <sup>8</sup> ?

7 ——— beauty's ENSIGN yet

Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
 And DEATH'S PALE flag, &c.] So, in Daniel's Complaint of  
 Rosamond, 1594 :

“ And nought respecting death (the last of paines)

“ Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *ensign* of his might)

“ Upon his new-got spoil,” &c.

In the first edition of Romeo and Juliet, Shakspeare is less  
 florid in his account of the lady's beauty ; and only says :

“ ——— ah, dear Juliet,

“ How well thy beauty doth become this grave !”

The speech as it now stands is first found in the quarto 1599.

STEEVENS.

“ And *death's pale flag* is not advanced there.” An ingenious  
 friend some time ago pointed out to me a passage of Marini,  
 which bears a very strong resemblance to this :

“ *Morte la 'nsegna sua pallida e bianca*

“ *Vincitrice spiegó su'l volto mio.*”

*Rime lugubri*, p. 149, edit. Venet. 1605.

TYRWHITT.

Daniel, who was an Italian scholar, may have borrowed this  
 thought from Marini. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?] So, in Pain-  
 ter's translation, tom. ii. p. 242 : “ — what greater or more cruel  
 satisfaction canst thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than  
 to see hym which murdered thee, to be empoysoned wyth hys  
 owne handes, and buried by thy syde ?” STEEVENS.

So, in the old poem :

“ Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, whereso 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 wreake disyrest thou

“ To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee  
 now ?

“ Who reft by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,

“ The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poison himselfe  
 to death.

“ And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to iye,

“ Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by.”

BOSWELL.

O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in  
     twain,  
 To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,  
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
 That unsubstantial death is amorous<sup>9</sup>;

<sup>9</sup> — Ah, dear Juliet,

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe

That unsubstantial death is amorous; &c.] Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 463, speaking of the power of beauty, tells us:—"But of all the tales in this kinde, that is most memorable of Death himselfe, when he should have stroken a sweet young virgin with his dart, he fell in love with the object."—Burton refers to Angerianus; but I have met with the same story in some other ancient book of which I have forgot the title. STEEVENS.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594:

"Ah, now, methinks, I see *death dallying seeks*

"*To entertain itselſe in love's sweete place.*"

Instead of the very long notes which have been written on this controverted passage, I shall lay before the reader the lines as they are exhibited in the original quarto of 1597, and that of 1599, with which the folio corresponds.

In the quarto 1597, the passage appears thus:

"——— Ah, dear Juliet,

"How well thy beauty doth become this grave!

"O, I believe that unsubstantial death

"Is amorous, and doth court my love.

"Therefore will I, O here, O ever here,

"Set up my everlasting rest

"With worms that are thy *chamber-maids*.

"Come, desperate pilot, now at once run on

"The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary barge:

"Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,

"Thy drugs are swift: thus with a kiss I die. [Falls."

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the folio has *arms* instead of *arm*,) the lines stand thus:

"— Ah, dear Juliet,

"Why art thou yet so fair? *I will believe,*

"*Shall I believe* that unsubstantial death is amorous,

"And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

"Thee here in dark to be his paramour;

"For fear of that I still will stay with thee,

And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

“ And never from this palace [*palat* \* 4°] of dim night

“ [Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm :

“ *Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumblest in.*

“ O true apothecary !

“ Thy drugs are quick : thus with a kiss I die.]

“ Depart again ; here, here, will I remain

“ With worms that are thy chamber-maids : O, here

“ Will I set up my everlasting rest,

“ And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars, &c.

“ Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide !

“ Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

“ The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !

“ Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,

“ Thy drugs are quick : thus with a kiss I die.”

There cannot, I think, be the smallest doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the carelessness or ignorance of the transcriber or compositor. In like manner, in a former scene we have two lines evidently of the same import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 188, n. 7.

In a preceding part of this passage Shakspeare was probably in doubt whether he should write—

“ — *I will believe*

“ That unsubstantial death is amorous ;”

Or,

“ — *Shall I believe*

“ That unsubstantial death is amorous ?”

and having probably erased the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wise compositor printed the rejected words as well as those intended to be retained.

With respect to the line,

“ Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,”

it is unnecessary to inquire what was intended by it, the passage in which this line is found being afterwards exhibited in another form ; and being much more accurately expressed in its second than its first exhibition, we have a right to presume that the poet

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\* — *palat* —] Meaning, perhaps, the *bed* of night. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. :

“ Upon uneasy *pallets* stretching thee.”

In The Second Maiden's Tragedy, however, (an old MS. in the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne,) monuments are styled the “ *palaces* of death.” STEEVENS.

For fear of that, I will still stay with thee ;  
 And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again ; here, here will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest <sup>1</sup> ;  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !  
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death <sup>2</sup> !—

intended it to appear in its second form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

Mr. Steevens has expressed his acquiescence in Mr. Malone's opinion respecting this passage, but has given the greater part of that gentleman's note, with a very slight alteration of the language, as his own. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> — my everlasting rest ;] See a note on scene 5th of the preceding Act, p. 203, n. 6. So, in *The Spanish Gipsie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653 :

“ ——— could I *set up my rest*

“ That he were lost, or taken prisoner,

“ I could hold truce with sorrow.”

To *set up one's rest*, is to be determined to any certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind.

Again, in the same play :

“ *Set up thy rest* ; her marriest thou, or none.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — Eyes, look your last !

Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—] So, in *Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond*, 1594 :

“ Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest

“ The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,

“ O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest

“ The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss !

“ And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,

“ Motives of love, born to be matched never,

“ Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever !”

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last Act of the present tragedy.

Come, bitter conduct<sup>3</sup>, 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*<sup>4</sup>.

*FRI.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-  
 night

“A dateless bargain to *engrossing* death!] *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Come, bitter CONDUCT,] Marston also in his *Satires*, 1599, uses *conduct* for *conductor*:

“Be thou my *conduct* and my genius.”

So, in a former scene in this play:

“And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> This scene, to the death of Juliet, is thus given in the quarto 1597:

“*Enter Friar, with a lantern.*”

“How oft to-night have these my aged feet

“Stumbled at graves as I did pass along!

“Who's there?

“*Man.* A friend, and one that knows you well.

“*Fri.* Who is it that consorts so late the dead?

“What light is yon? If I be not deceiv'd,

“Methinks it burns in Capels' monument?

“*Man.* It doth so, holy sir; and there is one

“That loves you dearly.

“*Fri.* Who is it?

“*Man.* Romeo.

“*Fr.* How long hath he been there?

“*Man.* Full half an hour and more.

“*Fri.* Go with me thither.

“*Man.* I dare not, sir; he knows not I am here:

“On pain of death, he charg'd me to be gone;

“And not for to disturb him in his enterprise.

“*Fri.* Then must I go: my mind presageth ill.

“*Friar stoops, and looks on the blood and weapons.*”

“What blood is this that stains the entrance

“Of this marble stony monument?

Have my old feet stumbled at graves<sup>5</sup>?—Who's there?

Who is it that consórts, so late, the dead<sup>6</sup>?

*BAL.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

“What means these masterless and gory weapons?”

“Ah me! I doubt: Who's here? What, Romeo dead?”

“Who, and Paris too? what unlucky hour

“Is necessary to so foul a sin?”

“*Juliet rises.*”

“The lady stirs.

“*Jul.* Ah comfortable friar!

“I do remember well where I should be,

“And what we talk'd of? but yet I cannot see

“Him for whose sake I undertook this hazard.

“*Fri.* Lady, come forth: I hear some noise at hand;

“We shall be taken; Paris, he is slain,

“And Romeo dead: and, if we be here ta'en,

“We shall be thought to be as accessory.

“I will provide for you in some close nunnery.

“*Jul.* Ah! leave me, leave me, I will not from hence.

“*Fri.* I hear some noise; I dare not stay; come, come.

“*Jul.* Go, get thee gone.

“What's here, a cup clos'd in my lover's hands?

“Ah! churl! drink all, and leave no drop for me?”

“*Enter Watch.*”

“*Watch.* This way, this way.

“*Jul.* Ay, noise? then must I be resolute.

“O happy dagger, thou shalt end my fear,

“Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.

[*She stabs herself and falls.*] BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> — how oft to-night

Have my old feet STUMBLLED at graves?] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in King Henry VI. P. III.:

“For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,

“Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.”

Again, in King Richard III. Hastings, going to execution, says:

“Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did *stumble.*”

<sup>6</sup> Who is it, &c.] This very appropriate question I have restored from the quarto 1597.

To *consort*, is to *keep company with*. So, in Chapman's version of the 23d Iliad:

“——’Tis the last of all care I shall take,

“While I *consort* the careful.” STEEVENS.

*FRI.* Bliss be upon you ! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls ? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

*BAL.* It doth so, holy sir ; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*FRI.* Who is it ?

*BAL.* Romeo.

*FRI.* How long hath he been there ?

*BAL.* Full half an hour.

*FRI.* Go with me to the vault.

*BAL.* I dare not, sir :  
My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*FRI.* Stay then, I'll go alone :—Fear comes upon  
me ;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*BAL.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought<sup>7</sup>,  
And that my master slew him.

*FRI.* Romeo ?—[*Advances.*  
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre ?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords

<sup>7</sup> I dreamt my master and another fought,] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural ; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision.

Let me add, that this passage appears to have been imitated by Quintus Calaber, xiii. 125 :

Πότμον όμως όρώντες όνειρασιν. STEEVENS.

To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs<sup>8</sup>. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*

*JUL.* O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*

*FRI.* I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that  
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep<sup>9</sup>;  
A greater Power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:  
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead<sup>1</sup>;

<sup>8</sup> The lady stirs.] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the stage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the story as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

“*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and stirs,

“*Lav.* [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? bless me! Heaven!

“*'Tis very cold, and yet here's something warm.*

“*Mar. Jun.* She lives, and we shall both be made immortal.

“Speak, my Lavinia, speak some heavenly news,

“And tell me how the gods design to treat us.

“*Lav.* O, I have slept a long ten thousand years.—

“What have they done with me? I'll not be us'd thus:

“*I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my husband.*” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — and unnatural sleep;] Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;] Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* translation of it, and was misled by the poem of Romeus and Juliet, the author of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a translation of the original pathetick



And Paris too ; come, I'll dispose of thee  
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns :  
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming <sup>2</sup> ;  
 Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again,*] I dare stay  
 no longer. [Exit.]

*JUL.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—  
 What's here ? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand ?  
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end :—  
 O churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop <sup>3</sup>,  
 To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;  
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
 To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*  
 Thy lips are warm !

*1 WATCH.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy :—Which way ?

*JUL.* Yea, noise ?—then I'll be brief.—O happy  
 dagger ! [*Snatching ROMEO'S Dagger* <sup>4</sup>.

narrative at the conclusion of the play, in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Stay not to question, for the WATCH is coming ;] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide :

“The weary *watch* discharg'd did hie them home to sleep.”

Again :

“The *watchmen* of the town the whilst are passed by,

“And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb  
 they spy.” MALONE.

In *Much Ado About Nothing*, where the scene lies at Messina, our author has also introduced *watchmen* ; though without suggestion from any dull poem like that referred to on the present occasion.

See, however, *Othello*, Act I. Sc. II., in which Mr. Malone appears to contradict, on the strongest evidence, the present assertion relating to there being *no watch in Italy*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> O churl ! DRINK all ; and LEAVE no friendly drop,] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The first has—

“*Ah* churl ! *drink* all, and *leave* no drop for me !”

The other :

“O churl ! *drunk* all, and *left* no friendly drop,

“To help me after ?” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's translation of

This is thy sheath ; [*Stabs herself* ;] there rust, and  
let me die <sup>5</sup>.

[*Falls on ROMEO's body, and dies.*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS* <sup>6</sup>.

*PAGE.* This is the place ; there, where the torch  
doth burn.

Pierre Boisteau, tom. ii. p. 244 : "Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his side, she pricked herself with many blowes against the heart." STEEVENS.

It is clear that in this and most other places Shakspeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter describes Romeo's dagger as hanging at *his side* ; whereas the poem is silent as to the place where it hung :

"And then past deadly fear (for life ne had she care,)

"With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware."

But our author, governed by the fashion of his own time, supposes it to have hung at Romeo's *back* :

"This dagger hath mista'en—for' lo! his house

"Is empty on *the back* of Montague." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — there RUST, and let me die.] Is the reading of the quarto 1599. That of 1597 gives the passage thus :

"Ay, noise ? then must I be resolute.

"Oh, happy dagger ! thou shalt end my fear ;

"*Rest* in my bosom : thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

"'This is thy *sheath*.'" STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> From hence to the conclusion, it is thus given in quarto 1597 :

"*Enter Watch.*

"*Capt.* Come, look about ; what weapons have we here ?

"See, friends, where Juliet, two days buried,

"New bleeding, wounded ; search and see who's near ;

"Attach, and bring them to us presently.

"*Enter one with the Friar.*

"I. Captain, here's a friar, with tools about him,

"Fit to open a tomb.

"*Capt.* A great suspicion ; keep him safe.

*Enter one with Romeo's man.*

"I. Here's Romeo's man.

"*Capt.* Keep him to be examined.

I WATCH. The ground is bloody; Search about  
the churchyard:  
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

“ *Enter Prince, with others.*

“ *Prin.* What early mischief calls us up so soon?

“ *Capt.* O noble Prince, see here

“ Where Juliet, that hath lain entomb'd two days,

“ Warm and fresh bleeding; Romeo and county Paris

“ Likewise newly slain.

“ *Prin.* Search, seek about to find the murderers.

“ *Enter old Capulet and his wife.*

“ *Cap.* What rumour's this that is so early up?

“ *Moth.* The people in the streets cry Romeo,

“ And some on Juliet: as if they alone

“ Had been the cause of such a mutiny.

“ *Cap.* See, wife, this dagger hath mistook:

“ For (lo!) the back is empty of young Montague,

“ And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast.

“ *Enter old Montague.*

“ *Prin.* Come, Montague, for thou art early up,

“ To see thy son and heir more early down.

“ *Mont.* Dread sovereign, my wife is dead to-night,

“ And young Benvolio is deceased too:

“ What further mischief can there yet be found?

“ *Prin.* First come and see, then speak.

“ *Mont.* O, thou untaught, what manners is in this,

“ To press before thy father to a grave.

“ *Prin.* Come, seal your mouths of outrage for a while,

“ And let us seek to find the authors out

“ Of such a heinous and seld' seen mischance.

“ Bring forth the parties in suspicion,

“ *Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least.

“ Most worthy Prince, hear me but speak the truth.

“ And I'll inform you how these things fell out.

“ Juliet, here slain, was married to that Romeo,

“ Without her father's or her mother's grant:

“ The nurse was privy to the marriage.

“ The baleful day of this unhappy marriage

“ Was Tybalt's doomsday: for which Romeo

“ Was banished from hence to Mantua.

“ He gone, her father sought, by foul constraint,

“ To marry her to Paris: but her soul

“ (Loathing a second contract) did refuse

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—  
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

- “ To give consent; and, therefore, did she urge me,  
 “ Either to find a means she might avoid  
 “ What so her father sought to force her too;  
 “ Or else all desperately she threatened,  
 “ Even in my presence, to dispatch herself.  
 “ Then did I give her, (tutor'd by mine art)  
 “ A potion that should make her seem as dead:  
 “ And told her that I would, with all post speed,  
 “ Send hence to Mantua for her Romeo,  
 “ That he might come and take her from the tomb.  
 “ But he that had my letters (Friar John),  
 “ Seeking a brother to associate him,  
 “ Whereas the sick infection remain'd,  
 “ Was stay'd by the searchers of the town;  
 “ But Romeo understanding, by his man,  
 “ That Juliet was deceas'd, return'd in post  
 “ Unto Verona for to see his love.  
 “ What after happen'd, touching Paris' death,  
 “ Or Romeo's, is to me unknown at all.  
 “ But when I came to take the lady hence,  
 “ I found them dead, and she awak'd from sleep:  
 “ Whom fain I would have taken from the tomb;  
 “ Which she refused, seeing Romeo dead.  
 “ Anon I heard the watch, and then I fled;  
 “ What after happen'd I am ignorant of.  
 “ And, if in this ought have miscarried,  
 “ By me, or by my means, let my old life  
 “ Be sacrific'd some hours before his time,  
 “ To the most strictest rigour of the law.  
 “ *Pry.* We still have known thee for a holy man;—  
 “ Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?  
 “ *Balth.* I brought my master word that she was dead,  
 “ And then he posted straight from Mantua  
 “ Unto this tomb. These letters he deliver'd me,  
 “ Charging me early give them to his father.  
 “ *Prin.* Let's see the letters, I will read them over.  
 “ Where is the county's boy that call'd the watch?  
 “ *Boy.* I brought my master unto Juliet's grave,  
 “ But one approaching, straight I call'd my master.  
 “ At last they fought; I ran to call the watch:  
 “ And this is all that I can say or know.  
 “ *Prin.* These letters do make good the Friar's words;  
 “ Come Capulet, and come old Montague.

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—  
 Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—  
 Raise up the Montagues,—some others search <sup>6</sup>:—  
 [Exeunt other Watchmen.

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;  
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes,  
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

2 WATCH. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in  
 the churchyard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the Prince  
 come hither.

“ Where are these enemies? see what hate hath done.

“ Cap. Come, brother Montague, give me thy hand,

“ There is my daughter's dowry: for now no more

“ Can I bestow on her, that's all I have.

“ Mon. But I will give them more, I will erect

“ Her statue of pure gold:

“ That while Verona by that name is known,

“ There shall no statue of such price be set

“ As that of Romeo's loved Juliet.

“ Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie,

“ Poor sacrifices to our enmity.

“ Prin. A gloomy peace this day doth with it bring.

“ Come, let us hence,

“ To have more talk of these sad things.

“ Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

“ For ne'er was heard a story of more woe

“ Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.” BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—] Here seems to be a rhyme intended, which may be easily restored:

“ Raise up the Montagues. Some others, *go*.

“ We see the ground whereon these woes do lie,

“ But the true ground of all *this* piteous woe

“ We cannot without circumstance descry.” JOHNSON.

It was often thought sufficient, in the time of Shakspeare, for the second and fourth lines in a stanza, to rhyme with each other.

It were to be wished that an apology as sufficient could be offered for this Watchman's quibble between *ground*, the earth, and *ground*, the fundamental cause. STEEVENS.

*Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.*

3 *WATCH*. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
and weeps :  
We took this mattock and this spade from him,  
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *WATCH*. A great suspicion ; Stay the friar too.

*Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.*

*PRINCE*. What misadventure is so early up,  
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and Others.*

*CAP*. What should it be, that they so shriek  
abroad<sup>7</sup> ?

*LA. CAP*. The people in the street cry—Romeo,  
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris ; and all run,  
With open outcry, toward our monument.

*PRINCE*. What fear is this, which startles in our  
ears<sup>8</sup> ?

1 *WATCH*. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris  
slain ;  
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,  
Warm and new kill'd.

*PRINCE*. Search, seek, and know how this foul  
murder comes.

1 *WATCH*. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Ro-  
meo's man ;  
With instruments upon them, fit to open  
These dead men's tombs.

*CAP*. O, heavens !—O, wife ! look how our  
daughter bleeds !

<sup>7</sup> — that they so shriek abroad?] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that *is* so shriek abroad. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> What fear is this, which startles in our ears?] The old copies read—in *your* ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—  
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom<sup>9</sup>.

*L.A. CAP.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,  
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Others.*

*PRINCE.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house  
Is empty on the back of Montague,—

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.] The modern editors (contrary to the authority of all the ancient copies, and without attention to the disagreeable assonance of *sheath* and *sheathed*, which was first introduced by Mr. Pope) read:

“This dagger hath mista'en; for, lo! *the sheath*

“*Lies* empty on the back of Montague,

“*The point* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.”

The quarto 1597, erroneously,

“— this dagger hath mistooke;

“For (loe) the back is empty of yong Montague,

“And *it* mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosome.”

If we do not read—*it* instead of *is*, Capulet will be made to say—*The scabbard is at once empty on the back of Montague, and sheathed in Juliet's bosom.*

Shakspeare quaintly represents the dagger as having mistaken its place, and “*it* mis-sheathed,” i. e. “mis-sheathed *itself*” in the bosom of Juliet.

The quarto 1609, and the folio 1623, offer the same reading, except that they concur in giving *is* instead of *it*.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back*. So, in *The Longer Thou Livest the More Fool Thou Art*, 1570:

“Thou must weare thy sword by thy side,

“And thy *dagger* handsumly at thy *backe*.”

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of satires, no date:

“See you the huge bum *dagger at his back?*”

The epithet applied to the dagger, shows at what part of the back it was worn. STEEVENS.

The words, “for, lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague,” are to be considered as parenthetical. In a former part of this scene we have a similar construction.

My reading [*is*] is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — for thou art early up, &c.] This speech (as appears from

To see thy son and heir more early down.

*MON.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night<sup>2</sup>;  
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :  
What further woe conspires against mine age ?

*PRINCE.* Look, and thou shalt see<sup>3</sup>.

*MON.* O thou untaught<sup>4</sup> ! what manners is in  
this,  
To press before thy father to a grave ?

*PRINCE.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a  
while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their true de-  
scend ;

And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death : Mean time forbear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*FRI.* I am the greatest, able to do least,

the following passage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601*) has something proverbial in it :

“ In you, i'faith, the proverb's verified,

“ *You are early up, and yet are ne'er the near.*” *STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ; ] After this line the quarto 1597 adds :

“ And young Benvolio is deceased too.”

But this, I suppose, the poet rejected, on his revision of the play, as unnecessary slaughter. *STEEVENS.*

The line, which gives an account of Benvolio's death, was probably thrown in to account for his absence from this interesting scene. *RITSON.*

<sup>3</sup> Look, and thou shalt see.] These words, as they stand, being of no kindred to metre, we may fairly suppose that some others have been casually omitted. Perhaps, our author wrote ;

Look in *this monument*, and thou shalt see. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>4</sup> O thou untaught ! &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius, 1603* :

“ Ah me ! malicious fates have done me wrong :

“ Who came first to the world, should first depart.

“ It not becomes the old t' o'er-live the young ;

“ This dealing is prepost'reus and o'er-thwart.” *STEEVENS.*

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ If children pre-decease progenitors,

“ We are their offspring, and they none of ours.” *MALONE.*



Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;  
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*PRINCE.* Then say at once what thou dost know  
in this.

*FRI.* I will be brief <sup>5</sup>, 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 stolen marriage-day  
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;  
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—  
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;  
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
To rid her from this second marriage,  
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.  
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,  
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect  
As I intended, for it wrought on her  
The form of death : meantime I writ to Romeo,  
That he should hither come as this dire night,  
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

<sup>5</sup> I will be brief,] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet.

MALONE.

In this poem (which is subjoined to the present edition of the play) the bodies of the dead are removed to a publick scaffold, and from that elevation is the Friar's narrative delivered. The same circumstance, as I have already observed, is introduced in Hamlet, near the conclusion. STEEVENS.

But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
 Was staid by accident ; and yesternight  
 Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,  
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;  
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
 'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :  
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time  
 Of her awakening,) here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience :  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But (as it seems,) did violence on herself.  
 All this I know ; and to the marriage  
 Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,  
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

*PRINCE.* We still have known thee for a holy  
 man.—

Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say in this ?

*BAL.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;  
 And then in post he came from Mantua,  
 To this same place, to this same monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father ;  
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
 If I departed not, and left him there.

*PRINCE.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
 Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch ?—  
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

*PAGE.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's  
 grave ;  
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;  
 And, by and by, my master drew on him ;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

*PRINCE.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :  
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison  
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal  
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !—  
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love !  
And I, for winking at your discords too,  
Have lost a brace of kinsmen <sup>7</sup> :—all are punish'd.

*CAP.* O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.

*MON.* But I can give thee more :  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;  
That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*CAP.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

*PRINCE.* A glooming peace <sup>8</sup> this morning with it  
brings ;

<sup>7</sup> Have lost a brace of kinsmen :] Mercutio and Paris : Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in Act III. Sc. IV. and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from the following passages. Capulet, speaking of the count in the fourth Act, describes him as " a gentleman of princely parentage," and after he is killed, Romeo says :

" — Let me peruse this face ;

" *Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris.*" MALONE.

" A brace of kinsmen." The sportsman's term—*brace*, which on the present occasion is seriously employed, is in general applied to men in contempt. Thus, Prospero in *The Tempest*, addressing himself to Sebastian and Antonio, says :—

" But you, my *brace* of lords, were I so minded,

" I here," &c.— STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> A GLOOMING peace, &c.] The modern editions read—*gloomy* ;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head :  
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;  
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished <sup>9</sup> :

but *gloom*ing, which is an old reading, may be the true one. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603 :

“ Through dreadful shades of ever-*gloom*ing night.”

To *gloom* is an ancient verb used by Spenser ; and I meet with it likewise in the play of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1661 :

“ If either he gaspeth or *gloom*eth.” STEEVENS.

*Gloomy* is the reading of the old copy in 1597 ; for which *gloom*ing was substituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence ; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law ? EDWARDS'S MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage ; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders ; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged ; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity. STEEVENS.

The same particulars are found in the old poem :

“ The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,

“ Here geven advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus :

“ The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,

“ Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,

“ Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,

“ Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne ;

“ And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters 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 shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre,

“ Of fryer Laurence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre ?

“ Because that many time he woorthily did serve

“ The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve.

“ He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame

“ Did seem to blot or touch at all the honour of his name.

“ But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,

“ Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth  
 his age ;

For never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo <sup>1</sup>. [Exeunt <sup>2</sup>.

“Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite did flye :  
“Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.”

BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> — Juliet and her Romeo.] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his Satires, 1598, says :

“Luscus, what’s play’d to-day?—faith, now I know

“I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow

“Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.” STEEVENS.

“For never was a story of more woe,

“Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.” These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of Romeus and Juliet :

“—— among the monuments that in Verona been,

“There is no monument more worthy of the sight,

“Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Exeunt.] This play is one of the most pleasing of our author’s performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third Act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to the poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, in a pointed sentence, that more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio’s wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakspeare to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The Nurse is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great subtilty of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit* \*. JOHNSON.

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\* This quotation is also found in the Preface to Dryden's Fables: "Just John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit." STEEVENS.

ROMEUS AND JULIET.





## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

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THE following poem was transcribed many years ago by Mr. Malone, from a copy belonging to the late Mr. Capell, deposited among his collections in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It was published in his Supplement to Johnson and Steevens's Shakspeare, 1778; and has since occupied a place in all the subsequent editions of our great poet. The account given of it by Mr. Malone in his own work, is as follows:

“In a preliminary note on *Romeo and Juliet*, I observed that it was founded on *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed in 1562. That piece being almost as rare as a manuscript, I reprinted it a few years ago, and shall give it a place here as a proper supplement to the commentaries on this tragedy.

“From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the Death of Maister Arthur Brooke* drowned in passing to New-Haven, by George Turberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c.* 1567,] we learn that the former was the author of this poem:

“Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,  
“To sound his verse by touch of stately string,  
“And of the never-fading baye did make  
“A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.  
“In proufe that he for myter did excell,  
“As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;  
“For there he shewde his cunning passing well,  
“When he the tale to English did translate.  
“But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,  
“With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,  
“Amid the seas unluckie youth was drown'd,  
“More speedie death than such one did deserve.”

“The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death; being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account (probably a fictitious one) of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story.

““As you yourself have seen, when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath, in the fair spring of my

youth I devoted myself to the profession of arms, and, following therein many brave and valiant men, for some years I served in your delightful country, Frioli, through every part of which, in the course of my private service, it was my duty to roam. I was ever accustomed, when upon any expedition on horseback, to bring with me an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker. This man was not only a brave and experienced soldier, but of a gay and lively disposition, and, more perhaps than became his age, was for ever in love; a quality which gave a double value to his valour. Hence it was that he delighted in relating the most amusing novels, especially such as treated of love, and this he did with more grace and with better arrangement than any I have ever heard. It therefore chanced that, departing from Gradisca, where I was quartered, and, with this archer and two other of my servants, travelling, perhaps impelled by love, towards Udino, which route was then extremely solitary, and entirely ruined and burned up by the war,—wholly absorbed in thought, and riding at a distance from the others, this Peregrino drawing near me, as one who guessed my thoughts, thus addressed me: ‘Will you then for ever live this melancholy life, because a cruel and disdainful fair one does not love you? though I now speak against myself, yet, since advice is easier to give than to follow, I must tell you, master of mine, that, besides its being disgraceful in a man of your profession to remain long in the chains of love, almost all the ends to which he conducts us are so replete with misery, that it is dangerous to follow him. And in testimony of what I say, if it so please you, I could relate a transaction that happened in my native city, the recounting of which will render the way less solitary and less disagreeable to us; and in this relation you would perceive how two noble lovers were conducted to a miserable and piteous death.’—And now, upon my making him a sign of my willingness to listen, he thus began.

“The phrase, in the beginning of this passage, ‘when heaven had not as yet levelled against me its whole wrath,’ will be best explained by some account of the author, extracted from Crescimbeni, *Istoria della Volgar Poesia*, t. v. p. 91: “Luigi da Porto, a Vicentine, was, in his youth, on account of his valour, made a leader in the Venetian army; but, fighting against the Germans in Friuli, was so wounded, that he remained for a time wholly disabled, and afterwards lame and weak during his life; on which account, quitting the profession of arms, he betook himself to letters,” &c.

The copy from which Mr. Malone made his transcript, was defective as wanting the preface; but in the year 1810, he was so fortunate as to procure a perfect copy from the Rev. Henry White, of

Lichfield; by the aid of which, it is now given complete, and with which it has been carefully collated. That this poem was the basis of Shakspeare's play, I believe every reader will allow, who has compared the extracts given of it in the notes with the corresponding passages in our author's drama. Mr. Stevens, indeed, without expressly controverting this opinion, has endeavoured to throw a doubt upon it by his repeated quotations from Painter's Palace of Pleasure; but the numerous circumstances introduced from the poem with which the novellist would not have supplied him, and even the identity of expression, which not unfrequently occurs, are sufficient to settle the question. In two passages, it is true, he has quoted Painter, where Brooke is silent, [see p. 143, and p. 186;] but very little weight belongs to either of them. In the one, there is no very striking resemblance to Shakspeare; and in the other, although the number of hours during which Juliet was to remain entranced are not specified in the poem, yet enough is said to make it easily inferred, when we are told that two nights after, the Friar and Romeo were to repair to the sepulchre.

As to the origin of this interesting story, Mr. Douce has observed that its material incidents are to be found in the Ephesiacs of Xenophon of Ephesus, a romance of the middle ages; he admits, indeed, that this work was not published nor translated in the time of Luigi Porto; but suggests that he might have seen a copy of the original in manuscript. Mr. Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, has traced it to the thirty-third novel of Masuccio di Salerno, whose collection of tales appeared first in 1476. Whatever was its source, the story has at all times been eminently popular in all parts of Europe. A play was formed upon it by Lopez de Vega, entitled *Los Castelvies y Monteses*; and another in the same language, by Don Francisco de Roxas, under the name of *Los Vandos de Verona*. In Italy, as may well be supposed, it has not been neglected. The modern productions on this subject are too numerous to be specified; but as early as 1578, Luigi Grotto produced a drama upon the subject, called *Hadriana*, of which an analysis may be found in Mr. Walker's Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy. Grotto, as Mr. Walker observes, has stated in his prologue that the story is drawn from the ancient history of Adria, his native place; yet Girolomo de la Corte has given it in his history of Verona, as a fact that actually took place in that city in the year 1303. If either of these statements should be supposed to have any foundation in truth, the resemblance pointed out between Romeo and Juliet, and Xenophon's Ephesiacs, must be a mere coincidence; but if the whole should be considered as a fiction, we may perhaps carry it back to a much greater antiquity, and doubt whether, after all, it is not the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe enlarged and varied by the luxuriant imagination of the later novellist?

We have there the outlines of the modern narrative ; the repugnance of the parents on either side ; the meeting of the lovers at the tomb, and Pyramus like Romeo drawn to self-destruction by a false opinion of the death of his mistress.

In the preface to Arthur Brooke's translation, there is a very curious passage, in which he informs us of a play upon the subject prior to his poem ; but as he has not stated in what country it was represented, the rude state of our drama prior to 1562 renders it improbable that it was in England. Yet I cannot but be of opinion that *Romeo and Juliet* may be added to the list, already numerous, of our author's plays that had appeared in a dramattick shape before his performance, and that some slight remains of his predecessor are still to be traced in the earliest quarto. If the reader will turn back to the account which Benvolio gives of the rencontre between *Romeo* and *Tybalt*, which he will find in the notes to p. 130, I apprehend he will find, both in the rhythm and construction of that speech, a much greater resemblance to the style of some of Shakspeare's predecessors than to his own. See specimens of some of the earlier dramatists at the end of the *Dissertation on the three parts of Henry the Sixth.* BOSWELL.

THE TRAGICALL HIS  
torye of Romeus and Juliet writ-  
ten first in Italian by Bandell  
And nowe in Englishe by  
Ar. Br.

In ædibus Richardi Tollelli  
Cum Privilegio



## TO THE READER.

---

**T**HE God of all glorye created vniuersallye all creatures, to settē forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteeme profitable in vse and pleasure, and also those, whiche we accompte noysome, and lothsome. 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, wisdomē, & power. And in like sort, euerye dooyng of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyngē, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good doynge of the good, & the euill actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull procedinges of the miserable, doe in diuers sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee, so euery example minis-treth good lessons to the well disposed mynde. The glorious triumphe of the continent man vpon the lustes of wanton fleshe, encourageth men to honest restraynt of wyld affections, the shamefull and wretched endes of such, as haue yelded their libertie thrall to fowle desires, teache men to withholde them selues from the hedlong fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke effect, by sundry meanes, the good mans example byddeth men to be good, and the euill mans mischefe, warneth men not to be euill. To this good ende, serue all ill endes, of yll begynnynge. And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe vnto thee a couple of vnfortunate louers, thralling themselues to vn honest desire, neglecting the authoritie and aduise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with dronken gossypes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of vchastitie) attemptyng all adu-entures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, vsyng auricular confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for further-auce of theyr purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawefull mariage to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of vn honest lyfe, hastyng to most vn happye deathē. This president (good Reader) shalbe to thee, as the slaues of Lacedemon, oppressed with excesse of drinke, deformed and altered from likenes of men, both in mynde, and vse of body, were to the free borne children, so shewed to them by their parentes, to thintent to rayse in them an hatefull lothyng of so filthy beastlynes. Hereunto if you applye it, ye shall deliuer my dooing from offence, and profit yourselves. Though I saw the same argument lately set fourth on stage with more commendation, then I can looke for: (being there much better set forth then I haue or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serue to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publishe it, suche as it is. Ar. Br.

## TO THE READER.

AMID the desert rockes the mountaine beare  
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,  
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare ;  
In tract of time, her often lycking tong  
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight  
The lookers on ; or, when one dogge doth shake  
With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,  
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,  
(A noble creast !) or wylde in savage wood  
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,  
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood ;  
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they  
The lode-starrs are, the wery pilates marke,  
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke ;—

Right so my muse  
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth  
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,  
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,  
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle  
May better shape. The eldest of them loe  
I offer to the stake ; my youthfull woorke,  
Which one reprochfull mouth might overthrowe :  
The rest, unlickt as yet, a whyle shall lurke,  
Tyll Tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight,  
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,  
Of noble trymphe, and deedes of martial might ;  
And shall geve rules of chast and honest lyfe.  
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,  
Or rather not reprove the laughing game  
Of this my muse.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

LOVE hath inflamed twayne by sodayn 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 enjoy his cheefe delight :  
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,  
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.  
A banisht man, he scapes by secret flight :  
New marriage is offred to his wyfe :  
She drinke a drinke that seemes to reve her breath ;  
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.  
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death ;  
He drinke his bane ; and she, with Romeus' knyfe,  
When she awakes, her selfe, alas ! she sleath.



## ROMEUS AND JULIET.

---

THERE is beyond 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,  
Mayntreined by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.  
The fruitfull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,  
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the town doth  
flow ;

The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,  
And other moe commodities, which profit may and please ;  
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,  
To fyll the houngrny eyes of those that curiously beholde ;  
Doe make this towne to be 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 foorth to tell.  
Within my trenbling hande my penne doth shake for feare,  
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heare.  
But sith shee doth commaunde, whose hest I must obeye,  
In moorning verse a woful chaunce to tell I will assaye.  
Helpe, learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muses with your art,  
Help, all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes 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 stocks, which Fortune hygh did place  
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race ;  
Loved of the common sorte, loved of the prince alike,  
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to stryke ;  
Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew ;  
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountagew.  
A wonted use it is, that men of likely sorte,  
(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye each others porte.  
So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,  
And then of grudging envies roote blacke hate and rancor grew ;  
As of a littel sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,  
So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre :  
And then 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 weeping eye.

But when the prudent prince who there the scepter helde,  
 So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,  
 By jentyl meane he sought their 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 doth hyde his inward hate,  
 One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,  
 Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,  
 Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest dyd stayne,  
 That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,  
 Hath found a mayde so fayre (he founde so foul his happe)  
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,  
 That from his owne affayres his thought she did remove ;  
 Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.  
 To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,  
 At length, in hope of better spede, himselfe the lover went ;  
 Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,  
 And to discover to her eye his new received 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, hopeless of his recure,  
 Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,  
 At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove  
 If change of place might chaunge away his ill-bestowed love ;  
 And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone :  
 “ What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,  
 Sith that my humble sute, and labour sowde in vayne,  
 Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne?  
 What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,  
 But she the path wherein I treade with spedy flight doth shunne.  
 I cannot live except that nere to her I be ;  
 She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me. -  
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight ;  
 Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,

This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,  
Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

But whilst 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 depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright  
Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his hart,  
That he of force must yelde as thrall ;—no way is left to start.  
He cannot stave his steppe, but forth styll must be ronne,  
He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne.  
His kyndred and 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 fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.  
" What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage  
Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thine age,  
In seking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,  
Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,  
Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,  
Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe?  
Now, for our frendships sake, and for thy health, I pray  
That thou hencefoorth become thine owne ;—O give no more  
away

Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate :  
In that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thy self to hate.  
For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne ;  
Or els (what bootest thee to sue?) Loves court she hath for-  
sworne.

Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes grace :  
What man is better shapd than thou ? who hath a sweeter face ?  
By painfull studies meane great learning hast thou wonne,  
Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art their onely sonne.  
What greater greefe, trowst thou, what woful dedly smart,  
Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart,  
As in his age to see thee plonged deepe in vice,  
When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame arise ?  
What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe ?  
Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.  
Wherefore my counsell is, that thou hencefoorth beginne  
To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.  
Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,  
That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.  
But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,  
Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.

Choose out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,  
 Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere thou sterue.  
 But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle  
 As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.  
 Ere long the townish dames together will resort,  
 Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,  
 With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,  
 That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."

The yong mans listning eare receivd the holsome sounde,  
 And reasons truth y-planted so, within his heade had grounde ;  
 That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,  
 And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did  
 freate.

To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,  
 At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,  
 At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,  
 And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete ;  
 Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,  
 For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.  
 How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne !  
 But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.  
 For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,  
 False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischiefe new to  
 brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,  
 And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.  
 And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn  
 Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.  
 No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,  
 No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renoune,  
 But Capilet himselve hath byd unto his feast,  
 Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geast.  
 Yong damsels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,  
 Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to serche out.  
 But not a Montagewould 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, ane him withdrew into the chambers nooke.  
 But brighter than the sunne the waxen torches shone,  
 That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,  
 But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,  
 To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewties spotless 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 suppressé theyr styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe:  
 Perhaps toffend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth;  
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreadyng the princes  
 wroth;

Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage  
 Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.  
 They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyre deede,  
 They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God  
 spede.

So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,  
 And they also behelding him their change 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 beauty of eche dame,  
 And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in natures  
 frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,  
 (Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape)  
 Whom erst he never sawe; of all she pleasde him most;  
 Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste  
 Of perfet shapes renowne and beauties sounding prayse,  
 Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.  
 And whilst he fixed on her his partiall perced eye,  
 His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,  
 Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:  
 The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unscene.  
 And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,  
 So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.  
 This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,  
 That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery  
 heate.

When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,  
 Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,  
 He doubtfull 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 ancored fast on him,  
 Who for her sake dyd banish health and freedome from eche  
 limme.

He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest, as farre  
 As Phœbus shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.  
 In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,  
 And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he raft :  
 Till now she had escape his sharpe inflaming darte,  
 Till now he listed not assaulte her yong and tender hart.  
 His whetted arrow loosde, so touchde her to the quicke,  
 That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did  
 sticke.

It booted not to strive. For why?—she wanted strength ;  
 The weaker aye unto the strong, of force, must yeld, at  
 length.

The poms now of the feast her heart gyns to despyse ;  
 And onely joyeth whan her eyen meete with her lovers eyes.  
 When theyr new smitten hearts had fed on loving gleames,  
 Whilst, passing too and fro theyr eyes, y-mingled were theyr  
 beames,

Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,  
 That frendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it  
 grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,  
 And eche of them had sought the meane to end the warre by  
 speach,

Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.  
 With torch in hand a comely knight did fetch her forth to  
 daunce ;

She quit herselfe to well and with so trim a grace  
 That she the cheefe prase wan that night from all Verona race :  
 The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,  
 Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng  
 donne.

Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,  
 And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.  
 At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,  
 And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;  
 A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,  
 For he was courteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.  
 Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,  
 Such was emong the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.  
 With friendly gripe he 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 neere the fire he did them  
hold.

As soon as had the knight the virgins right hand raught,  
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught.  
For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,  
And well he wist she lovd him best, unless she list to fayne.  
Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest ;  
What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus cloven brest ?  
The sodayne sweete delight had stopped quite his tong,  
Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.  
But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe  
From pale to red, from red to pale, and so frome pale anewe,  
That vehement love was cause why so his tong did stay,  
And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach him  
saye,

When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,  
And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did increase,  
At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the mayde  
Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde :

“ O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here ! ”—

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere,  
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast,  
That no one woord could scape her more then what already past.  
In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt :  
What chauce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt :  
That geves you worthy cause my cumming here to blesse ?  
Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this :  
Fyrst ruthfully she look'd, then say'd with smyling chere :  
“ Mervayle no whit, my heartes delight, my only knight and feere,  
Mercutio's ysy hande had all to-frosen myne,  
And of thy goodness thou agayne had warmed it with thyne.”  
Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replie :

“ If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,  
That by my being here some service I have donne  
That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.  
O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,  
Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished hart's desire !  
For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,  
To serve, obey, and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last :  
As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye  
His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.  
But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,  
Assure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,  
Compar'd to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,  
As from your bewties pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade ;  
Which have to set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,  
That lo ! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward parts do pync.

And, but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;  
Wherefore, alas ! have ruth on him, whom you do force to  
boorne."

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,  
And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.  
His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,  
When laysureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer  
make :

" You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours ;  
My honour sav'd, prest tobey your will, while life endures."  
Lo ! here the lucky lot that 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 do make exchaunge of love.  
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde ;  
He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.  
With forged cares cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,  
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him en-  
chaunted so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,  
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.  
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,  
That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.  
Wherefore with pitious plaint feerce Fortune doth he blame,  
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing  
game."

And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,  
Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest ;  
Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde ;  
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were  
harde.

Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,  
And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.  
Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,  
He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde ;  
And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,  
Though hap should sweure that guerdonles the wretched wight  
should sterve.

The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine ;  
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,  
To learne his name that intertained her in so gentle wise ;  
Of whom her hart receivd so depe,so wyde, a wound.  
An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde :  
(This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,  
With slender nedel taught her sow, and how to spyn with sylke.)  
What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,  
Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before ?



And then, as eche of them had of his houshold name,  
 So she him namd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame :—  
 “ And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,  
 That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand.”  
 His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montagewe,  
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your hous-  
 holds rewe.

The word of Montagew her joyes did overthrow,  
 And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.  
 What hap have I, quoth she, to love my fathers foe?  
 What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wysch my woe?  
 But though her grevouse paynes distraind her tender hart,  
 Yet with an outward show of joye she cloked inward smart;  
 And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly tooke,  
 That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her looke.  
 Then at her mothers hest to chamber she her hyed,  
 So wel she faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme descride.  
 But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,  
 Not half a wynke of quyete slepe could harber in her hed;  
 For loe, an hugy heape of divers thoughtes arise,  
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.  
 And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes,  
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes,  
 And now she lyketh her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,  
 And now eche houre within her head a thousand fansyes frames.  
 Sometime in mynde to stop amyde her course begonne,  
 Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, that tempted race to ronne.  
 Thus dangers dred and love within the mayden fought:  
 The fight was feerse, continuynge long by their contrary thought.  
 In tourning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,  
 Then standeth doubtful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,  
 How so her fansies cease, her teares did never blin,  
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.  
 “ Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in sootill snare!  
 Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with care!  
 Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,  
 By straying thus from raisons lore, that reve thy wonted rest?  
 What if his suttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,  
 And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?  
 What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,  
 As oft the poysond ooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?  
 Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood servd her lust;  
 And toornd their honor into shame, that did to slightly trust.  
 What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?  
 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus  
 blamd?

A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,  
 n Boccace and in Ovids bookes too plainly written are.

Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot worke by strength,  
By suttel sleight (my honour staynd) he hopes to worke at  
length.

So shall I seeke to find my fathers foe, his game ;  
So (I defylde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,  
Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blow a blast so shrill  
Of my disprays, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.  
Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becomm,e,  
Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollow toombe.”  
Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust  
Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.  
“ No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,  
Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,  
That where such perfet shape with pleasant bewty restes,  
There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted  
gestes.

Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne ;  
Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is myne.  
The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd ;  
So that I see he loveth me :—shall I then be unkynd ?  
His faces rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke ;  
And straight again 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 trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale ?  
And whilst I talke with him, himself he hath exylde  
Out of himself, as seemed me ; ne was I sure begylde.  
Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,  
But Natures hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.  
What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil ?  
These doo suffice ; and stedfast I will love and serve him still  
Till Atropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,  
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.  
For so perchance this new alliance may procure  
Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure.”

Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like !  
And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke !  
Weake arguments are stronge, our fansies streight to frame  
To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.  
The mayde had scarcely yet ended the very warre,  
Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, 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 very 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 gredy eyes did cast,

His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.  
 With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her eye  
 His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,  
 But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.  
 What life were to like to love, if dread of jeopardy  
 Y-sowered not the sweete; if love were free from jelousy!  
 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 shew her heart by cheerfull 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-armde he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.  
 Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom maketh he not blinde?  
 He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lovers minde.  
 By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;  
 And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye slaine.  
 And Juliet that now doth lacke her hearts releefe,—  
 Her Romeus pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.  
 Eche daye she chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre  
 When they are sure to see their love, in passing by their bowre.  
 Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night  
 Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright  
 That she espyde her loove: her heart revived sprang;  
 And now for joy she claps her handes, which erst for wo she  
 wrang.

Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,  
 His moorning cloke of mone cast 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 did himselfe absent,  
 In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.  
 For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,  
 And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced  
 weare.

Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred;  
 While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreds lest he be ded.  
 When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,  
 By happy hope of sight again he feedes his fainting hart.  
 What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?  
 What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joy?  
 His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;  
 Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love:

But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,  
 The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.  
 Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,  
 With whispering voice, y-broke with sobs, this is her tale be-  
 gonne :

“ Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,  
 That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.  
 What if your dedly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here?  
 Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.  
 In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,  
 With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloody  
 knyfe.

For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare?  
 And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more  
 deare.”

“ Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)  
 Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.  
 They may in spite of foes draw foorth my lively threed;  
 And they also (who so sayth nay) asonder may it shreed.  
 But who, to reave my life, his rage and force will bende,  
 Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it coulde defende.  
 Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,  
 A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.  
 If my mishappe were such, that here, before your sight,  
 I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,  
 This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,  
 That part he should before that you by certain trial knew  
 The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,  
 And how I dread to loose the gayne which I do hope to win:  
 And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,  
 But that in it you might I love, your honor, serve and please,  
 Till dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:”  
 And thereupon he sware an oathe, and so his tale had ende.

Now love and pittie boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest;  
 In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest:  
 Her bosome bathd in teares (to witnes inward payne),  
 With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne:  
 “ Ah my dere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)  
 For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me  
 For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;  
 In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.  
 For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,  
 That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd en-  
 dures.

But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part  
 (Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.  
 But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne  
 You have respect, or pity ought my teer-y-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 do intende my honor to defile,  
 In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while :  
 But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,  
 If wedlocke be the ende and marke which your desyre hath found,  
 Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,  
 The quarrel eke that long agone betwene our housholdes grewe,  
 Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,  
 And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake.  
 But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute  
 You thinke in rypest yeres to plucke my maidenhoods dainty  
 frute,

You are begylde ; and now your Juliet you beseekes  
 To cease your sute, and suffer her to live among her likes."  
 Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,  
 And to the top of vertues haight did worthely aspyre,  
 Was filld with greater joy then can my pen expresse,  
 Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can gesse\*.  
 And then with joynd hands, heavd up into the skies,  
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down  
 he cries,

If he have other thought but as his Lady spake ;  
 And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did answere make :  
 " Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much  
 As to accept me for your spouse, I yeeld myself for such.  
 In true witnes whereof, because I must depart,  
 Till that my deede do prove my woorde, I leave in pawne my hart.  
 Tomorrow eke bestimes, before the sunne arise,  
 To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.

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\* — the HEARERS hart can gesse.] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets. See also p. 287, l. 17 :

" If any man be *here*, whom love hath clad with care,

" To him I speak ; if thou wilt speed," &c. MALONE.

In former days, when the faculty of reading was by no means so general as at present, it must have been no unfrequent practice for those who did not possess this accomplishment to gratify their curiosity by listening while some better educated person read aloud. It is, I think, scarcely probable, that a poem of the length of this Tragicall Hystory should be *sung or recited in the streets*: And Sir John Maundevile, at the close of his work, intreats " alle the *Rederes and HERERES* of his boke, zif it plesse hem that thei wolde preyen to God," &c.—p. 383, 8vo. edit. 1727. By *hereres of his boke* he unquestionably intended *hearers* in the sense I have suggested. HOLT WHITE.

He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught  
 What I should doe in things of waight, when I his ayde have  
 sought.

And at this self same houre, I plyte you here my faith,  
 I will be here, if you think good, to tell you what he sayth.”  
 She was contented well; els favour found he none  
 That night, at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woords alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt with eord his grayish weede,  
 For he of Francis order was a fryer, as I reede.  
 Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,  
 But doctor of divinitie proceeded he in schoole.  
 The secrets eke he knew in Natures woorks that loorke;  
 By magicks arte most men supposed that he could wonders  
 worke.

Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skills to know,  
 If on no harmful deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;  
 For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,  
 But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.  
 The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne  
 The townes folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence  
 ronne,

To shrive himselfe; the olde, the young, the great and small;  
 Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.  
 And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre excede,  
 The prince by him (his counsell cravle) was holpe at time of  
 neede.

Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,  
 A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.  
 Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste,  
 The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;  
 For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,  
 As earst you heard, by skilful love found out his harmes redresse.  
 To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayeth he till the morrowe;  
 To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.  
 How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,  
 And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd ad-  
 vauce;

Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,  
 And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,  
 That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,  
 Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him  
 breath.

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly syre  
 To further and accomplish all their honest hartes desyre.  
 A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,  
 A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,  
 And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,  
 Perhaps he shall be bet advise within a weeke or twayne.

Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,  
 Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.  
 As well the father might have counseld him to stay  
 That from a mountaines top thrown downe is falling halfe the  
     waye,

As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,  
 Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceeth foorth to ronne.  
 Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last ;  
 And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,  
 Of both the housholds wrath, this marriage might appease ;  
 So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.  
 The respite of a day he asketh to devise  
 What way were best, unknown, to end so great an enterprise.  
 The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,  
 Scarce patient tarieth whilst his leeche doth make the salve to  
     cure :

So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,  
 Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely hartes delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare ;  
 Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.  
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap  
 Into the friers brest ;—but where shall Juliet unwrap  
 The secrets of her hart ? to whom shall she unfold  
 Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care so colde.  
 The nurse of whom I spake, within her chamber laye,  
 Upon the mayde she wayteth still ;—to her she doth bewray  
 Her new-receïved wound, and then her ayde doth crave,  
 In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.  
 Not easily she made the froward nurce to bowe,  
 But wonne at length with promest hyre, she made a solemne  
     vowe

To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her hest ;  
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert brest.

To Romeus she goes, of him she doth desyre  
 To know the meane of marriage, by counsell of the fryre.  
 On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to shrift  
 She shall be shrived and married ;—how lyke you, noorse, this  
     drift ?

Now by my truth, (quod she) God's blessing have your hart,  
 For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.  
 Lord, how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,  
 If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mothers eyes !  
 An easy thing it is with cloke of holines  
 To mock the sely mother, that suspecteth nothing lesse.  
 But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,  
 For all my many yeres perhaps I should have found it scarce.  
 Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone ;  
 To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone ;

For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,  
Or for 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 shent.  
I know her mother will in no case say her nay ;  
I warrant you, she shall not fayle to come on Saturday.  
And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her well ;  
And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not to tell.  
A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong ;  
Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong !  
A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,  
And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I did clappe.  
And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,  
Then I had been to have a kisse of some old lecher's mouth.  
And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,  
And of her present state to make a tedious long discourse.  
For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,  
The message aunswer seemed him to be of more behove.  
But when these beldames sit at ease upon theyr tayle,  
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke shall fayle.  
And part they say is true, and part they do devise,  
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lies.  
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,  
And gave them her ;—a slight reward (quod he) and so adiew.  
In seven yeres twice tolde she had not bowd so lowe  
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe : she sweares she will be-  
stowe

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,  
To help him to his hoped blisse ; and, cowering downe agayne,  
She 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 of thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.  
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,  
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast woone.  
The best y-shapde is he and hath the fayrest face,  
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace :  
So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wise :—  
And still with many prayses more she heaved him to the skies.  
Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought ;  
But of our marriage, say at once, what answere have you  
brought?

Nay, soft, (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 Saturday differred was the day.



Again the auncient nurse doth speake of Romeus,  
 And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.  
 Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,  
 Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.  
 "There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,  
 Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.  
 For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,  
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless ruth.  
 At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,  
 And I was fully rype before, I dare well say, a yere.  
 The pleasure that I lost, that year so overpast,  
 A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, whyle life doth last.  
 In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, I wisse,  
 When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse."  
 She that this morning could her mistres mynd disswade,  
 Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.  
 If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,  
 To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not  
 spare.

Two sorts of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,  
 The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.  
 For glittering gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;  
 And oftentimes a slight rewarde doth cause a more desart.  
 Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,  
 There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.  
 Of Romeus these two do sitte and chat awhyle,  
 Add to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.  
 A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,  
 And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterdag, she got.  
 So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know  
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.  
 The Saterdag betimes, in sober weed y-clad,  
 She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.  
 With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,  
 With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust.  
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,  
 So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.  
 She gaseth not in churche on yong men of the towne,  
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth  
 downe

Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,  
 And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady staves;  
 Whilst she doth send her mayde the certain truth to know,  
 If frier Lawrence laysure had to heare her shrift, or no.  
 Out of his shriving place he comes with pleasant cheere;  
 The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere.  
 Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,  
 Perhaps you have displeasd your frend by geving him a mate.

Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,  
Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be  
sayde.

For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne  
The charge that I received of you restore to you agayne.  
What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,  
That for this trusty fryre hath chaunged her yong mistrusting  
mayde ?

I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,  
But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.  
Thus to the fryers cell they both forth walked byn ;  
He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.  
But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,  
And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.  
Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,  
Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.  
Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,  
For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.  
And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,  
For now the rest of all her parts hath found her straying hart.  
Both theyr confessions fyrst the fryer hath heard them make,  
And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake :  
Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,  
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondest here,  
Twixt you it is agreed, that you shal be his wyfe,  
And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.  
Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest ?  
And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely harts request.  
When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,  
When in the prayse of wedlocks state some skilfull talke was  
past.

When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,  
His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew ;  
How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,  
What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—  
The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde  
Appoynted hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde  
Received of Romeus ; and then they both arose.  
To whom the frier then said : Perchaunce apart you will disclose,  
Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart ;  
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.  
Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to parte so soone)  
“ Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.  
Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time ;  
By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe  
clime.

Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,  
And then with longer laysure had dispose our great affayres.”

These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr fathers house,  
 The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the spouse ;  
 Contented both, and yet both uncontented still,  
 Till Night and Venus child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.  
 The painful souldiour, sore y-bet with wery 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,  
 Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace ;  
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much ; but, when the warres do  
 cease,

Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth :  
 The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth ;  
 Dredeless the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.  
 For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so precious held :  
 So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unrest,  
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they keepe within their  
 brest :

But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne  
 To do a thousand pleasant things that should not els be donne.  
 The news of ended warre these two have heard with joy,  
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.  
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,  
 Thy stearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betost ;  
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,  
 Art come in sight of quiet haven ; and, now the wrackfull barre  
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort  
 Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long desyred port.  
 God graunt, no follies mist so dymme thy inward sight,  
 That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight !  
 God graunt, no daungers rocke, y-lurking in the darke,  
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.  
 A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,  
 That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him trust.  
 His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of olde ;  
 And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.  
 Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,  
 To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.  
 The bryde to send the nurce at twylight fayleth not,  
 To whom the brydegroome geven hath the ladder that he got.  
 And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,  
 For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,  
 He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,  
 Where wont he was to take by 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.

Thappointed howre is comme ; he, clad in rich arraye,  
 Walkes toward his desyred home :—good fortune gyde his way !  
 Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,  
 So light he wox, he leapt the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,  
 Who in the window watcht the cumming of her lord ;  
 Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,  
 That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,  
 Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand  
 tymes.

The windowes close are shut ; els looke they for no gest ;  
 To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is prest,  
 Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,  
 That she at pleasure might behold her husbands bewty bright.  
 A carchef white as snow ware Juliet on her hed,  
 Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.  
 As soon as she hym spide, about his necke she clong,  
 And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.  
 A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,  
 Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so  
 fayne.

And like betwixt his armes to faint his lady is ;  
 She fets a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his :  
 And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,  
 That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.  
 These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,  
 And she unto herselfe againe returned home at last.  
 Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,  
 An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.  
 O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,  
 Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine  
 Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny  
 The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.  
 Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,  
 And of thy safetie and thy health so much I stood in dred.  
 But now what is decreed by fatall desteny,  
 I force it not ; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.  
 Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,  
 In that the Gods have granted me to claspe thee in myne armes.  
 The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,  
 When he unto his ladies wordes gan aunswere in this wise :  
 “ Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,  
 That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee, fayre dame, to know

How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,  
 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me,  
 Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,  
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure ;  
 The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,  
 More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.  
 Ere this, one death had rest a thousand deathes away,  
 But life prolonged was by hope of this desyred day ;  
 Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,  
 That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone  
 Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.  
 Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde :  
 For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,  
 So is it skill behinde our backe the cursed care to cast.  
 Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,  
 Where we with pleasure may content our uncontented mynde,  
 In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,  
 Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.  
 And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care  
 So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware ;  
 Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,  
 And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."

Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,  
 But forth in hast the old nurce stept, and so her aunswere stayde.  
 Who takes no time (quoth she) when time well offred is,  
 An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse.  
 And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,  
 Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.  
 Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,  
 And eche of you hath ben the cause of others wayled woe,  
 Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)  
 Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.  
 Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,  
 And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went,  
 Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to rest)  
 How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.  
 I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in ;  
 O that I might have found the like ! I wish it for no sin,  
 But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,  
 As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.  
 Of shyvering care and dred I have felt many a fit,  
 But Fortune such delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.  
 By prooffe no certayne truth can I unhappy write,  
 But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.  
 The blindfold goddessse that with frowning face doth fraye,  
 And from their seate the mighty kinges throwes down with head-  
 long sway,

Begynneth now to turn to these her smyling face ;  
Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortunes  
grace.

If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,  
I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.  
Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,  
If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.

Thus passe they foorth the night, in sport, in joly game ;  
The hastines of Phœbus steeds in great despyte they blame.  
And now the vyrgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,  
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,  
And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place :  
How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers parts em-  
brace.

The marriage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,  
The nigh approche of days 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 friendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,  
And every other night, to come, a solemne othe he makes,  
By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre :  
And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.  
But who is he that can his present state assure ?  
And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure ?  
So wavering fortunes whele, her chaunges be so straunge ;  
And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her changee :  
Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,  
Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleasure and of smart.  
For after many joyes some feele but little paine,  
And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.  
But other some there are, that living long in woe,  
At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so ;  
Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,  
Because the sodayne changee 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 another leafe must toorne ;  
As woont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,  
But winters blast with speddy foote doth bring the fall agayne.  
Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,  
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.  
She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled gayne,  
But now, for pleasures usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.

The prince could never cause those housholds so agree,  
But that some sparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee ;

Which lye this while raked up in ashes pale and ded,  
 Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.  
 At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne ;  
 The morrowe after Easter-day the mischiefe new begoune.  
 A band of Capilets dyd meet (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 cleped was Tibalt ;  
 He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.  
 They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,  
 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out-stretched  
 large :

“ Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,  
 That of this dayes revenge and us our childrens heyres may speake.  
 Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage ;  
 Let none of them escape alive.”—Then he with furious rage,  
 And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,  
 And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.  
 For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,  
 And rather than to live with shame, with prayse did choose to dye.  
 The words that Tybalt used to styrre his folke to yre,  
 Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.  
 With Lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend ;  
 To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.  
 This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,  
 That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the  
 thought.

The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,  
 And parts are taken on every side ; both kindreds thether hye.  
 Here one doth graspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him ;  
 And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym :  
 His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,  
 And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his  
 cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the ground ;  
 With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull  
 wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, and shyld to shyld set fast,  
 One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast.  
 And whilst this noyse is rife in every townesmans eare,  
 Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus  
 heare.

With spedy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace ;  
 With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.  
 They pitie much to see the slaughter made so greate,  
 That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the  
 streate.

Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,  
 And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to stayer.  
 Gods farther wrath you styrrer, beside the hurt you feele,  
 And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.  
 But they so busy are in fight, so eger, fierce,  
 That through their eares his sage advise no leysure had to  
 pearce.

Then leapt he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes  
 As well of those that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.  
 As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,  
 He threw a thrust at him that would have past from side to side ;  
 But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,  
 So that the swerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus  
 harmde.

Thou doest me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye ;  
 Not dread, but other waighty cause my hasty hand doth stay.  
 Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,  
 Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to part.  
 Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye :—  
 No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,  
 Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,  
 Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shyld.  
 And then, at Romeus hed a blow he strake so hard  
 That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.  
 It was but lent to hym that could repay againe.  
 And geve him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne.  
 Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,  
 Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,  
 His bristles styfle upright upon his backe doth set,  
 And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet ;  
 Or as a lyon wilde, that raumpeth in his rage,  
 His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage ;  
 Such seemed Romeus in every others sight,  
 When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himself by fight.  
 Even as two thunderbolts throwne downe out of the skye,  
 That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to  
 flye ;

So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blow or twayne,  
 Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt  
 slayne.

Loe here the end of those that styrrer a dedly stryfe !  
 Who thyrsteth after others death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.  
 The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,  
 The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus fight doth growe.  
 The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force ;  
 The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the bretheless corce  
 Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne  
 May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath their kinsman slayne.



The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt ;  
 The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.  
 The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,  
 That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.  
 His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong ;  
 His frends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.  
 Both 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 side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.  
 For Tybalts hasty death bewayled was of somme,  
 Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme  
 He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great  
 powre,  
 To helpe his frends, 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, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull  
 harts,  
 Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,  
 What hope have you to joy, what hope to 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 retoorne againe.  
 But how doth moorne among the moorners Juliet !  
 How doth she bathe her brest in teares ! what depe sighes doth  
 she fet !  
 How doth she tear her heare ! her weede how doth she rent !  
 How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment !  
 How wayles she Tybalts death, whom she had loved so well !  
 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.  
 For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,  
 With wretched sorrows cruell sound she fils the empty ayre ;  
 And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,  
 And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint doth flye.

The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,  
 And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.  
 Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,  
 That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and  
 flowre.

But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,  
 Unto her chaumber there she hide ; there, overcharged with woe,  
 Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,  
 And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,  
 That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)  
 But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.  
 Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side  
 Did cast her restles eye, at length the windowe she espide,  
 Through which she had with joye seen Romeus many a time,  
 Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake to  
 clyme.

She cryde, O cursed windowe ! accurst be every pane,  
 Through which, alas ! to sone I raught the cause of life and bane,  
 If by thy meane I have some slight delight received,  
 Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,  
 Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous  
 Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorrowes dolorous ?  
 That these my tender parts, which nedeful strength do lacke  
 To bear so great unweldy lode upon so weake a backe,  
 Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorrowes rife, .  
 At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe ;  
 That so my wery sprite may somme where els unlode  
 His deadly loade, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode ;  
 For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,  
 Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest ?  
 O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,  
 When to thy painted promises I lent my listning eare,  
 Which to the brinkes you fild with many a solemne othe,  
 And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,  
 I thought you rather would continue our good will,  
 And seek 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 cumforte 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  
 fyrst.

Synce that so many times and in so secret place,  
 Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatreds face,  
 My doubtful lyfe hath hap by fatall dome to stand  
 In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloody hand.

What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?  
 What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made  
 your thrall?

But that you must increase it with that 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 find no resting place.  
 And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,  
 Will so the rest of verry life with many teares lament.  
 That soon my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,  
 And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.

These sayd, her tender hart, by payne oppressed sore,  
 Restraynd her tears, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in  
 store;

And then as still she was, as if in sownd she lay,  
 And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feeble voyce gan say:

“ Ah cruell murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,  
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?  
 Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and erved prayse;  
 For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decayses.  
 Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,  
 Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?  
 Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?  
 What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?  
 Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,  
 That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.  
 Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,  
 Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,  
 In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,  
 So to revenge the crimes she did commit against thy truth.”

These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,  
 And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assayle;  
 Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath:  
 Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present  
 death.

The nurce that knew no cause why she absented her,  
 Did doute lest that somme sodain greefe too much tormented  
 her.

Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,  
 Last, of the chamber where she lay she happily her bethought;  
 Where she with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,  
 Her limmes stretched out, her utward 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 cryde to Juliet:  
 Ah! my dere hart, quoth she, how greveth me thy death!  
 Alas! what cause hast thou thus sone to yeld up living breath?

But while she handled her, and chafed every part,  
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of her hart,  
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name ;  
 There is no way to helpe a traunce but she hath tride the same :  
 She openeth wyde her mouth, she stoppeth close her nose,  
 She bendeth downe her brest, she wringeth her fingers and her  
 toes,

And on her bosome cold she layeth clothes hot ;  
 A warmed and a holesome juyce she powreth down her throte.  
 At length doth Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,  
 And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce she  
 spyes.

But when she was awakde from her unkindly traunce,  
 “ Why dost thou trouble me, quoth she, what drave thee, with  
 mischaunce,

To come to see my sprite forsake my bretheles corce ?  
 Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart remorse.  
 For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne ?  
 Alas ! I see my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.  
 Or who would seeke to live, all pleasure being past ?  
 My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to last.  
 Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,  
 Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye.”

The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward smart,  
 With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,  
 Thus spake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care ;  
 “ Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare ;  
 Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heaviness.  
 But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes stresse,  
 This hower large and more I thought, so god me save,  
 That my dead corps should wayte on yours to your untimely  
 grave.”

“ Alas, my tender nurce, and trusty frende, (quoth she)  
 Art thou so blinde that with thine eye thou canst not easely see  
 The lawfull cause I have to sorrow and to moorne,  
 Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at once forlorne.”  
 Her nurce then aunswered thus—“ Methinkes it sits you yll  
 To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles spill.  
 For when the stormes of care and troubles do aryse,  
 Then is the time for men to know the foolish from the wise.  
 You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce ;  
 But I see not how in like case I could behave me worse.  
 Tybalt your frend is ded ; what, weene you by your teares  
 To call him backe agayne ? thinke you that he your crying heares ?  
 You shall perceive the falt, if it be justly tryde,  
 Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.  
 Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,  
 To suffer him selfe 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 Romeus doth live,  
 And that there is good hope that he, within a while,  
 With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile,  
 How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,  
 By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.  
 With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortunes cryme,  
 Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a time.  
 I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,  
 She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,  
 With such contented ease as never erst you had ;  
 Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.  
 And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,  
 A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,  
 To learne his present state, and what in time to comme  
 He mindes to do ; which knowe by me, you shall knowe all and  
 somme.

But that I dread the whilst your sorrowes will you quell,  
 Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence cell.  
 But if you gyn eft sones, as erst you did, to moorne,  
 Whereto goe I ? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.  
 So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,  
 So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere comes in vayne ;  
 So shall I riddé my selfe with this sharpe pointed knyfe,  
 So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life ;  
 So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,  
 With hasty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.  
 Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppressé,  
 I hope at my retorné to bring the salve of your distresse.  
 Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,  
 Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorné agayne."

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest  
 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her  
 brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,  
 Then vanish they by hope of scape ; and thus the lady lyes  
 Twixt well assured trust, and doubtfull lewd dyspayre :  
 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts ; now seeme they white  
 and fayre.

As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,  
 And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do  
 ronne ;

So Juliets wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,  
 And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth overgoe.

But now is tyme to tell, whilst she was tossed thus,  
 What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.  
 When he had slayne his foe that gan this dedly strife,  
 And saw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalts life,

He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,  
 And doubting much what penal doome the troubled prince might  
 gyve,

He sought somewhere unseene to lurke a littel space,  
 And trusty Lawrence secret cell he thought the surest place.  
 In doubtfull happe aye best a trusty frend is tryde ;  
 The frendly frier in this distresse doth graunt his frend to hyde.  
 A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,  
 The mouth of which so close is shut, that none may finde it out ;  
 But roome there is to walke, and place to sit and rest,  
 Beside a bed to sleape upon, full soft and trimly drest.  
 The flowre is planked so, with mattes it is so warme.  
 That neither winde nor smoky dampes have powre him ought to  
 harme.

Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to bestowe,  
 There now he hideth Romeus, whilst forth he goth to knowe  
 Both what is said and donne, and what appoynted payne  
 Is published by trumpets sound ; then home he hyes agayne.

By this unto his cell the nurce with spedy pace  
 Was comme the nerest way ; she sought no ydel resting place.  
 The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain helth,  
 And promise made (what so befell) he should that night by stelth  
 Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wise  
 Of theyr affayres in tyme to comme might thoroughly devise.  
 Those joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy ;  
 And now our Juliet joyes to thinke she shall her love enjoy.  
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, and then to him beneth,  
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or else of death.  
 Thy hap (quoth he) is good, danger of death is none,  
 But thou shalt live, and do full well, in spite of spitefull fone.  
 This only payne for thee was erst proclaymde aloud,  
 A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona shrowde.

These heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,  
 And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.  
 And as the smitten deere in brakes is waltring found,  
 So waltheth he, and with his brest doth beate the troden grounde.  
 He riseth eft, and strikes his hed against the wals,  
 He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for hasty death he cals.  
 " Come spedy deth, quoth he, the readiest leache in love,  
 Synce nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of greefe re-  
 move,

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering staves,  
 Destroy, destroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.  
 But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did devise  
 With cunning hand to woork that might seeme wondrous in our  
 eyes,

For you, I pray the gods, your pleasures to increase,  
 And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to cease.

And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them lowe,  
 Whose lofty pryde, without our gylt, our blisse doth overblowe.  
 And Cupid graunt to those theyr speedy 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 fryer with sorrow saw and heard,  
 Of such beginning eke the end the wiseman greatly feard.  
 But lo! he was so weake by reason of his age,  
 That he ne could by force repress the rigour of his rage.  
 His wise and friendly woordes he speaketh to the ayre,  
 For Romeus so vexed is with care, and with dispayre,  
 That no advice can perce his close forstopped eares,  
 So now the fryer doth take his part in shedding ruthfull teares.  
 With colour pale and wan, with arms full hard y-fold,  
 With wofull cheere his wayling frende he standeth to beholde.  
 And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,  
 With voyce with plaint made horce, with sobs, and with a falt-  
     ring tong,  
 Renewd with novel mone the dolors of his hart ;  
 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his store of inward smart,  
 Fyrst Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,  
 In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes ay so rife ;  
 The time and place of byrth he feersly did reprove,  
 He cryed out with open mouth, against the starres above :  
 The fatall sisters three, he said had donne him wrong,  
 The threed that should not have been sponne, they had drawne  
     forth too long.  
 He wished that he had before his time been borne,  
 Or that as soone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.  
 His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him pappe,  
 The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe ;  
 And then did he complaine on Venus cruell sonne,  
 Who led him first unto the rockes which he should waresly  
     shonne :  
 By meane whereof he lost both lyfe and libertie,  
 And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.  
 Loves troubles hasten long, the joyes he gives are short ;  
 He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr ernest is his sport.  
 A thousand thinges and more I here let passe to write  
 Which unto love this wofull man dyd speake in great despite.  
 On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,  
 Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.  
 And to himselfe he layd a great part of the falt,  
 For that he slewe and was not slaine, in fighting with Tibalt.  
 He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,  
 But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.

When after raging fits appeased was his rage,  
 And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,  
 So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,  
 That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.  
 “ Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;  
 Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a womans hart.  
 For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chased,  
 And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:  
 So that I stode in doute, this howre at the least,  
 If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.  
 A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres  
 Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harmes re-  
 dres.

As when the winter flawes with dreadful noyse arise,  
 And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,  
 So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,  
 Dispayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,  
 The pylate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,  
 And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle;  
 Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,  
 In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,  
 He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,  
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;  
 Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,  
 The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,  
 The roder smitten of, and over-board the mast,  
 Doth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past:  
 But if the master dread, and overprest with woe  
 Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,  
 The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,  
 And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe  
 And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,  
 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.  
 Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;  
 Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdomes schoole.  
 The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,  
 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twaine.  
 As well we ought to seeke things hurtfull to decrease,  
 As to indevor helping things by study to increase.  
 The prayse of trew freedom in wisdomes bondage lyes,  
 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his words be  
 wise.

Sicknes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;  
 If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou  
 finde.

Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,  
 But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.



Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,  
 But wisdom in adversitie findes cause of quiet joye.  
 And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,  
 And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.  
 Like as there is no weale but wastes away sometime,  
 So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.  
 If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,  
 Endeavor first by reasons help to master witles will.  
 A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt disease,  
 But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.  
 The world is alway full of chaunces and of change,  
 Wherefore the change of chaunce must not seem to a wise man  
 straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,  
 But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.  
 Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,  
 And sorow seke to set himselfe in banishd pleasures place,  
 Yet may thy marred state be mended in a whyle,  
 And she eftsones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall  
 smyle.

For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,  
 Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.  
 What nede so many words to thee that art so wyse?  
 Thou better canst advise thyselfe, then I can thee advise.  
 Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede  
 A wisemans wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.  
 I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,  
 But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantically to fare.  
 Affections foggy mist thy febled sight doth bynd;  
 But if that reasons beames againe might shine into thy mynd,  
 If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,  
 I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighing, and thy  
 crye.

With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,  
 Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death.  
 By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,  
 And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.  
 Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part?  
 Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart?  
 Why cryest thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?  
 Why dost thou so crye after death? thy life why dost thou hate?  
 Dost thou repent the choyse that thou so late dydst choose?  
 Love is thy lord; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.  
 For thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his sight,  
 He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely harts delight.  
 So that the gods envyde the blisse thou livedst in;  
 To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.

Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment  
 Is onely cause of thy unrest ; onely thou dost lament  
 That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,  
 Enforsd to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart :  
 And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feele,  
 Thou dost complaine of Cupids brand, and Fortunes turning  
 wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banishment,  
 All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.  
 As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,  
 So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.  
 Though forward fortune chase thee hence into exile,  
 With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.  
 Admit thou shouldst abyde 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 mayst be.  
 Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether.  
 And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.  
 Yea, but this while, alas ! thy Juliet must thou misse,  
 The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.  
 Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,  
 And in thy brest inclosed bearest her tender frendly hart.  
 But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,  
 With thought of passed joyes content thy uncontented minde ;  
 So shall the mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,  
 Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.  
 He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,  
 And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.  
 Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrst consuming flame ;  
 How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame ?  
 Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne ?  
 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne ?  
 Those greefes and others like were happily overpast,  
 And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele well placed at the last !  
 From whence thou art now falne, that, rayسد up agayne,  
 With greater joy a greater whyle in pleasure mayst thou raigne.  
 Compare the present while with times y-past before,  
 And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.  
 The whilst, this little wrong receve thou patiently,  
 And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.  
 Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,  
 And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.  
 To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,  
 But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."

Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,  
 His sighs are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares.

As blackest cloudes are chased by winters nimble wynde,  
 So have his reasons chased care out of his carefull mynde.  
 As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,  
 So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.  
 Now is affection's 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 love, and farther ayde he seekes.  
 He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,  
 And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte ;  
 But sound advise aboundes in 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  
 Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrence skill.  
 The governor is now right carefull of his charge,  
 To whom he doth wisely discourse of his affaires at large.  
 He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,  
 (Both mindeful of his frendes safetie, and casefull of his owne)  
 How he shall gyde himselc, how he shall seeke to winne  
 The frendship of the better sort, how waresly 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 tassvage,  
 Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage :  
 And last he chargeth hym at his appoynted howre  
 To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladies bowre,  
 And there with 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 wyves talke hath set our Juliets hart at rest.  
 Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys 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 clearnes of his face,  
 They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of theyr  
 race ;

Yea they assure them selc, and quite behind theyr backe  
 They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the  
 wracke ;

But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,  
 And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe ;  
 The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,  
 And twice as hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell ;  
 With greater daungers dred the men are vexed more,  
 In greater perill of theyr life then they had been before.

The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,  
 The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest ;

When restles Romeus and restles Juliet  
 In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chamber met.  
 And from the windowes top downe had he leaped scarce,  
 When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him embrace,  
 That wel nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)  
 Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce,  
 Thus muet stood they both the eyght part of an howre,  
 And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre ;  
 But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,  
 And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.  
 Theyr scalding sighes ascend, and by theyr cheekes downe fall  
 Theyr trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer far then  
 gall.

Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,  
 Did kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin:

“ My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,  
 To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes declare  
 The diversenes and eke the accidents so straunge  
 Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in 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 herselfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,  
 The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,  
 And while she treads, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,  
 More sorow doth she shape within an howers space,  
 Than pleasure in an hundred yeares ; so geyson is her grace.  
 The prooffe whereof in me, alas ! too playne apperes,  
 Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feeres,  
 In prosperous hygh degree, mayntained so by fate,  
 That, as your selfe dyd see, my foes envye my noble state.  
 One thing there was I did above the rest desyre,  
 To which as to the sovereign good by hope I would aspyre.  
 That by our mariage meane we might within a while  
 (To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile :  
 That safely so we might, not stopt by sturdy strife,  
 Unto the bounds that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.  
 But now, alack ! too soone my blisse is over blowne,  
 And upside downe my purpose and my enterprise are throwne.  
 And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave  
 (O graunt it God !) from daungers dread that I may suretie have.  
 For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,  
 (So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.  
 Which thing I have thought good to set before your eyes,  
 And to exhort you now to proove yourselfe a woman wise ;  
 That patiently you beare my absent long abod,  
 For what above by fatall dome decreed is, that God—”

And more than this to say, it seemed, he was bent,  
 But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackish tears besprent,  
 Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speeche he stayde,  
 These selfe same woordes, or like to these, with dreery cheere she  
 saide :

“ Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart,  
 So farre removed from ruth, so farre from thinking on my smart,  
 To leave me thus alone, thou cause of my distresse,  
 Beseged with so great a campe of mortall wretchednesse ;  
 That every howre now and moment in a day  
 A thousand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away ?  
 Yet such is my mishap, O cruell destinye !  
 That still I lyve, and wish for death, but yet can never dye.  
 So that just cause I have to thinke, as seemeth me,  
 That froward Fortune did of late with cruel Death agree,  
 To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleasure in my payne,  
 And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped gayne.  
 And thou, the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,  
 Without whose ayde she can no way her tyrans lust fulfill,  
 Art not a whit ashamde (as farre as I can see)  
 To cast me off, when thou hast 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 become unto myself a foe,  
 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, and skornes my friendship so.  
 Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two thinges choose the one,  
 Eyther to see thy castaway, as soone as thou art gone,  
 Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes haight,  
 And so to breake her slender necke with all the bodies waight,  
 Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,  
 Where so thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.  
 So wholly into thine transformed is my hart,  
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall part,  
 So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it selfe awaye,  
 Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may  
 In spite of all thy foes thy present partes enjoye,  
 And in distres to beare with thee the half of thine annoye.  
 Wherefore, in humble sort, Romeus, I make request,  
 If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle brest,  
 O, let it now have place to rest within thy hart ;  
 Receave me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy smart :  
 Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.  
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,  
 Art thou all counsellesse ? canst thou no shift devise ?  
 What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguise ?

What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,  
 To scape the bondage of theyr frends? thyselfe can aunswer, yes.  
 Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can  
 By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?  
 Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?  
 Perhaps thou fearst lesse I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.  
 What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,  
 Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, sometime up to the skyes  
 you blew?

My teares, my friendship and my pleasures donne of olde,  
 Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd behold  
 The wildnes of her looke, her 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, (quoeth 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 teach every wight to shonne.  
 For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)  
 Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.  
 For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,  
 And in his rage no narrowly he will pursue us both,  
 That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,  
 And vainely seeke a looking place to hyde us from his sight.  
 Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,  
 Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence;  
 I as a ravisher, thou as a careles childe,  
 I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;  
 Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life,  
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death:—but if, my loving  
 wife,

Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,  
 (That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath;  
 If thou be bent tobay the love of reasons skill,  
 And wisely by her princely powre suppressse rebelling will,  
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine own delight,  
 (Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of  
 sight,)

Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,  
 So shall I safely live abrode, and safe torne from exile:  
 So shall no slanders blot thy spotles life distayne,  
 So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, and I exempt from payne.

And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last ;  
 These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winters blast.  
 For Fortune chaungeth more than fikel fantasie ;  
 In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.  
 Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restless coorse,  
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the  
 woorse,

And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne :  
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of payne.  
 Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,  
 And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,  
 That of my wandring race ended shall be the toyle,  
 And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.  
 But if I be condemned to wander still in thrall,  
 I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.  
 And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,  
 From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande ;  
 Not in mans weede disguysd, or as one scarcely knowne,  
 But as my wife and only feere, in garment of thyne owne.  
 Wherefore repressate at once the passions of thy hart,  
 And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy  
 smart.

For of this one thyng thou mayst well assured bee,  
 That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee."  
 The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,  
 And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere  
 straight :

" Deere Syr, nought els wish I but to obey your will ;  
 But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,  
 As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,  
 Of all the powre that over you yourselfe did graunt to me ;  
 And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—  
 One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill ;  
 Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Lawrence hand,  
 The tydings of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall  
 stand.

And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abroad,  
 Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode."  
 His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,  
 When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the hest.

Thus these two lovers passe awaye the wery night,  
 In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.  
 But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose  
 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose ;  
 Whose course appoynted is with spedy race to ronne,  
 A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.  
 Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade  
 Did cleare the skies, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.

When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,  
When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westerne wave doth  
sinke,

What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,  
The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest easterne skies.

As yet he sawe no day, ne could he call it night,

With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.

Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,

With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.

With solemne othe they both theyr sorrowfull leave do take ;

They swaere no stormy troubles shall theyr steady friendship  
shake.

Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,

And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.

Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorrow, and of dread,

The clearnes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholly overspread.

When golden-crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,

And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,

Then hath these lovers day an ende, theyr night begonne,

For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.

The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,

But black-faced night with winter rough ah ! beaten over sore.

The very watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,

The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and  
course to kepe,

And Verone gates awide the porters had set open.

When Romeus had of hys affayres with fryer Lawrence spoken,

Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,

Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.

He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,

To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away

With wordes of comfort to his old afflicted syre ;

And straight, in mynde to sojourn there, a lodging doth he hyre,

And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt,

And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his  
playnt.

He practiseth by friends for pardon of exile ;

The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorrowes to begyle.

But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest ?

Alas ! his cares denye his hart the sweete desyred rest ;

No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,

But every thing occasion gives of sorrowe and annoye.

For when in toorning skies the heavens lamps are light,

And from the other hemisphere fayr Phœbus chaseth night,

When every man and beast hath rest from paynefull toyle,

Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.

Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,

And then his sighs the chaumber fill, and out aloud he cries



Against the restles starres in rolling skies that raunge,  
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.  
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,  
 He thinketh Titans restles steedes of restines do stay;  
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found out,  
 Or, gyded yll, have lost theyr way and wandered farre about.  
 While thus in ydell thoughts the very time he spendeth,  
 The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he  
 endeth.

Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?  
 In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone:  
 For if his feeser rejoyce, what cause hath he to joy,  
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves en-  
 joye?

But if with heavy cheere they shew their inward greefe,  
 He wayleth most his wretchedness that is of wretches cheefe.  
 When he doth heare abrode the prayse of ladies blowne,  
 Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.  
 When pleasant songes he heares, while others do rejoyce,  
 The melodye of musicke 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 feathered fowles and trees,  
 Unto the earth, the cloudes, and 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 very of the world agayne he calleth night,  
 The sunne he curseth, and the howre when first his eyes saw light.  
 And as the night and day theyr course do interchaunge,  
 So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchange.

In absence of her knight the lady no way could  
 Kepe trewe betweene her greefes and her, though nere so fayne  
 she would;

And though with greater payne she clokod sorowes smart,  
 Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.  
 Her sighing every howre, her weeping every where,  
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of her geare,  
 The carefull mother marks; then of her helth afrayde,  
 Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child she sayde:  
 "Deere daughter if you shoulde long languishe in this sort,  
 I stand in doute that over-soone your sorrowes will make short  
 Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more  
 Than our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth there-  
 fore

Your greefe and payne, 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 life that was but lent,  
 He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament ;  
 You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill :  
 It is a falt thus still to grudge at Gods appoynted will."  
 The seely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,  
 No longer could she hide her harme, but aunswered thus  
 agayne,

With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded :  
 " Madame, the last of Tybalts teares a great while since I shed ;  
 Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,  
 That empty quite and moystureless I gesse it now to be.  
 So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne  
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping  
 bryne."

The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,  
 And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace she waresly hent.  
 But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,  
 Still more and more she saw increast her daughters wonted sor-  
 row,

All meanes she sought of her and houshold folk to know  
 The certain roote whereon her greefe 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 herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,  
 She thought it good to tell the syre how ill this childe did fare.  
 And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde :  
 " Syr, if you mark our daughter well, the countenance of the  
 mayde,

And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death  
 Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,  
 Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynge eke so straunge,  
 That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.  
 Not only she forbeares her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,  
 But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.  
 No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart  
 So much, as in the chaumber close to shut herselfe apart :  
 Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,  
 That much in daunger stands her lyfe, except some help she  
 finde.

But, out alas ! I see not how it may be founde,  
 Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus  
 abounde.

For though with busy care I have employde my wit,  
 And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,  
 Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote ;  
 She 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 ;  
 Somme greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge in her hath  
 wrought.

Her selfe assured me that many days agoe  
 She shed the last of Tybalts teares ; which words 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 do beleve  
 The only crop and roote of all my daughters payne  
 Is grudging envies faint disease ; perchance she doth disdayne  
 To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,  
 Whilst only she unmarried doth lose so many yeres.  
 And more perchance she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so ;  
 Wherefore dispayingr doth she weare herselfe away with woe.  
 Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme take on your daughter ruth ;  
 For why ? a brickle thing is glasse, and frayle is skillesse youth.  
 Joyne her at once to somme in linke of marriage,  
 That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age :  
 So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,  
 So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest.”  
 Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,  
 And to the mothers skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he.  
 “ Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these things ere this,  
 But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse  
 By farther leysure had a husband to provyde ;  
 Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.  
 But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,  
 And that a mayden daughter is a treasure daungerous,  
 With so great speede I will endeavour to procure  
 A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,  
 That you shall rest content, so warely will I choose,  
 And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.  
 The whilst seek you to learne, if she in any part  
 Already hath, unaware to us, fixed her frendly hart ;  
 Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,  
 Then to our daughters quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth :  
 Whom I doo hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,  
 And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,  
 Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,  
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of  
 mone.”

This pleasaunt aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,  
 And Capilet, the maydens syre, within a day or twayne,  
 Conferreth with his frendes for marriage of his daughter,  
 And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that sought her ;  
 Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,  
 As also well brought up, and wise ; her fathers onely heyre.

Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desyre,  
 Who county Paris clipped was; an earle he had to syre.  
 Of all the suters hym the father lyketh best,  
 And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,  
 Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,  
 To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuade the mayde.  
 The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say  
 How happy hap, how mete a match, he had found out that day;  
 Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,  
 But straight she hyeth to Juliet; to her she telles, apart,  
 What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather  
 Betwene the wooing Paris and her careful loving father.  
 The person of the man, the features of his face,  
 His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely grace,  
 With curious woordes she payntes before her daughters eyes,  
 And then with store of vertues prayse she heaves him to the  
 skyes.

She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,  
 Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.  
 When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,  
 Whereto both love and reasons right forbod her to assent,  
 Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,  
 With horses wilde her tender partes asunder should be torne.  
 Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,  
 But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she brake:

“Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are  
 Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,  
 As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,  
 Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.  
 Doo what you list; but yet of this assure you still,  
 If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.  
 For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose  
 My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose,  
 Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part:  
 Fyrst, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart;  
 Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife;  
 And you, my mother, shall becomeme the 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 do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.  
 For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,  
 You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe.”

So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke  
 Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke

Of these her daughters words, 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 tears or plaint at all to have remorse,  
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforee.  
The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must let,  
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 wash with teares as she thus groveling lyes;  
So fast and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes:  
When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,  
Muet she is; for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.

The syre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,  
With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage  
(Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens mother mylde):  
“ Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe;  
Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,  
That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord?  
How much the Romaine youth of parentes stooode in awe,  
And eke what powre upon theyr seede the parentes had by  
lawe?

Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,  
(When so they stooode in neede) but more, if children did rebell,  
The parentes had the powre of lyfe and sodayn death.  
What if those good men should agayne receive the living breth?  
In how straight bondes would they the stubborne body bynde?  
What weapons would they seeke for thee? what torments would  
they fynde.

To chasten, if they saw the lewdness of thy life,  
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shameful sturdy stryfe?  
Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,  
That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee  
One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,  
And for his many vertues sake a man of great renowne.  
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,  
So rich ere long he shal be left, his fathers welth is such,  
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race  
From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case  
The dainty foole and stubborne gyrl; for want of skill  
Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.

Even by his strength I swear, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,  
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,  
 Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,  
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent  
 To Countie Paris sute, and promise to agree  
 To whatsoever then shall passe twixt him, my wife, and me,  
 Not only will I geve all that I have away  
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,  
 But also to so close and to so hard a gayle  
 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle  
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,  
 And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee  
 breath.

Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,  
 And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my  
 vowe.

For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave  
 My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,  
 Ere thou go hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,  
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy dutie how to knowe ;  
 And what revenge of olde the angry syres did fynde  
 Agaynst theyre children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe un-  
 kinde."

These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away ;  
 Ne for his daughters aunswere would the testy father stay.  
 And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,  
 And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the  
 floore,  
 Then she that oft had 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 sorrows of her hart.  
 There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,  
 As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous booteless weep-  
 ing.

The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,  
 Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.  
 So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,  
 The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.  
 Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,  
 And to saint Frauncis church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.  
 The fryer forth is calde ; she prayes him heare her shrift ;  
 Devotion is in so young yeres a rare and pretious gyft.  
 When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,  
 In mynde to powre forth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,  
 With sighes and salted teares her shriving doth beginne,  
 For she of heaped sorrowes hath to speake, and not of sinne.

Her voyce with piteous playnt was made already horce,  
And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes  
perforce.

But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe  
The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe ;  
Her parentes promise erst to Counte Paris past,  
Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last :  
“ Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe ;  
For since I know I may not be the wedded wife of twaine,  
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)  
My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my jorney take,  
With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,  
The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.  
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife  
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.  
So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,  
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I  
Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frend.”

When thys her heavy tale was told, 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 wordes you spake ?  
I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Maries sake.  
Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,  
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes cease.  
Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,  
And for thassaults of Fortunes yre prepare so sure defence,  
So holesome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,  
That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde.”  
His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,  
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.  
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,  
And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gonne ;  
Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse ;  
The old mans foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.  
His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne  
To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn  
The chifest cause that she unknown to father or to mother,  
Nor five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.  
An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred  
His restles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.  
Even of itselfe thattempte he judgeth perilous ;  
The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,  
That to a womans grace he must him selfe commit,  
That yong is, simple and unware, for waightly affayres unfit.

For, if she fayle in ought, the matter published,  
 Both she and Romeus were undonne, him selfe eke punished.  
 When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,  
 With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last ;  
 He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,  
 Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,  
 Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,  
 And then with double hast returnde where woful Juliet was ;  
 Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,  
 Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.  
 Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day ;  
 “ On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,  
 I must geve my consent ; but, as I do remember,  
 The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September.”  
 “ Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,  
 For loe ! 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 knowe that by desert his frendship I have wonne,  
 And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.  
 Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he  
 Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me  
 To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,  
 Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.  
 And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,  
 For Romeus friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,  
 And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde ;  
 Wherefore, my daughter, geve good care unto my counsels 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 life,  
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.  
 Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne  
 As every where is spred of me, but chesely in this towne,  
 That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,  
 Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited ;  
 So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a 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 abyde 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 worke,  
 And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,  
 With care I have sought out, with payne I did them prove ;  
 With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,  
 (Although the science be against the lawes of men)  
 When sodayn daunger forceth me ; but yet most cheefly when  
 The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God  
 (Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode.)  
 For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,  
 But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,  
 And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,  
 But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,  
 Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde  
 The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me  
 blynde,

When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,  
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly  
 rest.

Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I  
 Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,  
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the waye I knowe,  
 Of certain rootes and savory herbes to make a kynd of dowe.  
 Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,  
 And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,  
 It doth in half an howre astone 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 skilful leche would say, that he is slayne by death.  
 One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this ;  
 The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is ;  
 But paineless as a man that thinketh nought at all,  
 Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall ;  
 From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,  
 Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh :  
 And thence (theeffect once wrought) againe it doth restore  
 Him that received unto the state wherein he was before.  
 Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,  
 And thereby learne what is by thee hereafter to be donne.  
 Cast off from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,  
 With manly courage arme thyselve from heele unto the head ;  
 For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest  
 The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.  
 Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye ;  
 And on the marriage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,

Fill it with water full up to the very brim,  
Then drink it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne and  
lym

A pleasant slumber slyde, and quite dispreed at length  
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength ;  
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,  
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,  
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce :  
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne  
chaunce ;

The corps then will they bring to grave in this churcheyarde,  
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparede,  
Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,  
(Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my  
daughter,

Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight ;  
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.  
And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,  
Then may'st thou goe with him from hence ; and, healed of thy  
payne,

In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant lyfe ;  
And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when cease shall all the stryfe,  
And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,  
My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to disclose,  
Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,  
That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy."

When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,  
To which our Juliet so well her care and wits did bend,  
That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,  
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought,  
And then to him she sayd—" Doubt not but that I will  
With stout and unapauled hart your happy hest fulfill.  
Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,  
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should  
sinke,

Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,  
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.  
Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart  
To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,  
To come to him on whom my life doth wholly stay,  
That is my onely harts delight, and so he shall be aye."  
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye  
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.  
God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,  
That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,  
And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth retyre ;

And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,  
She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would  
meete,

In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet dyd holde,  
In mynde also, apart twixt them, her dueety to have tolde ;  
Wherefore with pleasant face, and with her wonted chere,  
As soone as she was unto her approched somewhat nere,  
Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begin :  
“ Madame, at saint Frauncis churche have I this morning byn,  
Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,  
Then dewty would ; yet have I not been absent from this place  
So long a while, without a great and just cause why ;  
This frute have I receaved there ;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,  
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,  
Released from affliction, restored is to rest !  
For lo ! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseasde  
By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde ;  
To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,  
And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe :  
Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord, my 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 than I had been before.  
By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,  
That, though I sought no sure defence my searching thought  
could find.

So forced I was at length to yield up witles will,  
And promist to be ordered by the fryers prayسد skill.  
Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,  
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,  
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,  
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill.  
Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,  
To go unto my lord and 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 mynde 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 into great delight ;  
 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight  
 With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,  
 Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face  
 She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer ;  
 And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded  
 syer.

With hands and eyes heaved-up he thanks God in his hart,  
 And then he sayth : “ This is not, wyfe, the fryers first desart ;  
 Oft hath he showde to us great frendship heretofore,  
 By helping us at nedefull times with wisdomes pretious lore.  
 In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde  
 But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.  
 Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes ( I doe not fayne )  
 But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne !  
 So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,  
 So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve.”

These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,  
 And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode ;  
 Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his 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 will be great ;  
 The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.  
 He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see  
 Fayre Juliet ; wherto he doth right willingly agree.  
 The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare ;  
 She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare  
 Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,  
 But liberally to geve them foorth when Paris commes in place :  
 Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,  
 As cunning craftsman to the sale do set theyr wares on rew ;  
 That ere the County dyd out of her sight depart,  
 So secretly unwares to him she stale away his hart,  
 That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre ;  
 And now his longing hart thinks long for theyr appoynted howre  
 And with importune sute the parents doth he pray  
 The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.

The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this sort,  
 And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.  
 At length the wished time of long hoped delight  
 (As Paris thought) drew nere ; but nere approached heavy  
 plight.

Agaynst the 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 wish for any more.

Nothing did seeme to deere ; the deereſt thinges were bought ;  
 And, as the written ſtory ſayth, in dede there wanted nought,  
 That longd to his degree, and honor of his ſtocke ;  
 But Juliet, the whiſt, her thoughts within her breſt did locke ;  
 Even from the truſty nurce, whoſe ſecretneſs was tride,  
 The ſecret counſell of her hart the nurce-childe ſeekes to hyde.  
 For ſith, to mocke her dame, ſhe did not ſticke to lye,  
 She thought no ſinne with ſhew of truth to blear her nurces eye.  
 In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,  
 That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been trew.  
 The flattring nurce dyd prayſe the fryer for his ſkill,  
 And ſaid that ſhe had done right well by wit to order will.  
 She ſetteth forth at large the fathers furious rage,  
 And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond marriage ;  
 And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,  
 By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſde  
 before.

Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill, Romeus ſhall not retourne ;  
 What ſhall it boote her all her lyfe to languish ſtill and mourne.  
 The pleaſures paſt before ſhe muſt account as gayne ;  
 But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one ſhe ſhall have twayne.  
 The one ſhall uſe her as his lawful wedded wyfe ;  
 In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe ;  
 And beſt ſhall ſhe be ſped of any towniſh dame,  
 Of huſband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.  
 Theſe words 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 aproched nere,  
 She ſought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and tempered 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 chaumber was her wonted uſe to lye ;  
 Wherefore her miſtres, dreading that ſhe ſhould her work deſ-  
 crye,

As ſoone as ſhe began her pallet to unfold,  
 Thinking to lye that night where ſhe was wont to lye of olde,  
 Doth gently pray her ſeek her lodging ſome where els ;  
 And, leſt the crafty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telles.  
 “ Dere frend, quoth ſhe, you knowe, tomorrow is the day  
 Of new contract ; wherefore, this night, my purpoſe is to pray  
 Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the ſkyes,  
 And order all the courſe of thinges as they can beſt devyſe,  
 That they ſo ſmyle upon the doinges of tomorrow,  
 That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from ſorow :

Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,  
 But see that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,  
 For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre ;"—  
 And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her desyre,  
 For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute ;  
 She little knew the close attempt her nurce-child went about.

The nurce departed once, the chamber door shut close,  
 Assured that no living wight her doing might 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  
 The same she calleth into doute : and lying doutefully  
 Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,  
 With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to com-  
 plaine :

“ What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,  
 So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I?  
 What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,  
 The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortunes skorne?  
 For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,  
 Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde ;  
 Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines  
 Hath put me to this sodayne plonge, and brought to such distres.  
 As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,  
 I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,  
 Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.—”  
 And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe :  
 “ What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall  
 Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?  
 And then my craft descride as open as the day,  
 The peoples tale and laughing stocke shall I remain 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 carcases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before  
 Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,  
 Where all my auncesters do rest, my kindreds common grave?  
 Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,  
 Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stifled in the tombe?”

And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somewhat too long,  
 The force of her ymaging anon doth waxe so strong,

That she surmise she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,  
 A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;  
 Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before  
 Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded  
 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 daynty tender partes gan shever all for dred,  
 Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.  
 Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,  
 A sweate as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender  
 skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:  
 And more besides, she vainly thinkes, whilst vainly thus she  
 feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,  
 And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.  
 But when she felt her strength began to weare away,  
 By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreased ay,  
 Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,  
 Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,  
 As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,  
 And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.  
 Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,  
 And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,  
 And from the East in open skies his 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 cares, 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;  
 Wherewith 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 scratched face, and heare betorne, but no word speake she  
 can,

At last with much adoe, "Dead (quoth she) is my childe;"  
 Now, "Out, alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tiger wilde,  
 Whose whelpes, whilst she is gone out of her den to pray,  
 The hunter greedy of his game doth kill or cary away;  
 So raging forth she ran unto her Juliets bed,  
 And there she found her derling and her onely comfort ded.  
 Then shrieked she out as lowde as serve her would her breath,  
 And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde she out on death:  
 "Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right,  
 Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,  
 Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,  
 Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.  
 Whereto stay I, alas! since Juliet is gone?  
 Whereto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and mone?  
 Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee shall never cease;  
 Even as my dayes of lyfe increase, so shall my plaint increase:  
 Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,  
 That dedly panges, when they assayle, shall not augment my  
 smart."

Then gan she so to sobbe, it seemde her hart would brast;  
 And while she cryeth thus, behold, the father at the last,  
 The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,  
 And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,  
 Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preast,  
 For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so the feast;  
 But when the heavy news the byden geastes did heare,  
 So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr count'nance and  
 theyr cheere,

Might easely have judgde by that that they had seene,  
 That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.  
 But more than all the rest the fathers hart was so  
 Smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodayn woe,  
 That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,  
 Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd his teares and plaint to kepe.  
 In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent;  
 And, hearing of her passed life, they judge with one assent  
 The cause of this her death was inward care and thought;  
 And then with double force againe the doubled sorowes wrought.  
 If ever there hath been a lamentable day,  
 A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I say,  
 The same was it in which through Veron town was spred  
 The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.  
 For so she was bemonde both of the young and olde,  
 That it might seeme to him that would the common plaint behold,



That all the common welth did stand in jeopardy ;  
 So universal was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.  
 For lo, beside her shape and native bewties hewe,  
 With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues praises grew,  
 She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,  
 That, even from the hory head unto the witles chyld,  
 She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,  
 Ne great, ne small, but did that day her wretched state 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 fickell Fortune favour him,) disguysde in mans aray.

This letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his brother ;  
 He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.  
 Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes ;  
 And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse  
 That friers in the towne should seledome walke alone,  
 But of theyr covent aye should be accompanide with one  
 Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,  
 In mynd to take some fryer with him, to walke the towne about.  
 But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,  
 For that a brother of the house a day before or twayne  
 Dyed of the plague, a sicknes which they greatly feare and hate ;  
 So were the brethren charged to keepe within their covent gate,  
 Bard of theyr fellowship that in the towne do wonne ;  
 The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers house to shonne,  
 Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome should renew ;  
 Whereof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great there  
 grewe.

The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,  
 Not knowing what the letters held, differd untill the morowe ;  
 And then he thought in time to send to Romeus.  
 But whilst at Mantua, where he was, these doinges framed thus,  
 The 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 weades for mourning weades they change,  
 And Hymene into a dyrge ;—alas ! it seemeth straunge :

Insteade 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 bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the hous-  
 holdes 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 did lay,  
 Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day.

Another 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 sheet.  
 So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus man did meete  
 His masters wife ; the sight with sorowe straight did wounde  
 His honest heart ; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.  
 And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,  
 The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,  
 And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,  
 Alas ! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post ;  
 And in his house he found his maister Romeus,  
 Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him  
 thus :

“ Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,  
 That sure, except with constancy you seeke yourselfe to arme,  
 I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,  
 And I, most wretched wight, shall be thocassion of your death.  
 Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,  
 I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchange of life ;  
 And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,  
 In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest ;  
 And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde,  
 Within the tombe of Capilets : ”—and herewithall he stayde.  
 This sodayne message sounde, sent forth with sighes and teares,  
 Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening eares ;  
 And therby lath sonke in such sorow in his hart,  
 That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,  
 Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,  
 And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce :  
 But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,  
 This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende :  
 That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,  
 That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his  
 death :

Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,  
 And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.  
 Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,  
 Lest that the staynes of dried teares might on his cheekes be  
 scene,

And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,  
 Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,  
 Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abroad :  
 His servant, at the masters hest, in chaumber still abode ;  
 And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,  
 To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,  
 A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde ;  
 And seeking long, alac too soone ! the thing he sought, he  
 founde.

An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,  
 Whom by his heavy countenance he gessed to be poore.  
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,  
 And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew ;  
 Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,  
 What by no friendship could be got, with money could be bought ;  
 For nedy lacke is lyke the poor man to compell  
 To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.  
 Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,  
 And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his hart :  
 " Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,  
 So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me  
 Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre  
 Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."  
 The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent  
 To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.  
 In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,  
 And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde :  
 " Fayr syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,  
 And more there is than you shall nede ; for halfe of that is there  
 Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than halfe an howre  
 To kill the strongest man alive ; such is the poysons power."

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,  
 Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.  
 Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,  
 To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,  
 Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,  
 And lightes to shew him Juliet ; and stay, till he shall comme,  
 Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,  
 And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.  
 Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take ;  
 Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd  
 make :

But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,  
 Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,  
 Out of Saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,  
 And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.  
 Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,  
 Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight ;  
 Till Peter, Romeus man, his coward hart made bolde,  
 When of his masters being there the certain newes he tolde :  
 " There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least,  
 And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast."  
 Then both they entered in, where they alas ! dyd fynde  
 The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde ;  
 Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceve,  
 That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce death  
 dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,  
 An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe \* ;

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\* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeas'd to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem. It is as follows :

" So favourable was fortune to this his last purpose, that on the evening of the day subsequent to the lady's funeral, undiscovered by any, he entered Verona, and there awaited the coming of night ; and now perceiving that all was silent, he betook himself to the monastery of the Minor Friars, where was the vault. The church, where these monks then dwelt, was in the citadel, though since, for what reason I know not, they have transferred their habitation to the Borgo di S. Zeno, in that place which is now called Santo Bernardino ; yet it is certain that their former mansion had been inhabited by Saint Francis himself. Near the walls of this church, on the outside, were at that time certain buildings, such as we usually see adjoining to churches, one of which was the ancient sepulcher of the Capelletti family, and in this the fair damsel had been deposited. At this place, about four hours after midnight, Romeo being arrived, and having, as a man of superior strength, by force raised the stone which covered the vault, and, with certain wedges, which he had brought with him for that purpose, having so prop'd it that it could not be fastened down contrary to his desire, he entered, and reclosed the entrance.

" The unhappy youth, that he might behold his lady, had brought with him a dark lantern, which, after closing the vault, he drew

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.

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forth, and opened; and there, amidst the bones and fragments of many dead bodies, he beheld the fair Julietta lying as if dead. Whence suddenly breaking out into a flood of tears, he thus began: O eyes, which, while it pleased the Heavens, were to my eyes the brightest lights! O lips, by me a thousand times so sweetly kissed, and from whence were heard the words of wisdom! O beauteous breast, in which my heart rejoiced to dwell! where do I now find you, blind, mute, and cold? how without you do I see, do I speak, do I live? Alas, my miserable lady, whither hast thou been conducted by that love, whose will it now is that this narrow space shall both destroy and lodge two wretched lovers! Ah me! an end like this my hope promised not, nor that desire which first inflamed me with love for you! O unfortunate life, why do I support you? and so saying, he covered with kisses her eyes, her lips, her breast, bursting every instant into more abundant lamentation; in the midst of which he cried, O ye walls, which hang over me, why do you not render my life still more short by crushing me in your ruin? But since death is at all times in our power, it is dastardly to desire it, and not to snatch it: and, with these words, he drew forth from his sleeve the vial of deadly poison, which he had there concealed, and thus proceeded: I know not what destiny conducts me to die in the midst of my enemies, of those by me slain, and in their sepulcher; but since, O my soul, thus near my love it delights us to die, here let us die! and, approaching to his lips the mortal draught, he received it entire into his bosom; when embracing the beloved maid, and strongly straining her to his breast, he cried—O thou beauteous body, the utmost limit of all my desires, if, after the soul is departed, any sentiment yet remains in you, or, if that soul now beholds my cruel fate, let it not be displeasing to you, that, unable to live with you joyfully and openly, at the least I should die with you sadly and secretly;—and holding the body straitly embraced, he awaited death.

“The hour was now arrived, when by the natural heat of the damsel the cold and powerful effects of the powder should have been overcome, and when she should awake; and accordingly, embraced and violently agitated by Romeo, she awoke in his arms, and, starting into life, after a heavy sigh, she cried, Alas, where am I? who is it thus embraces me? by whom am I thus kissed? and, believing it was the Friar Lorenzo, she exclaimed, Do you thus, O friar, keep your faith with Romeo? is it thus you safely conduct me to him? Romeo, perceiving the lady to be alive, wondered exceedingly, and thinking perhaps on Pigmalion, he said, Do you not know me, O my sweet lady? see you not that I am

But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus :  
 “ What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? where is my Romeus ? ”

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your wretched spouse, secretly and alone come from Mantua to perish by you ? Julietta, seeing herself in the monument, and perceiving that she was in the arms of one who called himself Romeo, was well nigh out of her senses, and pushing him a little from her, and gazing on his face, she instantly knew him, and embracing gave him a thousand kisses, saying, What folly has excited you, with such imminent danger, to enter here ? Was it not sufficient to have understood by my letters how I had contrived, with the help of Friar Lorenzo, to feign death, and that I should shortly have been with you ? The unhappy youth, then perceiving this fatal mistake, thus began : O miserable lot ! O wretched Romeo ! O, by far the most afflicted of all lovers ! On this subject never have I received your letters ! and he then proceeded to inform her how Pietro had given him intelligence of her pretended death, as if it had been real, whence, believing her dead, he had, in order to accompany her in death, even there close by her, taken the poison, which, as most subtile, he already felt, had sent forth death through all his limbs.

“ The unfortunate damsel hearing this, remained so overpowered with grief, that she could do nothing but tear her lovely locks, and beat and bruise her innocent breast ; and at length to Romeo, who already lay supine, kissing him often, and pouring over him a flood of tears, more pale than ashes, and trembling all over, she thus spoke : Must you then, O, lord of my heart, must you then die in my presence, and through my means ! and will the heavens permit that I should survive you, though but for a moment ? Wretched me ! O, that I could at least transfer my life to you, and die alone !—to which, with a languid voice, the youth replied : If ever my faith and my love were dear to you, live, O my best hope ! by these I conjure you, that after my death, life should not be displeasing to you, if for no other reason, at least that you may think on him, who, penetrated with passion, for your sake, and before your dear eyes, now perishes ! To this the damsel answered : If for my pretended death you now die, what ought I to do for yours which is real ? It only grieves me that here, in your presence, I have not the means of death, and, inasmuch as I survive you, I detest myself ! yet still will I hope that ere long, as I have been the cause, so shall I be the companion of your death : And, having with difficulty spoken these words, she fainted, and, again returning to life, busied herself in sad endeavours to gather with her sweet lips the extreme breath of her dearest lover, who now hastily approached his end.

“ In this interval Friar Lorenzo had been informed how and when the damsel had drunk the potion, as also that upon a sup-

And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare  
Lest if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,

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position of her death she had been buried; and, knowing that the time was now arrived when the powder should cease to operate, taking with him a trusty companion, about an hour before day he came to the vault; where being arrived, he heard the cries and lamentations of the lady, and, through a crevice in the cover, seeing a light within, he was greatly surprised, and imagined that, by some means or other, the damsel had contrived to convey with her a lamp into the tomb; and that now, having awaked, she wept and lamented, either through fear of the dead bodies by which she was surrounded, or perhaps from the apprehension of being for ever immured in this dismal place; and having, with the assistance of his companion, speedily opened the tomb, he beheld Julietta, who, with hair all disheveled, and sadly grieving, had raised herself so far as to be seated, and had taken into her lap her dying lover. To her he thus addressed himself: Did you then fear, O my daughter, that I should have left you to die here inclosed? and she, seeing the friar, and redoubling her lamentations, answered: Far from it; my only fear is that you will drag me hence alive!—alas, for the love of God, away, and close the sepulcher, that I may here perish,—or rather reach me a knife, that pierciug my breast, I may rid myself of my woes! O, my father, my father! is it thus you have sent me the letter? are these my hopes of happy marriage? is it thus you have conducted me to my Romeo? behold him here in my bosom already dead!—and, pointing to him, she recounted all that had passed. The friar, hearing these things, stood as one bereft of sense, and gazing upon the young man, then ready to pass from this into another life, bitterly weeping, he called to him, saying, O, Romeo, what hard hap has torn you from me? speak to me at least! cast your eyes a moment upon me! O, Romeo, behold your dearest Julietta, who beseeches you to look at her. Why at the least will you not answer her in whose dear bosom you lie? At the beloved name of his mistress, Romeo raised a little his languid eyes, weighed down by the near approach of death, and, looking at her, reclosed them; and, immediately after, death thrilling through his whole frame, all convulsed, and leaving a short sigh, he expired.

“The miserable lover being now dead in the manner I have related, as the day was already approaching, after much lamentation the friar thus addressed the young damsel:—And you Julietta, what do you mean to do?—to which she instantly replied, —here inclosed will I die. Say not so, daughter, said he; come forth from hence; for, though I know not well how to dispose of you, the means can not be wanting of shutting yourself up in

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,  
And with his finger shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and  
colde ;

And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde  
This sodain great mischaunce ; and sayth, that he will soone pro-  
vyde

In some religious house for her a quiet place,  
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time percase  
She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning brest,  
And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.

But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye  
On Romeus face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,  
Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,  
And out they gushes;—with cruell hand she tare her golden  
heares.

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some holy monastery, where you may continually offer your supplications to God, as well for yourself as for your deceased husband, if he should need your prayers. Father, replied the lady, one favour alone I entreat of you, which for the love you bear to the memory of him,—and so saying she pointed to Romeo,—you will willingly grant me, and that is, that you will never make known our death, that so our bodies may for ever remain united in this sepulcher: and if, by any accident, the manner of our dying should be discovered, by the love already mentioned I conjure you, that in both our names you would implore our miserable parents that they should make no difficulty of suffering those whom love has consumed in one fire, and conducted to one death, to remain in one and the same tomb;—then turning to the prostrate body of Romeo, whose head she had placed on a pillow which had been left with her in the vault, having carefully closed his eyes, and bathing his cold visage with tears,—lord of my heart, said she, without you what should I do with life? and what more remains to be done by me toward you but to follow you in death? certainly nothing more! in order that death itself, which alone could possibly have separated you from me, should not now be able to part us!—and having thus spoken, reflecting upon the horror of her destiny, and calling to mind the loss of her dear lover, determined no longer to live, she suppressed her respiration, and for a long space holding in her breath, at length sent it forth with a loud cry, and fell dead upon the dead body.”

For the foregoing faithful and elegant translation, as well as that in a former page, I am indebted to a most dear and valued friend, whose knowledge of the Italian language is so much superior to any that I can pretend to, that I am confident no reader will regret that the task has been executed by another.

MALONE.



But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,  
 Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickness furious rage,  
 Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,  
 And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did embrace,

As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,  
 She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne :  
 A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,  
 And it unkist againe as oft ; then gan she thus to mone :

“ Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde  
 Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,  
 Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,  
 That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou hast chose,

Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make,  
 And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake ?  
 Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee  
 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to bee,  
 How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight  
 Of furious death, that wnts to fray the stoutest with his sight ?  
 How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart  
 In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art ?  
 Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee  
 The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy sure of thee.  
 Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew  
 My wonted sorowes, doubled twice, againe thus to renewe :  
 Which both the time and eke my patient long abode  
 Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have trode ?

Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought  
 To fynd my painfull passions salve, I myst the thing I sought ;  
 And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,  
 That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.  
 Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe !  
 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme  
 Of the most perfect league betwixt a payre of lovers,  
 That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others ;  
 Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,  
 Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay wrang.”

And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,  
 The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone ;  
 For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,  
 And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stode in feare.

When Juliet saw herselfe left in the vaulte alone,  
 That freely she might woorke her will, for let or stay was none,

Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,  
 The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes ;  
 Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,  
 That more 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 y-ferre."  
 These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart :  
 Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladies dedly smart !  
 She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,  
 And from her corps the sprite doth flye ;—what should I say ?  
 she dies.

The watchemen of the towne the whilst are passed by,  
 And through the gates the candle light within the tombe they  
 spye ;

Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,  
 That with prepared instruments had opend wide the tombe,  
 In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,  
 Which, by their science ayde abusde, do stand them oft in sted.  
 Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know ;  
 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below,  
 In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,  
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.  
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,  
 The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew :  
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they 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 secne whole houtholdes forth to ronne,  
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was  
donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,  
With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.  
And that the murthersers to all men might be knowne,  
(Like as the murders brute abroad through all the towne was  
blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corses that were 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 murmured, or faynd there were some waighty cause  
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,  
In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,  
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)  
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling  
teares :

Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare  
Both, how this murther had been donne, and who the murthersers  
are ;

For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,  
And had with hym those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.  
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,  
The judges words appald him not, ne were his wittes to  
seeche.

But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,  
And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say :  
“ My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,  
So that, affection set aside, by wisdom he consider  
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,  
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,  
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,  
So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.  
For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,  
Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,  
And with the worldes vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint.  
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt  
With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,  
Ne is there any stander by can make me gyilty blushe ;  
Although before the face of God I doe confesse  
Myselfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty presse.

Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,  
 The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes ;  
 Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,  
 That more than by the feare of death, she was attaind 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.  
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 That also art beginning of assured happines,  
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 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye ;  
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 Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved :  
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Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,  
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 Which, by their science ayde abusde, do stand them oft in sted.  
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 Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below,  
 In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,  
 In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.  
 But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,  
 The certainty of both they deathes assuredly they knew :  
 Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,  
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 thought.

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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 houtholdes forth to ronne,  
 For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was  
 donne,

The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,  
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.  
 And that the murthersers to all men might be knowne,  
 (Like as the murders brute abroad through all the towne was  
 blowne)

The prince did straight ordaine, the corses that were founde  
 Should be set forth upon a stage hie raysed from the grounde,  
 Right in the selfe same fourne, shewde forth to all mens sight,  
 That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night ;  
 And eke that Romeus man and fryer Lawrence should  
 Be openly examined ; for els the people would  
 Have murmured, or faynd there were some waighty cause  
 Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.

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 In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,  
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But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,  
 And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say :  
 " My lordes, there is not one among you, set togyther,  
 So that, affection set aside, by wisdom he consider  
 My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,  
 And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortunes rage,  
 But that, amased much, doth wonder at this change,  
 So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and straunge.  
 For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,  
 Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,  
 And with the worldes vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint.  
 Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt  
 With any cryme, in weight as heavy as a rushe,  
 Ne is there any stander by can make me gyilty blushe ;  
 Although before the face of God I doe confesse  
 Myselfe to be the 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 cvte me every howre,  
 Tappeare before the judgment seat of everlasting powre,  
 And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke,  
 Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth  
 thinke,

Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne  
 downe,

In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.  
 The spring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryse,  
 (And in your hart increaseth still your vayne and wrong surmise)  
 May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, percase,  
 That so abundantly downe fall by eyther syde my face ;  
 As though the memory in scriptures were not kept  
 That Christ our Saviour himselve for ruth and pitie wept :  
 And more, who so will reade, y-written shall he fynde,  
 That teares are as true messengers of mans ungyilty mynde.  
 Or els, a liker prooffe that I am in the cryme,  
 You say these present yrons are, and the suspected time ;  
 As though all howres alike had not been made above !  
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelve? whereby he sought to  
 prove,

That no respect of howres ought justly to be had,  
 But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad ;  
 Even as the sprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,  
 Or as it leaveth them to stray from vertues path asyde.  
 As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,  
 As now I deeme, I nede not seke to make ye understand  
 To what use yron first was made, when it began ;  
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.  
 The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,  
 That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and order yll.  
 Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know  
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so fast they  
 flowe,

Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,  
 Can justly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme :  
 No one of these hath powre, ne powre have all the three,  
 To make me other than I am, how so I seeme to be.  
 But sure my conscience, if I so gylt deserve,  
 For an appeacher, wisse, and a hangman, eke should serve ;  
 For through mine age, whose heares of long time since were  
 hore,

And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,  
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,  
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,

My conscience inwardly should more torment me thrise,  
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyse.  
 But God I prayse, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,  
 And from 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 pluck out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your brest,  
 Which might perhappes henceforth increasing more and more,  
 Within your conscience also increase your curelesse sore,  
 I swear by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,  
 (And for a witnes of my woordes my hart attesteth him,  
 Whose mighty hande doth welde them in theyr violent sway,  
 And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)  
 That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse  
 Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and 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 them selfe to cruell death :  
 Such was the mutual love wherein they burned both,  
 And of theyr promyst friendshipes fayth so stedy was the troth."

And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,  
 Even from the first, of Romeus and Juliets amours ;  
 How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,  
 And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death  
 might lose ;

And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,  
 Under confessions cloke, to him themselves they have addrest ;  
 And how with solemne othes they have protested both,  
 That they in hart are married by promise and by othe ;  
 And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,  
 They 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 be  
 (For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree) ;  
 Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryfe  
 Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,  
 Thinking to worke 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 Capilet,  
 As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.  
 He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalts lyfe,  
 And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife ;  
 And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,  
 And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne ;

And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,  
 And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound  
 Her harmeles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde  
 To dysappoynt the earles attempt: and spotles save her mynde.  
 Wherefore, he doth conclude, although that long before  
 By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore  
 The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,  
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,  
 And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,  
 His closed conscience he had opened and set at large;  
 And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme  
 His soule to be spotted somdeale with small and easy cryme,  
 Then that the lady should, wery of lyving breath,  
 Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death:  
 Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure,  
 A certain powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,  
 That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John  
 With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;  
 Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;  
 And how that ded he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.  
 He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man stervde,  
 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 themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they  
 heard.

And for the prooffe of this his tale, he doth desyer  
 The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,  
 To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter;  
 And, more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause the  
 better,

He prayeth them depose the nurse of Juliet,  
 And Romeus man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd:  
 My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.  
 And when my maister went into my mystres grave,  
 This letter that I offer you, unto me then he gave,  
 Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,  
 And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.  
 The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same  
 That erst the skilfull fryer said; and eke the wretches name  
 That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,  
 The price of it, and why he bought, his letters plaine have  
 tolde.

The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,  
 That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it with theyr  
 eyes:



So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,  
That in the prease there was not one that stode at all in  
doute.

The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,  
Have geven advyse, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus :  
The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,  
Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,  
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been  
knowne,

Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne ;  
And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters 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 shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre,  
Of fryer Laurence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre ?  
Because that many time he woorthily did serve  
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,  
He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame  
Did seem to blot or touch at all the honor of his name.  
But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,  
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth  
his age ;

Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye :  
Fyve years he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.  
The straungnes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,  
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,  
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage  
Has emptied quite ; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could as-  
swage,

Nor threatening 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 pillars great of marble, rayse they hie.  
On every side above were set, and eke beneath,  
Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.  
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene \* ;  
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,

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\* Breval says, in his Travels, 1726, that when he was at Verona, his guide shewed him an old building, then converted into a house for orphans, in which the tomb of these unhappy lovers had been ; but it was then destroyed. MALONE.

There is no monument more worthy of the sight,  
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Flete Strete within Temble barre, at  
the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill the  
six day of November, An. do. 1562.

AS YOU LIKE IT.



## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

---

AS YOU LIKE IT was *certainly borrowed*, if we believe Dr. Grey and Mr. Upton, from the Coke's Tale of Gamelyn; which by the way was not *printed* till a century afterward: when in truth the old bard, who was no hunter of MSS. contented himself solely with Lodge's Rosalynd, or Euphues' Golden Legacye, 4to. 1590. FARMER.

Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel more exactly than is his general custom when he is indebted to such worthless originals; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. His imitations, &c. however, are in general too insignificant to merit transcription.

It should be observed, that the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely of the poet's own formation.

Although I have never met with any edition of this comedy before the year 1623, it is evident, that such a publication was at least designed. At the beginning of the second volume of the entries at Stationers' Hall, are placed two leaves of irregular prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following:

“Aug. 4.

“As You Like It, a book. . . . }  
“Henry the Fift, a book. . . . } to be staid.”  
“The Comedy of Much Ado, a book.)

The dates scattered over these plays are from 1596 to 1615.

STEEVENS.

This comedy, I believe, was written in 1599. See An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

DUKE, living in Exile.

FREDERICK, Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.

AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the Duke in his  
JAQUES, } Banishment.

LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, his Wrestler.

OLIVER, }  
JAQUES, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.  
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }  
DENNIS, } Servants to Oliver.

TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.

CORIN, }  
SYLVIVS, } Shepherds.

WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.

A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a Shepherdess.

AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The *SCENE* lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

The list of the persons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well<sup>1</sup>: and

now = 5 sh = 1/4 of a pound

<sup>1</sup> As I remember, Adam, it was upon this *FASHION* bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; &c.] The grammar, as well as sense, suffers cruelly by this reading. There are two nominatives to the verb *bequeathed*, and not so much as one to the verb *charged*: and yet, to the nominative there wanted, [*his blessing*,] refers. So that the whole sentence is confused and obscure. A very small alteration in the reading and pointing sets all right,—As I remember, Adam, it was upon this *my father* bequeathed me, &c. The grammar is now rectified, and the sense also; which is this. Orlando and Adam were discoursing together on the cause why the younger brother had but a thousand crowns left him. They agree upon it; and Orlando opens the scene in this manner—As I remember, it was upon this, i. e. for the reason we have been talking of, that my father left me but a thousands crowns; however, to make amends for this scanty provision, he charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well. *WARBURTON.*

There is, in my opinion, nothing but a point misplaced, and an omission of a word which every hearer can supply, and which therefore an abrupt and eager dialogue naturally excludes.

I read thus: As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion bequeathed me. By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well. What is there in this difficult or obscure? The nomi-

there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit : for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept<sup>2</sup> : For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? His horses are bred better ; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired : but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth ; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me<sup>3</sup> : he lets me feed with his hinds,

native *my father* is certainly left out, but so left out that the auditor inserts it, in spite of himself. JOHNSON.

“ — it was on this fashion bequeathed me,” as Dr. Johnson reads, is but awkward English. I would read : As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion.—*He* bequeathed me by will, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick ; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As *I* remember (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns ; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c.

BLACKSTONE.

Omission being of all the errors of the press the most common, I have adopted the emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone.

MALONE.

Being satisfied with Dr. Johnson's explanation of the passage as it stands in the old copy, I have followed it. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — STAYS me here at home unkept :] We should read *stys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words—“ for call you that keeping—that differs not from the stalling of an ox ? ” confirms this emendation. So, Caliban says—

“ And here you *sty* me

“ In this hard rock.” WARBURTON.

*Stics* is better than *stays*, and more likely to be Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON.

So, in Noah's Flood, by Drayton :

“ And *sty* themselves up in a little room.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — his COUNTENANCE seems to take from me :] We should certainly read—his *discountenance*. WARBURTON.



bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Enter OLIVER.*

*ADAM.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*ORL.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*OLI.* Now, sir! what make you here<sup>4</sup>?

*ORL.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*OLI.* What mar you then, sir?

*ORL.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*OLI.* Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile<sup>5</sup>.

There is no need of change; a *countenance* is either good or bad. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — what MAKE YOU here?] i. e. what do you here? So, in Hamlet:

“What *make you* at Elsinour?” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — be better employ'd, and BE NAUGHT AWHILE.] Mr. Theobald has here a very critical note; which, though his modesty suffered him to withdraw it from his second edition, deserves to be perpetuated, i. e. (says he) “be better employed, in my opinion, in being and doing nothing. Your idleness, as you call it, may be an exercise by which you make a figure, and endear yourself to the world: and I had rather you were a contemptible cypher. The poet seems to me to have that trite proverbial sentiment in his eye, quoted from Attilius, by the younger Pliny and others: *satius est otiosum esse quàm nihil agere*. But Oliver, in the perverseness of his disposition, would reverse the doctrine of the proverb.” Does the reader know what all this means? But 'tis no matter. I will assure him—*be nought awhile* is only a north-country proverbial curse equivalent to, a *mischief on you*. So, the old poet Skelton:

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

“Correct first thy selfe, walk and *be nought*,

“Deeme what thou list, thou knowest not my thought.”

But what the Oxford editor could not explain, he would amend, and reads:

“— and do *aught awhile*.” WARBURTON.

If *be nought awhile* has the signification here given it, the reading may certainly stand; but till I learned its meaning from this note, I read:

Be better employed, and be *naught* awhile.

In the same sense as we say—It is better to do mischief, than to do nothing. JOHNSON.

Notwithstanding Dr. Warburton's far-fetched explanation, I believe that the words *be naught awhile*, mean no more than this: “Be content to be a *cypher*, till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence.”

This was certainly a proverbial saying. I find it in *The Storie of King Darius*, an interlude, 1565:

“Come away, and *be nought awhile*,

“Or surely I will you both defyle.”

Again, in *King Henry IV. P. II.* Falstaff says to Pistol: “Nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, *he shall be nothing* here.”

STEEVENS.

*Naught* and *nought* are frequently confounded in old English books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: “Be content to be a *cypher*, till I shall elevate you into consequence.” But the following passage in *Swetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnson's explanation are right:

“— get you both in, and be *naught a while*.”

The speaker is a chamber-maid, and she addresses herself to her mistress and her lover. MALONE.

Malone says that *naught* (meaning *nothing*) was formerly spelled with an *a*, *naught*; which is clearly the manner in which it ought still to be spelled, as the word *aught*, (any thing,) from whence it is derived, is spelled so.

A similar expression occurs in *Bartholomew Fair*, where Ursula says to Mooncalf: “Leave the bottle behind you, and *be curs'd awhile*,” which seems to confirm Warburton's explanation.

M. MASON.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir ?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me<sup>6</sup>. I know, you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me : The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us : I have as much of my father in me, as you ; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence<sup>7</sup>.

OLI. What, boy !

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?

ORL. I am no villain<sup>8</sup> : I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois ; he was my father ; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot vil-

<sup>6</sup> Ay, better than HIM I am before knows me.] Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—than *he* I am before: more correctly, but without authority. MALONE.

The first folio reads—better than *him* —. But, little respect is due to the anomalies of the play-house editors ; and of this comedy there is no quarto edition. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his REVERENCE.] This is sense indeed, and may be thus understood.—The *reverence* due to my father is, in some degree, derived to you, as the first-born. But I am persuaded that Orlando did not here mean to compliment his brother, or condemn himself ; something of both which there is in that sense. I rather think he intended a satirical reflection on his brother, who by *letting him feed with his hinds*, treated him as one not so nearly related to old Sir Rowland as himself was. I imagine therefore Shakspeare might write—Albeit your coming before me is nearer his *revenue*, i. e. though you are no nearer in blood, yet it must be owned, indeed, you are nearer in estate. WARBURTON.

This, I apprehend, refers to the courtesy of distinguishing the *eldest son* of a knight, by the title of esquire. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> I am no VILLAIN:] The word *villain* is used by the elder brother, in its present meaning, for a *worthless, wicked, or bloody man* ; by Orlando, in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction*. JOHNSON.

lains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

*ADAM.* Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*OLI.* Let me go, I say.

*ORL.* I will not, till I please; you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*OLI.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*ORL.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*OLI.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*ADAM.* Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*OLI.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

*Enter DENNIS.*

*DEN.* Calls your worship?

*OLI.* Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*DEN.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*]—"Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

CHA. Good morrow to your worship.

OLI. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave<sup>9</sup> to wander.

OLI. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter<sup>1</sup>, be banished with her father.

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter<sup>2</sup>, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

<sup>9</sup> — good leave —] As often as this phrase occurs, it means a *ready assent*. So, in King John:

“*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

“*Gur.* *Good leave, good Philip.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — the duke's daughter,] The words *old* and *new* [inserted by Sir T. Hanmer] seem necessary to the perspicuity of the dialogue.

JOHNSON.

“— the duke's daughter,” i. e. the *banished* duke's daughter.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — for the duke's daughter,] i. e. the *usurping* duke's daughter. Sir T. Hanmer reads here—the *new* duke's; and in the preceding speech—the *old* duke's daughter; but in my opinion unnecessarily. The ambiguous use of the word *duke* in these passages is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

The author of The Revisal is of opinion, that the subsequent words—*her cousin*, sufficiently distinguish the person intended.

STEEVENS.

*CHA.* They say, he is already in the forest of Arden<sup>3</sup>, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*OLI.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*CHA.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*OLI.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of

<sup>3</sup> — in the forest of ARDEN,] *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. It is mentioned by Spenser, in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, 1595:

“ Into a forest wide and waste he came,  
 “ Where store he heard to be of savage prey;  
 “ So wide a forest, and so waste as this,  
 “ Not famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* is.”

But our author was furnished with the scene of his play by Lodge's Novel. MALONE.

France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living, I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*CHA.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: If ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*]

*OLI.* Farewell good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester<sup>4</sup>: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts<sup>5</sup> enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither<sup>6</sup>, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> — this GAMESTER:] *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicsome person. Thus, in *King Henry VIII.* :

“You are a merry *gamester*, my lord Sands.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — of all SORTS—] *Sorts*, in this place, means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON.

<sup>6</sup> — KINDLE the boy thither,] A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth*, Act I. Sc. III. :

“—— *enkindle* you unto the crown.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

A Lawn before the DUKE'S Palace.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*CEL.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*ROS.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier<sup>7</sup>? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*CEL.* Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*ROS.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*CEL.* You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*ROS.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

*CEL.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

<sup>7</sup> — *I were merrier?*] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. MALONE.



*Ros.* What shall be our sport then ?

*CEL.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel <sup>8</sup>, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would, we could do so ; for her benefits are mightily misplaced : and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*CEL.* 'Tis true : for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest ; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's : fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*CEL.* No ? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire ?— Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument ?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature ; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

*CEL.* Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's ; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent this natural for our whetstone <sup>9</sup> : for always the

<sup>8</sup> — mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,] The wheel of Fortune is not the *wheel* of a *housewife*. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the Destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of this idea. He has the same in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — and rail so high,

“ That the false housewife, Fortune, break her wheel.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, AND hath sent, &c.] *And* is not in the old copy. This

dulness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—  
How now, wit? whither wander you?

*TOUCH.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*CEL.* Were you made the messenger?

*TOUCH.* No, by mine honour: but I was bid to come for you.

*ROS.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*TOUCH.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*CEL.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*ROS.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*TOUCH.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*CEL.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*TOUCH.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any<sup>1</sup>; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*CEL.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*TOUCH.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*ROS.* My father's love is enough to honour him<sup>2</sup>.

slight emendation is the present editor's. Mr. Steevens reads,— who *perceiving* our natural wits, &c. hath sent. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> For he never had any;] The same joke is found in the old play of Damon and Pithias, 1573:

“ I have taken a wise othe on him; have I not, trow ye,

“ To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?

“ As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to the kinge,

“ And breke his oth for this never a whit.” BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> *Touch.* One that old FREDERICK, your father, loves.

*Ros.* My father's love is enough to honour him.] This reply

Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whip'd for taxation<sup>3</sup>, one of these days.

*TOUCH.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

*CEL.* By my troth, thou say'st true: for since

to the Clown is in all the books placed to Rosalind; but Frederick was not her father, but Celia's: I have therefore ventured to prefix the name of Celia. There is no countenance from any passage in this play, or from the *Dramatis Personæ*, to imagine, that both the Brother-Dukes were namesakes; and one called the Old, and the other the Younger-Frederick; and without some such authority, it would make confusion to suppose it.

*THEOBALD.*

Mr. Theobald seems not to know that the *Dramatis Personæ* were first enumerated by Rowe. *JOHNSON.*

*Frederick* is here clearly a mistake, as appears by the answer of Rosalind, to whom Touchstone addresses himself, though the question was put to him by Celia. I suppose some abbreviation was used in the MS. for the name of the rightful, or *old* duke, as he is called, [perhaps *Fer.* for *Ferdinand,*] which the transcriber or printer converted into Frederick. *Fernardyne* is one of the persons introduced in the novel on which this comedy is founded. Mr. Theobald solves the difficulty by giving the next speech to Celia, instead of Rosalind; but there is too much of filial warmth in it for Celia:—besides, why should her father be called *old* Frederick? It appears from the last scene of this play that this was the name of the *younger* brother. *MALONE.*

Mr. Malone's remark may be just; and yet I think the speech which I have still left in the mouth of Celia, exhibits as much tenderness for the fool, as respect for her own father. She stops Touchstone, who might otherwise have proceeded to say what she could not hear without inflicting punishment on the speaker. *Old* is an unmeaning term of familiarity. It is still in use, and has no reference to age. The Duke in *Measure for Measure* is called by Lucio "the *old* fantastical Duke," &c. *STEEVENS.*

<sup>3</sup> — you'll be WHIP'D for TAXATION,] This was the discipline usually inflicted upon fools. Brantome informs us that Legar, fool to Elizabeth of France, having offended her with some indelicate speech, "*fut bien fôuetté à la cuisine pour ces paroles.*"

*DOUCE.*

*Taxation* is censure or satire. So, in *Much Ado* about Nothing: "Niece, you *tax* Signior Benedick too much: but he'll be meet with you." Again, in the play before us:

"— my *taxing* like a wildgoose flies —." *MALONE.*

the little wit, that fools have, was silenced<sup>3</sup>, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

*ROS.* With his mouth full of news.

*CEL.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*ROS.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*CEL.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable. — *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

*LE BEAU.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*CEL.* Sport? Of what colour?

*LE BEAU.* What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

*ROS.* As wit and fortune will.

*TOUCH.* Or as the destinies decree.

*CEL.* Well said; that was laid on with a trowel<sup>4</sup>.

*TOUCH.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

*ROS.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*LE BEAU.* You amaze me, ladies<sup>5</sup>: I would have

<sup>3</sup> — since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,] Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — laid on with a trowel.] I suppose the meaning is, that there is too heavy a mass of big words laid upon a slight subject.

JOHNSON.

This is a proverbial expression, which is generally used to signify a *glaring falshood*. See Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

It means a good round hit, thrown in without judgment or design. RITSON.

*To lay on with a trowel*, is, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel*. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> You AMAZE me, ladies:] *To amaze*, here, is not to astonish

told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*ROS.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*LE BEAU.* I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*CEL.* Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*LE BEAU.* There comes an old man, and his three sons,—

*CEL.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*LE BEAU.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

*ROS.* With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*<sup>6</sup>,—

or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*, Act IV. Sc. III.:

“I am *amazed* with matter.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> With *BILLS* on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,—] The *ladies* and the *fool*, according to the mode of wit at that time, are at a kind of *cross purposes*. Where the words of one speaker are wrested by another, in a repartee, to a different meaning. As where the Clown says just before—*Nay, if I keep not my rank*. Rosalind replies—*Thou lovest thy old smell*. So here when Rosalind had said—*With bills on their necks*, the Clown, to be quits with her, puts in—*Know all men by these presents*. She spoke of an instrument of war, and he turns it to an instrument of law of the same name, beginning with these words: So that they must be given to him. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious. Where meaning is so very thin, as in this vein of jocularly, it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine; but I cannot see why Rosalind should suppose, that the competitors in a wrestling match carried *bills* on their shoulders, and I believe the whole conceit is in the poor resemblance of *presence* and *presents*. JOHNSON.

“With *bills* on their necks,” should be the conclusion of *Le Beau*’s speech. Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton, “As if people carried such instruments of war, as *bills* and *guus* on *their necks*,

*LE BEAU.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*ROS.* Alas!

*TOUCH.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*LE BEAU.* Why, this that I speak of.

*TOUCH.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

not on their shoulders!" But unluckily the ridicule falls upon himself. Lassels, in his *Voyage of Italy*, says of tutors, "Some persuade their pupils, that it is fine carrying a *gun upon their necks*." But what is still more, the expression is taken immediately from Lodge, who furnished our author with his plot. "Ganimede on a day sitting with Aliena, (the assumed name, as in the play,) cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *forest-bill on his necke*." FARMER.

The quibble may be countenanced by the following passage in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Good-morrow, taylor, I abhor *bills* in a morning—

"But thou may'st watch at night with *bill* in hand."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I.:

"— with a sword by his side, a *forest-bille on his necke*," &c.

Again, in Rowley's *When You See Me You Know Me*, 1621:

"Enter King, and Compton, with *bills on his back*."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"And each of you a good bat *on his neck*."

Again:

"— are you not big enough to bear

"Your bats *upon your necks*?" STEEVENS.

I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an instrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or advertisement—as we say a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*; unless Farmer's ingenious amendment be admitted, and these words become part of *Le Beau's* speech; in which case the word *bill* would be used by him to denote a weapon, and by *Rosalind* perverted to mean a *label*. M. MASON.

CEL. Or I, I promise thee.

ROS. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides<sup>7</sup>? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CEL. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.*

DUKE F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

7 — is there any else longs to SEE this broken musick in his sides?] A stupid error in the copies. They are talking here of some who had their ribs broke in wrestling: and the pleasantry of Rosalind's repartee must consist in the allusion she makes to *composing in musick*. It necessarily follows, therefore, that the poet wrote—*set this broken musick in his sides*. WARBURTON.

If any change were necessary, I should write, *feel this broken musick*, for *see*. But *see* is the colloquial term for perception or experiment. So we say every day; *see* if the water be hot; I will *see* which is the best time: she has tried, and *sees* that she cannot lift it. In this sense *see* may be here used. The sufferer can, with no propriety, be said to *set* the musick; neither is the allusion to the act of tuning an instrument, or pricking a tune, one of which must be meant by *setting* musick. Rosalind hints at a whimsical similitude between the series of ribs gradually shortening, and some musical instruments, and therefore calls *broken ribs, broken musick*. JOHNSON.

This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which consisting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually lessening, bore some resemblance to the ribs of a man. M. MASON.

*Broken musick* either means the noise which the breaking of ribs would occasion, or the hollow sound which proceeds from a person's receiving a violent fall. DOUCE.

I can offer no legitimate explanation of this passage, but may observe that another, somewhat parallel, occurs in K. Henry V.: "Come, your answer in *broken musick*; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken." STEEVENS.

*ROS.* Is yonder the man ?

*LE BEAU.* Even he, madam.

*CEL.* Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

*DUKE F.* How now, daughter, and cousin ? are you crept hither to see the wresting ?

*ROS.* Ay, my liege ? so please you give us leave.

*DUKE F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men<sup>8</sup>: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*CEL.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*DUKE F.* Do so; I'll not be by.

[*Duke goes apart.*]

*LE BEAU.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you<sup>9</sup>.

*ORL.* I attend them, with all respect and duty.

*ROS.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler<sup>1</sup> ?

*ORL.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*CEL.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment<sup>2</sup>, the fear of

<sup>8</sup> — odds in the MEN:] Sir T. Hanmer. In the old editions, the *man*. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — the PRINCESSES CALL for you,] The old copy reads—the *princesse calls*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

The old copy, I think, is right; it is Celia alone who directs Le Beau to call him. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> — have you challenged Charles the wrestler?] This wrestling match is minutely described in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — if you saw yourself with YOUR eyes, or knew yourself with YOUR judgment,] Absurd! The sense requires that we should read,—*our* eyes, and—*our* judgment. The argument is,—Your spirits are too bold, and therefore your judgment deceives you;



your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing<sup>3</sup>. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial<sup>4</sup>: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one

but did you see and know yourself with our more impartial judgment, you would forbear, WARBURTON.

I cannot find the absurdity of the present reading. If you were not blinded and intoxicated, (says the princess,) with the spirit of enterprise, if you could use *your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know* yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> I beseech you, punish me not, &c.] I should wish to read, — I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. Therein I confess myself much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. JOHNSON.

As the word *wherein* must always refer to something preceding, I have no doubt but there is an error in this passage, and that we ought to read *herein*, instead of *wherein*. The hard thoughts that he complains of are the apprehensions expressed by the ladies of his not being able to contend with the wrestler. He beseeches that they will not punish him with them; and then adds, "Herein I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, — Punish me not with your unfavourable opinion (of my abilities); *which, however, I confess, I deserve to incur*, for denying such fair ladies any request. The expression is licentious, but our author's plays furnish many such.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> —let your —gentle wishes, go with me to my trial:] Addison might have had this passage in his memory, when he put the following words into Juba's mouth:

"——— Marcia, may I hope

"That thy kind wishes follow me to battle?" STEEVENS.

shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*ROS.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*CEL.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*ROS.* Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you !

*CEL.* Your heart's desires be with you.

*CHA.* Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

*ORL.* Ready, sir ; but his will hath it in a more modest working.

*DUKE F.* You shall try but one fall.

*CHA.* No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*ORL.* You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

*ROS.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

*CEL.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.*

*ROS.* O excellent young man !

*CEL.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*CHARLES is thrown. Shout.*

*DUKE F.* No more, no more.

*ORL.* Yes, I beseech your grace ; I am not yet well breathed.

*DUKE F.* How dost thou, Charles ?

*LE BEAU.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*DUKE F.* Bear him away.

[*CHARLES is borne out*

What is thy name, young man ?

*ORL.* Orlando, my liege ; the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

*DUKE F.* I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy :

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well ; thou art a gallant youth ;

I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke FRED. Train, and LE BEAU.*]

*CEL.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this ?

*ORL.* I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son<sup>5</sup> ;—and would not change that calling<sup>6</sup>,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*ROS.* My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind :

Had I before known this young man his son,

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*CEL.*

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him :

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd :

If you do keep your promises in love,

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> His youngest son ;] The words “ than to be descended from any other house, however high,” must be understood. Orlando is replying to the duke, who is just gone out, and had said—

“ Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,

“ Hadst thou descended from another house.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — that CALLING,] i. e. appellation ; a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — as you have exceeded promise,] The old copy, without regard to the measure, reads—*all* promise. STEEVENS.

Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.*

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me ; one out of suits with fortune <sup>8</sup> ;  
That could give more, but that her hand lacks  
means.—

Shall we go, coz ?

*CEL.* Ay :—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*ORL.* Can I not say, I thank you ? My better  
parts

Are all thrown down ; and that which here stands up,  
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block <sup>9</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> —one out of suits with fortune ;] This seems an allusion to cards where he that has no more cards to play of any particular sort, is *out of suit*. JOHNSON.

*Out of suits with fortune*, I believe, means, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery. STEEVENS.

So afterwards Celia says, “—but turning these *jests out of service*, let us talk in good earnest.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Is but a *QUINTAIN*, a mere lifeless block.] A *quintain* was a *post* or *butt* set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. The allusion is beautiful. “*I am*, says Orlando, only a *quintain*, a lifeless block on which love only exercises his arms in jest ; the great disparity of condition between Rosalind and me, not suffering me to hope that love will ever make a serious matter of it.” The famous satirist Regnier, who lived about the time of our author, uses the same metaphor, on the same subject, though the thought be different :

“ Et qui depuis dix ans jusqu'en ses derniers jours,

“ A soutenu le prix en l'escrime d'amours ;

“ Lasse en fin de servir au peuple de *quintaine*,

“ Elle,” &c. WARBURTON.

This is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintain* was not the object of the darts and arms : it was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode, with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the *quintain* remained. Without this information how could the reader understand the allusion of—

“ — My better parts

“ Are all thrown down ? ” GUTHRIE.

Mr. Malone has disputed the propriety of Mr. Guthrie's ani-

*Ros.* He calls us back : My pride fell with my fortunes :

I'll ask him what he would :—Did you call, sir?—  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*CEL.* Will you go, coz ?

*Ros.* Have with you :—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*ORL.* What passion hangs these weights upon  
my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

O poor Orlando ! thou art overthrown ;  
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

*LE BEAU.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel  
you

To leave this place : Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love ;  
Yet such is now the duke's condition <sup>1</sup>,  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

madversions ; and Mr. Douce is equally dissatisfied with those of Mr. Malone.

The phalanx of our auxiliaries, as well as their circumstantiality, is so much increased, that we are often led (as Hamlet observes) to

“ ———— fight for a spot

“ Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause.”

The present strictures, therefore, of Mr. Malone and Mr. Douce, (which are too valuable to be omitted, and too ample to find their place under the text of our author,) must appear at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

For a more particular description of a *quintain*, see a note on a passage in Jonson's *Underwoods*, Whalley's edit, vol. vii. p. 55.

M. MASON.

A humorous description of this amusement may also be read in Laneham's Letter from “Killingworth Castle.” HENLEY.

<sup>1</sup> — the duke's CONDITION,] The word *condition* means *character, temper, disposition*. So, Antonio, the merchant of Venice, is called by his friend the *best condition'd man*. JOHNSON.

The duke is humorous ; what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of<sup>2</sup>.

ORL. I thank you, sir : and, pray you, tell me  
this ;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke  
That here was at the wrestling ?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we judge by  
manners ;

But yet, indeed, the smaller<sup>3</sup> is his daughter :

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,  
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
To keep his daughter company ; whose loves  
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke  
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece ;  
Grounded upon no other argument,

<sup>2</sup> — than ME to speak of.] The old copy has—than I. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the SHORTER —] Thus Mr. Pope. The old copy reads—the taller. Mr. Malone—the smaller. STEEVENS.

Some change is absolutely necessary ; for Rosalind, in a subsequent scene, expressly says that *she* is “ more than common tall,” and assigns that as a reason for her assuming the dress of a man, while her cousin Celia retained her female apparel. Again, in Act IV. Sc. III. Celia is described by these words—“ the woman low, and browner than her brother ;” i. e. Rosalind. Mr. Pope reads—“ the shorter is his daughter ;” which has been admitted in all the subsequent editions : but surely *shorter* and *taller* could never have been confounded by either the eye or the ear. The present emendation, it is hoped, has a preferable claim to a place in the text, as being much nearer to the corrupted reading. MALONE.

Shakspeare sometimes speaks of *little* women, but I do not recollect that he, or any other writer, has mentioned *small* ones. Otherwise, Mr. Malone's conjecture should have found a place in our text. STEEVENS.

*Small* is used to express lowness of stature in Greene's James IV :

“ But my *small* son made prettie hansome shift,  
“ To save the queene his mistresse by his speed.”

MALONE.

But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake ;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well ;  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this <sup>4</sup>,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*ORL.* I rest much bounden to you : fare you well !

[*Exit LE BEAU.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;  
 From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother :—  
 But heavenly Rosalind ! [Exit.

### SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*CEL.* Why, cousin ; why, Rosalind ;—Cupid have mercy !—Not a word ?

*ROS.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*CEL.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.

*ROS.* Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

*CEL.* But is all this for your father ?

*ROS.* No, some of it for my child's father <sup>5</sup> : O, how full of briars is this working-day world !

*CEL.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery ; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

<sup>4</sup> — in a better world than this,] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. Sc. III. : "There is a world elsewhere." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — for my child's father :] i. e. for him whom I hope to marry, and have children by. THEOBALD.

*ROS.* I could shake them off my coat; these burs are in my heart.

*CEL.* Hem them away.

*ROS.* I would try; if I could cry hem, and have him.

*CEL.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*ROS.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

*CEL.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

*ROS.* The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*CEL.* Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase<sup>6</sup>, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*ROS.* No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*CEL.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well<sup>7</sup>?

*ROS.* Let me love him for that; and do you

<sup>6</sup> By this kind of CHASE,] That is, by this way of following the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful*, *hated*, *baleful*. Both senses are authorised, and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *deve*. Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> Why should I NOT? doth he not deserve well?] Celia answers Rosalind, (who had desired her “*not to hate* Orlando, for her sake,”) as if she had said—“*love* him, for my sake:” to which the former replies, “Why should I *not* [i. e. love him]?” So, in the following passage, in King Henry VIII:

“———— Which of the peers

“Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least

“Strangely neglected?”

*Uncontemn'd* must be understood as if the author had written—*not* contemn'd; otherwise the subsequent words would convey a meaning directly contrary to what the speaker intends.



love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

*CEL.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*DUKE F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,

And get you from our court.

*ROS.* Me, uncle?

*DUKE F.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our publick court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*ROS.* I do beseech your grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,  
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,  
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,  
Did I offend your highness.

*DUKE F.* Thus do all traitors;  
If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself:—  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*ROS.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:  
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

*DUKE F.* Thou art thy father's daughter, there's  
enough.

*ROS.* So was I, when your highness took his  
dukedom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:  
Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

*CEL.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*DUKE F.* Ay, Celia ; we stay'd her for your sake,  
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*CEL.* I did not then entreat to have her stay,  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse<sup>8</sup> ;  
I was too young that time to value her,  
But now I know her : if she be a traitor,  
Why so am I ; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together<sup>9</sup> ;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*DUKE F.* She is too subtle for thee ; and her  
smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more  
virtuous<sup>1</sup>,  
When she is gone : then open not thy lips ;  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

*CEL.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my  
liege ;  
I cannot live out of her company.

*DUKE F.* You are a fool :—You, niece, provide  
yourself ;

<sup>8</sup> — remorse ;] i. e. *compassion*. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Stop the access and passage to *remorse*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;] Youthful friendship is described in nearly the same terms in a book published the year in which this play first appeared in print :—  
“ They ever went together, *plaid* together, *eate* together, and usually *slept* together, out of the great love that was between them.” *Life of Guzman de Alfarache*, folio, printed by Edward Blount, 1623, p. i. b. i. c. viii. p. 75. REED.

<sup>1</sup> And thou wilt show more bright, and SEEM more virtuous,]  
When she was seen alone, she would be more noted. JOHNSON.

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke FREDERICK and Lords.*]

CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd than I am.

ROS. I have more cause.

CEL. Thou hast not, cousin<sup>2</sup>;  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke  
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

ROS. That he hath not.

CEL. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the  
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one<sup>3</sup>:  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No; let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
And do not seek to take your change upon you<sup>4</sup>,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

<sup>2</sup> Thou hast not, cousin;] Some word is wanting to the metre.  
Perhaps our author wrote:

*Indeed, thou hast not, cousin.* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth THEE that thou and I am one:] The poet certainly wrote—which teacheth *me*. For if Rosalind had learnt to think Celia one part of herself, she could not *lack* that love which Celia complains she does. WARBURTON.

Either reading may stand. The sense of the established text is not remote or obscure. Where would be the absurdity of saying, *You know not the law which teaches you to do right?*

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — to take your CHANGE upon you;] i. e. to take your *change* or *reverse of fortune* upon yourself, without any aid or participation. MALONE.

I have inserted this note, but without implicit confidence in the reading it explains. The second folio has—*charge*.

STEEVENS.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go ?

*CEL.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden <sup>5</sup>.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far ?  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*CEL.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face <sup>6</sup> ;  
The like do you : so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man ?  
A gallant curtle-ax <sup>7</sup> upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand ; and (in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,)  
We'll have a swashing <sup>8</sup> and a martial outside ;  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*CEL.* What shall I call thee, when thou art a  
man ?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own  
page,  
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede.

<sup>5</sup> To seek my uncle.] Here the old copy adds—*in the forest of Arden*. But these words are an evident interpolation, without use, and injurious to the measure :

“ Why, whither shall we go !—To seek my uncle,” being a complete verse. Besides, we have been already informed by Charles the wrestler, that the banished Duke's residence was *in the forest of Arden*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> And with a kind of UMBER smirch my face ;] *Umber* is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. See a note on “ the *umber'd* fires,” in King Henry V. Act III.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — curtle-ax —] Or *cutlance*, a broad sword. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> WE'LL have a swashing, &c.] A *swashing* outside is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swashing blow* is mentioned in Romeo and Juliet ; and, in King Henry V. the Boy says—“ As young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers* ;” meaning Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph. STEEVENS.

But what will you be call'd ?

*CEL.* Something that hath a reference to my state ;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*ROS.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish fool out of your father's court ?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

*CEL.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ;  
Leave me alone to woo him : Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together ;  
Devise the fittest time, and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight : Now go we in content <sup>9</sup>,  
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in  
the dress of Foresters.*

*DUKE S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers in  
exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court ?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam <sup>1</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> — Now go WE IN content,] The old copy reads—Now go *in we* content. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that the transposition is necessary. Our author might have used *content* as an adjective. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Here feel we BUT the penalty of Adam,] The old copy reads—*not* the penalty—. STEEVENS.

What was the penalty of Adam, hinted at by our poet ? The being sensible of the difference of the seasons ? The Duke says,

The seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang,  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;  
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—  
 This is no flattery : these are counsellors  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity ;  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head <sup>2</sup> ;

—the cold and effects of the winter feelingly persuade him what he is. How does he *not* then feel the penalty? Doubtless, the text must be restored as I have corrected ; and it is obvious, in the course of these notes, how often *not* and *but*, by mistake, have changed place in our author's former editions. THEOBALD.

As *not* has here taken the place of *but*, so, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. Sc. III. *but* is printed instead of *not* :

“ *Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own desire.

“ *1 Cit.* How ! *not* your own desire.” MALONE.

Surely the old reading is right. Here we feel *not*, do *not* suffer, from the penalty of Adam, the season's difference ; for when the winter's wind blows upon my body, I *smile*, and say —

BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;] It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but nothing has been found more than accidental or perhaps morbid indurations of the skull. JOHNSON.

In a book called *A Green Forest, or a Natural History, &c.* by John Maplett, 1567, is the following account of this imaginary gem : “ In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with despotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and defusedly. It is available against envenoming.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639 :

“ — in most physicians' heads,

“ There is a kind of *toadstone* bred.”

Again, in *Adrasta, or The Woman's Spleen*, 1635 :

“ Do not then forget the *stone*

“ In the *toad*, nor serpent's bone,” &c.

Pliny, in the 32d book of his *Natural History*, ascribes many wonderful qualities to a *bone* found in the right side of a *toad*, but makes no mention of any gem in its head. This deficiency however is abundantly supplied by Edward Fenton, in his *Secrete*

And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks<sup>3</sup>,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

*AMI.* I would not change it<sup>1</sup>: Happy is your  
grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*DUKE S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—  
Being native burghers of this desert city<sup>5</sup>,—  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads<sup>6</sup>

Wonders of Nature, 4to. bl. l. 1569, who says, “That there is founde in the *heades* of old and great *toades*, a *stone* which they call Borax or Stelon: it is most commonly founde in the *head* of a hee *toad*, of power to repulse poysons, and that it is a most soveraigne medicine for the stone.”

Thomas Lupton, in his First Booke of Notable Things, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the “*Tode-stone*, called *Crapaudina*.” In his Seventh Book he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us—“You shall knowe whether the *Tode-stone* be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Finds tongues in trees, &c.] So, in Sidney’s *Arcadia*, book i.  
“Thus both *trees* and *each thing else*, be the bookes to a *fancie*.”

<sup>4</sup> I would not change it:] Mr. Upton, not without probability, gives these words to the Duke, and makes Amiens begin—Happy is your grace. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> — native BURGHERS of this desert city,] In Sidney’s *Arcadia*, the deer are called “the wild *burgesses* of the forest.” Again, in the 18th song of Drayton’s *Polyolbion*:

“Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,  
“And every where walk’d free, a *burgess* of the wood.”

STEEVENS.

A kindred expression is found in Lodge’s *Rosalinde*, 1592:

“About her wond’ring stood

“The *citizens* o’ the wood.”

Our author afterwards uses this very phrase:

“Sweep on, you fat and greasy *citizens*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — with FORKED HEADS —] i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed*. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*:

Have their round haunches gor'd.

I LORD. Indeed, my lord,  
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;  
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
 To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,  
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood <sup>7</sup> :  
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase <sup>8</sup> : and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

“ While the broad arrow with the *forked head*

“ Misses,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — as he lay along

Under an oak, &c.]

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

“ His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,

“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.”

*Gray's Elegy.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat,  
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose, &c.]

Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,

Successitque gemens stabulis ; questuque, cruentus,

Atque imploranti similis, tectum omne replevit. *Virg.*

MALONE.

It is said in one of the marginal notes to a similar passage in the 13th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, that “ the harte weepeth at his dying : his tears are held to be precious in medicine.”

STEEVENS.



DUKE S. But what said Jaques ?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1 LORD. O, yes, into a thousand similes.  
First, for his weeping in the needless stream<sup>9</sup>;  
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much*<sup>1</sup>: Then, being there  
alone<sup>2</sup>,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;  
'Tis right, quoth he ; *thus misery doth part*  
*The flux of company* : Anon, a careless herd,  
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
And never stays to greet him ; *Ay*, quoth Jaques,  
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;*  
'Tis just the fashion : *Wherefore do you look*  
*Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?*  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of country<sup>3</sup>, city, court,

<sup>9</sup> — IN the NEEDLESS stream ;] The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. The old copy has *into*, caught probably by the compositor's eye from the line above. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> To that which had too MUCH :] Old copy—*too must*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Shakspeare has almost the same thought in his *Lover's Complaint* :

“ ————— in a river ——— ”

“ Upon whose weeping margin she was set,

“ Like usury, applying wet to wet.”

Again, in *King Henry VI. Part III. Act V. Sc. IV. :*

“ With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

“ And give more strength *to that which hath too much.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — Then, being alone,] The old copy redundantly reads—  
Then being *there* alone. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> The body of THE country,] The oldest copy omits—*the* ; but it is supplied by the second folio, which has many advantages over the first. Mr. Malone is of a different opinion ; but let him speak for himself. STEEVENS.

*Country* is here used as a trisyllable. So again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ The like of him. Know'st thou this *country* ? ”

The editor of the second folio, who appears to have been ut-

Yea, and of this our life : swearing, that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

*DUKE S.* And did you leave him in this contem-  
plation ?

*2 LORD.* We did, my lord, weeping and com-  
menting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*DUKE S.* Show me the place ;  
I love to cope him <sup>4</sup> in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*2 LORD.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*DUKE F.* Can it be possible, that no man saw  
them ?

It cannot be : some villains of my court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1 LORD.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed ; and, in the morning early,

terly ignorant of our author's phraseology and metre, reads—The body of *the country*, &c. which has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

Is not *country* used elsewhere also as a dissyllable ? See Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. VI. :

“ And that his *country's* dearer than himself.”

Besides, by reading *country* as a trisyllable, in the middle of a verse, it would become rough and dissonant. STEEVENS.

I am bound to give Mr. Malone's text, or I should have been better pleased, in this instance, to have followed the second folio.

BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> — to COPE him —] To encounter him ; to engage with him.

JOHNSON.

They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *LORD*. My lord, the roynish clown<sup>5</sup>, at whom  
so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

Confesses, that she secretly o'er-heard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler<sup>6</sup>

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

*DUKE F*. Send to his brother<sup>7</sup> ; fetch that gallant  
hither ;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me,

I'll make him find him : do this suddenly ;

And let not search and inquisition quail<sup>8</sup>

To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt*.

<sup>5</sup> — the ROYNISH clown,] *Roynish*, from *rogneux*, French, mangy, scurvy. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, 988 :

“ That knottie was and all *roinous*.”

Again, *ibid.* 6190 :

“ This argument is all *roignous* —.”

Again, by Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593. Speaking of Long Meg of Westminster, he says— “ Although she were a lusty bouncing rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or Maid Marian, yet she was not such a *roinish* rannel, such a dissolute gillian-flirt,” &c.

We are not to suppose the word is literally employed by Shakespeare, but in the same sense that the French still use *carogne*, a term of which Moliere is not very sparing in some of his pieces.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — of the WRESTLER —] *Wrestler*, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,) is here to be sounded as a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Send to his BROTHER ;] I believe we should read—*brother's*. For when the Duke says in the following words, “ Fetch that gallant hither ;” he certainly means Orlando. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> — quail —] To *quail* is to *faint*, to sink into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — which my false spirits

“ *Quail* to remember.” STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

Before OLIVER'S House.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.*

ORL. Who's there ?

ADAM. What ! my young master ?—O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O you memory<sup>9</sup>  
Of old sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?  
Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?  
Why would you be so fond<sup>1</sup> to overcome  
The bony priser<sup>2</sup> of the humorous duke ?

<sup>9</sup> — O YOU MEMORY —] Shakspeare often uses *memory* for *memorial*; and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes. So, in *The Humorous Lieutenant* :

“ I knew then how to seek your *memories*.”

Again, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, by C. Turner, 1611 :

“ And with his body place that *memory*

“ Of noble Charlemont.”

Again, in *Byron's Tragedy* :

“ That statue will I prize past all the jewels

“ Within the cabinet of Beatrice,

“ The *memory* of my grandame.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — SO FOND —] i. e. so *indiscreet*, so *inconsiderate*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ ——— I do wonder,

“ Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fond*

“ To come abroad with him —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> The BONY priser —] In the former editions—The *bonny*, priser. We should read—*bony* priser. For this wrestler is characterised for his strength and bulk, not for his gaiety or good humour. WARBURTON.

So, Milton :

“ Giants of mighty *bone*.” JOHNSON.

So, in *The Romance of Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date :

“ This is a man all for the nones,

“ For he is a man of *great bones*.”

*Bonny*, however, may be the true reading. So, in *King Henry VI. P. II. Act V.* :

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men<sup>3</sup>  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
 No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely,  
 Envenoms him that bears it?

ORL. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM.

O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors; within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives:  
 Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—  
 Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—  
 Of him I was about to call his father,)—  
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means  
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
 And you within it: if he fail of that,  
 He will have other means to cut you off:  
 I overheard him, and his practices.  
 This is no place<sup>4</sup>, this house is but a butchery;

“Even of the *bonny* beast he lov'd so well.” STEEVENS.

The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As You Like It* is taken. It is likewise much used by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bonny* to be the true reading. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — to some kind of men —] Old copy—*seeme* kind. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> This is no PLACE,] *Place* here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So, in the first book of Samuel: “Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal.”

Again, in Chaucer's Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*:

“His winning was ful fayre upon an heth,

“With grene trees yshadewed was his *place*.”

We still use the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Crosby *place*, in King Richard III. &c. STEEVENS.

Our author uses this word again in the same sense in his *Lover's Complaint*:

“Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*.”

*Plas*, in the Welch language, signifies a *mansion-house*. MALONE.

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORL. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce  
A thievish living on the common road ?

This I must do, or know not what to do :

Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;

I rather will subjéct me to the malice

Of a diverted blood <sup>5</sup>, and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred  
crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown ;

Take that : and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow <sup>6</sup>,

Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;

All this I give you : Let me be your servant :

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty :

Steevens's explanation of this passage is too refined. Adam means merely to say—This is no *place* for you. M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — DIVERTED blood,] Blood turned out of the course of nature. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's Lover's Complaint :

“ Sometimes *diverted*, their poor balls are tied

“ To the orbéd earth —.” MALONE.

To *divert* a water-course, that is, to *change its course*, was a common legal phrase, and an object of litigation in Westminster Hall, in our author's time, as it is at present.

Again, in Ray's Travels: “ We rode along the sea coast to Ostend, *diverting* at Nieuport, to refresh ourselves, and get a sight of the town ;” i. e. leaving our course. REED.

<sup>6</sup> — and He that doth the RAVENS feed,

Yea, providently caters for the SPARROW, &c.] See Saint Luke, xii. 6, and 24. DOUCE.

For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood <sup>7</sup> ;  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility ;  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

*ORL.* O good old man ; how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed !  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat, but for promotion ;  
 And having that, do choke their service up  
 Even with the having <sup>8</sup> : it is not so with thee.  
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :  
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together ;  
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

*ADAM.* Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,  
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
 From seventeen years <sup>9</sup> till now almost fourscore  
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;  
 But at fourscore, it is too late a week :

<sup>7</sup> — REBELLIOUS liquors in my blood ;] That is, liquors which inflame the blood or sensual passions, and incite them to rebel against reason. So, in *Othello* :

“ For there's a young and sweating devil here,

“ That commonly *rebels*.” MALONE.

Perhaps he only means liquors that *rebel* against the constitution. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Even with the HAVING :] Even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> From SEVENTEEN years —] The old copy reads—*seventy*. The correction, which is fully supported by the context, was made by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits<sup>1</sup>!

*TOUCH.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

*CEL.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

*TOUCH.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you<sup>2</sup>: yet I should bear no cross<sup>3</sup>, if I

<sup>1</sup> O Jupiter! how WEARY are my spirits!] The old copy reads—how *merry*, &c. STEEVENS.

And yet, within the space of one intervening line, she says, she could find in her heart to disgrace her man's apparel, and *cry* like a woman. Sure, this is but a very bad symptom of the *briskness of spirits*: rather a direct proof of the contrary disposition. Mr. Warburton and I concurred in conjecturing it should be, as I have reformed in the text:—how *weary* are my spirits! And the Clown's reply makes this reading certain. THEOBALD.

In the original copy of *Othello*, 4to. 1622, nearly the same mistake has happened; for there we find—

“Let us be *merry*, let us hide our joys,”

Instead of—Let us be *wary*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — I had rather BEAR WITH you, than BEAR you:] This jingle is repeated in *King Richard III.*:

“You mean to *bear* me, not to *bear with* me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — yet I should bear no CROSS,] A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a *cross*. On this our author is perpetually quibbling.

STEEVENS.



did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

*ROS.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*TOUCH.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

*ROS.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*COR.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*SIL.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*COR.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*SIL.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine, (As sure I think did never man love so,) How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*COR.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*SIL.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily: If thou remember'st not the slightest folly<sup>4</sup> That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd:

<sup>4</sup> If thou remember'st not the slightest folly —] I am inclined to believe that from this passage Suckling took the hint of his song:

“Honest lover, whosoever,

“If in all thy love there ever

“Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame

“Were not still even, still the same:

“Know this,

“Thou lov'st amiss,

“And to love true,

“Thou must begin again, and love anew,” &c.

JOHNSON.

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
 Wearing thy hearer<sup>5</sup> in thy mistress' praise,  
 Thou hast not lov'd :  
 Or if thou hast not broke from company,  
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
 Thou hast not lov'd : O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[Exit SILVIUS.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy  
 wound<sup>6</sup>,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCH. And I mine : I remember, when I was  
 in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid  
 him take that for coming anight<sup>7</sup> to Jane Smile :  
 and I remember the kissing of her batlet<sup>8</sup>, and the  
 cow's dugs that her pretty chop'd hands had milk'd :  
 and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of  
 her ; from whom I took two cods<sup>9</sup>, and, giving her

<sup>5</sup> WEARING thy hearer—] Thus the old copy, altered unnecessarily in the second folio to *wearying*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — of THY WOUND,] The old copy has—*they would*. The latter word was corrected by the editor of the second folio, the other by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — anight—] Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is *in the night*. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Legende of Good Women*. Our modern editors read—*o'night's*, or *o'night*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — batlet,] The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes. JOHNSON.

Old copy—*batler*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — two CODS,] For *cods* it would be more like sense to read—*peas*, which having the shape of pearls, resembled the common presents of lovers. JOHNSON.

In a schedule of jewels in the 15th vol. of Rymer's *Fœdera*, we find, "Item, two *peascoddes* of gold with 17 pearles." FARMER.

*Peascods* was the ancient term for *peas* as they are brought to market. So, in Greene's *Groundwork of Cony-catching*, 1592 : "—went twice in the week to London, either with fruit or *peascods*," &c. Again, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a song published in England's *Helicon*, 1600 :

" In *peascod time* when hound to horne

" Gives ear till buck be kill'd," &c.

Again, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

" Shall feed on delicates, the first *peascods*, strawberries."

STEEVENS.

them again, said with weeping tears <sup>1</sup>, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly <sup>2</sup>.

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art 'ware of.

*TOUCH.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*TOUCH,* And mine; but it grows something stale  
with me.

*CEL.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,  
If he for gold will give us any food;

In the following passage, however, Touchstone's present certainly signifies not the *pea* but the *pod*, and so, I believe, the word is used here: "He [Richard II.] also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, but the *peas* out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster." *Camden's Remains*, 1614.—Here we see the *cods* and not the *peas* were worn. Why Shakspeare used the former word rather than *pods*, which appears to have had the same meaning, is obvious. MALONE.

The *peascod* certainly means the whole of the pea as it hangs upon the stalk. It was formerly used as an ornament in dress, and was represented with the shell open exhibiting the peas. The passage cited from Rymer, by Dr. Farmer, shows that the peas were sometimes made of pearls, and rather overturns Dr. Johnson's conjecture, who probably imagined that Touchstone took the *cods* from the *peascods*, and not from his mistress.

DOUCE.

<sup>1</sup> — weeping tears,] A ridiculous expression from a sonnet in Lodge's *Rosalynd*, the novel on which this comedy is founded. It likewise occurs in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of King Henry V.* in Peele's *Jests*, &c. STEEVENS.

The same expression occurs also in Lodge's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, on which *The Winter's Tale* is founded, and in many of our old books. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — so is all nature in love MORTAL in folly.] This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little*. Of this sense I believe Shakspeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be—so is all nature in love *abounding* in folly.

JOHNSON.

I faint almost to death.

*TOUCH.* Holla; you, clown!

*ROS.* Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

*COR.* Who calls?

*TOUCH.* Your betters, sir.

*COR.* Else are they very wretched.

*ROS.* Peace, I say:—

Good even to you, friend<sup>3</sup>.

*COR.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*ROS.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

*COR.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish for her sake more than for mine own,  
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:  
But I am shepherd to another man,  
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks<sup>4</sup> to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality:  
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,  
By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,  
And in my voice most welcome shall you be<sup>5</sup>.

*ROS.* What is he that shall buy his flock and  
pasture?

*COR.* That young swain that you saw here but  
erewhile,

<sup>3</sup> — to you, friend.] The old copy reads—to *your* friend. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And little RECKS —] i. e. heeds, cares for. So, in Hamlet:  
“And *recks* not his own rede.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And in my voice most welcome shall you be,] *In my voice*, as far as I have a voice or vote, as far as I have power to bid you welcome. JOHNSON.

That little cares for buying any thing.

*ROS.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*CEL.* And we will mend thy wages : I like this  
place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.

*COR.* Assuredly, the thing is to be sold :  
Go with me ; if you like, upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I will your very faithful feeder be,  
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

The Same.

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and Others.*

## SONG.

*AMI.* Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune<sup>6</sup> his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

*JAQ.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

<sup>6</sup> *And TUNE*—] The old copy has *turne*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And to the nightingale's complaining *note*

“ *Tune* my distresses, and record my woes.” MALONE.

The old copy may be right, though Mr. Pope, &c. read *tune*. To *turn* a *tune* or a *note*, is still a current phrase among vulgar musicians. STEEVENS.

*AM.* It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

*JAQ.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

*AM.* My voice is ragged<sup>7</sup>; I know, I cannot please you.

*JAQ.* I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing: Come, more; another stanza \*; Call you them stanzas †?

*AM.* What you will, monsieur Jaques.

*JAQ.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing: Will you sing?

*AM.* More at your request, than to please myself.

*JAQ.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment, is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man

\* First folio, *stanzo*.

† First folio, *stanzos*.

7 — ragged;] i. e. broken, and unequal. Mr. Rowe and the subsequent editors read—*rugged*. Our author's term is yet used, if I mistake not, among singers. In *Cymbeline* he speaks of the *snatches* of the voice.

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "Is not your voice *broken*?"

In the Epistle prefixed to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender*, the writer speaks of the rascally route of our "*ragged rhimers*;" and Sir Henry Wotton in his will mentions his "*ragged estate*."

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
"Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name."

Again, in *Nashe's Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: "— as the foolish painter in *Plutarch*, having blurred a *ragged* table with the rude picture of a dunghill cocke, wished his boy in any case to drive all live cocks from this his worthless workmanship," &c. See also the extract from his *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, quoted below. MALONE.

Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged*; but *ragged* had anciently the same meaning. So, in *Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 4to. 1593: "I would not trot a false gallop through the rest of his *ragged* verses," &c. STEEVENS.

thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*AM.* Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath been all this day to look you.

*JAQ.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>s</sup> for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

### SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.  
And loves to live i' the sun<sup>9</sup>,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.*

*JAQ.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*AM.* And I'll sing it.

*JAQ.* Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,  
That any man turn ass  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,*

<sup>8</sup> — disputable —] For *disputatious*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — to live i' the sun,] Modern editions, *to lie*. JOHNSON.

To live i' the sun, is to labour and "sweat in the eye of Phœbus," or, *vitam agere sub dio*; for by *lying* in the sun, how could they get the food they eat? TOLLET.

*Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme*<sup>1</sup> ;  
*Here shall he see,*  
*Gross fools as he,*  
*An if he will come to me.*

<sup>1</sup> — *ducdàme* ;] For *ducdàme*, Sir Thomas Hanmer, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me*.  
 JOHNSON.

If *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning, and been put off with “a Greek invocation.” It is evidently a word coined for the nonce. We have here, as Butler says, “One for sense, and one for rhyme.” Indeed we must have a *double rhyme* ; or this stanza cannot well be sung to the same tune with the former. I read thus :

“ *Ducdàme, Ducdàme, Ducdàme,*  
 “ Here shall he see  
 “ Gross fools as he,  
 “ An’ if he will come to *Ami*.”

That is, to Amiens. Jaques did not mean to ridicule himself.

FARMER.

*Duc ad me* has hitherto been received as an allusion to the burthen of Amiens’s song—

“ Come hither, come hither, come hither.”

That Amiens, who is a courtier, should not understand Latin, or be persuaded it was Greek, is no great matter for wonder. An anonymous correspondent proposes to read—*Huc ad me*.

In confirmation of the old reading, however, Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the hen roost was robbed, a facetious old squire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques :

“ *Damè*, what makes your ducks to die ?

“ *duck, duck, duck*.——

“ *Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry ?

“ *chuck, chuck, chuck*.”——

I have placed Dr. Farmer’s emendation in the text. *Ducdàme* is a trisyllable. STEEVENS.

I have adhered to the old reading, *If he will come to me, is if he will come hither*. The Reverend Mr. Whiter has made the following observation on this passage. “ *Amy* is the reading of the old copy, and is certainly right. It surely was incumbent on the Doctor [Farmer], or some of his fellow critics, to have given us this information ; especially as their attention must naturally be awake in the discussion of so disputed a passage. I have seldom found the interests of learning much promoted by literary fellowships.” If Mr. Whiter had taken the trouble of looking at any



AMI. What's that *ducdàme* ?

JAC. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt<sup>2</sup>.

AMI. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. [*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE VI.

The Same.

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave<sup>3</sup>. Farewell, kind master.

of the old copies, he would not have hazarded so unfounded an assertion. The reading of the text is found both in the first and second folio. MALONE.

“*If it do come to pass,*

“*That any man turn ass,*

“*Leaving his wealth and ease,*

“*A stubborn will to please,*

“*Ducdàme, ducdàme, ducdàme;*

“*Here shall he see*

“*Gross fools as he,*” &c. See Hor. Serm. L. II. sat. iii. :

“*Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis*

“*Ambitione mala aut argenti pallet amore;*

“*Quisquis luxuriâ tristive superstitione,*

“*Aut alio mentis morbo calet: Huc proprius me,*

“*Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.*” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the first-born of Egypt.] A proverbial expression for high-born persons. JOHNSON.

The phrase is scriptural, as well as proverbial. So, in Exodus, xii. 29: “*And the Lord smote all the first born in Egypt.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.] So, in Romeo and Juliet:

“*— fall upon the ground, as I do now,*

“*Taking the measure of an unmade grave.*” STEEVENS.

*ORL.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter: and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

The Same.

*A Table set out. Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

*DUKE S.* I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

*1 LORD.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*DUKE S.* If he, compact of jars<sup>4</sup>, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:— Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

<sup>4</sup> —compact of jars,] i. e. made up of discords. In *The Comedy of Errors*, we have "*compact of credit*," for *made up of credulity*. Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"—like gilded tombs

"*Compacted of jet pillars.*"

The same expression occurs also in *Tamburlane*, 1590:

"*Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil.*" STEEVENS.

*Enter JAQUES.*

I LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?  
What, you look merrily.

JACQ. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,  
A motley fool;—a miserable world<sup>5</sup>!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

*Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,  
Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune*<sup>6</sup>:

<sup>5</sup> A motley fool;—a miserable world!] What, because he met a *motley fool*, was it therefore a *miserable world*? This is sadly blundered; we should read:

“— a miserable *varlet*.”

His head is altogether running on this fool, both before and after these words, and here he calls him a *miserable varlet*, notwithstanding he *rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms*, &c. Nor is the change we may make, so great as appears at first sight.

WARBURTON.

I see no need of changing *world* to *varlet*, nor, if a change were necessary, can I guess how it should certainly be known that *varlet* is the true word. *A miserable world* is a parenthetical exclamation, frequent among melancholy men, and natural to Jaques at the sight of a fool, or at the hearing of reflections on the fragility of life. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:*] Alluding to the common saying, that *fools are Fortune's favourites*. MALONE.

*Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus:

*Fortuna, nimum quem fovet, stultum facit.*

So, in the Prologue to the *Alchemist*:

“Fortune, that favours fooles, these two short houres

“We wish away.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act I. Sc. III.:

“*Sog.* Why, who am I, sir?”

“*Mac.* One of those that fortune favours.

“*Car.* The periphrasis of a foole.” REED.

And then he drew a dial from his poke ;  
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
 Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock :*  
*Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags :*  
*'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine ;*  
*And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven ;*  
*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*  
*And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,*  
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That fools should be so deep contemplative ;  
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
 An hour by his dial.—O noble fool !  
 A worthy fool ! Motley's the only wear <sup>7</sup>.

DUKE S. What fool is this ?

JAC. O worthy fool !—One that hath been a  
 courtier ;  
 And says, if ladies be but young, and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,—  
 Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit <sup>8</sup>

7 — MOTLEY'S the only wear.] It would have been unnecessary to repeat that a *motley*, or *party-coloured coat*, was anciently the dress of a fool, had not the editor of Ben Jonson's works been mistaken in his comment on the 53d Epigram :

“ — where, out of *motly*, 's, he

“ Could save that line to dedicate to thee ? ”

*Motly*, says Mr. Whalley, is the man who *out of any* odd mixture, or old scraps, could save, &c. whereas it means only, *Who but a fool*, i. e. *one in a suit of motley*, &c.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of The First Part of King Henry IV. with Mr. Tollet's explanation.

The observation—*Motley's the only wear*, might have been suggested to Shakspeare by the following line in the 4th Satire of Donne :

“ Your only wearing is your grogram.” STEEVENS.

8 — dry as the remainder biscuit,] So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour :

“ And now and then breaks a dry biscuit jest,

“ Which that it may more easily be chew'd,

“ He steeps in his own laughter.” BOSWELL.

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd  
 With observation, the which he vents  
 In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool!  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.

JAC. It is my only suit<sup>9</sup>;

Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them,  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind<sup>1</sup>,  
 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:  
 And they that are most galled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they  
 so?

The *why* is plain as way to parish church:  
 He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Not to seem senseless of the bob<sup>2</sup>: if not,

<sup>9</sup> — only SUIT;] *Suit* means *petition*, I believe, not *dress*.

JOHNSON.

The poet means a quibble. So, Act V.: “Not out of your *apparel*, but out of your *suit*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — as large a charter as the wind,] So, in King Henry V.:

“The *wind*, that *charter'd* libertine, is still.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> NOT TO seem senseless of the bob:] The old copies read only—*Seem senseless*, &c. *Not to* were supplied by Mr. Theobald. See the following note. STEEVENS.

Besides that the third verse is defective one whole *foot* in measure, the tenour of what Jaques continues to say, and the reasoning of the passage, show it no less defective in the sense. There is no doubt but the two little monosyllables, which I have supplied, were either by accident wanting in the manuscript, or by inadvertence were left out. THEOBALD.

Mr. Whiter ingeniously defends the old reading: “I read and point the passage thus:

“He that a fool doth very *wisely* hit,

“Doth, very foolishly, although he smart,

“Seem senseless of the bob; if not, &c.”

“That is, a wise man whose feeling should chance to be well rallied by a simple unmeaning jester, even though he should be

The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
 Even by the squandring glances of the fool<sup>2</sup>.  
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of the infected world<sup>3</sup>,  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*DUKE S.* Fye on thee! I can tell what thou  
 wouldst do.

*JAQ.* What, for a counter<sup>4</sup>, would I do, but good?

*DUKE S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
 As sensual as the brutish sting<sup>5</sup> itself;

weak enough really to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke." BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> — if not, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power; and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is, *dissected* and *laid open*, by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,] So, in Macbeth:

“Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.”

DOUCE.

<sup>4</sup> — for a COUNTER,] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that about the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England. They are again mentioned in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“—— will you with *counters* sum

“The past proportion of his infinite?” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> As sensual as the BRUTISH STING —] Though the *brutish sting* is capable of a sense not inconvenient in this passage, yet as it is a harsh and unusual mode of speech, I should read the *brutish sty*. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. i. c. viii.:

“A herd of bulls whom kindly rage doth *sting*.”

Again, b. ii. c. xii.:

“As if that hunger's point, or Venus' *sting*,

“Had them enrag'd.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“—— our carnal *stings*, our unbitted lusts.” STEEVENS.

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,  
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*JAQ.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the very very means do ebb<sup>6</sup>?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I say, The city-woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,  
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
Or what is he of basest function,  
That says, his bravery<sup>7</sup> is not on my cost,  
(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There then; How then? what then<sup>8</sup>? Let me see  
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,  
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes\* here?

*Enter ORLANDO; with his sword drawn.*

*ORL.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*JAQ.* Why, I have eat none yet.

\* First folio, *come*.

<sup>6</sup> Till that the VERY very —] The old copy reads—*wear*y very. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — his BRAVERY —] i. e. his fine clothes. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“With scarfs and fans, and double change of *bravery*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> There then; How, what then? &c.] I believe we should read —*Where* then? So, in *Othello*:

“What then? How then? *Where's* satisfaction?”

MALONE.

The old copy reads, very redundantly—

“There then? How *then*? What then,” &c. STEEVENS.

ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of?

DUKE S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy  
distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

ORL. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny  
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
Of smooth civility<sup>9</sup>: yet am I inland bred<sup>1</sup>,  
And know some nurture<sup>2</sup>: But forbear, I say;  
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,  
Till I and my affairs are answered.

JAQ. An you will not be answered with reason,  
I must die.

DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentle-  
ness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

ORL. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our  
table.

ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray  
you:

<sup>9</sup> — the thorny point

Of bare distress hath TA'EN from me the show

Of smooth civility:] We might read *torn* with more elegance, but elegance alone will not justify alteration. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — INLAND bred,] *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is the opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say, that he had not been *bred among clowns*. HOLT WHITE.

<sup>2</sup> And know some NURTURE:] *Nurture* is *education, breeding, manners*. So, in Greene's *Never Too Late*, 1616:

"He shew'd himself as full of *nurture* as of nature."

Again, as Mr. Holt White observes to me, Barret says in his *Alvearie*, 1580: "It is a point of *nurture*, or *good manners*, to salute them that you meete. *Urbanitatis est salutare obvios.*"

STEEVENS.

St. Paul advises the Ephesians, in his Epistle, ch. vi. 4, to bring their children up "in the *nurture* and admonition of the Lord."

HARRIS.



I thought, that all things had been savage here ;  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment : But whate'er you are,  
 That in this desert inaccessible <sup>3</sup>,  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days ;  
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church ;  
 If ever sat at any good man's feast ;  
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,  
 And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied ;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :  
 In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

*DUKE S.* True is it that we have seen better days ;  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church ;  
 And sat at good men's feasts ; and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd :  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command what help we have <sup>4</sup>,  
 That to your wanting may be ministred.

*ORL.* Then, but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food <sup>5</sup>. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limp'd in pure love ; till he be first suffic'd,—  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—  
 I will not touch a bit.

*DUKE S.* Go find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

<sup>3</sup> — desert inaccessible.] This expression I find in *The Adventures of Simonides*, by Barn. Riche, 1580: “ — and onely acquainted himselfe with the solitarinesse of this *unaccessible desert*.” HENDERSON.

<sup>4</sup> And take UPON COMMAND what help we have,] *Upon command*, is at your own command. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Whiles, like a DOE, I go to find my FAWN,

And give it FOOD.] So, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,

“ Hasting to feed her fawn.” MALONE.

ORL. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good  
comfort! [Exit.

DUKE S. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-  
happy:

This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play in <sup>6</sup>.

JAQ. All the world's a stage <sup>7</sup>,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;

<sup>6</sup> Wherein we play IN.] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope more correctly reads—

“Wherein we play.”

I believe, with Mr. Pope, that we should only read—

“Wherein we play.”

and add a word at the beginning of the next speech, to complete the measure; viz.

*Why*, all the world's a stage.

Thus, in Hamlet:

“*Hor.* So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern go to't.

“*Ham.* *Why*, man, they did make love to their employment.”

Again, in Measure for Measure:

“*Why*, all the souls that were, were forfeit once.”

Again, *ibid.*:

“*Why*, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done.”

In twenty other instances we find the same adverb introductorily used. STEEVENS.

For a defence of the phraseology objected to by Mr. Pope and Mr. Steevens, see *Romeo and Juliet*, p. 70, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> All the world's a stage, &c.] This observation occurs in one of the fragments of Petronius: “Non duco contentionis funem, dum constet inter nos, quod fere totus mundus exerceat *histrioniam*.” STEEVENS.

This observation had been made in an English drama before the time of Shakspeare. See *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

“Pythagoras said, that *this world was like a stage*,

“*Whereon many play their parts*.”

In *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597, we find these lines:

“Unhappy man ——

“Whose life a sad continual tragedie,

“Himself the actor, in the world, the stage,

“While as the acts are measur'd by his age.” MALONE.

And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages<sup>8</sup>. At first, the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;  
 Then<sup>9</sup>, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;  
 Sighing like furnace<sup>1</sup>, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow : Then, a soldier ;  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard<sup>2</sup>,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick<sup>3</sup> in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> His acts being seven AGES.] On account of the length of the notes on this passage, I have thrown them to the end of the play.

BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> AND then,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Sighing like furnace,] So, in *Cymbeline* : " — he *furnaceth* the thick *sighs* from him —." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — a soldier ;

Full of strange oaths, and BEARDED like the pard,] So, in *Cythia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson :

" Your soldiers face—the grace of this face consisteth much in a *beard*." STEEVENS.

*Beards* of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. See a note on *King Henry V.* Act III. Sc. VI. : " And what a *beard* of the general's cut," &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — SUDDEN and quick —] Lest it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed that one of the ancient senses of *sudden*, is *violent*. Thus, in *Macbeth* :

" — I grant him *sudden*,

" Malicious," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Full of wise saws and MODERN instances,] It is remarkable that Shakspeare uses *modern* in the double sense that the Greeks used *καινος*, both for *recens* and *absurdus*. WARBURTON.

And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon<sup>5</sup> ;  
 With spectacles on nose<sup>6</sup>, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide

I am in doubt whether *modern* is in this place used for *absurd* : the meaning seems to be, that the justice is full of *old* sayings and *late* examples. JOHNSON.

*Modern* means *trite, common*. So, in King John :

“ And scorns a *modern* invocation.”

Again, in this play, Act IV. Sc. I. : “ — betray themselves to *modern* censure.” STEEVENS.

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well, Act II. Sc. III. : “ — to make *modern* and familiar things supernatural and causeless.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd PANTALOOON ;] There is a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play* of seven Acts (which is no unusual division before our author's time). The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloon*, alluding to that general character in the Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalóne* ; who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers* ; and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalóne* is the only character that acts in *slippers*.

WARBURTON.

In The Travels of the Three English Brothers, a comedy, 1606, [as Mr. Capell has remarked,] an Italian Harlequin is introduced, who offers to perform a play at a Lord's house, in which, among other characters, he mentions “ a jealous coxcomb, and an old *Pantaloune*.” But this is seven years later than the date of the play before us : nor do I know from whence our author could learn the circumstance mentioned by Dr. Warburton, that “ *Pantalóne* is the only character in the Italian comedy that acts in *slippers*.” In Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, the word is not found. In The Taming of a Shrew, one of the characters, if I remember right, is called “ an old *Pantaloone*,” but there is no farther description of him.

Nashe, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil, 1592, commending the English Theatres, says, “ our stage is more stately furnished,—not consisting, like theirs, of a *Pantaloun*, a whore, and a *Zanie*,” &c. but he does not describe the dress of the *Pantaloone*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the lean and slipper'd PANTALOOON,

With SPECTACLES on nose,] So, in The Plotte of the Deade Man's Fortune : [See vol. iii.] “ Enter the *panteloun* and *pescode* with *spectakles*.” STEEVENS.

For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

DUKE S. Welcome : Set down your venerable  
 burden <sup>7</sup>,  
 And let him feed.

ORL. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need ;  
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

DUKE S. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble  
 you  
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes :—  
 Give us some musick ; and, good cousin, sing.

*AMIENS sings.*

## SONG.

### I.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude <sup>8</sup> ;*

<sup>7</sup> — Set down your venerable burden,] Is it not likely that Shakspeare had in his mind this line of the *Metamorphoses*? xiii. 125 :

— Patremque

Fert humeris, *venerabile onus*, Cythereius heros.

JOHNSON.

A. Golding, p. 169, b. edit. 1587, translates it thus :

“ — upon his backe

“ His aged father and his gods, an *honorable packe*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Thou art not so UNKIND*, &c.] That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593 :

*Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen*<sup>9</sup>,  
*Although thy breath be rude.*

“O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,  
“She had not brought forth thee, but dy’d unkind.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Thy tooth is not so keen,*

*Because thou art not seen,*] This song is designed to suit the Duke’s exiled condition, who had been ruined by *ungrateful flatterers*. Now the *winter wind*, the song says, is to be preferred to *man’s ingratitude*. But why? Because it is not *seen*. But this was not only an aggravation of the injury, as it was done in secret, *not seen*, but was the very circumstance that made the keenness of the ingratitude of his faithless courtiers. Without doubt, Shakspeare wrote the line thus:

“Because thou art not *sheen*,”

i. e. smiling, shining, like an ungrateful court-servant, who flatters while he wounds, which was a very good reason for giving the *winter wind* the preference. So, in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*:

“Spangled star-light *sheen*.”

And several other places. Chaucer uses it in this sense:

“Your blissful sister Lucina the *shene*.”

And Fairfax:

“The sacred angel took his target *shene*,

“And by the Christian champion stood unseen.”

The Oxford editor, who had this emendation communicated to him, takes occasion from hence to alter the whole line thus:

“Thou causest not that *teen*.”

But, in his rage of correction, he forgot to leave the reason, which is now wanting—Why the *winter wind* was to be preferred to *man’s ingratitude*. WARBURTON.

I am afraid that no reader is satisfied with Dr. Warburton’s emendation, however vigorously enforced; and it is indeed enforced with more art than truth. *Sheen*, i. e. *smiling*, *shining*. That *sheen* signifies *shining*, is easily proved, but when or where did it signify *smiling*? yet *smiling* gives the sense necessary in this place. Sir T. Hanmer’s change is less uncouth, but too remote from the present text. For my part, I question whether the original line is not lost, and this substituted merely to fill up the measure and the rhyme. Yet even out of this line, by strong agitation may sense be elicited, and sense not unsuitable to the occasion. *Thou winter wind*, says Amiens, thy rudeness gives the less pain, *as thou art not seen*, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult. JOHNSON.

*Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly.*

## II.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp<sup>1</sup>,*

Though the old text may be tortured into a meaning, perhaps it would be as well to read:

“Because the heart’s *not seen*.”

*y harts*, according to the ancient mode of writing, was easily corrupted. FARMER.

So, in the Sonnet introduced into *Love’s Labour’s Lost*:

“Through the velvet leaves the *wind*

“All *unseen* ’gan passage find.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“To be imprison’d in the *viewless* winds.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Though thou the waters warp,*] The surface of *waters*, so long as they remain unfrozen, is apparently a perfect plane; whereas, when they are, this surface deviates from its exact flatness, or *warps*. This is remarkable in small ponds, the surface of which, when frozen, forms a regular concave; the ice on the sides rising higher than that in the middle. KENRICK.

To *warp* was, probably, in Shakspeare’s time, a colloquial word, which conveyed no distant allusion to any thing else, physical or mechanical. To *warp* is to *turn*, and to *turn* is to *change*: when milk is *changed* by curdling, we now say it is *turned*: when water is *changed* or *turned* by frost, Shakspeare says, it is *curdled*. To be *warp’d* is only to be changed from its natural state.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. So, in *Cynthia’s Revels*, of Ben Jonson: “I know not, he’s grown out of his garb a-late, he’s *warp’d*.—And so, methinks too, he *is* much *converted*.” Thus the *mole* is called the mould-*warp*, because it changes the appearance of the surface of the earth. Again, in *The Winter’s Tale*, Act I.:

“My favour here begins to *warp*.”

Dr. Farmer supposes *warp’d* to mean the same as *curdled*, and adds that a similar idea occurs in *Timon*:

“—— the icicle

“That *curdled* by the frost,” &c. STEEVENS.

Among a collection of Saxon adages in Hickeys’s *Thesaurus*, vol. i. p. 221, the succeeding appears: þinter ꝛeal ȝeþeoppa

*Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not*<sup>2</sup>.  
*Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.*

DUKE S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,—

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were ;  
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,—  
Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke,

*þeðer, winter shall warp water.* So that Shakspeare's expression was anciently proverbial. It should be remarked, that among the numerous examples in Manning's excellent edition of Lye's Dictionary, there is no instance of *þeorpan* or *zephyorpan*, implying to *freeze, bend, turn, or curdle*, though it is a verb of very extensive signification.

Probably this word still retains a similar sense in the northern part of the island, for in a Scottish parody on Dr. Percy's elegant ballad, beginning, "O Nancy, wilt thou gang with me," I find the verse "Nor shrink before the *wintry* wind," is altered to "Nor shrink before the *warping* wind." HOLT WHITE.

The meaning is this : Though the very waters, by thy agency, are forced, against the law of their nature, to *bend* from their stated level, yet thy sting occasions less anguish to man, than the ingratitude of those he befriended. HENLEY.

Wood is said to *warp* when its surface, from being level, becomes bent and uneven ; from *warpan*, Saxon, to cast. So, in this play, Act III. Sc. III : "—then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, *warp, warp.*" I doubt whether the poet here alludes to any operation of frost. The meaning may be only, Thou bitter wintry sky, though thou *curlest* the waters, thy sting, &c. *Thou* in the line before us refers only to—*bitter sky*. The influence of the winter's sky or season may, with sufficient propriety, be said to *warp* the surface of the ocean, by agitation of its waves alone.

That this passage refers to the turbulence of the sky, and the consequent agitation of the ocean, and not to the operation of frost, may be collected from our author's having in King John described ice not as warped or uneven, but as uncommonly smooth :

"To throw a perfume on the violet,

"*To smooth the ice,*" &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *As friend* REMEMBER'D *not.*] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. So, afterwards, Act III. Sc. last :

"And now I am *remember'd* —."

i. e. and now that I *bethink* me, &c. MALONE.



That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is <sup>3</sup> :  
 Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

—◆—

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

*DUKE F.* Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument <sup>4</sup>  
 Of my revenge, thou present : But look to it ;  
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is ;  
 Seek him with candle <sup>5</sup> ; bring him dead or living,  
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
 To seek a living in our territory.  
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,  
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands ;  
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,  
 Of what we think against thee.

*OLI.* O, that your highness knew my heart in this !

<sup>3</sup> — as thy MASTER is :] The old copy has—*masters*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — an absent ARGUMENT —] An *argument* is used for the *contents* of a book ; thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense.

<sup>5</sup> SEEK him with CANDLE ;] Alluding, probably, to St. Luke's Gospel, ch. xv. v. 8 : “ If she lose one piece, doth she not light a candle,—and seek diligently till she find it ? ” STEEVENS.

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*DUKE F.* More villain thou.—Well, push him  
out of doors;  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands <sup>6</sup>:  
Do this expediently <sup>7</sup>, and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

The Forest.

*Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

*ORL.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
And, thou, thrice-crowned queen of night <sup>8</sup>, survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway <sup>9</sup>.  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character:

<sup>6</sup> And let my officers of such a nature

Make an *EXTENT* upon his house and lands:] “To make an *extent* of lands,” is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*,) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — expediently,] That is, *expeditiously*. JOHNSON.

*Expedient*, throughout our author's plays, signifies—*expeditious*. So, in King John:

“His marches are *expedient* to this town.”

Again, in King Richard II.:

“Are making hither with all due *expedience*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — thrice-crowned queen of night,] Alluding to the triple character of Proserpine, Cynthia, and Diana, given by some mythologists to the same goddess, and comprised in these memorial lines:

Terræ, lustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana,

Ima, superna, feras, sceptro, fulgore, sagittis. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — that MY FULL LIFE DOTH SWAY.] So, in Twelfth Night:

“M. O. A. I. *doth sway my life*.” STEEVENS.

That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.  
 Run, run, Orlando; carve, on every tree,  
 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive<sup>1</sup> she. [*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*COR.* And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

*TOUCH.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*COR.* No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — unexpressive —] For *inexpressible*. JOHNSON.

Milton also, in his Hymn on the Nativity, uses *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*:

“Harping with loud and solemn quire,  
 “With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new-born heir.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of GOOD breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.] I am in doubt whether the custom of the language in Shakspeare's time did not authorise this mode of speech, and make “complain of good breeding” the same with “complain of the want of

*TOUCH.* Such a one is a natural philosopher<sup>3</sup>.  
Wast ever in court, shepherd?

*COR.* No, truly.

*TOUCH.* Then thou art damn'd.

*COR.* Nay, I hope,——

*TOUCH.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg<sup>4</sup>, all on one side.

good breeding." In the last line of *The Merchant of Venice* we find that to "fear the keeping" is to "fear the *not* keeping."

JOHNSON.

I think he means rather—*may complain of a good education*, for being so inefficient, of so little use to him. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Such a one is a natural philosopher.] The shepherd had said all the philosophy he knew was the property of things, that *rain wetted, fire burnt, &c.* And the Clown's reply, in a satire on physicks or natural philosophy, though introduced with a quibble, is extremely just. For the natural philosopher is indeed as ignorant (notwithstanding all his parade of knowledge) of the *efficient* cause of things, as the rustic. It appears, from a thousand instances, that our poet was well acquainted with the physicks of his time; and his great penetration enabled him to see this remediless defect of it. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare is responsible for the *quibble* only; let the commentator answer for the *refinement*. STEEVENS.

The Clown calls Corin a *natural philosopher*, because he reasons from his *observations on nature*. M. MASON.

A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone, perhaps, means to quibble on the word. He may however only mean, that Corin is a self-taught philosopher; the disciple of nature. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — like an ill-roasted egg,] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON.

There is a proverb, that *a fool is the best roaster of an egg, because he is always turning it*. This will explain how an egg may be *damn'd all on one side*; but will not sufficiently show how Touchstone applies his simile with propriety; unless he means that he who has not been at court is but *half* educated.

STEEVENS.

I believe there was nothing intended in the corresponding part of the simile, to answer to the words, "all on one side." Shakspeare's similes (as has been already observed) hardly ever run on four feet. Touchstone, I apprehend, only means to say, that Corin is completely damned; as irretrievably destroyed as an egg that is utterly spoiled in the roasting, by being done all on one side only. So, in a subsequent scene, "and both in a tune, like,

*COR.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*TOUCH.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

*COR.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*TOUCH.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*COR.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*TOUCH.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

*COR.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*TOUCH.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again: A more sounder instance, come.

*COR.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*TOUCH.* Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*COR.* You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

two gypsies on a horse." Here the poet certainly meant that the speaker and his companion should sing in unison, and thus *resemble each other* as perfectly as two gypsies on a horse; not that two gypsies on a horse sing *both in a tune*. MALONE.

*TOUCH.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee<sup>5</sup>! thou art raw<sup>6</sup>.

*COR.* Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's

<sup>5</sup> — MAKE INCISION in thee!] *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for *to make to understand*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant:

“ — O excellent king,

“ Thus he begins, thou life and light of creatures,

“ Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy favour;

“ And so proceeds to *incision* —.”

i. e. to make him understand what he would be at.

WARBURTON.

Till I read Dr. Warburton's note, I thought the allusion had been to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*; and I must own, after consulting the passage in the Humorous Lieutenant, I have no reason to alter my supposition. The editors of Beaumont and Fletcher declare the phrase to be unintelligible in that, as well as in another play where it is introduced.

I find the same expression in Monsieur Thomas:

“ We'll bear the burthen: proceed to *incision*, fidler.”

Again, (as I learn from a memorandum of my late friend, Dr. Farmer,) in *The Times Whistle*, or a *New Daunce of Seven Satires*: MS. about the end of *Queen Eliz.* by R. C. Gent. now at Canterbury: The Prologue ends—

“ Be stout my heart, my hand be firm and steady;

“ Strike, and strike home,—the vaine worldes vaine is ready:

“ Let ulcer'd limbes and goutie humors quake,

“ Whilst with my pen I doe *incision* make.” STEEVENS.

I believe that Steevens has explained this passage justly, and am certain that Warburton has entirely mistaken the meaning of that which he has quoted from *The Humorous Lieutenant*, which plainly alludes to the practice of the young gallants of the time, who used to cut themselves in such a manner as to make their blood flow, in order to show their passion for their mistresses, by drinking their healths, or writing verses to them in blood. For a more full explanation of this custom, see a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Sc. III. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — thou art RAW.] i. e. thou art ignorant; unexperienced. So, in *Hamlet*: “ — and yet but *raw* neither, in respect of his quick sail.” MALONE.

happiness ; glad of other men's good, content with my harm : and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*TOUCH.* That is another simple sin in you ; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle : to be bawd to a bell-wether<sup>7</sup> ; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds ; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

*COR.* Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.*

*ROS.* *From the east to western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures, fairest lin'd<sup>8</sup>,  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind,  
But the fair of Rosalind<sup>9</sup>.*

<sup>7</sup> — bawd to a BELL-WETHER ;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *fairest LIN'D,*] i. e. most fairly *delineated*. Modern editors read—*limn'd*, but without authority from the ancient copies.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *But the FAIR of Rosalind.*] Thus the old copy. *Fair* is *beauty, complexion*. See the notes on a passage in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. Sc. I. and *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. Sc. I. The modern editors read—the *face* of Rosalind. Lodge's *Novel* will likewise support the ancient reading :

“ Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemone

“ The absence of fair Rosalynde,

“ Since for her *faire* there is fairer none,” &c.

Again :

“ And hers the *faire* which all men do respect.” STEEVENS.  
*Face* was introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*TOUCH.* I'll rhyme you so, eight years together ;  
dinner, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted ;  
it is the right butter-woman's rate to market <sup>1</sup>.

*ROS.* Out, fool !

*TOUCH.* for a taste :—

*If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.*

<sup>1</sup> — RANK to market,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*rate* to market.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey, as plausibly, proposes to read—*rant*. “Gyll brawled like a *butter-whore*,” is a line in an ancient medley. The sense designed, however, might have been—it is such wretched rhyme as the butter-woman sings as she is *riding to market*. So, in Churchyard's Charge, 1580, p. 7 :

“ And use a kinde of *ridyng rime* —.”

Again, in his Farewell from the Courte :

“ A man maie,” says he,

“ — use a kinde of *ridyng rime*

“ To sutche as wooll not let me clime.”

*Ratt-ryme*, however, in Scotch, signifies some verse *repeated by rote*. See Ruddiman's Glossary to G. Douglas's Virgil.

STEEVENS.

The Clown is here speaking in reference to the ambling pace of the metre, which, after giving a specimen of, to prove his assertion, he affirms to be “the very false gallop of verses.” HENLEY.

A passage in All's Well that End's Well “Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajezet's mules, if you prattle me into these perils ;” once induced me to think that the volubility of the butter-woman selling her wares at market was alone in our author's thoughts, and that he wrote—*rate at market* : but I am now persuaded that Sir T. Hanmer's emendation is right. The *hobbling* metre of these verses, (says Touchstone,) is like the *ambling, shuffling* pace of a butter-woman's *horse*, going to market. The same kind of imagery is found in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

“ Nothing so much, as *mincing poetry* ;

“ 'Tis like the *forc'd gait of a shuffling nag*.” MALONE.

“The right butter-woman's *rank* to market” means the *jog-trot rate* (as it is vulgarly called) with which butter-women *uniformly* travel *one after another* in their road to market : in its application to Orlando's poetry, it means a *set or string* of verses in the *same coarse cadence* and *vulgar uniformity of rhythm*. WHITER.



*If the cat will after kind,  
So, be sure, will Rosalind.  
Winter-garments must be lin'd,  
So must slender Rosalind.  
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;  
Then to cart with Rosalind.  
Sweetest nut hath sowrest rind,  
Such a nut is Rosalind.  
He that sweetest rose will find,  
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses<sup>2</sup>; Why do you infect yourself with them.

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

*TOUCH.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit<sup>3</sup> in the country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*TOUCH.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a paper.*

*Ros.* Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

*CEL.* *Why should this desert silent be<sup>4</sup>?*  
*For it is unpeopled? No;*

<sup>2</sup> This is the very FALSE GALLOP OF VERSES;] So, in Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, 4to. 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that if I should retort the rime doggrell aright, I must make my verses (as he doth his) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the EARLIEST fruit—] Shakspeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *latest* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Why should this desert SILENT be?*] The word *silent* is not in

*Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
That shall civil sayings show<sup>s</sup>.  
Some, how brief the life of man  
Runs his erring pilgrimage ;  
That the stretching of a span  
Buckles in his sum of age.  
Some, of violated vows  
'Twi'xt the souls of friend and friend :  
But upon the fairest boughs,  
Or at every sentence' end,  
Will I Rosalinda write ;  
Teaching all that read, to know*

the old copy. Mr. Pope attempted to correct the passage by reading—"Why should this *a* desert be?" The present judicious emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, who justly observes that "*the hanging of tongues on every tree* would not make it less a desert." MALONE.

This is commonly printed :

"Why should this *a* desert be?"

But although the metre may be assisted by this correction, the sense still is defective; for how will the *hanging of tongues on every tree*, make it less a desert? I am persuaded we ought to read :

Why should this desert *silent* be? TYRWHITT.

The notice which this emendation deserves, I have paid to it, by inserting it in the text. STEEVENS.

Yet see the last sentence of Johnson's note immediately following, which will obviate the necessity of Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation, if we adopt the slight insertion proposed by Mr. Pope.

BOSWELL.

<sup>s</sup> *That shall CIVIL sayings show.*] *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil* wisdom or *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state, or to the state of nature. This desert shall not appear *unpeopled*, for every tree shall teach the maxims or incidents of social life. JOHNSON.

*Civil*, I believe, is not designedly opposed to *solitary*. It means only *grave*, or *solemn*. So, in *The Twelfth-Night*, Act III. Sc. IV.:

"Where is Malvolio? he is *sad*, and *civil*."

i. e. *grave* and *demure*.

Again, in *A Woman's Prize*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"That fourteen yards of satin give my woman ;

"I do not like the colour ; 'tis too *civil*." STEEVENS.

*The quintessence of every sprite  
 Heaven would in little show*<sup>6</sup>.  
*Therefore heaven nature charg'd*<sup>7</sup>  
*That one body should be fill'd*  
*With all graces wide enlarg'd:*  
*Nature presently distill'd*  
*Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;*  
*Cleopatra's majesty ;*  
*Atalanta's better part*<sup>8</sup> ;  
*Sad*<sup>9</sup> *Lucretia's modesty.*

<sup>6</sup> — *in LITTLE show,*] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was "painted in *little*."

MALONE.

So, in Hamlet: "— a hundred ducats a-piece, for his *picture in little*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Therefore heaven nature charg'd—] From the picture of Apelles, or the accomplishments of Pandora:

Πανδωρην οτι παντες 'Ολυμπια δωματα' εχοντες  
 Δωρον εδωρησαν.—

So, before:

" — But thou

" So perfect, and so peerless, art created

" Of every creature's best." *Tempest*.

Perhaps from this passage Swift had his hint of Biddy Floyd.

JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Atalanta's BETTER PART* ;] I know not well what could be the *better part* of Atalanta here ascribed to Rosalind. Of the Atalanta most celebrated, and who therefore must be intended here where she has no epithet of discrimination, the *better part* seems to have been her heels, and the worse part was so bad that Rosalind would not thank her lover for the comparison. There is a more obscure Atalanta, a huntress and a heroine, but of her nothing bad is recorded, and therefore I know not which was her *better part*. Shakspeare was no despicable mythologist, yet he seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet means her beauty and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness. Thus Ovid:

— nec dicere posses,

Laude pedum, formæne bono præstantior esset.

Ut faciêm, et posito corpus velamine vident,

Obstupuit —.

But cannot Atalanta's *better part* mean her virtue or virgin

*Thus Rosalind of many parts  
By heavenly synod was devis'd;*

chastity, with which nature had graced Rosalind, together with Helen's beauty without her heart or lewdness, with Cleopatra's dignity of behaviour, and with Lucretia's modesty, that scorned to survive the loss of honour? Pliny's Natural History, b. xxxv. c. iii. mentions the portraits of Atalanta and Helen, *utraq̄ue excellentissima forma, sed altera ut virgo*; that is, "both of them for beauty, incomparable, and yet a man may discern the one [Atalanta] of them to be a *maiden*, for her modest and chaste countenance," as Dr. P. Holland translated the passage; of which probably our poet had taken notice, for surely he had judgment in painting. TOLLET.

I suppose ATALANTA's *better part* is her *wit*, i. e. the *swiftness of her mind*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer's explanation may derive some support from a subsequent passage: "— as swift a *wit* as Atalanta's heels."

It is observable that the story of Atalanta in the tenth book of Ovid's Metamorphosis is interwoven with that of Venus and Adonis, which our author had undoubtedly read. The lines most material to the present point run thus in Golding's translation, 1567:

"She overcame them out of doubt; and hard it is to tell

"Thee, whether she did in footemanshippe or *beautie* more excell."

"—— he did condemne the young men's love. But when

"He saw her face and body bare, (for why, the lady then

"*Did strip her to her naked skin,*) the which was like to mine,

"Or rather, if that thou wast made a woman, like to thine,

"He was amaz'd."

"—— And though that she

"Did flie as swift as arrow from a Turkie bow, yet hee

"More wondered at her *beautie*, then at swiftnesse of her pace;

"Her running greatly did augment her *beautie* and her grace."

MALONE.

Shakspeare might have taken part of this enumeration of distinguished females from John Grange's Golden Aphroditis, 1577: "— who seemest in my sight faire Helen of Troy, Polixene, Calliope, yea *Atalanta* hir selfe in beauty to surpassse, Pandora in qualities, Penelope and *Lucretia* in chastenesse to deface."

Again, *ibid.*:

"Polixene fayre, Caliop, and

"Penelop may give place;

"*Atalanta* and dame *Lucre*s fayre

"She doth them both deface."

*Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
To have the touches<sup>1</sup> dearest priz'd.  
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
And I to live and die her slave.*

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, *Have patience, good people!*

*CEL.* How now! back friends;—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

*TOUCH.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*CEL.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too;

Again, *ibid.*: “*Atalanta* who sometyme bore the bell of beauties price in that hyr native soyle.”

It may be obseryed, that Statius also, in his sixth Thebaid. has confounded *Atalanta* the wife of Hippomenes, and daughter of Siconeus, with *Atalanta* the daughter of CEnomaus, and wife of Pelops. See v. 564.

After all, I believe, that “*Atalanta's better part*” means only—the *best part about her*, such as was most commended.

STEEVENS.

See a very ingenious disquisition on this passage by Mr. Whiter, in his Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare.

BOSWELL.

I think this stanza was formed on an old tetrastick epitaph, which, as I have done, Mr. Steevens may possibly have read in a country church-yard:

“She who is dead and sleepeth in this tomb,

“Had Rachel's comely face, and Leah's fruitful womb:

“Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,

“And Martha's care, and Mary's *better part*.” WHALLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *Sad* —] Is *grave, sober, not light*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: “She is never *sad* but when she sleeps.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *the touches* —] *The features; les traits*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard III.*:

“Madam, I have a *touch* of your condition.” STEEVENS.

for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*CEL.* That's no matter ; the feet might bear the verses.

*ROS.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*CEL.* But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees ?

*ROS.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree<sup>2</sup> ; I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat<sup>3</sup>, which I can hardly remember.

*CEL.* Trow you, who hath done this ?

*ROS.* Is it a man ?

<sup>2</sup> — a PALM-TREE ;] A *palm-tree*, in the forest of *Arden*, is as much out of its place, as the lioness in a subsequent scene.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an IRISH RAT,] Rosalind is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes Donne mentions in his Satires, and Temple in his Treatises. Dr. Grey has produced a similar passage from Randolph :

“ ————— My poets

“ Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,

“ Rhyme them to death as they do *rats in Ireland*.”

JOHNSON.

So, in an address to the reader at the conclusion of Ben Jonson's *Poetaster* :

“ Rhime them to death, as they do *Irish rats*

“ In drumming tunes.” STEEVENS.

So, in *The Defence of Poesie*, by our author's contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney : “ Though I will not wish unto you—to be driven by a poet's verses, as Rubonax was, to hang yourself, nor to be *rimed* to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland* —.” MALONE.

CEL. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

ROS. I pr'ythee, who?

CEL. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet<sup>4</sup>: but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter<sup>5</sup>.

ROS. Nay, but who is it?

CEL. Is it possible?

ROS. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CEL. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping<sup>6</sup>!

ROS. Good my complexion<sup>7</sup>! dost thou think,

<sup>4</sup> — friends to meet:] Alluding ironically to the proverb:

“Friends may meet, but mountains never greet.”

See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lily, 1594: “Then we two met, which argued that we were no mountains.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — but MOUNTAINS may be removed with earthquakes, and SO ENCOUNTER.] “Montes duo inter se concurrerunt,” &c. says Pliny, *Hist. Nat. lib. ii. c. lxxxiii.* or in Holland's translation: “Two hills (removed by an earthquake) encountered together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise.” TOLLET.

<sup>6</sup> — out of all WHOOPING!] i. e. out of all measure, or reckoning. So, in the old ballad of Yorke, Yorke for my Money, &c. 1584:

“And then was shooting, *out of cry*,

“The skantling at a handful nie.”

Again, in the old bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

“I have beraed myself *out of cry*.” STEEVENS.

This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, “out of all *cry*.” The latter seems to allude to the custom of giving notice by a crier of things to be sold. So, in *A Chaste Maide of Cheapside*, a comedy by T. Middleton, 1630: “I'll sell all at an *outcry*.” MALONE.

An *outcry* is still a provincial term for an *auction*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Good my complexion!] This is a mode of expression, Mr. Theobald says, which he cannot reconcile to common sense. Like enough: and so too the Oxford editor. But the meaning is—*Hold good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. WARBURTON.

though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery<sup>8</sup>; I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would

“Good my complexion!” My native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this! For thus characterizing the most beautiful part of the creation, let our author answer. MALONE.

“Good my complexion!” is a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> One inch of delay more is a South-sea-of discovery.] This is stark nonsense; we must read—*off* discovery, i. e. *from* discovery. “If you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from discovery as the *South-sea* is.”

WARBURTON.

This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus:—One inch of delay more is a South-sea. *Discover*, I pr'ythee; tell me who is it quickly!—When the transcriber had once made *discovery* from *discover* I, he easily put an article after *South-sea*. But it may be read with still less change, and with equal probability—Every inch of delay more is a *South-sea discovery*:—*Every delay*, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of *discovery* on the *South-sea*. How much voyages to the South-sea, on which the English had then first ventured, engaged the conversation of that time, may be easily imagined. JOHNSON.

*Of* for *off*, is frequent in the elder writers. A *South-sea of discovery* is a *discovery a South-sea off*—as far as the South-sea.

FARMER.

Warburton's sophistication ought to have been reprobated, and the old, which is the only reading that can preserve the sense of *Rosalind*, restored. A “South-sea of discovery,” is not a discovery, *as far off*, but as *comprehensive* as the South-sea; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. HENLEY.

The old copy has—*of* discovery; and *of*, as Dr. Farmer has observed, was frequently used instead of *off* in Shakspeare's time: yet the construction of “South-sea *off* discovery” is so harsh, that I am strongly inclined to think, with Dr. Johnson, that we should read—a *South-sea discovery*. “Delay, however short, is to me tedious and irksome as the longest voyage, as a voyage of discovery on the South-Sea.” The word *of*, which had occurred just before, might have been inadvertently repeated by the compositor. MALONE.



thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*CEL.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*ROS.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*CEL.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*ROS.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*CEL.* It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

*ROS.* Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid<sup>a</sup>.

*CEL.* I faith, coz, 'tis he.

*ROS.* Orlando?

*CEL.* Orlando.

*ROS.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he<sup>1</sup>? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*CEL.* You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth<sup>2</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — speak sad brow, and true maid.] i. e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. RITSON.

<sup>1</sup> Wherein went he? In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed? HEATH.

<sup>2</sup> — Garagantua's mouth —] Rosalind requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of Garagantua, the giant of Rabelais. JOHNSON.

first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

*ROS.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*CEL.* It is as easy to count atomies<sup>3</sup>, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

*ROS.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit<sup>4</sup>.

*CEL.* Give me audience, good madam.

*ROS.* Proceed.

Garagantua swallowed five pilgrims, their staves and all, in a sallad. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, that in 1592 was published, "Garagantua his Prophecie." And in 1594, "A booke entitled, The History of Garagantua." The book of Garagantua is likewise mentioned in Laneham's Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Castle, in 1575. Some translator of one of these pieces is censured by Hall, in his second book of Satires:

"But who conjur'd, &c.

"Or wicked Rablais dronken revellings

"To grace the misrule of our tavernings?" STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup>— to count ATOMIES,] *Atomies* are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room.

HENLEY.

"An *atomic*, (says Bullokar, in his English Expositor, 1616,) is a *mote* flying in the sunne. Any thing so small that it cannot be made lesse." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup>— when it drops forth SUCH fruit.] The old copy reads—"when it drops forth fruit." The word *such* was supplied by the editor of the second folio. I once suspected the phrase, "when it drops forth," to be corrupt; but it is certainly our author's; for it occurs again in this play:

"—— woman's gentle brain

"Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention."

This passage serves likewise to support the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

*CEL.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*ROS.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground<sup>5</sup>.

*CEL.* Cry, holla! to thy tongue<sup>6</sup>, I prythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*ROS.* O ominous! he comes to kill my heart<sup>7</sup>.

*CEL.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

*ROS.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

*CEL.* You bring me out:—Soft! comes he not here?

<sup>5</sup> — such a sight, it well becomes the ground.] See, in Hamlet:

“ — Such a sight as this

“ Becomes the field,” — STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Cry, HOLLA! to THY tongue.] The old copy has — *the* tongue. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and *stopp'd* his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

“ His flattering *holla*, or his *stand*, I say?”

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here:

“ *Holla!* stand there.” MALONE.

Again, in *Cotton's Wonders of the Peak*:

“ But I must give my muse the *holla* here.” REED.

<sup>7</sup> — to KILL my HEART.] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*.

STEEVENS.

Our author has the same expression in many other places. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Why that contempt will *kill* the speaker's *heart*.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

“ — they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine.”

But the preceding word, *hunter*, shows that a quibble was here intended between *heart* and *hart*. In our author's time the latter word was often written instead of *heart*, as it is in the present instance, in the old copy of this play. MALONE.

ROS. 'Tis he ; slink by, and note him.

[*CELLIA and ROSALIND retire.*

JAQ. I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I ; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAQ. God be with you \* ; let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you mar no more † of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name ?

ORL. Yes, just.

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

JAQ. What stature is she of ?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answers : Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?

ORL. Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth <sup>s</sup>, from whence you have studied your questions.

\* First folio, *God buy you.*

† First folio, *moe.*

<sup>s</sup> — but I answer you right PAINTED CLOTH,] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. The poet again hints at this custom, in his poem, called, *Tarquin and Lucrece* :

“ Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,

“ Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.” THEOBALD.

So, in *Barnaby Riche's Soldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, &c.* 1604, p. 1 ; “ It is enough for him that can but robbe a *painted cloth* of a historie, a booke of a discourse, a fool of a fashion,” &c.

The same allusion is common to many of our old plays. So, in

*JAC.* You have a nimble wit ; I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with

The Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599 : " Now will I see if my memory will serve for some *proverbs*. O, a *painted cloth* were as well worth a shilling, as a thief is worth a halter."

Again, in *A Match at Midnight*, 1633 :

" There's a witty posy for you.

" — No, no ; I'll have one shall savour of a saw.—

" Why then 'twill smell of the *painted cloth*."

Again, in *The Muses' Looking Glass*, by Randolph, 1638 :

" — I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall

" In *painted cloth*, the story of the prodigal."

From this last quotation we may suppose that the rooms in public houses were usually hung with what Falstaff calls *water-work*. On these hangings, perhaps, moral sentences were depicted as issuing from the mouths of the different characters represented.

Again, in *Sir Thomas More's English Works*, printed by Rastell, 1557 : [as Mr. Capell has remarked] " *Mayster Thomas More* in hys youth devysed in hys father's house in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne *payated clothe*, with nine pageauntes, and verses over every of those pageauntes ; which verses expressed and declared what the ymages in those pageauntes represented : and also in those pageauntes were paynted the thynges that the verses over them dyd (in effecte) declare."

Of the present phraseology there is an instance in *King John* :

" He *speaks plain cannon-fire*, and bounce, and smoke."

STEEVENS.

*I answer you right painted cloth*, may mean, I give you a true painted cloth answer ; as we say, she talks *right Billingsgate* : that is, exactly such language as is used at Billingsgate. JOHNSON.

This singular phrase may be justified by another of the same kind in *King Henry V.* :

" I speak to thee *plain soldier*."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night* :

" He *speaks* nothing but *madman*."

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration : " I answer you right *in the style of painted cloth*." We had before in this play, " It is the *right* butter-woman's rate to market." So, in Golding's translation of *Ovid*, 1567 :

" — the look of it was *right* a maiden's look."

I suppose Orlando means to say, that Jaques's questions have no more of novelty or shrewdness in them than the trite maxims of the painted cloth. That moral sentences were wrought in these painted cloths, is ascertained by the following passage in *A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pitifull*, &c. by Dr. Willyam Bulleyne, 1564, (sign. H 5.) which has been already quoted : " This is a

me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

*ORL.* I will chide no breather in the world<sup>9</sup>, but myself ; against whom I know most faults.

*JAQ.* The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

*ORL.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*JAQ.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

*ORL.* He is drown'd in the brook ; look but in, and you shall see him.

*JAQ.* There shall I see mine own figure.

*ORL.* Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

*JAQ.* I'll tarry no longer with you : farewell, good signior love.

*ORL.* I am glad of your departure ; adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit JAQUES.*—*CELIA* and *ROSALIND* come forward.]

*ROS.* I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester ?

comelie parlour,—and faire *clothes*, with pleasaunte borders aboute the same, with many *wise sayings* painted upon them." The following lines, which are found in a book with this fantastick title,—No Whipping nor Tripping, but a Kind of Friendly Snipping, octavo, 1601, may serve as a specimen of painted cloth language :

“ Read what is written on the *painted cloth* :

“ Do no man wrong ; be good unto the poor ;

“ Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,

“ And ever have an eye unto the door ;

“ Trust not a fool, a villain, nor a whore ;

“ Go neat, not gay, and spend but as you spare ;

“ And turn the colt to pasture with the mare ;” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — NO BREATHER IN THE WORLD,] So, in our author's 81st Sonnet :

“ When all the *breathers of this world* are dead.

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ She shows a body, rather than a life ;

“ A statue, than a *breather.*” MALONE.

ORL. Very well ; What would you ?

ROS. I pray you, what is't a clock ?

ORL. You should ask me, what time o'day ; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in the forest ; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of time ? had not that been as proper ?

ROS. By no means, sir : Time travels in divers paces with divers persons : I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal ?

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage <sup>1</sup>, and the day it is solemnized : if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal ?

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study ; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain : the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning ; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury : These Time ambles withal.

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal ?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows : for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

<sup>1</sup> Marry, he TROTS HARD with a young maid, between the contract, &c.] And yet, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, our author tells us, "*Time goes on crutches, till love hath all his rites.*" In both passages, however, the interim is equally represented as tedious, and unpleasant. MALONE.

ORL. Who stays it still withal ?

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place ?

ROS. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kind'ed.

ORL. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed<sup>2</sup> a dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land man<sup>3</sup>; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women ?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all

<sup>2</sup> — removed —] i. e. remote, sequestered. REED.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, folio, 1623:

“From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — IN-LAND man;] Is used in this play for one *civilised*, in opposition to the *rustick* of the priest. So, Orlando, before:

“Yet am I *inland* bred, and know some nurture.” JOHNSON<sub>2</sub>

See Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

“His presence made the *rudest* peasant melt,

“That in the vast *uplandish* cuntries dwelt.”

Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Poesie*, 4to. 1589, fol. 120:  
“— or finally in any *uplandish* village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rustickall or uncivill people.” MALONE.

Again, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad:

“— but lion-like, *uplandish*, and meere wilde.”

STEEVENS.



like one another, as half-pence are : every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

ROS. No ; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks ; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles ; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind : if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked ; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you : he taught me how to know a man in love ; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks ?

ROS. A lean cheek ; which you have not : a blue eye<sup>4</sup>, and sunken ; which you have not : an unquestionable spirit<sup>5</sup> ; which you have not : a beard

<sup>4</sup> — a BLUE eye,] i. e. a *blueness* about the eyes. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — an UNQUESTIONABLE spirit ;] That is, a spirit not *inquisitive*, a mind indifferent to common objects, and negligent of common occurrences. Here Shakspeare has used a passive for an active mode of speech : so, in a former scene, "The Duke is too *disputable* for me," that is, too *disputatious*. JOHNSON.

May it not mean, *unwilling to be conversed with*? CHAMIER.

Mr. Chamier is right in supposing that it means a spirit averse to conversation.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Demetrius says to Helena—

"I will not stay your *question*."

And, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Antonio says—

"I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew."

In the very next scene, Rosalind says—"I met the Duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." And in the last scene, Jaques de Bois says—"The Duke was converted after some *qucs-*

neglected ; which you have not :—but I pardon you for that ; for, simply, your having<sup>6</sup> in beard is a younger brother's revenue :—Then your hose should be ungarter'd<sup>7</sup>, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man ; you are rather point-device<sup>8</sup> in your accoutrements ; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

*ORL.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*ROS.* Me believe it ? you may as soon make her that you love believe it ; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does : that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you

*tion* with a religious man." In all which places, *question* means *discourse* or *conversation*. M. MASON.

<sup>6</sup> — your HAVING —] *Having* is *possession, estate*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : "The gentleman is of no *having*."

STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth* :

"Of noble *having* and of royal hope." BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> — Then your hose should be UNGARTER'D, &c.] These seem to have been the established and characteristic marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, by Heywood, 1637 : "Shall I, that have jested at love's sighs, now raise whirlwinds ! Shall I, that have flouted *ah me's* once a quarter, now practise *ah me's* every minute ? Shall I defy hat-bands, and tread garters and shoe-strings under my feet ? Shall I fall to falling bands, and be a ruffian no longer ? I must ; I am now liegeman to Cupid, and have read all these informations in the book of his statutes." Again, in *A Pleasant Comedy how to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602 :

" — I was once like thee

" A sigher, melancholy humorist,

" Crosser of arms, a goer *without garters*,

" A *hat-band hater*, and a busk-point wearer." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — point-device —] i. e. exact, drest with finical nicety. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* : "I hate such insociable and *point-device* companions." STEEVENS.

he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired ?

*ORL.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*ROS.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak ?

*ORL.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*ROS.* Love is merely a madness ; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too : Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*ORL.* Did you ever cure any so ?

*ROS.* Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : At which time would I, being but a moonish youth<sup>9</sup>, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles ; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour : would now like him, now loath him ; then entertain him, then forswear him ; now weep for him, then spit at him ; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness<sup>1</sup> ; which was, to forswear the

<sup>9</sup> — a MOONISH youth,] i. e. variable. So, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ O swear not by the *moon*, th’ *inconstant moon*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — to a LIVING humour of madness ;] If this be the true reading, we must by *living* understand *lasting*, or *permanent* ; but I cannot forbear to think that some antithesis was intended which is now lost ; perhaps the passage stood thus—I drove my suitor from a *dying* humour of love to a living humour of madness. Or

full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I-cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart<sup>2</sup>, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORL. I would not be cured, youth.

ROS. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

ORL. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

ROS. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

ORL. With all my heart, good youth.

ROS. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

rather thus—From a mad humour of love to a *loving* humour of madness, that is,—From a *madness* that was *love*, to a *love* that was *madness*. This seems somewhat harsh and strained, but such modes of speech are not unusual in our poet; and this harshness was probably the cause of the corruption. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—to a humour of *loving* madness.

FARMER.

Both the emendations appear to me inconsistent with the tenour of Rosalind's argument. Rosalind by her fantastick tricks did not drive her suitor either into a *loving* humour of madness, or a humour of *loving* madness; (in which he was originally without her aid;) but she drove him *from* love into a sequester'd and melancholy retirement. A *living humour of madness* is, I conceive, in our author's licentious language, a humour of *living madness*, a mad humour that operates on *the mode of living*; or, in other words, and more accurately, a *mad humour of life*; “—to forswear the world, and to *live* in a nook merely monastick.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — as clean as a sound sheep's heart,] This is no very delicate comparison, though produced by Rosalind in her assumed character of a shepherd. A *sheep's heart*, before it is drest, is always split and washed, that the blood within it may be dislodged.

STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY<sup>3</sup>; JACQUES at a distance, observing them.*

*Torch.* Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you<sup>4</sup>?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as

<sup>3</sup> — *Audrey*;] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Doth my simple FEATURE content you?] Says the Clown to Audrey. "Your *features*! (replies the wench,) Lord warrant us! what *features*?" I doubt not, this should be—your *feature*! Lord warrant us! *what's feature*? FARMER.

*Feat* and *feature*, perhaps, had anciently the same meaning. The Clown asks, if the *features* of his face content her, she takes the word in another sense, i. e. *feats, deeds*, and in her reply seems to mean, what *feats*, i. e. what have we done yet? The courtship of Audrey and her gallant had not proceeded further, as Sir Wilful Witwood says, than a little mouth-glue; but she supposes him to be talking of something which as yet he had not performed. Or the jest may turn only on the Clown's pronunciation. In some parts, *features* might be pronounced, *fai-tors*, which signify *rascals, low wretches*. Pistol uses the word in The Second Part of King Henry IV. and Spenser very frequently.

STEEVENS.

In Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594, is the following couplet:

"I see then, *artless feature can content*,

"And that true beauty needs no ornament."

Again, in The Spanish Tragedy:

"It is my fault, not she, that merits blame;

"My *feature* is not to *content* her sight;

"My words are rude, and work her no delight."

*Feature* appears to have formerly signified the whole countenance.

So, in King Henry VI. P. I.:

"Her peerless *feature*, joined with her birth,

"Approves her fit for none but for a king." MALONE.

the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths<sup>5</sup>.

JAQ. O knowledge ill-inhabited<sup>6</sup>! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! [Aside.

TOUCH. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room<sup>7</sup>:— Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

<sup>5</sup> — as the most CAPRICIOUS poet, honest Ovid, was among the GOTHs.] *Capricious* is not here *humoursome*, *fantastical*, &c. but *lascivious*. Hor. Epod. 10. Libidinosus immolabitur caper. The *Goths* are the *Getæ*. Ovid. Trist. v. 7. The *thatch'd house* is that of Baucis and Philemon. Ovid. Met. viii. 630. *Stipulis et canna tecta palustri*. UPTON.

Mr. Upton is, perhaps, too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — ill-inhabited!] i. e. *ill-lodged*. An unusual sense of the word.

A similar phrase occurs in Reynolds's *God's Revenge* against Murder, book v. hist. 21: "Pieria's heart is not so *ill-lodged*, nor her extraction and quality so contemptible, but that she is very sensible of her disgrace." Again, in *The Golden Legend*, Wynkyn de Worde's edit. fol. 196: "I am ryghtwysnes that am *enhabited* here, and this hous is myne, and thou art not ryghtwyse." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — it strikes a man more dead than a great RECKONING in a little room:] Nothing was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. "A great *reckoning*, in a little room," implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alluded to the French proverbial phrase of "the quarter of an hour of Rabelais:" who said, "there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it." Yet the delicacy of our Oxford editor would correct this into, "It strikes a man more dead than a great *reeking* in a little room." This is amending with a vengeance. When men are joking together in a merry humour, all are disposed to laugh. One of the company says a good thing: the jest is not taken; all are silent; and he who said it, quite confounded. This is compared to a tavern jollity interrupted by the

*AUD.* I do not know what poetical is : Is it honest in deed, and word ? Is it a true thing ?

*TOUCH.* No, truly ; for the truest poetry is the most feigning ; and lovers are given to poetry ; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign <sup>8</sup>.

*AUD.* Do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical ?

*TOUCH.* I do, truly : for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest ; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*AUD.* Would you not have me honest ?

*TOUCH.* No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd : for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*JAQ.* A material fool <sup>9</sup> ! [*Aside.*

*AUD.* Well, I am not fair ; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest !

*TOUCH.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*AUD.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul <sup>1</sup>.

coming in of a *great reckoning*. Had not Shakspeare reason now in this case to apply his simile to his own case, against his critical editor ? Who, it is plain, taking the phrase to *strike dead*, in a literal sense, concluded, from his knowledge in philosophy, that it could not be so effectually done by a *reckoning* as by a *recking*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>8</sup> — and what they swear in poetry, &c.] This sentence seems perplexed and inconsequent : perhaps it were better read thus—  
What they swear as lovers, they may be said to feign as poets.

JOHNSON.

I would read—*It* may be said, as lovers they do feign.

M. MASON.

<sup>9</sup> A MATERIAL fool !] A fool with *matter* in him ; a fool stocked with notions. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's version of the 24th Iliad :

“ — his speech even charm'd his eares,

“ So order'd, so *materiall*.—” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — I am FOUL.] By *foul* is meant *coy* or *frowning*. HANMER.

*TOUCH.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*JAC.* I would fain see this meeting. [*Aside.*]

*AUD.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*TOUCH.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though<sup>2</sup>? Courage! As

I rather believe *foul* to be put for the rustick pronunciation of *full*. Audrey, supposing the Clown to have spoken of her as a *foul slut*, says, naturally enough, "I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am *foul*, i. e. *full*." She was more likely to thank the gods for a *belly-full*, than for her being *coy* or *frowning*. TYRWHITT.

Audrey says, she is not *fair*, i. e. *handsome*, and therefore prays the gods to make her *honest*. The Clown tells her that to cast *honesty* away upon a *foul slut*, (i. e. an *ill-favoured dirty creature*,) is to put meat in an unclean dish. She replies, she is no *slut*, (no *dirty drab*,) though, in her great simplicity, she thanks the gods for her *foulness*, (homeliness,) i. e. for being as she is. "Well, (adds he,) praised be the gods for thy *foulness*, sluttishness may come hereafter." RITSON.

I think that, by *foul*, Audrey means, *not fair*, or what we call *homely*. Audrey is neither *coy* or *ill-humoured*; but she thanks God for her homeliness, as it rendered her less exposed to temptation. So, in the next scene but one, Rosalind says to Phebe—

"*Foul* is most *foul*, being *foul*, to be a scoffer." M. MASON.

I believe Mr. Mason's interpretation to be the true one.

So, in Abraham's Sacrifice, 1577:

"The fayre, the *fowle*, the crooked, and the right."

So, also in Gaiscoigne's Steele Glasse:

"——— Those that love to see themselves

"How *fowle* or fayre soever that they be." MALONE.

That *foul* retained the meaning in which it is used here, as low down as Pope, we find by the following lines in *The Wife of Bath*:

"If fair, though chaste, she cannot long abide,

"By pressing youth-attack'd on every side;

"If *foul*, her wealth the lusty lover lures." TALBOT.

<sup>2</sup> — what though?] What then? JOHNSON.



horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,— Many a man knows no end of his goods: right: many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:— Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal<sup>3</sup>. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence<sup>4</sup> is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

*Enter Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT.*

Here comes sir Oliver<sup>5</sup>:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you

<sup>3</sup> — the rascal.] Lean, poor deer, are called rascal deer.

HARRIS.

<sup>4</sup> — defence —] *Defence*, as here opposed to “no skill,” signifies the *art of fencing*. Thus, in Hamlet: “—and gave you such a masterly report, for arts and exercise in your *defence*.”

<sup>5</sup> — sir Oliver:] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. This was not always a word of contempt; the graduates assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himself *Syr* John de Trevisa. JOHNSON.

We find the same title bestowed on many divines in our old comedies. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:

“—Sir John cannot tend to it at evening prayer; for there comes a company of players to town on Sunday in the afternoon, and Sir John is so good a fellow, that I know he'll scarce leave their company, to say evening prayer.”

Again: “We'll all go to church together, and so save Sir John a labour.” See notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of Sir John, Sir William, &c. Hence the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is

are well met : Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel ?

*SIR OLI.* Is there none here to give the woman ?

*TOUCH.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*SIR OLI.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*JAQ.* [*Discovering himself.*] Proceed, proceed ; I'll give her.

*TOUCH.* Good even, good master *What ye call't* : How do you, sir ? You are very well met : God'ild you <sup>5</sup> for your last company : I am very glad to see you :—Even a toy in hand here, sir :—Nay ; pray, be cover'd.

*JAQ.* Will you be married, motley ?

*TOUCH.* As the ox hath his bow<sup>6</sup>, sir, the horse his curb, and the faulcon her bells, so man hath his desires ; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*JAQ.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar ? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is : this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot ; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the universities. See Barrington's *Hystory of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

<sup>5</sup> — God'ild you —] i. e. God *yield* you, God reward you.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ And the *gods yield* you for't ! ”

See notes on Macbeth, Act I. Sc. VI. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — his BOW,] i. e. his *yoke*. The ancient *yoke* in form resembled a *bow*. See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Sc. V. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens refers the reader to a note of Mr. Mason's on the line :

“ See you these husband ? do not these fair yokes —.”

BOSWELL.

*TOUCH.* I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter, to leave my wife. [*Aside.*]

*JAQ.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*TOUCH.* Come, sweet Audrey:  
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry,  
Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,  
O brave Oliver<sup>7</sup>,  
Leave me not behind thee:  
But—Wind away,  
Begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt JACQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and AUDREY.*]

<sup>7</sup> Not—O sweet Oliver,  
O brave, &c.] Some words of an old ballad.

WARBURTON.

Of this speech as it now appears, I can make nothing, and think nothing can be made. In the same breath he calls his mistress to be married, and sends away the man that should marry them. Dr. Warburton has very happily observed, that *O sweet Oliver* is a quotation from an old song; I believe there are two quotations put in opposition to each other. For *wind* I read *wend*, the old word for *go*. Perhaps the whole passage may be regulated thus:

*Clo.* I am not in the mind, but it were better for me to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.—Come, sweet Audrey; we must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

[*They whisper.*]

*Clo.* Farewell, good sir Oliver, not *O sweet Oliver*, *O brave Oliver*, *leave me not behind thee*,——but

*Wend* away,  
Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee to-day.

Of this conjecture the reader may take as much as shall appear necessary to the sense, or conducive to the humour. I have

*SIR OLI.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.  
[*Exit.*]

received all but the additional words. The song seems to be complete without them. JOHNSON.

The Clown dismisses Sir Oliver only because Jaques had alarmed his pride, and raised his doubts, concerning the validity of a marriage solemnized by one who appears only in the character of an itinerant preacher. He intends afterwards to have recourse to some other of more dignity in the same profession. Dr. Johnson's opinion, that the latter part of the Clown's speech is only a repetition from some other ballad, or perhaps a different part of the same, is, I believe, just.

*O brave Oliver, leave me not behind you,* is a quotation at the beginning of one of N. Breton's Letters, in his Packet, &c. 1600.

STEEVENS.

That Touchstone is influenced by the counsel of Jaques, may be inferred from the subsequent dialogue between the former and Audrey, Act V. Sc. I.:

"*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

"*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying." MALONE.

"O sweet Oliver." The epithet of *sweet* seems to have been peculiarly appropriated to *Oliver*, for which, perhaps, he was originally obliged to the old song before us. No more of it, however, than these two lines has as yet been produced. See Ben Jonson's Underwood:

"All the *mad* Rolands and *sweet* Olivers."

And, in *Every Man in His Humour*, p. 88, is the same allusion:

"Do not stink, *sweet* Oliver." TYRWHITT.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of,

"*O sweete Olyver*

"Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The answer of *O Sweete Olyver.*"

Again, in 1586: "*O Sweete Olyver* altered to the Scriptures."

STEEVENS.

I often find a part of this song applied to Cromwell. In a paper called, *A Man in the Moon, Discovering a World of Knavery under the Sun*, "the *juncto* will go near to give us the *baggage*, if *O brave Oliver* come not suddenly to relieve them." The same allusion is met with in Cleveland. *Wind away* and *wind off* are still used *provincially*: and, I believe, nothing but the *provincial* pronunciation is wanting to join the parts together. I read:

## SCENE IV.

The same. Before a Cottage.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* Never talk to me, I will weep.

*CEL.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*CEL.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*CEL.* Something browner than Judas's<sup>b</sup>: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Not—O sweet Oliver!

O brave Oliver!

Leave me not *behind thee*—

But—wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding *with thee*. FARMER.

To produce the necessary rhyme, and conform to the pronunciation of Shakspeare's native county, I have followed Dr. Farmer's direction.

*Wind* is used for *wend* in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“*Winde* we then, Antony, with this royal queen.”

Again, in the MS. romance of the Sowdon of Babyloyne, p. 63:

“And we shalle to-morrowe as stil as stoon,

“The Saresyns awake e'r ye *wynde*.” STEEVENS.

If, according to Dr. Johnson's notion, we consider these lines as separate quotations, there can be no reason why they should rhyme together. Touchstone says in the first place, ‘I will not quote that part of the ballad which says, O sweet Oliver! leave me not behind thee;’ but adds, in the second place, ‘I will rather take that verse which suits my present purposes,’ which was probably the man's answer. ‘Wind away,’ &c. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> Something browner than JUDAS'S:] See Mr. Tollet's note and mine, on a passage in the fourth scene of the first Act of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, from both of which it appears that *Judas* was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with *red hair* and *beard*.

So, in *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613: “I ever thought by his *red beard* he would prove a *Judas*.” STEEVENS.

*ROS.* I'faith, his hair is of a good colour<sup>9</sup>.

*CEL.* An excellent colour: your chesnut was ever the only colour.

*ROS.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread<sup>1</sup>.

*CEL.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana<sup>2</sup>: a nun of winter's sisterhood<sup>3</sup> kisses not

<sup>9</sup> I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of Rosalind: she finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted; and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself, rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — as the touch of holy BREAD.] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON.

<sup>2</sup> — a pair of CAST lips of Diana:] i. e. a pair *left off* by Diana. THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> — a nun of WINTER'S SISTERHOOD—] This is finely expressed. But Mr. Theobald says, *the words give him no ideas*. And it is certain, that words will never give men what nature has denied them. However, to mend the matter, he substitutes *Winifred's sisterhood*. And after so happy a thought, it was to no purpose to tell him there was no religious order of that denomination. The plain truth is, Shakspeare meant an *unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona: so these of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, *of winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. On this account it is, that when the poet speaks of what is most *poor*, he instances it in *winter*, in these fine lines of Othello:

“But riches fineless is as *poor as winter*

“To him that ever fears he shall be *poor*.”

The other property of winter, that made him term them of its sisterhood, is its coldness. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“To be a *barren sister* all your life,

“Chanting faint hymns to the *cold fruitless moon*.”

WARBURTON.

There is certainly no need of Theobald's conjecture, as Dr. Warburton has most effectually supported the old reading. In one circumstance, however, he is mistaken. The *Golden Le-*

more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*CEL.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*CEL.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet<sup>4</sup>, or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*CEL.* Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright, he was.

*CEL.* *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday, and had much question<sup>5</sup> with him: He ask'd me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*CEL.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave

gend, p. ccci, &c. gives a full account of St. Winifred and her sisterhood. Edit. by Wynkyn de Worde, 1527. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — as concave as a COVER'D goblet,] Why a *cover'd*? Because a goblet is never kept *cover'd* but when *empty*. Shakspeare never throws out his expressions at random. WARBURTON.

Warburton asks, "Why a covered goblet?"—and answers, "Because a goblet is never covered but when empty." If that be the case, the cover is of little use; for when empty, it may as well be uncovered. But it is the idea of hollowness, not that of emptiness, that Shakspeare wishes to convey; and a goblet is more completely hollow when covered, than when it is not.

M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — much QUESTION —] i. e. conversation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"You may as well use *question* with the wolf."

STEEVENS.

verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart<sup>6</sup> the

<sup>6</sup> — quite traverse, athwart, &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast was, for the reason above, dishonourable: hence it is, that Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, speaking of the mock-combat of Clinias and Dametas, says: "The wind took such hold of his staff that it *crost quite over his breast*," &c.—And to *break across* was the usual phrase, as appears from some wretched verses of the same author, speaking of an unskilful tilter:

"Methought some staves he mist: if so, not much amiss:

"For when he most did hit, he ever yet did miss.

"One said he *brake across*, full well it so might be," &c.

This is the allusion. So that Orlando, a young gallant, affecting the fashion, (for *brave* is here used, as in other places, for fashionable,) is represented either *unskilful* in courtship, or *timorous*. The lover's meeting or appointment corresponds to the tilter's career; and as the one breaks staves, the other breaks oaths. The business is only meeting fairly, and doing both with address: and 'tis for the want of this, that Orlando is blamed.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "—melancholick like a *tilter*, that had *broke his staves foul* before his mistress." STEEVENS.

"A puny tilter, that—breaks his staff like a *noble goose*:" Sir Thomas Hanmer altered this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one seems to have regarded the alteration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted: it gives the image wanted, and may in a great measure be supported by a quotation from Turberville's *Falconrie*: "Take with you a *ducke*, and slip one of her *wing feathers*, and having thrust it through her *nares*, throw her out unto your hawke." FARMER.

Again, in *Philaster*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"He shall for this time only be seel'd up

"With a *feather through his nose*, that he may only

"See heaven," &c.

Again, in the *Booke of Hawkyng, Huntyng, and Fishing*, &c. bl. 1. no date: "—and with a pen put it in the hawkes *nares* once or twice," &c. Again, in Philemon Holland's translation of the tenth Book of Pliny's *Natural History*, 1601, p. 300: "It is good moreover to draw a little *quill* or feather *through their nostrills across*," &c. STEEVENS.



heart of his lover<sup>7</sup>; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*COR.* Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love;  
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,  
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*CEL.* Well, and what of him?

*COR.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*ROS.* O, come, let us remove;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—  
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*SIL.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,  
Phebe:  
Say, that you love me not; but say not so

<sup>7</sup> — of his LOVER;] i. e. of his mistress. *Lover*, in our author's time, being applied to the female as well as the male sex. Thus one of his poems containing the lamentation of a despairing maiden is entitled *A Lover's Complaint*. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. Sc. V.:

“Your brother and his *lover* have embraced.” MALONE.

In bitterness : The common executioner,  
 Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes  
   hard,  
 Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
 But first begs pardon ; Will you sterner be  
 Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops <sup>8</sup> ?

<sup>8</sup> ————— Will you sterner be

Than he that *DIES* and *LIVES* by bloody drops ?] This is spoken of the executioner. He *lives*, indeed, by bloody drops, if you will : but how does he *die* by bloody drops ? The poet must certainly have wrote :

————— that *deals* and *lives*, &c.

i. e. that gets his bread by, and makes a trade of cutting off heads ; but the Oxford editor makes it plainer. He reads :

“ Than he that *lives* and *thrives* by bloody drops.”

WARBURTON.

Either Dr. Warburton's emendation, except that the word *deals*, wants its proper construction, or that of Sir Tho. Hanmer, may serve the purpose ; but I believe they have fixed corruption upon the wrong word, and should rather read :

Than he that dies *his lips* by bloody drops ?

Will you speak with more sternness than the executioner, whose *lips* are used to be *sprinkled* with blood ? The mention of *drops* implies some part that must be sprinkled rather than dipped.

JOHNSON.

I am afraid our bard is at his quibbles again. To *die*, means as well to *dip a thing in a colour foreign to its own*, as to *expire*. In this sense, contemptible as it is, the executioner may be said to *die* as well as *live by bloody drops*. Shakspeare is fond of opposing these terms to each other.

In King John is a play on words, not unlike this :

“ ————— all with purple hands

“ *Dy'd* in the *dying* slaughter of their foes.”

Camden has preserved an epitaph on a dyer, which has the same turn :

“ He that *dyed* so oft in sport,

“ *Dyed* at last, no colour for't.”

So, Heywood, in his Epigrams, 1562 :

“ Is thy husband a *dyer*, woman ? alack,

“ Had he no colour to *die* thee on but black ?

“ *Dieth* he oft ? yea too oft when customers call ;

“ But I would have him one day *die* once for all.

“ Were he gone, *dyer* never more would I wed,

“ *Dyers* be ever *dying*, but never dead.”



Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not :  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
Than can do hurt.

*SIL.* O dear Phebe,  
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy<sup>3</sup>,  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*PHE.* But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me : and, when that time comes,  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;  
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

*ROS.* And why, I pray you ? [*Advancing.*] Who  
might be your mother<sup>4</sup>,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once<sup>5</sup>,

not very properly used ; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable im-*  
*pressure, hollow mark.* JOHNSON.

*Capable*, I believe, means here—*perceptible*. Our author often  
uses the word for *intelligent* ; (see a note on Hamlet,—

“ His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
“ Would make them *capable*.”)

Hence, with his usual licence, for *intelligible*, and then for *per-*  
*ceptible*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — power of FANCY,] *Fancy* is here used for *love*, as before,  
in A Midsummer-Night's Dream. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — Who might be your mother,] It is common for the poets  
to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they  
were born of rocks, or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> That you insult, exult, and ALL at once,] If the speaker in-  
tended to accuse the person spoken to only for *insulting* and  
exulting ; then, instead of—*all* at once, it ought to have been,  
*both* at once. But, by examining the crime of the person ac-  
cused, we shall discover that the line is to be read thus :

That you insult, exult, and *rail* at once.

For these three things Phebe was guilty of. But the Oxford  
editor improves it, and, for *rail at once*, reads *domineer*.

WARBURTON.

I see no need of emendation. The speaker may mean thus :  
Who might be your mother, that you insult, exult, and that too  
*all in a breath*? Such is, perhaps, the meaning of *all at once*.

STEEVENS.

Over the wretched? What though you have *no* beauty<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> — What though you have MORE beauty,] The old copy reads:  
“ ——— What though you have *no* beauty.” STEEVENS.

Though all the printed copies agree in this reading, it is very accurately observed to me, by an ingenious unknown correspondent, who signs himself L. H. (and to whom I can only here make my acknowledgement) that the *negative* ought to be left out.

THEOBALD.

That *no* is a misprint, appears clearly from the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, which Shakspeare has here imitated: “Sometimes have I seen high disdain turned to hot desires.—Because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy; as there is nothing more faire, so there is nothing more fading.”—Mr. Theobald corrected the error, by expunging the word *no*; in which he was copied by the subsequent editors; but omission, (as I have often observed,) is, of all the modes of emendation, the most exceptionable. *No* was, I believe, a misprint for *mo*, a word often used by our author and his contemporaries for *more*. So, in a former scene of this play: “I pray you, mar no *mo* of my verses with reading them ill-favour'dly.” Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: “Sing no more ditties, sing no *mo*.” Again, in *The Tempest*: “*Mo* widows of this business making —.” Many other instances might be added. The word is found in almost every book of that age. As *no* is here printed instead of *mo*, so in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. we find in the folio, 1623, *Mo* matter for *No* matter. This correction being less violent than Mr. Theobald's, I have inserted it in the text. “What though I should allow you had *more* beauty than he, (says Rosalind,) *though* by my faith,” &c. (for such is the force of *As* in the next line) “must you therefore treat him with disdain?” In *Antony and Cleopatra* we meet with a passage constructed nearly in the same manner:

“ ——— Say, this becomes him,

“ (*As* his composure must be rare indeed

“ Whom these things *cannot* blemish,) yet,” &c.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ But say that he or we, (*as neither have*),

“ Receiv'd that sum,” &c.

Again, more appositely, in *Camden's Remaines*, p. 190, edit. 1605: “I force not of such fooleries; but if *I have any* skill in sooth-saying, (*as* in sooth I have *none*,) it doth prognosticate that I shall change copie from a duke to a king,” MALONE.

As *mo*, (unless rhyme demands it,) is but an indolent abbreviation of *more*, I have adopted Mr. Malone's conjecture, without his manner of spelling the word in question. If *mo* were right,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
 Than without candle may go dark to bed,)  
 Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?  
 Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?  
 I see no more in you, than in the ordinary  
 Of nature's sale-work<sup>7</sup>:—Od's my little life!  
 I think, she means to tangle my eyes too!  
 No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:  
 'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,  
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
 That can entame my spirits to your worship<sup>8</sup>.—  
 You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
 Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?  
 You are a thousand times a properer man,  
 Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,  
 That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:  
 'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;  
 And out of you she sees herself more proper,  
 Than any of her lineaments can show her.—  
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
 And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

how happens it that *more* should occur twice afterwards in the same speech? STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the original reading, [*no beauty*,] is right. It is conformable to the whole tenor of Rosalind's speech, particularly to the line:

“Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.”

That *mo*, (or *more*) was not the word used, is proved by the passage:

“You are a thousand times a *properer man*,

“Than *she a woman*.” TALBOT.

7 Of nature's SALE-WORK:] Those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness. The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose *work* bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. WARBURTON.

8 That can ENTAME my spirits to your worship.] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“*Taming* my wild heart to thy loving hand.” STEEVENS.

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
 Sell when you can : you are not for all markets :  
 Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer ;  
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer<sup>9</sup>.  
 So, take her to thee, shepherd ;—fare you well.

*PHE.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together ;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

*ROS.* He's fallen in love with her foulness<sup>1</sup>, and she'll fall in love with my anger : If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me ?

*PHE.* For no ill will I bear you.

*ROS.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me, For I am falser than vows made in wine : Besides, I like you not : If you will know my house, 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by :— Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :— Come, sister :—Shepherdess, look on him better, And be not proud : though all the world could see, None could be so abus'd in sight as he<sup>2</sup>.  
 Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

*PHE.* Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might ;

*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight*<sup>3</sup> ?

<sup>9</sup> Foul is most foul, being FOUL to be a scoffer.] The sense is, The ugly seem most ugly, when, *though* ugly, they are scoffers.

JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — with HER foulness,] So, Sir Tho. Hanmer ; the other editions—*your* foulness. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of might ;

[*WHO EVER LOV'D, THAT LOV'D NOT AT FIRST SIGHT?*] The second of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, sign. B b. where it stands thus :

“ Where both deliberate, the love is slight :

“ *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?* ”

*SIL.* Sweet Phebe,—

*PHE.* Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

*SIL.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*PHE.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*SIL.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief,  
Were both extermin'd.

*PHE.* Thou hast my love; Is not that neighbourly?

*SIL.* I would have you.

*PHE.* Why, that were covetousness.  
Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;  
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:  
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,  
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:  
But do not look for further recompence,  
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*SIL.* So holy, and so perfect is my love,  
And I in such a poverty of grace,  
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
To glean the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then  
A scatter'd smile<sup>4</sup>, and that I'll live upon.

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1610, p. 29, and in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

This poem of Marlowe's was so popular, (as appears from many of the contemporary writers,) that a quotation from it must have been known at once, at least by the more enlightened part of the audience. Our author has again alluded to it in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.—The "dead shepherd," Marlowe, died in 1592. The first two sestiads of *Hero and Leander*, being the whole that Marlowe had finished, were published in 1598. The work was completed by Chapman, and printed in 1600.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> TO GLEAN the broken ears after the man  
That the main harvest reaps: LOOSE now and then  
A scatter'd smile,] Perhaps Shakspeare owed this image to



*PHE.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while ?

*SIL.* Not very well, but I have met him oft ;  
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,  
That the old carlot once was master of <sup>5</sup>.

*PHE.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him ;  
'Tis but a peevish boy <sup>6</sup> :—yet he talks well ;—  
But what care I for words ? yet words do well,  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth :—not very pretty :—  
But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes  
him :

He'll make a proper man : The best thing in him  
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall <sup>7</sup> :  
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :  
There was a pretty redness in his lip ;  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the differ-  
ence  
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask <sup>8</sup>.

the second chapter of the book of Ruth :—“ *Let fall some handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them that she may glean them.*”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> That the old CARLOT once was master of.] i. e. *peasant*, from *carl* or *churl* ; probably a word of Shakspeare's coinage. DOUCE.

<sup>6</sup> — a PEEVISH boy:] *Peevish*, in ancient language, signifies *weak, silly*. So, in King Richard III. :

“ When Richmond was a little *peevish* boy.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :] The old copy reads :

“ He is not *very* tall,” &c.

For the sake of metre, I have omitted the useless adverb—*very*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — the CONSTANT red, and MINGLED damask.] “ *Constant red*” is *uniform red*. “ *Mingled damask*” is the silk of that name, in which, by a various direction of the threads, many lighter shades of the same colour are exhibited. STEEVENS.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd  
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him : but, for my part,  
I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet  
I have more cause<sup>9</sup> to hate him than to love him :  
For what had he to do to chide at me ?  
He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;  
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :  
I marvel, why I answer'd not again :  
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

*SIL.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*PHE.* I'll write it straight ;  
The matter's in my head, and in my heart :  
I will be bitter with him, and passing short :  
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Same.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

*JAQ.* I prythee, pretty youth, let me be better<sup>1</sup>  
acquainted with thee.

*ROS.* They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

*JAQ.* I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

*ROS.* Those, that are in extremity of either, are

<sup>9</sup> *I* have more cause —] *I*, which seems to have been inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — let me BE better —] *Be*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

*JAC.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*ROS.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*JAC.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious : nor the lawyer's, which is politick ; nor the lady's, which is nice<sup>2</sup> ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects ; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels ; which by often rumination wraps me, in a most humorous sadness<sup>3</sup>.

*ROS.* A traveller ! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad : I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's ; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*JAC.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

<sup>2</sup> — which is NICE ;] i. e. silly, trifling. So, in King Richard III. :

“ But the respects thereof are *nice* and trivial.”

See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. Sc. II. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — MY often rumination wraps me, IN a most humorous sadness.] The old copy reads and points thus : “ — and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, *in* which *by* often rumination, wraps me *in* a most humorous sadness.” I have omitted the word *in* where it first occurs, and have connected the beginning of this passage with what went before, which, I think, makes the meaning clear. MALONE.

As this speech concludes with a sentence at once ungrammatical and obscure, I have changed a single letter in it ; and instead of “ *in* a most humorous sadness,” have ventured to read, “ *is* a most humorous sadness.” Jaques first informs Rosalind what his melancholy was *not* ; and naturally concludes by telling her what the quality of it *is*. To obtain a clear meaning, a less degree of violence cannot be employed. STEEVENS.

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

*ORL.* Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*JACQ.* Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable<sup>4</sup> all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola<sup>5</sup>.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*ORL.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap'd him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*ORL.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

<sup>4</sup> — disable —] i. e. undervalue. So afterwards: "he *disabled* my judgment." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — swam in a gondola.] That is, *been at* Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion.

The fashion of travelling, which prevailed very much in our author's time, was considered by the wiser men as one of the principal causes of corrupt manners. It was, therefore, gravely censured by Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster*, and by Bishop Hall, in his *Quo Vadis*; and is here, and in other passages, ridiculed by Shakspere. JOHNSON.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*ORL.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman<sup>6</sup>: Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

*ORL.* What's that?

*Ros.* Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

*ORL.* Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

*Ros.* And I am your Rosalind.

*CEL.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you<sup>7</sup>.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*ORL.* I would kiss, before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might

<sup>6</sup> — than you CAN make a woman.] Old copy—"you make a woman." Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — a Rosalind of a better LEER than you.] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. So, in P. Holland's Pliny, b. xxxi. c. ii. p. 403: "In some places there is no other thing bred or growing, but brown and duskish, insomuch as not only the cattel is all of that *lere*, but also the corn on the ground," &c. The word seems to be derived from the Saxon *Hleare*, facies, frons, vultus. So it is used in Titus Andronicus, Act IV. Sc. II.:

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

In the notes on the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, vol. iv. p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean *skin*. So, in Isumbras MSS. Cott. cal. ii. fol. 129:

"His lady is white as whales bone,

"Here *lere* bryghte to se upon,

"So fair as blosme on tre." STEEVENS.

take occasion to kiss<sup>8</sup>. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us<sup>9</sup>!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*ORL.* How if the kiss be denied?

*ROS.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*ORL.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*ROS.* Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

*ORL.* What, of my suit?

*ROS.* Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

*ORL.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*ROS.* Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

*ORL.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*ROS.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for

<sup>8</sup> — and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss.] Thus also in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 511: "—and when he hath pumped his wittes dry, and can say no more, kissing and colling are never out of season." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — (God WARN us!)] If this exclamation (which occurs again in the quarto copies of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*) is not a corruption of—"God *ward* us," i. e. *defend* us, it must mean, "summon us to himself." So, in *King Richard III.*;

"And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence." STEEVENS.

a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age<sup>1</sup> found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORL. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROS. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORL. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROS. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

ORL. And wilt thou have me?

ROS. Ay, and twenty such.

ORL. What say'st thou?

ROS. Are you not good?

ORL. I hope so.

ROS. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest,

<sup>1</sup> —CHRONICLERS of that age—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*coroners*, by the advice, as Dr. Warburton hints, of some anonymous critick. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in Hamlet: “The *coroner* hath sat on her, and *finds it*—*Christian burial*.” I believe, however, the old copy is right; though *found* is undoubtedly used in its forensic sense.

MALONE.

I am surprised that Sir Thomas Hanmer's just and ingenious amendment should not be adopted as soon as suggested. The allusion is evidently to a coroner's inquest, which Rosalind supposes to have sat upon the body of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the Hellespont, and that their verdict was, that Hero of Sestos was the cause of his death. The word *found* is the legal term on such occasions. We say, that a jury *found* it lunacy, or *found* it manslaughter; and the verdict is called the *finding* of the jury. M. MASON.

and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando :—  
What do you say, sister ?

*ORL.* Pray thee, marry us.

*CEL.* I cannot say the words.

*ROS.* You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,—*

*CEL.* Go to :—*Will you, Orlando, have to  
wife this Rosalind ?*

*ORL.* I will.

*ROS.* Ay, but when ?

*ORL.* Why now ; as fast as she can marry us.

*ROS.* Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind,  
for wife.*

*ORL.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*ROS.* I might ask you for your commission ; but,  
—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband : There  
a girl goes before the priest<sup>2</sup> ; and, certainly, a  
woman's thought runs before her actions.

*ORL.* So do all thoughts ; they are winged.

*ROS.* Now tell me, how long you would have  
her, after you have possessed her.

*ORL.* For ever, and a day.

*ROS.* Say a day, without the ever : No, no, Or-  
lando ; men are April when they woo, December  
when they wed : maids are May when they are  
maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I  
will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-  
pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot  
against rain ; more new-fangled than an ape ; more  
giddy in my desires than a monkey : I will weep for  
nothing, like Diana in the fountain<sup>3</sup>, and I will do

<sup>2</sup> — THERE a girl goes before the priest ;] The old copy reads  
—“ *There's* a girl,” &c. The emendation in the text was pro-  
posed to me long ago by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — I will weep for nothing, like DIANA in the fountain,] The  
allusion is to the cross in Cheapside ; the religious images, with  
which it was ornamented, being defaced, (as we learn from Stowe,)  
in 1596 : “ There was then set up, a curious wrought tabernacle  
of gray marble, and in the same an alabaster image of *Diana*,



that when you are disposed to be merry ; I will laugh like a hyen<sup>4</sup>, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so ?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O, but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the wit to do this : the wiser, the waywarder : Make the doors<sup>5</sup> upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt*<sup>6</sup> ?

and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her naked breast." *Stowe, in Cheap Ward.*

Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give them the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*, Act III. Sc. III. :

" — Now could I cry

" Like any image in a fountain, which

" Runs lamentations."

And again, in *Rosamond's Epistle to Henry II.* by *Drayton* :

" Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,

" Naked *Diana* in the fountain stands." *WHALLEY.*

4 — I will laugh like a HYEN,] The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh.

So, in *Webster's Duchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

" — Methinks I see her laughing,

" Excellent *Hyena* !"

Again, in *The Cobbler's Prophecy*, 1594 :

" You laugh *hyena*-like, weep like a crocodile."

STEEVENS.

5 — MAKE the doors —] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the doors*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

" The doors are made against you." STEEVENS.

6 — *Wit, whither wilt* ?] This must be some allusion to a story well known at that time, though now perhaps irretrievable.

JOHNSON.

This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was

*Ros.* Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

*ORL.* And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

*Ros.* Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer<sup>7</sup>, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion<sup>8</sup>, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "My sweet, *Wit whither wilt thou*, my delicate poetical fury," &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637:

"Wit:—is the word strange to you? *Wit?*—

"*Whither wilt thou?*"

Again, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1621:

"*Wit whither wilt thou?* woe is me,

"Thou hast brought me to this miserie."

The same expression occurs more than once in Taylor the water-poet, and seems to have been the title of some ludicrous performance. STEEVENS.

If I remember right, these are the first words of an old madrigal. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> You shall never take her without her answer,] See Chaucer's *Marchantes Tale*, ver. 10,138—10,149:

"Ye, sire, quod Proserpine, and wol ye so?

"Now by my modre Ceres soule I swere,

"That I shall yeve hire suffisant answer,

"And alle women after for hire sake;

"That though they ben in any gilt ytake,

"With face bold they shul hemselve excuse,

"And bere hem doun that wolden hem accuse.

"For lack of answer, non of us shall dien.

"Al had ye seen a thing with bothe youre eyen,

"Yet shul we so visage it hardely,

"And wepe and swere and chiden subtilly,

"That ye shul ben as lewed as ben gees." TYRWHITT.

<sup>8</sup> — make her fault her husband's occasion,] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *her husband's accusation*. JOHNSON.

ORL. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORL. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise<sup>9</sup>, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

ROS. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try<sup>1</sup>: Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.]

<sup>9</sup> — I will think you the most PATHETICAL break-promise.] The same epithet occurs again in Love's Labour's Lost, and with as little apparent meaning:

“ ——— most *pathetical* nit.”

Again, in Greene's Never Too Late, 1590: “ — having no *pathetical* impression in my head, I had flat fallen into a slumber.”

STEEVENS.

I believe, by “*pathetical* break-promise,” Rosalind means a lover whose falsehood would most *deeply affect* his mistress.

MALONE.

May not *pathetical* have meant *contemptible*. We now use *pitiful* in a like sense. TALBOT.

<sup>1</sup> — TIME is the OLD JUSTICE that examines all such offenders, and let TIME try:] So, in Troilus and Cressida:

*CEL.* You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest<sup>2</sup>.

*ROS.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*CEL.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*ROS.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought<sup>3</sup>, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come<sup>4</sup>.

*CEL.* And I'll sleep. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

### Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.*

*JAQ.* Which is he that killed the deer?

“And that *old common arbitrator, Time,*

“Will one day end it.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — to her own nest.] So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*: And “I pray you (quoth *Aliena*) if your own robes were off, what mettall are you made of, that you are so satyricall against women? Is it not a foule bird defiles her owne nest?” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — begot of THOUGHT,] That is, of *melancholy*. See a note in *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. IV.:

“—— she pin'd in *thought*.” MALONE.

So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“—— take *thought*, and die for Cæsar.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.] So, in *Macbeth*:

“Let us *seek out* some desolate *shade*, and there

“Weep our sad bosoms empty.” STEEVENS.

1 *LORD.* Sir, it was I.

*JAC.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory;—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *LORD.* Yes, sir.

*JAC.* Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

### SONG.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear*<sup>5</sup>.

1. *Then sing him home*<sup>6</sup>:

*Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn*<sup>7</sup>; } The rest shall  
*It was a crest ere thou wast born.* } bear this bur-  
den.

<sup>5</sup> *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*] Shakspeare seems to have formed this song on a hint afforded by the novel which furnished him with the plot of his play. "What news, Forrester? Hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not, man, for so small a losse; thy fees was but the *skinne*, the shoulders, and the *horns*." *Lodge's Rosalynde, or Euphues's Golden Legacie*, 1592. For this quotation the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone.

So likewise in an ancient MS. entitled *The Boke of Iluntyng*, that is cleped *Mayster of Game*: "And as of fees, it is to wite that what man that *smyte a dere atte his tree with a dethes stroke*, and he be recouered by sonne going doune, he shall haue the *skyn*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Then sing him home.*] In Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673, where this song is to be found set to musick, the words "*Then sing him home*" are omitted. From this we may suppose, that they were not then supposed to form any part of the song itself, but spoken by one of the persons as a direction to the rest to commence the chorus. It should be observed, that in the old copy, the words in question, and those which the modern editors have regarded as a stage direction, are given as one line:

"*Then sing him home; the rest shall bear this burthen.*"

BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> *Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;*] In *King John* in two parts, 1591, a play which our author had, without doubt, attentively read, we find these lines:

1 *Thy father's father wore it ;*

2. *And thy father bore it :*

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.* [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III<sup>7</sup>.

The Forest.

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando<sup>8</sup>!

“But let the foolish Frenchman *take no scorn,*

“If Philip front him with an English *horn.*” MALONE.

Thus also, in the old comedy of Grim the Collier of Croydon (date unknown):

“— Unless your great infernal majesty

“Do solemnly proclaim, no devil *shall scorn*

“Hereafter still to wear the *goodly horn.*”

To *take scorn* is a phrase that occurs in K. Henry VI. P. I. Act IV. Sc. IV.:

“And *take foul scorn,* to fawn on him by sending.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> The foregoing noisy scene was introduced to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor Rosalind's impatience, but that a few minutes after we find Orlando sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the Acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — and here MUCH Orlando!] Thus the old copy. Some of the modern editors read, but without the least authority:

“I wonder much, Orlando is not here.” STEEVENS.

The word *much* should be explained. It is an expression of latitude, and taken in various senses. “Here's *much* Orlando!” i. e. Here is no Orlando, or we may look for him. We have still this use of it, as when we say, speaking of a person who we suspect will not keep his appointment, “Ay, you will be sure to see him there *much!*” WHALLEY.

So the vulgar yet say, “I shall get *much* by that no doubt,” meaning that they shall get nothing. MALONE.

“Here much Orlando!” is spoken ironically on Rosalind's perceiving that Orlando had failed in his engagement.

HOLT WHITE.

*CEL.* I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep : Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*SIL.* My errand is to you, fair youth ;—  
My gentle Phebe did bid me <sup>9</sup> give you this :  
[*Giving a letter.*  
I know not the contents ; but, as I guess,  
By the stern brow, and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour : pardon me,  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer <sup>1</sup> ; bear this, bear all :  
She says, I am not fair ; that I lack manners ;  
She calls me proud ; and, that she could not love me  
Were man as rare as Phoenix ; Od's my will !  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :  
Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*SIL.* No, I protest, I know not the contents ;  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool,  
And turn'd into the extremity of love.  
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand <sup>2</sup> ; I verily did think

<sup>9</sup> — bid me —] The old copy redundantly reads—*did bid me.*  
STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
AND PLAY THE SWAGGERER ;] So, in *Measure for Measure* :  
“ This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool.—  
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand ;] As this passage now stands, the  
metre of the first line is imperfect, and the sense of the whole ;  
for why should Rosalind dwell so much upon Phebe's hands, un-

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;  
 She has a huswife's hand : but that's no matter :  
 I say, she never did invent this letter ;  
 This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*SIL.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
 A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,  
 Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain<sup>3</sup>  
 Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
 Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
 Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the  
 letter ?

*SIL.* So please you, for I never heard it yet ;  
 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me : Mark how the tyrant  
 writes.

*Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,* [Reads.  
*That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—*

Can a woman rail thus ?

*SIL.* Call you this railing ?

*Ros.* *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*  
*Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ?*

Did you ever hear such railing ?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,*  
*That could do no vengeance<sup>4</sup> to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne*  
*Have power to raise such love in mine,*

less Silvius had said something about them?—I have no doubt  
 but the line originally run thus :

Phebe did write it *with her own fair hand.*

And then Rosalind's reply will naturally follow. M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> — WOMAN'S gentle brain —] Old copy—*women's*. Corrected  
 by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — *vengeance* —] Is used for *mischief*. JOHNSON.



*Alack, in me what strange effect  
 Would they work in mild aspect?  
 Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
 How then might your prayers move?  
 He, that brings this love to thee,  
 Little knows this love in me:  
 And by him seal up thy mind;  
 Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>5</sup>  
 Will the faithful offer take  
 Of me, and all that I can make<sup>6</sup>;  
 Or else by him my love deny,  
 And then I'll study how to die.*

SIL. Call you this chiding?

CEL. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROS. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake<sup>7</sup>,) and say this to her;—That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [Exit SILVIUS.]

<sup>5</sup> — youth and KIND —] *Kind* is the old word for *nature*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: “You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his *kind*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — all that I can MAKE;] i. e. raise as profit from any thing. So, in *Measure for Measure*: “He’s in for a commodity of brown paper; of which he *made* five marks ready money.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — I see, love hath made thee a tame SNAKE,] This term was, in our author’s time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: “— and you, poor *snakes*, come seldom to a booty.”

Again, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

“———— the poorest *snake*,

“That feeds on lemons, pilchards —.” MALONE.

*Enter OLIVER.*

OLI. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know

Where, in the purlieu<sup>8</sup> of this forest, stands  
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

CEL. West of this place, down in the neighbour  
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand<sup>9</sup>, brings you to the place:  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,  
There's none within.

OLI. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then I should know you by description;  
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister<sup>1</sup>: but the woman low<sup>2</sup>,  
And browner than her brother.* Are not you  
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

<sup>8</sup> — PURLIEUS of this forest,] *Purlieu*, says Manwood's Treatise on the Forest Laws, c. xx. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old." REED.

Bullokar, in his Expositor, 1616, describes a *purlieu* as "a place neere joining to a forest, where it is lawful for the owner of the ground to hunt, if he can dispend fortie shillings by the yeere, of freeland." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> LEFT on your right hand,] i. e. passing by the rank of osiers, and leaving them on your right hand, you will reach the place.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ————— BESTOWS himself

*Like a ripe sister:*] Of this quaint phraseology there is an example in King Henry IV. P. II: "How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours?" STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — BUT the woman low,] *But*, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio, to supply the metre. I suspect it is not the word omitted, but have nothing better to propose. MALONE.

CEL. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

OLI. Orlando doth commend him to you both;

And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,  
He sends this bloody napkin<sup>3</sup>; Are you he?

ROS. I am: What must we understand by this?

OLI. Some of my shame; if you will know of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

CEL. I pray you, tell it.

OLI. When last the young Orlando parted from you,

He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour<sup>4</sup>; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy<sup>5</sup>,  
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself!

<sup>3</sup> — napkin;] i. e. handkerchief. Ray says, that a pocket handkerchief is so called about Sheffield, in Yorkshire. So, in Greene's *Never Too Late*, 1616: "I can wet one of my new lockram *napkins* with weeping."

*Napery*, indeed, signifies linen in general. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"— pr'ythee put me into wholesome *napery*."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "Besides your munition of manchet *napery* plates." *Naperia*, Ital. STEEVENS.

*Napkin* is still a *handkerchief* in Scotland, and probably in all the northern English counties. BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> Within AN HOUR;] We must read—within *two hours*.

JOHNSON.

May not *within an hour* signify *within a certain time*?

TYRWHITT.

<sup>5</sup> — of sweet and bitter FANCY,] i. e. *love*, which is always thus described by our old poets, as composed of contraries. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. II. p. 18.

So, in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1590: "I have noted the variable disposition of *fancy*,—a *bitter* pleasure wrapt in *sweet* prejudice." MALONE.

Under an old oak <sup>6</sup>, whose boughs were moss'd with  
 age,  
 And high top bald with dry antiquity,  
 A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away

<sup>6</sup> Under an oak, &c.] The ancient copy reads—"under an *old* oak ;" but as this epithet hurts the measure, without improvement of the sense, (for we are told in the same line that its "boughs were moss'd with *age*," and afterwards, that its top was "bald with dry *antiquity*,") I have omitted *old*, as an unquestionable interpolation. STEEVENS.

"Under an oak," &c. The passage stands thus in Lodge's novel: "Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forrest did affoord, and contenting himself with such drinke as nature had provided, and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell into a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne, began to ceaze upon him : but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses : and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion, began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but lightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste, he spyed where a man lay asleepe, and a lyon fast by him : amazed at this sight, as he stood gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, and perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed, &c.—But the present time craved no such doubting ambages : for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated," &c. STEEVENS.

Into a bush: under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry <sup>7</sup>,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast,  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

CEL. O, I have heard him speak of that same  
 brother;

And he did render him <sup>8</sup> the most unnatural  
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

OLI. And well he might so do,  
 For well I know he was unnatural.

ROS. But, to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,  
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLI. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling <sup>9</sup>  
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CEL. Are you his brother?

\* First folio, *amongst*.

<sup>7</sup> A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,] So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

“——— the starven *lioness*

“When she is *dry-suckt* of her cager young.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And he did RENDRE him —] i. c. describe him. MALONE.  
 So, in Cymbeline:

“May drive us to a *render* where we have liv'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — in which HURLING —] To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. So, in Julius Cæsar:

“A noise of battle *hurtled* in the air.”

Again, in Nashe's Lenten Stuff, &c. 1591: “—hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurtled* and bustled thither,” &c.

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. iv.:

“All *hurtlen* forth, and she with princely pace,” &c.

Again, b. i. c. viii.:

“Came *hurtling* in full fierce, and forc'd the knight retire.” STEEVENS.

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd ?

*CEL.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

*OLI.* 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame To tell you what I was, since my conversion So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin ?—

*OLI.* By, and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,  
As, how I came into that desert place<sup>1</sup> ;——  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love ;  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled ; and now he fainted,  
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him ; bound up his wound ;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,  
Dy'd in this blood<sup>2</sup> : unto the shepherd youth

<sup>1</sup> As, how I came into that desert place ;] I believe, a line following this has been lost. MALONE.

*As*, in this place, signifies—*as for instance*. So, in Hamlet :  
“ *As*, stars with trains of fire,” &c.

I suspect no omission. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Dy'd in *this* blood ;] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio changed “ *this* blood ” unnecessarily to—*his* blood. Oliver points to the handkerchief, when he presents it ; and Rosalind could not doubt whose blood it was after the account that had been before given. MALONE.

Perhaps the change of *this* into *his*, is imputable only to the compositor, who casually omitted the *t*. Either reading may serve ; and certainly that of the second folio is not the worst, because it prevents the disgusting repetition of the pronoun *this*, with which the present speech is infested. STEEVENS.

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*CEL.* Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?  
[*ROSALIND faints.*]

*OLI.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*CEL.* There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede<sup>3</sup>!

*OLI.* Look, he recovers.

*ROS.* I would, I were at home.

*CEL.* We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*OLI.* Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—You lack a man's heart.

*ROS.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir<sup>4</sup>, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

*OLI.* This was not counterfeit; there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*ROS.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*OLI.* Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*ROS.* So I do: but, i'faith I should have been a woman by right.

*CEL.* Come, you look paler and paler; pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

*OLI.* That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*ROS.* I shall devise something: But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you go?  
[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> — Cousin—Ganymede!] Celia, in her first fright, forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says, *Ganymede*. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> Ah, SIR,] The old copies read—Ah, *sirrah*, &c. Corrected I believe by Mr. Pope. In my former edition I had inadvertently ascribed this emendation to the editor of the second folio.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

The Same.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*TOUCH.* We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience, gentle Audrey.

*AUD.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*TOUCH.* A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*AUD.* Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*TOUCH.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown : By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we cannot hold.

*WILL.* Good even, Audrey.

*AUD.* God ye good even, William.

*WILL.* And good even to you, sir.

*TOUCH.* Good even, gentle friend : Cover thy head, cover thy head ; nay, prythee, be covered. How old are you, friend ?

*WILL.* Five and twenty, sir.

*TOUCH.* A ripe age : Is thy name William ?

*WILL.* William, sir.

*TOUCH.* A fair name : Wast born i'the forest here ?

*WILL.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*TOUCH.* Thank God ;—a good answer : Art rich ?

*WILL.* Faith, sir, so, so.

*TOUCH.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent



good :—and yet it is not : it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

*WILL.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*TOUCH.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying ; *The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth<sup>5</sup> ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid<sup>6</sup> ?

*WILL.* I do, sir.

*TOUCH.* Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

*WILL.* No, sir.

*TOUCH.* Then learn this of me ; To have, is to have : For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*WILL.* Which he, sir ?

*TOUCH.* He, sir, that must marry this woman : Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish

<sup>5</sup> The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, &c.] This was designed as a sneer on the several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded of the ancient philosophers, by the writers of their lives, such as Diogenes Laertius. Philostratus, Eunapius, &c. as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wise sayings*. WARBURTON.

A book called *The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, was printed by Caxton in 1477. It was translated out of French into English by Lord Rivers. From this performance, or some republication of it, Shakspeare's knowledge of these philosophical trifles might be derived. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — meaning thereby, that GRAPES were made to eat, and LIPS to open. YOU DO LOVE THIS MAID ?] Part of this dialogue seems to have grown out of the novel on which the play is formed : “ Phebe is no lattice for your *lips*, and her *grapes* hang so hie, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot.”

is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee<sup>7</sup>, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will o'er-run thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

*AUD.* Do, good William.

*WILL.* God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter CORIN.*

*COR.* Our master and mistress seek you ; come, away, away.

*TOUCH.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey ;—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

The Same.

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

*ORL.* Is't possible<sup>8</sup>, that on so little acquaintance you should like her ? that, but seeing, you should

<sup>7</sup> — to wit, I kill thee,] The old copy reads—“*or*, to wit, I kill thee.” I have omitted the impertinent conjunction, *or*, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Is't possible, &c.] Shakspeare, by putting this question into the mouth of Orlando, seems to have been aware of the impropriety which he had been guilty of by deserting his original. In Lodge's novel, the elder brother is instrumental in saving Aliena from a band of ruffians, who “thought to steal her away, and to give her to the king for a present, hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons.” Without the intervention of this circumstance, the passion of Aliena appears to be very hasty indeed.

Our author's acquaintance, however, with the manners of

love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you perséver to enjoy her?

*OLI.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting<sup>9</sup>; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

*ORL.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*OLI.* And you, fair sister<sup>1</sup>.

heroines in romances, perhaps rendered him occasionally inattentive, as in the present instance, to probability. In *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, an ancient MS. often quoted by me on other occasions, I find the following very singular confession from the mouth of a Princess:

“Be ye not the duke of Burgoyne sir Gy,

“Neuwe unto king Charles so fre?

“Noe, certes lady, it is not I,

“It is yonder knight that ye may see.

“A, him have *I loved many a day,*

“*And yet know I him nocht,*

“For his love I do all that I maye,

“To chere you with dede and thought.” P. 47.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — nor HER sudden consenting;] Old copy—“nor sudden.” Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And you, fair sister.] I know not why Oliver should call Rosalind *sister*. He takes her yet to be a man. I suppose we should read—And you, *and your* fair sister. JOHNSON.

Oliver speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by Orlando his brother. CHAMIER.

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

*ORL.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*ORL.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

*ORL.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams<sup>2</sup>, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—I *came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> — never any thing so sudden, but THE FIGHT OF TWO RAMS,] So, in Laneham's Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle, 1575: "— ootrageous in their racez az rams at their rut." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — CLUBS cannot PART them.] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—Clubs*," to part the combatants.

So, in Titus Andronicus:

"*Clubs, clubs*; these lovers will not *keep the peace*."

The preceding words—"they are in the very *wrath* of love," show that our author had this in contemplation. MALONE.

So, in the First Part of King Henry VI. when the Mayor of London is endeavouring to put a stop to the combat between the partisans of Gloucester and Winchester, he says:

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."

*ORL.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

*ROS.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*ORL.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*ROS.* I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is<sup>4</sup>, and without any danger.

*ORL.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*ROS.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,

And in Henry VIII. the Porter says, "I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out *Clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour."

M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> — human as she is,] That is, not a phantom, but the real Rosalind, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON.

though I say I am a magician<sup>5</sup>: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends<sup>6</sup>; for if you will be married to morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*PHE.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*ROS.* I care not, if I have: it is my study,  
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:  
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;  
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*PHE.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*SIL.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*PHE.* And I for Ganymede.

*ORL.* And I for Rosalind.

*ROS.* And I for no woman.

<sup>5</sup> — which I tender dearly, *THOUGH I SAY I AM A MAGICIAN:*] *Though I pretend to be a magician,* and therefore might be supposed able to elude death. MALONE.

This explanation cannot be right, as no magician was ever supposed to possess the art of *eluding death*. Dr. Warburton properly remarks, that this play “was written in King James’s time, when there was a severe inquisition after witches and magicians.” It was natural therefore for one who called herself a magician, to allude to the danger, in which her avowal, had it been a serious one, would have involved her. STEEVENS.

That this play was not written in King James’s time is certain: for it was entered on the Stationers’ books as early as 1600. Yet I am now satisfied, that Mr. Steevens’s explanation was the true one; but to pretend to magical powers, would have been quite as dangerous in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as that of King James.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *BID* your friends;] i. e. *invite* your friends. REED.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

“I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride.” STEEVENS.

*SIL.* It is to be all made of faith and service ;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*PHE.* And I for Ganymede.

*ORL.* And I for Rosalind.

*ROS.* And I for no woman.

*SIL.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;  
All adoration, duty and observance,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,  
All purity, all trial, all observance <sup>7</sup> ;—  
And so am I for Phebe.

*PHE.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*ORL.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*ROS.* And so am I for no woman.

*PHE.* If this be so, why blame you me to love  
you ? [*To ROSALIND.*]

*SIL.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?  
[*To PHEBE.*]

*ORL.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

*ROS.* Who do you speak to <sup>6</sup>, *why blame you me  
to love you ?*

*ORL.* To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*ROS.* Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the  
howling of Irish wolves against the moon <sup>9</sup>.—I will  
help you, [*To SILVIUS*] if I can :—I would love  
you, [*To PHEBE*] if I could.—To-morrow meet

<sup>7</sup> — all trial, all OBSERVANCE ;] I suspect our author wrote—  
all *obedience*. It is highly probable that the compositor caught  
*observance* from the line above ; and very unlikely that the same  
word should have been set down twice by Shakspeare so close to  
each other. MALONE.

Read—*obeisance*. The word *observance* is evidently repeated by  
an error of the press. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> WHO do you speak TO,] Old copy—*Why* do you speak too.  
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.]  
This is borrowed from Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592: "I tell thee,  
Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the *wolves* of  
Syria, *against the moone*." MALONE.

me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To SILVIUS*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To ORLANDO*] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To SILVIUS*] love Phebe, meet; And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

*SIL.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*PHE.*

Nor I.

*ORL.*

Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

The Same.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*TOUCH.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*AUD.* I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world<sup>1</sup>. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

*1 PAGE.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*TOUCH.* By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

*2 PAGE.* We are for you: sit i'the middle.

*1 PAGE.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without

<sup>1</sup> — a woman of the world.] To go to the world, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: “Thus (says Beatrice) every one goes to the world, but I.”

An anonymous writer supposes, that in this phrase there is an allusion to Saint Luke's Gospel, xx. 34: “The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage.” STEEVENS.



hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *PAGE*. I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

## SONG<sup>2</sup>.

### I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty rank time<sup>3</sup>,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

### II.

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, &c.*

<sup>2</sup> The stanzas of this song are in all the editions evidently transposed: as I have regulated them, that which in the former copies was the second stanza is now the last.

The same transposition of these stanzas is made by Dr. Thirlby, in a copy containing some notes on the margin, which I have perused by the favour of Sir Edward Walpole. *JOHNSON*.

<sup>3</sup> — *the only pretty RANK time,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

“In the spring time, the only pretty *rang* time.”

I think we should read:

“In the spring time, the only pretty *ring* time.”

i. e. the aptest season for marriage; or, the word *only*, for the sake of equality of metre, may be omitted. *STEEVENS*.

The old copy reads—*rang* time. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope and the three subsequent editors read—the pretty *spring* time. Mr. Steevens proposes—“*ring* time, i. e. the aptest season for marriage.” The passage does not deserve much consideration. *MALONE*.

In confirmation of Mr. Steevens's reading, it appears from the old calendars that the spring was the season of marriage.

*DOUCE*.

## III.

*This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that a life was but a flower  
 In spring time, &c.*

## IV.

*And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In spring time, &c.*

*TOUCH.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable<sup>4</sup>.

*I PAGE.* You are deceived, sir; we kept time, we lost not our time.

*TOUCH.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very UNTUNEABLE.] Though it is thus in all the printed copies, it is evident, from the sequel of the dialogue, that the poet wrote as I have reformed in my text, *untimeable*.—*Time* and *tune*, are frequently misprinted for one another in the old editions of Shakspeare. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, I think, very undeservedly, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The reply of the Page proves to me, beyond any possibility of doubt, that we ought to read *untimeable*, instead of *untuneable*, notwithstanding Johnson rejects the amendment as unnecessary. A mistake of a similar nature occurs in *Twelfth-Night*.

M. MASON.

The sense of the old reading seems to be—"Though the words of the song were trifling, the musick was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect."

STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter Duke senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO,  
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do  
not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> As those that fear THEY HOPE, and know THEY fear.] This  
strange nonsense should be read thus:

As those that fear *their* hap, and know *their* fear.

i. e. As those that fear the issue of a thing when they know their  
fear to be well grounded. WARBURTON.

The depravation of this line is evident, but I do not think the  
learned commentator's emendation very happy. I read thus:

As those that fear *with* hope, and hope *with* fear.

Or thus, with less alteration:

As those that fear, *they* hope, and *now* they fear.

JOHNSON.

The author of The Revisal would read:

"As those that fear *their* hope, and know *their* fear."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we might read:

"As those that *feign* they hope, and know they fear.

BLACKSTONE.

I would read:

As those that fear, *then* hope; and know, *then* fear.

MUSGRAVE.

I have little doubt but it should run thus:

As those who *fearing* hope, and *hoping* fear."

This strongly expresses the state of mind which Orlando was  
in at that time; and if the words *fearing* and *hoping* were con-  
tracted in the original copy, and written thus:—*fear*<sup>e</sup>—*hop*<sup>e</sup>  
(a practice not unusual at this day) the *g* might easily have been  
mistaken for *y*, a common abbreviation of *they*. M. MASON.

I believe this line requires no other alteration than the addi-  
tion of a semi-colon:

"As those that fear; they hope, and know they fear."

HENLEY.

The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear,—they, even*  
those very persons, entertain *hopes*, that their fears will not be

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*ROS.* Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urg'd:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the Duke.*  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*DUKE S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*ROS.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*

*ORL.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*ROS.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? [*To PHEBE.*

*PHE.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*ROS.* But, if you do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*PHE.* So is the bargain.

*ROS.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? [*To SILVIUS.*

*SIL.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*ROS.* I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;— You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:— Keep your word, Phebe<sup>6</sup>, that you'll marry me; Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:— Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me:—and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even<sup>7</sup>.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*DUKE S.* I do remember in this shepherd-boy

realized; and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for their fears. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Keep YOUR word, Phebe,] The old copy reads—"Keep you your word;" the compositor's eye having probably glanced on the line next but one above. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> TO MAKE THESE doubts ALL EVEN.] Thus, in Measure for Measure:

"— yet death we fear,

"That makes these odds all even." STEEVENS.

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought he was a brother to your daughter : But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born ; And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark ! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools<sup>8</sup>.

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all !

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome ; This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure<sup>9</sup> ; I have

<sup>8</sup> Here comes a pair of VERY STRANGE beasts, &c.] What *strange beasts*? and yet such as have a name in all languages? Noah's ark is here alluded to ; into which the *clean* beasts entered by *sevens*, and the *unclean* by *two*, male and female. It is plain then that Shakspeare wrote, ' here come a pair of *unclean* beasts,' which is highly humorous. WARBURTON.

*Strange beasts* are only what we call *odd* animals. There is no need of any alteration. JOHNSON.

A passage, somewhat similar, occurs in A Midsummer-Night's Dream : " Here come two noble *beasts* in, a moon and a lion."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — trod a measure ;] So, in Love's Labour's Lost, Act V. Sc. II. :

" To tread a *measure* with you on this grass."

See note on this passage. REED.

Touchstone, to prove that he has been a courtier, particularly mentions a *measure*, because it was a very stately solemn dance. So, in Much Ado About Nothing : " — the wedding mannerly modest, as a *measure* full of state and ancientry." MALONE.

flattered a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*JAC.* And how was that ta'en up?

*TOUCH.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause<sup>1</sup>.

*JAC.* How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

*DUKE S.* I like him very well.

*TOUCH.* God'ild you, sir<sup>2</sup>; I desire you of the like<sup>3</sup>. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; ac-

<sup>1</sup> — and found the quarrel was upon the SEVENTH CAUSE.] So, all the copies; but it is apparent, from the sequel, that we must read—the quarrel was *not* upon the seventh cause. JOHNSON.

By the *seventh cause*, Touchstone, I apprehend, means the lie *seven times removed*; i. e. the *retort courteous*, which is removed seven times (counted backwards) from the *lie direct*, the last and most aggravated species of lie. See the subsequent note on the words “— a lie seven times removed.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> GOD'ILD you, sir;] i. e. God yield you, reward you. So, in the Collection of Chester Mysteries, Mercer's play, p. 74, b. MS. Harl. Brit. Mus, 2013 :

“The high father of heaven, I pray,

“To *yelde* you your good deed to day.”

See note on Macbeth, Act I. Sc. VI. STEEVENS.

See before, p. 448 of this play. WOODHAM.

<sup>3</sup> — I desire YOU OF the like.] We should read—I desire *of you* the like. On the Duke's saying, “I like him very well,” he replies, “I desire you will give me cause, that I may like you too.”

WARBURTON.

I have not admitted the alteration, because there are other examples of this mode of expression. JOHNSON.

See a note on the first scene of the third Act of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, vol. v. p. 255, where many examples of this phraseology are given.

So also, in Spenser's Faery Queen, book ii. c. ix. :

“If it be so, *of* pardon I pray you.”

Again, b. iv. c. viii. :

“She dear besought the prince *of* remedy.”

Again, in Heywood's Play of the Wether :

“Besechyng your grace *of* wynde continual.” STEEVENS.

ording as marriage binds, and blood breaks<sup>4</sup>:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

*DUKE S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*TOUCH.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases<sup>5</sup>.

*JAQ.* But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*TOUCH.* Upon a lie seven times removed<sup>6</sup>;—

<sup>4</sup> — according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:] *To swear according as marriage binds*, is to take the oath enjoined in the ceremonial of marriage. JOHNSON.

“— to swear, and to forswear; according as *marriage binds*, and *blood breaks*.” A man, by the marriage ceremony, SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife; when therefore, to gratify his lust, he leaves her for another, BLOOD BREAKS his matrimonial obligation, and he is FORSWORN. HENLEY.

<sup>5</sup> — dulcet diseases.] This I do not understand. For *diseases* it is easy to read *discourses*: but, perhaps, the fault may lie deeper. JOHNSON.

Perhaps he calls a proverb a *disease*. Proverbial sayings may appear to him the *surfeiting diseases* of conversation. They are often the plague of commentators.

Dr. Farmer would read—in such dulcet diseases; i. e. in the sweet uneasiness of love, a time when people usually talk nonsense. STEEVENS.

Without staying to examine how far the position last advanced is founded in truth, I shall only add, that I believe the text is right, and that this word is *capriciously* used for *sayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word. In *The Merchant of Venice* the Clown talks in the same style, but more intelligibly:—“the young gentleman (*according to the fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,*) is indeed deceased.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Upon a lie seven times REMOVED:] Touchstone here enumerates seven kinds of lies, from the *Retort courteous* to the *seventh* and most aggravated species of lie, which he calls the *lie direct*. The courtier's answer to his intended affront, he

Bear your body more seeming<sup>7</sup>, Audrey :—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard<sup>8</sup>; he sent me word, if I said his beard was

expressly tells us, was the *Retort courteous*, the *first* species of lie. When therefore, he says, that they *found the quarrel was on the lie seven times removed*, we must understand by the latter word, the lie removed seven times, counting backwards, (as the word *removed* seems to intimate,) from the last and most aggravated species of lie, namely, the *lie direct*. So, in All's Well That Ends Well :

“ Who hath some four or five *removes* come short  
“ To tender it herself.”

Again, in the play before us : “ Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling,” i. e. so *distant* from the haunts of men.

When Touchstone and the courtier met, they found their quarrel *originated on the seventh cause*, i. e. on the *Retort courteous*, or the *lie seven times removed*. In the course of their altercation, *after* their meeting, Touchstone did not dare to go farther than the sixth species, (counting in regular progression from the first to the last,) the *lie circumstantial*; and the courtier was afraid to give him the *lie direct*; so they parted. In a subsequent enumeration of the degrees of a lie, Touchstone expressly names the *Retort courteous*, as the *first*; calling it therefore here “ the *seventh cause*,” and “ the *lie seven times removed*,” he must mean, *distant* seven times from the most offensive lie, the *lie direct*. There is certainly, therefore, no need of reading with Dr. Johnson in a former passage—“ We found the quarrel was *not* on the seventh cause.”

The misapprehension of that most judicious critick relative to these passages must apologize for my having employed so many words in explaining them. MALONE.

7 — seeming,] i. e. seemly. *Seeming* is often used by Shakspeare for *becoming*, or *fairness of appearance*. So, in The Winter's Tale :

“ ——— these keep  
“ *Seeming* and savour all the winter long.” STEEVENS.

8 — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard;] This folly is touched upon, with high humour, by Fletcher, in his Queen of Corinth :

“ ——— Has he familiarly  
“ Dislik'd your yellow starch, or said your doubtlet  
“ Was not exactly frenchified?——  
“ ——— or drawn your sword,  
“ Cry'd, 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the *lie*



not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: This is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

JAC. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

JAC. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book<sup>9</sup>;

“ In circle, or oblique, or semicircle,

“ Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.”

WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the right Understanding of Words*, which here is set down. The contents of the several chapters are as follow:—I. What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies. II. Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies. III. Of Lies certain, [or direct.] IV. Of conditional Lies, [or the lie circumstantial.] V. Of the Lie in general. VI. Of

as you have books for good manners<sup>1</sup>: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous;

the Lie in particular. VII. Of foolish Lies. VIII. A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie, [or the countercheck quarrelsome.] In the chapter of conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, “— Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these wordes:—*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in wordes,—whereof no sure conclusion can arise.” By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another’s throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, “I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*; as, *if you said so, then I said so*, and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.” Caranza was another of these authentick authors upon the Duello. Fletcher, in his last Act of Love’s Pilgrimage, ridicules him with much humour. WARBURTON.

The words which I have included within crotchets are Dr. Warburton’s. They have hitherto been printed in such a manner as might lead the reader to suppose that they made a part of Saviolo’s work. The passage was very inaccurately printed by Dr. Warburton in other respects, but has here been corrected by the original.

See also The Booke of Honor and Armes, wherein is dicoursed the Causes of Quarrel and the Nature of Injuries, with their Repulses, &c. 4to. 1590, b. iii. c. 20:

“Another way to procure satisfaction is, that hee who gave the lie, shall say or write unto the partie belied to this effect: I pray you advertise me by this bearer, with what intent you spake those words of injurie whereupon I gave you the lie. The other will answere, I spake them in choller, or with no meaning to offend you. Thereunto may be answered by him again that gave the lie thus: If your words were said onclie in anger and no intent to challenge me, then I do assure you that my lie given shall not burthen you, for I acknowledge you to be a true speaker and a gentleman of good reputation: wherefore my desire is that the speech passed between us may be forgotten. This mode of pacification may serve in many cases, and at sundrie occasions.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — books for good manners:] One of these books I have. It is entitled, The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners,

the second, the Quip modest ; the third, the Reply churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie, with circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct ; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so* ; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker ; much virtue in *If*.

*JAQ.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

*DUKE S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse<sup>2</sup>, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

*Enter HYMEN*<sup>3</sup>, *leading ROSALIND in woman's cloaths ; and CELIA.*

Still Musick.

*HYM.* *Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.*

for Men, Servants, and Children, with stans puer ad mensam ; 12mo. black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or musician, of the Chapel Royal ; and was first published in 4to. in the reign of King Edward VI.

STEEVENS.

Another is, Galateo of Maister John Casa, Archbishop of Benevento ; or rather, a Treatise of the Manners and Behaviours it behoveth a Man to use and eschewe in his familiar Conversation. A Work very necessary and profitable for all Gentlemen or other ; translated from the Italian, by Robert Peterson of Lincoln's Inn, 4to. 1576. REED.

<sup>2</sup> — like a stalking-horse,] See my note on Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. III. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Enter HYMEN,*] Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,  
Hymen from heaven brought her,  
Yea, brought her hither ;  
That thou might'st join her hand with his,  
Whose heart within her bosom is*<sup>4</sup>.

company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

JOHNSON.

In all the allegorical shows exhibited at ancient weddings, *Hymen* was a constant personage. Ben Jonson, in his *Hymenæi*, or the Solemnities of Masque and Barriers, at a Marriage, has left instructions how to dress this favourite character. "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, the god of marriage, in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his sockes yellow, a yellow veile of silke on his left arme, his head crowned with roses and marjoram, in his right hand a *torch*." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> That thou might'st join HER hand with his,

Whose heart within HER bosom is.] The old copy, instead of *her*, reads *his* in both lines. Mr. Rowe corrected the first, and I once thought that emendation sufficient, and that *whose* might have referred not to the last antecedent *his*, but to *her*, i. e. Rosalind. Our author frequently takes such licences. But on further consideration it appears to me probable, that the same abbreviation was used in both lines, and that as *his* was *certainly* a misprint in the first line for *her*, so it also was in the second, the construction being so much more easy in that way than the other. "That thou might'st join her hand with the hand of him whose heart is lodged in her bosom," i. e. whose affection she already possesses. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the King says to the Princess :

"Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breast*."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

"Bids him farewell, and look well to her *heart*,

"The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,

"He carried thence *incaged in his breast*."

Again, in King Richard III. :

"Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart."

Again, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

"Thy heart thou leav'st with her, when thou dost hence depart,

"And in thy breast inclosed bear'st her tender friendly heart."

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, vol. iv. p. 412, we meet with the error that has happened here. The Princess addressing the *ladies* who attend her, says :

"But while 'tis spoke, each turn away *his* face."

ROS. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Duke S.

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To ORLANDO.

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight <sup>5</sup>, you are my Rosalind.

PHE. If sight and shape be true,  
Why then,—my love adieu!

ROS. I'll have no father, if you be not he :—

[To Duke S.

I'll have no husband, if you be not he :—

[To ORLANDO.

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[To PHEBE.

HYM. Peace, ho ! I bar confusion :

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events :

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents <sup>6</sup>.

You and you no cross shall part :

[To ORLANDO and ROSALIND.

You and you are heart in heart :

[To OLIVER and CELIA.

You [To PHEBE] to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord :—

Again, in a former scene of the play before us :

“Helen's cheek, but not *his* heart.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> If there be truth in sight,] The answer of Phebe makes it probable that Orlando says :

“If there be truth in *shape* :”—

that is, *if a form may be trusted*; if one cannot usurp the form of another. JOHNSON.

If *my sight* does not deceive me : Phebe's answer will support one word as well as the other. BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> If truth holds true contents,] That is, if there be *truth in truth*, unless truth fails of veracity. JOHNSON.

You and you are sure together,  
   [*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*  
 As the winter to foul weather.  
 Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
 Feed yourselves with questioning<sup>7</sup> ;  
 That reason wonder may diminish,  
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

## SONG.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown<sup>8</sup> ;  
 O blessed bond of board and bed !  
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town ;  
 High wedlock then be honoured :  
 Honour, high honour and renown,  
 To Hymen, god of every town !*

*DUKE S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to  
 me ;  
 Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

*PHE.* I will not eat my word, now thou art  
 mine ;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine<sup>9</sup>.

[*To SILVIUS.*

<sup>7</sup> — with QUESTIONING ;] Though Shakspeare frequently uses *question* for *conversation*, in the present instance *questioning* may have its common and obvious signification. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Wedding is, &c.*] Catullus, addressing himself to Hymen, has this stanza :

Quæ tuis careat sacris,  
 Non queat dare præsidēs  
 Terra finibus : at queat  
 Te volente. Quis huic deo  
 Comparari ausit ? JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *combine.*] Shakspeare is licentious in his use of this verb, which here, as in *Measure for Measure*, only signifies to *bind* :

“ I am *combined* by a sacred vow,  
 “ And shall be absent.” STEEVENS.

*Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.*

*JAQ. DE B.* Let me have audience for a word, or two ;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly :—  
Duke Frederick <sup>1</sup>, hearing how that every day  
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power ; which were on foot,  
In his own conduct purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword :  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was converted  
Both from his enterprize, and from the world :  
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
And all their lands restor'd to them again  
That were with him exil'd : This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*DUKE S.* Welcome, young man ;  
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding :  
To one, his lands with-held ; and to the other,  
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
First, in this forest, let us do those ends  
That here were well begun, and well begot :  
And after, every of this happy number,  
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,  
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
According to the measure of their states.  
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
And fall into our rustick revelry :—

<sup>1</sup> Duke Frederick, &c.] In Lodge's novel the usurping Duke is not diverted from his purpose by the pious counsel of a hermit, but is subdued and killed by the twelve peers of France, who were brought by the third brother of Rosader (the Orlando of this play) to assist him in the recovery of his right. STEEVENS.

Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,  
With measure heap'd in joy, toth' measures fall.

*JAQ.* Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,  
The duke hath put on a religious life,  
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*JAQ. DE B.* He hath.

*JAQ.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—  
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*To Duke S.*  
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—  
You [*To ORLANDO*] to a love, that your true faith  
doth merit:—  
You [*To OLIVER*] to your land, and love, and  
great allies:—  
You [*To SILVIUS*] to a long and well deserved  
bed;—  
And you [*To TOUCHSTONE*] to wrangling; for thy  
loving voyage  
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your plea-  
sures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

*DUKE S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*JAQ.* To see no pastime, I:—what you would have  
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave<sup>2</sup>. [*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> To see no pastime, I:—what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of Jaques, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable, though solitary moralist.

It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakspeare has, on this occasion, forgot old Adam, the servant of Orlando, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. STEEVENS.

It is the more remarkable, that old Adam is forgotten; since, at



DUKE S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these  
rites,  
And we do trust they'll end, in true delights.  
[*A dance.*]

## EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*<sup>3</sup>, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then<sup>4</sup>, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot

the end of the novel, Lodge makes him *captaine of the king's guard*. FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> — *no bush*,] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. I suppose *ivy* was rather chosen than any other plant, as it has relation to Bacchus. So, in Gascoigne's *Glass of Government*, 1575:

“Now a days the good wyne needeth none *ivy* garland.”

Again, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

“'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern.”

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600:

“Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors.” STEEVENS.

The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. And hence, I suppose, the *Bush* tavern at Bristol, and other places. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> What a case am I in then, &c.] Here seems to be a chasm, or some other depravation, which destroys the sentiment here intended. The reasoning probably stood thus: ‘*Good wine needs no bush, good plays need no epilogue*;

’ but bad wine requires a good bush, and a bad play a good epilogue. *What case am I in then?* To restore the words is impossible; all that can be done, without copies, is to note the fault. JOHNSON.

Johnson mistakes the meaning of this passage. Rosalind says, that good plays need no epilogue; yet even good plays do prove

insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar<sup>5</sup>, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hate \* them,) that between you and the women, the play may please<sup>6</sup>. If I were a woman<sup>7</sup>, I would kiss as many

\* First folio, *hates*.

the better for a good one. What a case then was she in, who had neither presented them with a good play, nor had a good epilogue to prejudice them in favour of a bad one? M. MASON.

<sup>5</sup> — FURNISHED like a beggar,] That is, *dressed*: so before he was *furnished* like a huntsman. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please THEM: and so I charge you, &c.] The old copy reads—“I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please *you*: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—that between you and the women,” &c. STEEVENS.

This passage should be read thus: ‘I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases *them*: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—*to like as much as pleases them*, that between you and the women,’ &c. Without the alteration of *you* into *them*, the invocation is nonsense; and without the addition of the words, *to like as much as pleases them*, the inference of, *that between you and the women the play may pass*, would be unsupported by any precedent premises. The words seem to have been struck out by some senseless player, as a vicious redundancy. WARBURTON.

The words *you* and *y<sup>m</sup>*, written as was the custom in that time, were in manuscript scarcely distinguishable. The emendation is very judicious and probable. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that if Dr. Warburton's interpolation be admitted, [“to like as much,” &c.] “the men are to like only just as much as pleased the women, and the women only just as much as pleased the men; neither are to like any thing from their own taste: and if both of them disliked the whole, they would each of them equally fulfil what the poet desires of them. But Shakspeare did not write so nonsensically; he desires the women to like as much as pleased the men, and the men to *set the ladies a good example*; which exhortation to the men is evidently im-

of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me<sup>8</sup>, and breaths that I defied not<sup>9</sup>: and,

plied in these words, “that between you and the women the play may please.”

Mr. Heath, though he objects (I think very properly) to the interpolated sentence, admits by his interpretation the change of “—pleases *you*” to “—pleases *them* ;” which has been adopted by the late editors. I by no means think it necessary ; nor is Mr. Heath’s exposition, in my opinion, correct. The text is sufficiently clear, without any alteration. Rosalind’s address appears to me simply this : “I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to approve of as much of this play as affords you entertainment ; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, [not to *set an example to*, but] to *follow or agree in opinion* with the ladies ; that between you both the play may be successful.” The words “to follow, or agree in opinion with, the ladies” are not, indeed, expressed, but plainly implied in those subsequent ; “that, between you and the women, the play may please.” In the epilogue to King Henry IV. Part II. the address to the audience proceeds in the same order : “All the gentlewomen here have forgiven [i. e. are favourable to] me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not *agree with* the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.”

Mr. Rowe and all the modern editors read—“as *pleases you*,” and so we should certainly now write, but the phraseology of the text was that of Shakspeare’s time. So, in King Richard III. :

“Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
“And may direct his course, as *please* himself.”

Again, in Hamlet :

“—— a pipe for fortune’s finger,  
“To sound what stop she *please*.”

Again, in King Henry VIII :

“All men’s honours  
“Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion’d  
“Into what pitch he *please*.” MALONE.

I read—“and so I charge you, O men,” &c. This trivial addition (as Dr. Farmer joins with me in thinking) clears the whole passage. STEEVENS.

7 If I were a woman,] Note, that in this author’s time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.

HANMER.

I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt* <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> — complexions that LIKED me,] i. e. that I liked. So again in Hamlet: "This *likes* me well." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — breaths that I defied not:] This passage serves to manifest the indelicacy of the time in which the plays of Shakspeare were written. Such an idea, started by a modern dramatist, and put into the mouth of a female character, would be hooted with indignation from the stage. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakspeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers. JOHNSON.

See p. 370. "Is but a *quintaine*," &c. Dr. Warburton's explanation would, I think, have been less exceptionable, had it been more simple: yet he is here charged with a fault of which he is seldom guilty—want of refinement. "This (says Mr. Guthrie) is but an imperfect (to call it no worse) explanation of a beautiful passage. The *quintaine* was not the object of the darts and arms; it was a stake, driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and trophies of war, at which they shot, darted, or rode with a lance. When the shield and trophies were all thrown down, the *quintaine* remained. Without this information, how could the reader understand the allusion of—

"——— my better parts

"Are all thrown down."—

In the present edition I have avoided, as much as possible, all kind of controversy; but in those cases where errors, by having been long adopted, are become inveterate, it becomes in some measure necessary to the enforcement of truth.

It is a common, but a very dangerous mistake, to suppose that the interpretation which gives most spirit to a passage is the true one. In consequence of this notion, two passages of our author, one in Macbeth, and another in Othello, have been refined, as I

conceive, into a meaning that I believe was not in his thoughts. If the most spirited interpretation that can be imagined happens to be inconsistent with his general manner, and the phraseology both of him and his contemporaries, or to be founded on a custom which did not exist in his age, most assuredly it is a false interpretation. Of the latter kind is Mr. Guthrie's explanation of the passage before us.

The military exercise of the *quintaine* is as ancient as the time of the Romans; and we find from Matthew Paris, that it subsisted in England in the thirteenth century. "Tentoria variis ornamentorum generibus venustantur; terræ infixis, sudibus scuta apponuntur, quibus in crastinum *quintanæ* ludus, scilicet equestris, exerceretur." M. Paris, ad ann. 1253. These probably were the very words that Mr. Guthrie had in contemplation. But Matthew Paris made no part of Shakspeare's library; nor is it at all material to our present point what were the customs of any century preceding that in which he lived. In his time, without any doubt, the *quintaine* was not a military exercise of tilting, but a mere rustic sport. So Minshieu, in his Dict. 1617: "A *quintaine* or quintelle, a game in request at marriages, when Jac and Tom, Dick, Hob and Will, strive for the gay garland." So also, Randolph at somewhat a later period [Poems, 1642]:

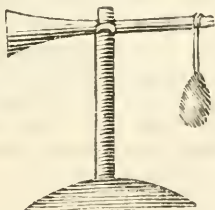
"Foot-ball with us may be with them [the Spaniards] balloone;

"As they at *tilts*, so we at *quintaine* runne;

"And those old pastimes relish best with me,

"That have least art, and most simplicities."

But old Stowe has put this matter beyond a doubt; for in his Survey of London, printed only two years before this play appeared, he has given us the figure of a *quintaine*, as here represented.



"I have seen (says he) a *quinten* set up on Cornhill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have runne, and made greate pastime; for hee that hit not

the broad end of the quinten was of all men laughed to scorne ; and hee that hit it full, if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his necke with a bagge full of sand hanged on the other end." Here we see were no shields hung, no trophies of war to be thrown down. "The great design of the sport, (says Dr. Plott, in his History of Oxfordshire), is to try both man and horse, and to *break the board* ; which whoever does, is for the time *Princeps juventutis*." Shakspeare's similes seldom correspond on both sides. "My better parts being all thrown down, *my youthful spirit being subdued by the power of beauty*, I am now (says Orlando) as inanimate as a wooden quintaine is (not when its better parts are thrown down, but as that lifeless block is at all times)." Such, perhaps, is the meaning. If, however, the words "better parts," are to be applied to the quintaine, as well as to the speaker, the *board* above-mentioned, and not any *shield* or *trophy*, must have been alluded to.

Our author has, in Macbeth, used "my better part of man" for *manly spirit*.

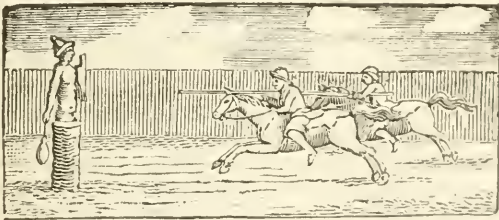
"Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,

"For it has cow'd *my better part* of man." MALONE.

The explanations of this passage, as well as the accounts of the *quintain*, are by no means satisfactory ; nor have the labours of the critick or the antiquary been exhausted. The whole of Orlando's speech should seem to refer to the quintain, but not to such a one as has been described in any of the preceding notes. Mr. Guthrie is accused of having borrowed *his* account from Matthew Paris, an author with whom, as it has been already observed, Shakspeare was undoubtedly not acquainted ; but this charge is erroneous, for no such passage as that above cited is to be found in M. Paris. This writer does indeed speak of the quintain under the year 1253, but in very different words. "Eodem tempore juvenes Londinenses statuto pavone pro bravo ad stadium quod *quintena* vulgariter dicitur, vires proprias et equorum cursus sunt experti." He then proceeds to state that some of the King's pages, and others belonging to the household, being offended at these sports, abused the Londoners with foul language, calling them scurvy clowns and greasy rascals, and ventured to dispute the prize with them ; the consequence of which was, that the Londoners received them very briskly, and so belaboured their backs with the broken lances, that they were either put to flight, or tumbled from their horses and most terribly bruised. They afterwards went before the King, the tears still trickling from their eyes, and complained of their treatment, beseeching that he would not suffer so great an offence to remain unpunished ; and the King, with his usual spirit of revenge,

extorted from the citizens a very large fine. So far M. Paris; but Mr. Malone has through some mistake cited Robertus Monachus, who wrote before M. Paris, and has left an extremely curious account of the Crusades. He is describing the arrival of some messengers from Babylon, who, upon entering the Christian camp, find to their great astonishment (for they had heard that the Christians were perishing with fear and hunger) the tents curiously ornamented, and the young men practising themselves and their horses in tilting against shields hung upon poles. In the oldest edition of this writer, instead of "quintanæ ludus," it is "ludus equestris." However, this is certainly not the quintain that is here wanted, and therefore Mr. Malone has substituted another, copied indeed from a contemporary writer, but still not illustrative of the passage in question. I shall beg leave then to present the reader with some others, from which it will appear, that the quintain *was* a military exercise in Shakspeare's time, and not a mere rustic sport, as Mr. Malone imagines.

1



No. 1, is copied from an initial letter in an Italian book, printed in 1560. Here is the figure of a man placed upon the trunk of a tree, holding in one hand a shield, in the other a bag

of sand. No. 2, is the *Saracen* quintain from Pluvinel, Instruction du Roi Louis XIII. dans l'Exercice de monter à Cheval. This sort of quintain, according to Menestrier, was invented by the Germans, who, from their frequent wars with the Turks, accustomed their soldiers to point their lances against the figure of their enemy. The skill consisted in shivering the lance to pieces, by striking it against the head of the man, for if it touched the shield, the figure turned round and generally struck the horseman a violent blow with his sword. No. 3, is the Flemish quintain, copied from a print after Wouvermans; it is called *La bague Flamande*, from the ring which the figure holds in his left hand; and here the object was to take away the ring with the point of the lance, for if it struck any other part, the man turned round and hit the rider with his sand-bag. This is a mixture of the quintain and running at the ring, which two sports have been some how or other in like manner confounded by the Italians, who sometimes express the running at the ring by *correre alla quintana*. The principle of all these was the same, viz. to avoid the blow of the sword or sand-bag, by striking the quintain in a particular place.

It might have been expected that some instance had been given of the use of these quintains in England; and for want of it an objection may be taken to this method of illustrating the present subject: but let it be remembered, that Shakspeare has indiscriminately blended the usages of all nations; that he has oftentimes availed himself of hearsay evidence; and again, that as our manners and customs have at all times been borrowed from the French and other nations, there is every reason to infer that this species of the quintain had found its way into England. It is hardly needful to add, that a knowledge of very many of our ancient sports and domestic employments is not now to be attained. Historians have contented themselves to record the vices of kings and princes, and the minutiae of battles and sieges; and, with very few exceptions, they have considered the discussion of private manners (a theme perhaps equally interesting to posterity) as beneath their notice, and of little or no importance.

As a military sport or exercise, the use of the quintain is very ancient, and may be traced even among the Romans. It is mentioned in Justinian's Code, lib. iii. tit. 43; and its most probable etymology is from "Quintus," the name of its inventor. In the days of chivalry it was the substitute or rehearsal of tilts and tournaments, and was at length adopted, though in a ruder way, by the common people, becoming amongst them a very favourite amusement. Many instances occur of its use in several parts of France, particularly as a seignorial right exacted from



millers, watermen, new-married men, and others; when the party was obliged, under some penalty, to run at the quintain upon Whitsunday and other particular times, at the lord's castle, for his diversion. Sometimes it was practised upon the water, and then the quintain was either placed in a boat, or erected in the middle of the river. Something of this kind is described from Fitzstephen by Stowe in his Survey, p. 143, edit. 1618, 4to. and still continues to be practised upon the Seine at Paris. Froissart mentions, that the shield quintain was used in Ireland in the reign of Richard II. In Wales it is still practised at weddings, and at the village of Offham, near Town Malling in Kent, there is now standing a quintain, resembling that copied from Stowe, opposite the dwelling house of a family that is obliged under some tenure to support it: but I do not find that any use has been ever made of it within the recollection of the inhabitants.

Shakspeare then has most probably alluded to that sort of quintain which resembled the human figure; and if this be the case, the speech of Orlando may be thus explained: "I am unable to thank you; for, surprized and subdued by love, my intellectual powers, which are my better parts, fail me; and I resemble the quintain, whose human or active part being thrown down, there remains nothing but the lifeless trunk or block which once upheld it."

Or, if *better parts* do *not* refer to the quintain, "that which here stands up" means the *human part* of the quintain, which may be also not unaptly called a lifeless block. DOUCE.

"His acts being seven AGES." P. 408 Dr. Warburton observes, that this was "*no unusual* division of a play before our author's time;" but forbears to offer any one example in support of his assertion. I have carefully perused almost every dramattick piece antecedent to Shakspeare, or contemporary with him; but so far from being divided into acts, they are almost all printed in an unbroken continuity of scenes. I should add, that there is one play of six acts to be met with, and another of twenty-one; but the second of these is a translation from the Spanish, and never could have been designed for the stage. In God's Promises, 1577, "A Tragedie or Enterlude," (or rather a *Mystery*,) by John Bale, seven acts may indeed be found.

It should, however, be observed, that the intervals in the Greek Tragedy are known to have varied from three acts to seven. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton boldly asserts that this was "*no unusual* division of a play before our author's time." One of Chapman's plays (Two Wise Men and All the Rest Fools) is indeed in seven acts. This, however, is the only dramattick piece that I have found so divided. But surely it is not necessary to suppose that our au-

thor alluded here to any such precise division of the drama. His comparisons seldom run on four feet. It was sufficient for him that a play was distributed into *several* acts, and that human life, long before his time, had been divided into *seven* periods. In *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1613, Proclus, a Greek author, is said to have divided the lifetime of man into *seven ages*; over each of which one of the seven planets was supposed to rule. "The *first age* is called *Infancy*, containing the space of four yeares.—The *second age* continueth ten yeares, until he attaine to the yeares of fourteene: this age is called *Childhood*.—The *third age* consisteth of eight yeares, being named by our aunicients *Adolescencie* or *Youthhood*; and it lasteth from fourteene, till two and twenty yeares be fully compleate.—The *fourth age* paceth on, till a man have accomplished two and forty yeares, and is tearmed *Young Manhood*.—The *fifth age*, named *Mature Manhood*, hath (according to the said authour) fifteene yeares of continuance, and therefore makes his progress so far as six and fifty yeares.—Afterwards, in adding twelve to fifty-six, you shall make up sixty-eight yeares, which reach to the end of the *sixt age*, and is called *Old Age*.—The *seaventh* and last of these seven ages is limited from sixty-eight yeares, so far as four-score and eight, being called weak, declining, and *Decrepite Age*.—If any man chance to goe beyond this age, (which is more admired than noted in many,) you shall evidently perceive that he will returne to his first condition of Infancy againe."

Hippocrates likewise divided the life of man into seven ages, but differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each period. See Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, folio, 1686, p. 173.

So also in *The Diamant of Devotion, Cut and Squared into Six Severall Points*; by Abraham Fleming, 4to, 1586, Part I.

"Wee are not placed in this world as continuers; for the scripture saith that we have no abiding citie heere, but as travellers and sojourners, whose custome it is to take up a new inne, and to change their lodging, sometimes here, sometimes there, during the time of their travell. Heere we walke like plaiers uppon a stage, one representing the person of a king, another of a lorde, the third of a plowman, the fourth of an artificer, and so forth, as the course and order of the enterlude requireth; everie acte whereof beeing plaide, there is no more to doe, but open the gates and dismisse the assemblie.

"Even so fareth it with us: for what other thing is the compasse of this world, beautified with varietie of creatures, reasonable and unreasonable, but an ample and large theatre, wherein all things are appointed to play their pageants, which when they have done, they die, and their glorie ceaseth." MALONE.

I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled, *The Stage*

of Man's Life, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakspeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus. HENLEY.

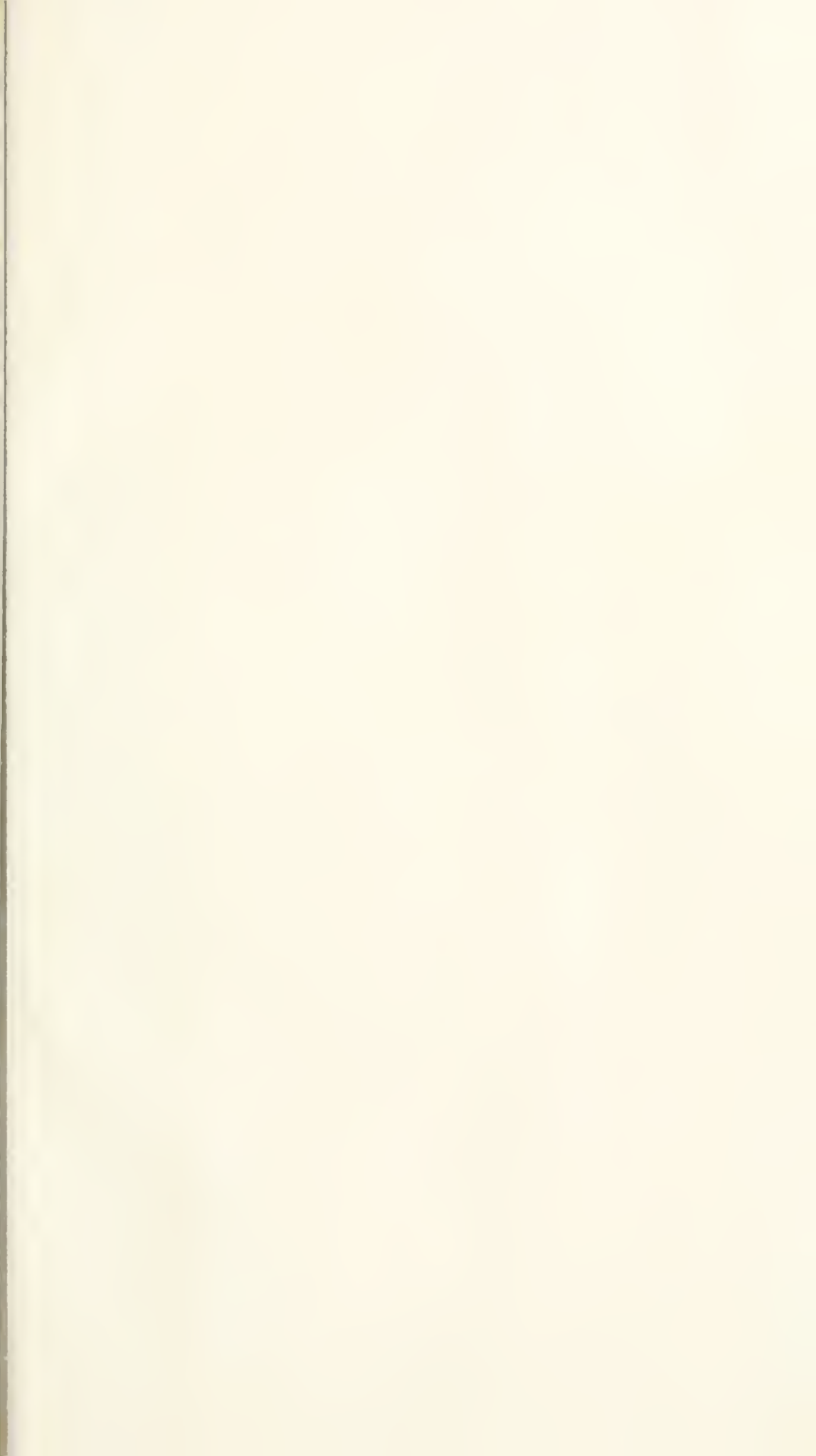
One of the representations to which Mr. Henley alludes, was formerly in my possession; and considering the use it is of in explaining the passage before us, "I could have better spared a better *print*." I well remember that it exhibited the school-boy *with his satchell* hanging over his shoulder. STEEVENS.

END OF VOL. VI.



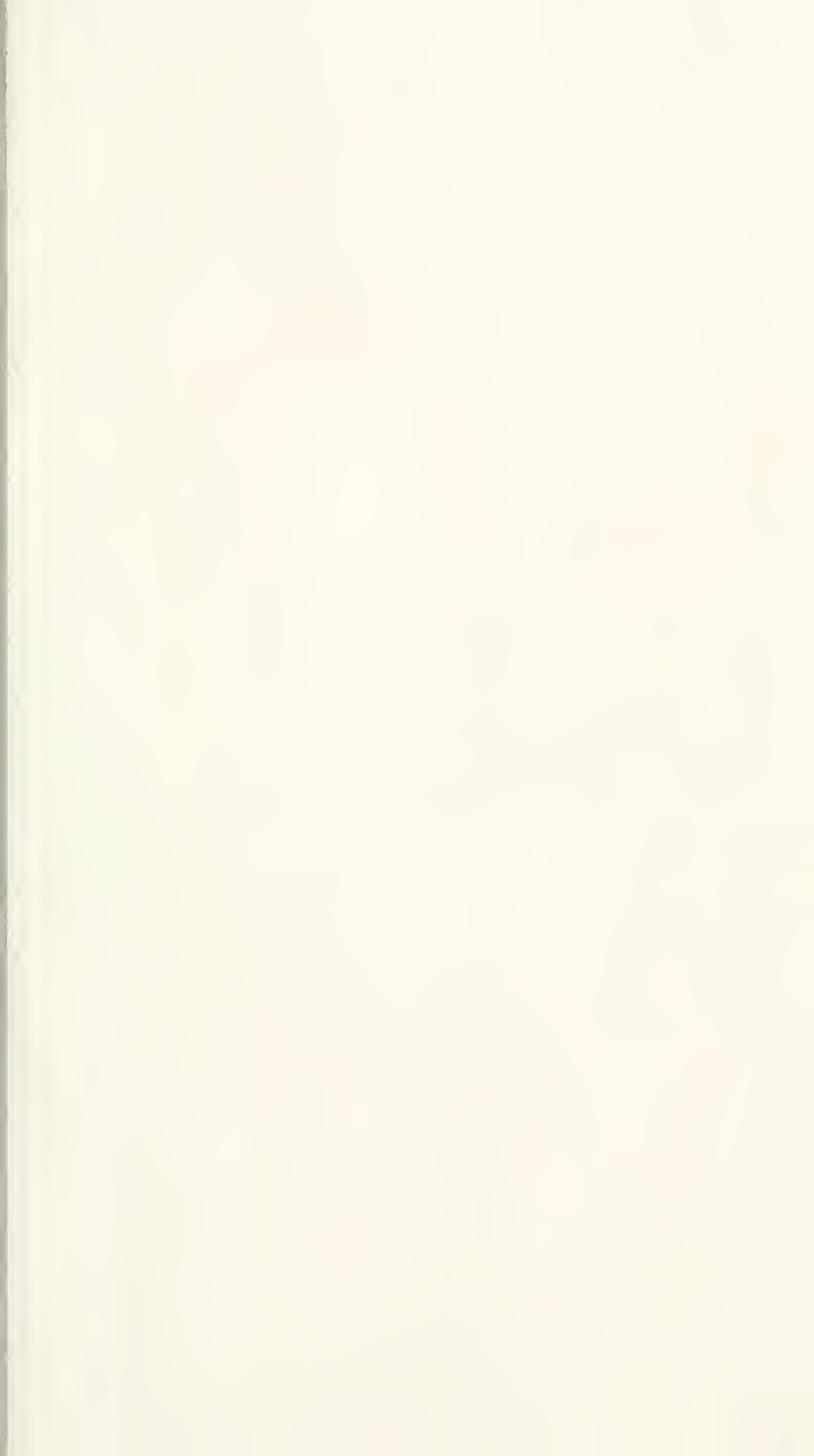














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